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A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A LITTLE MORE HARMONY.

STILL must I hear! Shall the hoarse peripatetic ballad-singer bawl the creaking couplets of The Low-backed Car beneath my window; shall the summer breeze waft the strains of Pop Goes the Weasel upon my ears, and drive me to confusion, while I am endeavouring to master the difficulties of the Turkish alphabet; shall the passing butcher-boy rattle his bones, and the theological beggar-man torture a psalm tune into dolorous cadences; shall the young lady in the apartment next to mine string my nerves into the rigours, while she is practising Les Souvenirs de Cracovie, with that ceaseless verbal accompaniment of one, and two, and three; one, and two, and three! Shall music in some shape or other resound from the distant costermonger and the proximate street boy; the brooding swallows sitting upon the eaves, and showing me their sunny backs; the ill-ground organ in the next street; and the beaten tom-tom and execrable cater-wauling of Howadjee Lall from Bombay! To say nothing of the deep-mouthed dog next door; the parrot at number eight which is always endeavouring to whistle Il Segreto, and always trying back, and never succeeds in accomplishing more of the air than the first three-quarters of a bar; and Colonel Chumpfist's man servant over the way, who sings valorously while he cleans his master's boots in the area! I say, shall all these things be, and I not sing, lest haply my readers think they have already had enough and to spare, of my musical reminiscences! No: the Musical World shall be again my theme,—a little more harmony my song.

I will take a morning concert. Say one given in the height of the season by Signor Papadaggi, the famous singing master. Papadaggi is a little man, but he has done great things. Twenty years ago he came to England from Leghorn very poor and humble. He dwelt in the neighbourhood of Golden Square in those days; smelt of smoke; was not without a strong suspicion of garlic; had many button-up or cloudy linen days, when he slunk rather than walked under the defunct Quadrant colonnade, and made a tremendous deal of a clean shirt when he mounted one. Papadaggi was very hairy then, and dined off grease, and was hand and glove with Riffi the bass, and Raffi the tenor, and Taggragati the piccolo player. He does not know Riffi or Raffi now. He was very down, financially speaking, when Lor Brown, banquier of the city, took him up and into Belgravia. This laid the foundation of Papadaggi's fortune; but the superstructure was of his own erection. His brightest of his Lamps of Architecture was this—he shaved. There was, as you are aware, previous to that momentous question Why Shave? being asked in these pages, an almost insurmountable prejudice among English respectability against beards and moustaches. These hirsute appendages seemed always connected in the minds of the British Pater- and Mater-familias with dirt, revolution, immorality, poverty, atheism, and non-payment of rent. Every great singer, artist, or musician, who happened to be the rage, might barely be tolerated in wearing a beard, just as a captain in the Life Guards or a traveller just returned from the interior of Dahomey might be; but to the unknown, the poor, the struggling, the ambitious abnegation of the razor was fatal. Papadaggi was wise in his generation, and shaved. Not to an utter state of barefacedness, however, for he left his whiskers, which were neatly trimmed into a conical form, and lay on his cheeks like black mutton-chops. These whiskers were the making of Papadaggi. He was no longer a confounded foreigner. He went into the best houses, and taught the flower of the British aristocracy and moneyocracy. In the banking world he is amazingly popular. Roehampton, Putney, and Ham Common, where bankers' villas most do congregate, will hear of no other music master than Papadaggi. He has long since abandoned the confoundedly foreign prefix of Signor, and has Mr. I. Papadaggi, printed on his cards. When I state that he is a director of two assurance companies, has recently been elected a member of the Mousaion Club, and has lately taken to wearing a white neckcloth in the daytime, the conclusion will easily be arrived at that he has a comfortable balance at his banker's, and is a highly respectable man.

Papadaggi married an English lady, Miss Hammernell, of Birmingham, and though of the pontifical faith himself, will send his son

to Oxford. He has a tremendous house in Tyburnia, with a footman—a real footman, in plush and powder. Why did not the paternal Papadaggi, dead in Leghorn yonder, live to see the day? P. the Second and Great is a little man, but he drives a monumental cab drawn by a big brown horse—a very horse of Troy—that moves with a sort of swelling cadence of motion, as if he were practising Mozart's Requiem to himself. It is good to see honest Papadaggi behind the big horse; a regulation tiger hanging on behind, and the music master's little body gently swaying with the curvetings of his steed. It is good to hear the thundering knock of the regulation tiger at the door of number six hundred and six A, Plesiosaurus Gardens West, where Papadaggi is about to give three-quarters of an hour's singing lesson for a guinea. It is good to see Papadaggi toddle out of his cab in the lightest of varnished ts, and the brightest of lemon-coloured loves, and to note the respect with which the golden footmen receive him, and the easy patronage with which he passes them, mounts the stairs, gives his lesson, and lunches with Madame la Comtesse and the youthful Ladies.

Once a year, Papadaggi gives his Grand Morning Concert at the Nineveh Rooms, Arrow-head Street, Cuneiform Square, in which rooms, the Nineveh Subscription Balls are given—balls to which (without unimpeachable vouchers from the leaders of the world) admission is as difficult as to the Eleusinian mysteries. In the Nineveh Rooms, with their huge tarnished pier glasses, walls of a pale dirty blue, with cracked stucco ornaments, and faded benches and ottomans: which two last articles of furniture are no strangers to a certain lively insect—the punex aristocraticus, or fashionable fleas—our friend's Grand Concert takes place. For some days previous, the doorway of the Nineveh Rooms is blockaded, to the profound disgust of the Church of England Young Men's Table-turning Association, and the Society for the Protection of Stewed-eel Sellers, with gigantic posting boards, in which a weak-minded printer has seemingly gone raving mad in different coloured inks and varieties of eccentric type: howling in large capitalled prime donne, babbling in fat-lettered instrumentalists, melancholy mad in smaller type respecting Pappadaggi's residence and the principal music warehouses where tickets, price half-a-guinea each (stalls fifteen shillings) may be had, and a plan of the rooms is on view.

I don't think it would be an unpardonable vulgarism to call Papadaggi's poster a stunner. It literally stuns you, so tremendous is its size, so marvellous are the attractions it promises, so brilliant are the celebrities who are to appear. Papadaggi has everybody. The Opera stars; the famous Lurliety, who was a fixed star last season, but has taken it into his head lately to become a meteor; Basserclyffe; little Miss Larke; Nightingale, of course; Soundinbord Smasherr, the world-renowned Swedish pianist, just returned from America; Madame Katinka Kralski, who plays tunes nobody can find the beginning or end of, upon a new instrument, the pifferarinium, which has just been patented and completed, at the cost of some thousands of pounds by Piccolo, and which looks very much like a piano-forte turned inside out; Herr Bompazek, the great German basso; little Klitz, the flautist, who goes everywhere, and whom everybody knows; and greatest attraction of all, the astonishing Panslavisco, that Mogul of Harpists, that dark mysterious child of genius, whose present popularity exceeds the greatest ever achieved by Paganini, the Whistling Oyster, the Hippopotamus, the Great Anteater or General Tom Thumb. Besides these, there are multitudes of smaller musical notorieties, native and foreign, vocalists and instrumentalists: from the Misses Gooch, of the Royal Academy of Music, the pleasing ballad singers, to hard-working Tom Muffler, who means to do something with the big drum yet.

I am afraid the bénéficiare does not pay many of his artists. You see he is so fashionable, so run after, that it is rather an honour than otherwise to sing for him gratis. The Misses Gooch can truly affirm themselves to be of the nobility's concerts when they go starring round the provinces in the autumn after they have sung for a year or two at P.'s Grand Musical Festival. A great many professionals sing for Papadaggi through pure friendship and goodwill, for the little man is universally liked and respected. A great many sing because others sing, and a great many more because they want to be heard at any risk. The bird that can sing and won't sing is a rara avis. I never knew a bird that could sing but that would sing, whether his hearers liked it or not; and I even know a great many birds that can't sing and oughtn't to sing, who *will* sing. Papadaggi, however, does not get all the professionals gratuitously. Orpheus Basserclyffe, with whom fifteen guineas for a song is as much a fixed idea as the cultivation of his garden was with Candide, says, "I'll sing, by all means, but I must have the cash, Pap, my boy;" and Pap pays him: while old Grabbatoni, the renowned performer on the violoncello, contents himself with saying every year as he pockets his eight guineas, "Next year, mio caro, I play for noting—for noting—yes!" but, somehow or other, with Grabbatoni that next year never comes.

We will suppose the momentous day to have arrived, and Papadaggi's Grand Concert to have commenced. The carriages of the nobility and gentry, and the cabs of the public in general, block up Nineveh Street;

the coachmen doze on their boxes; the neighbouring public-houses are full of the silken calves and gilt-knobbed sticks of the splendid footmen. Within, the ladies are ranged upon the faded ottomans—a beautiful show. There are peeresses, bishopesses, judgesses, bankeresses, baronetesses, stock-brokeresses, and merchant-princesses. Papadaggi has just handed a duchess to a seat; and is at this moment whispering soft compliments to a cabinet-ministress, with admirable equanimity and self-possession. The whiskers are resplendent; the boots shine like patent leather stars accidentally fallen from the firmament. The room is very full and very hot, and many of the dandies, unable to find seats, lean their all-round collars against walls, so to support their weary frames. A vicious family from Peckham Rye (a mamma, three daughters, an aunt, and a melancholy governess) have fallen upon and utterly routed an imbecile young man in a feeble white neckcloth, who acts as checktaker for the stalls, and who holds a crimson worsted cord across the space between the last ottoman and the wall. The vicious family have only tickets for the back seats; but, having utterly demolished the imbecile young man, and driven him before them like chaff before the wind, they make a razzia into the stalls, and nearly overthrow a stockbroker's colony from Maida Hill, the members of which gather themselves up indignantly, and whisper among themselves disparagingly, "City people!" Old General Jupp, who has sent his family to the concert before him, and has walked down from the Cutcherry Club, has found that he has left his ticket behind him, and has had to pay over again at the doors, and can't find his party, and sits apart in a corner on a cane-bottomed chair, muttering horribly. A meek-eyed young dandy, who has come in cloth boots, with his hair curled (he must be an only son with a taste for music, who fancies he can sing second in a quartett) can't find Thrummer, the musical clerk in the Treasury, who sings The Wolf so capitally, and promised to point out all the musical celebrities to him. He cannot, indeed, find anybody that he knows, nor a place anywhere, and is repining secretly on the staircase, where he looks so miserable that the money-taker, a rosy man who officiates as a waiter at the London Tavern o' nights, and sometimes takes a spell in the black work or undertaking line of business, compassionates him, and is half-inclined, were he not so great a dandy, to offer him some of the beer from the pint pot under his chair. There are a great many foreigners in the concert-room, who come with free admissions, as it is the custom of musical foreigners to do; two or three critics attached to the morning newspapers, who listen to the songs with a knowing air and their heads on one side, as if they knew perfectly well what the next bar was to be; and a country gentleman, who has come up to town to attend a meeting of the Church of England Young Men's Table-turning Association, and has blundered into Papadaggi's concert-room by mistake, where he sits listening to the performances with a bewildered air.

Papadaggi's concert proceeds swimmingly. To be sure, the order of the programme is not strictly observed—the song that should be first frequently coming last, and vice versâ. Such misadventures will, however, happen in the best regulated morning concerts. Codlinetti, the Italian buffo-singer, who is of a capricious and changeable temperament, suddenly changes the song for which he is put down, to one of an entirely different character: to the indignation of Peddle, who is the accompanyist (presides at the pianoforte we believe is the appropriate words), who is a morose man, and insists upon playing the symphony to the original song; upon which Codlinetti, under shadow of turning over the music and showing Peddle the proper place, manifests a strong desire to fling him over the orchestra among the duchesses. Fraulein Ninni Stolzappel, the charming warbler of German Lieds, has likewise objected to the unfortunate man's accompaniment to her song, and at the end of a cadence, and in a voice audible even to General Jupp in the corner, has called Peddle "Pig," in the German language; whereat life becomes a burden to Peddle, and as he pounds the keys as though they were his enemies, he devoutly wishes that he were back in his quiet attic in the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. Papadaggi neither plays nor sings. He is too learned to do anything; but he hovers about the orchestra, and hands singers on and off, and pervades the concert with his whiskers and white neckcloth—so that a considerable portion of the applause is meant for Papadaggi, and is by Papadaggi taken unto himself with many bows and smiles. Did you never know people who somehow seem to have a vested interest in the fruits of everybody's labours? There is scarcely a great picture painted, a book written, a palace built, a good deed done, but it turns out that somebody is entitled to considerable praise, or must be honourably mentioned in connection with it, though as far as your judgment went he never put a finger to the work, or a stone to the edifice. The number of unknown benefactors and passive great men is astonishing. I see their names in the literary pension list; I find parliament making them grants every session; I hear their healths proposed at public dinners, and see them get up, covered with modesty to return thanks, when they bashfully allude to the things they have been instrumental in carrying out, though for the life of me I can't make out what they ever had to do with anything.

What the green room is to the theatre, the robing-room to the assize court, the vestry to the church; so is the singers' room to the concert-hall. But, far more elegant, sprightly, and amusing, than the dramatic green-room, is the "professional room" behind the ragged leaves of the screen at the bottom of the steps of the orchestra at Papadaggi's concert. There are no garish gas-lights here, no tinselled dresses: no rouge, bismuth, jaded faces, pantomime masks—no passing carpenters and call-boys:—all is fresh, sparkling, and gay. Fresh flowers, rosy bonnets and rosier faces, cleanest of shirts, smartest of female toilettes, newest of white kid gloves, most odoriferous of scents. I don't pretend to know much about female fashions, though I have occasionally studied that sphynx-like journal the Follet—every flounce in which is an enigma—with fear and trembling. I don't pretend to know much about dress; but I do think that the best dressed ladies in creation are the female singers at a morning concert. They unite the prettiest portions of the English and French styles of costume. They dress their hair exquisitely, and display their little jewelleries inimitably. There is a whole art in making the most of a ring, a brooch, a bracelet. I have seen born ladies covered with gems, on whom they produced no more elegant effect than a bright brass-knocker would on a pigstye door. And, more than all this, my musical belles have the unmistakable appearance of having *dressed themselves*, and are ten times smarter, neater, prettier for it. There is a table covered with fruit and wine in the singers' room. I regret to see Tom Muffler sitting thereat. Tom is not given to drinking; but, when drink is given to him, he exceeds.

Who is that strange wild man lying dislocated over, rather than sitting upon, an ottoman, his long fingers twined together, his eyebrows bent into the form of a horseshoe, his puissant head bent down? That is Panslavisco the harpist. The trumpet of fame is braying his name out to all Europe, like an impetuous, inconsiderate trumpet as it is, blowing for dear life to make up for lost time. He is deaf to Fame's trumpet. Fortune is pelting him with golden marrow-bones. He heeds not Fortune. She has pelted him with bones without any gold in them before now. He stands, and walks, and works, and lives alone: he and his harp, for they are one. The professionals say he is dull. The ladies say he is a brute. The multitude cry Io Panslavisce! Evoe Panslavisce! as they would to Bacchus. He lets them cry on. He plays his harp, and there is silence, and a wild tumult at the end; and then he receives his money, sees his harp put into a green-baize cover, and carried off by a dun-bearded man as mysterious as his master, and goes away. No concert is complete without him. In town and country he is sure to draw. He has no intimates, no places of resort save a mouldy cigar-shop—where he sits as silent, and apparently as immovable, as one of the tobacco-chests—and a dreary public-house in a court up Drury Lane, where he drinks large quantities of beer, tacitly. He speaks seldom, and then he does not seem to be quite certain in his mind as to which is his mother tongue, and his speech is a garbled compromise of many languages. Indeed nobody knows for certain of what nation he is. Some say he is an Italian, some say he is a German, some say he is a Dane. His harp is of all nations, and speaks all languages. Of course there are grim reports about, of his having killed men, and negotiated a psychical investment in an unholy office. His wealth is put down at a fabulous amount, his crimes as unutterable. Little Miss Larke, who is a brave body, as valorous as the young lady whose virgin smile lighted her safely through the Green Isle, once took courage to ask Panslavisco how he did. "As well," he answered, "as a man can be, who is eating his own liver." He looks indeed as if he were Prometheus, and, wishing to be alone, had contracted to do the vulture's work vicariously.

Little Saint Sheddle, who lives no one knows how, but is the very Captain Cook of the musical world, is supposed to be the only man in Europe who has been sufficiently admitted to Panslavisco's intimacy to dine with him. He describes these dinners as if he were telling a ghost story. The table, he says, is garnished with two plates, two pots of porter, and one steak in a dish. Panslavisco cuts the steak into two exact portions; takes one half, pushes the other half towards Saint Sheddle, and falls-to without saying a word. After dinner he produces a cigar-box and a bottle of hollands, and smokes and drinks prodigiously, but with little more conversation; then he will get up and go out; or go to bed, or begin to play his harp wildly—all in a speechless manner. "It's something to say one has dined with him," whispers Saint Sheddle, "but it's very queer."

Panslavisco lies upon his ottoman, profoundly immobile until it is nearly time for him to play. Then he begins to pat and smooth down his harp, as a man would adjust the girths of a wild horse he was about to ride. His turn in the programme arrives; the harp is carried into the orchestra; he follows it; throws his long sinuous hair back; sweeps his bony fingers over the strings, and begins to play. A wild horse and his rider are no bad images for him and his harp. He seems to ride upon it: to bestride it as a witch would a broomstick, making the air awful with the melody of a demoniacal Sabbath. He bows his head to the applause when he has done, more as if the blast of a tempest had smote him upon the head and compelled him to bow it, than in reverence. Now he is

gone, and the audience begin to breathe again, and whisper "Wonderful!" He goes back to the singers' room, drinks one glass of wine, swallows a biscuit as though it were a pill, and falls into a stony sleep upon the ottoman.

This man, with the sinewy vigorous frame worn into rocks and caverns of bone, as if by the volcanic upheaving of his soul within; with the huge, Medusa-like head; the swelling veins in his forehead; the eyes like abysses; the face seamed, and scarred, and worn in tempests of study, hunger, cold and misery; looks as if he had newly come from some combat with the demon, and had been victorious, but had suffered horribly in the fray. A dozen years ago Panslavisco had as much genius, and played as learnedly, sweetly, gracefully, boldly, nervously, wildly, as he does now. But he played in a garret, where he had no friends, no fire, no body-linen, no bread, and where his landlady bullied him for his rent. Viragos squabbling over a disputed right in a wash-tub in a back-slum, have heard as fascinating harmonies through a garret window held up by a bundle of firewood, as princesses of the blood hear now in the Nineveh Rooms. Panslavisco has taught the harp to butchers' daughters for scraps of meat; has fiddled in low dancing-rooms, and played the pianoforte at quadrille-parties, for a morsel of bread. Now, they are all come. Fortune, fame, sycophants to admire, beautiful women to smile, lords to say, Come and dine. They are all too late. They cannot bring back the young wife, dead in a long slow agony; the little children who faded one by one; they cannot bring back the time when the man had a heart to love and hope, and was twenty-one years of age.

But, Heaven be good to us all. What have I to do with this, unless to say with Montaigne, Que sais-je? If I go to a concert and pay half-a-guinea to hear a man play upon a harp, am I to dogmatise upon his inward feelings or his life? For all I know, Panslavisco's morose, mysterious exterior may be but a fastidious envelope, and he may be, after all, a cheery, happy man. I hope so.

The last concerted piece in the programme has been performed, and the critics go home to write out their opinions on Papadaggi's grand morning concert. Much bonnet-adjusting, music-hunting-for, and a little flirtation, take place in the singers' room. The imbecile young man falls savagely upon the remnants of the wine and biscuits, and becomes maudlin in a moment. Papadaggi flits about joyfully with a cash-box, and a slave of the lamp follows him with the check-boxes. The concert is over. Papadaggi asks the stars of the afternoon to come home and dine with him. Some accept; some plead other engagements. He wakes Panslavisco, and asks him. The harpist does not decline the invitation categorically. He simply says "Pay me, and let me go."

Let me go too. Licet?

CATCH-PENNIES.

THE edges of certain pavements in London have become regular markets for catch-pennies.

These catch-pennies are often so ingenious and cheap as to deserve a better generic name. There is a man who sometimes stands in Leicester Square, who sells microscopes at a penny each. They are made of a common pill-box; the bottom taken out, and a piece of window-glass substituted. A small eye-hole is bored in the lid, and thereon is placed the lens, the whole apparatus being painted black. Upon looking through one of these microscopes I was surprised to find hundreds of creatures, apparently the size of earth-worms, swimming about in all directions; yet on the object-glass nothing could be seen but a small speck of flour and water, conveyed there on the end of a lucifer-match from a common inkstand, which was nearly full of this vivified paste. Another microscope exhibited a single representative of the animal kingdom showing his impatience of imprisonment by kicking vigorously. Though I must confess to a shudder, I could not help admiring the beauties of construction in this little monster, which, if at liberty, would have excited murderous feelings, unfavourable to the prolongation of its existence. The sharp-pointed mouth, with which he works his diggings; his side-claws, wherewith to hold on while at work; and his little heart, pulsating slowly but forcibly, and sending a stream of blood down the large vessel in the centre of his white and transparent body, could also be seen and wondered at. When the stock of this sort of game runs short, a common carrot-seed is substituted; which, when looked at through a magnifier, is marvellously like an animal having a thick body and numerous legs projecting from the sides; so like an animal that it has been mistaken by an enthusiastic philosopher for an animal created in, or by, a chemical mixture in conjunction with electricity.

I bought several of these microscopes determined to find out how all this could be done for a penny. An eminent microscopist examined them, and found that the magnifying power was twenty diameters. The cost of a lens made of glass, of such a power, would be from three to four shillings. How, then, could the whole apparatus be made for a single penny? A penknife revealed the mystery. The pill-box was cut in two, and then it appeared that the lens was made of Canada balsam, a transparent gum. The balsam had been heated, and carefully dropped into the eye-hole of the pill-box. It then assumed the proper size, shape, transparency, and polish, of a very well ground glass

lens. Our ingenious lens-maker informed me that he had been selling these microscopes for fifteen years, and that he and his family conjointly make them. One child cut out *the pill-boxes, another the gap, another put* them together, his wife painted them black, and he made the lenses.

Not long afterwards, in another part of the town, I came across another microscopist. He did not sell anything, but merely charged a halfpenny for a peep. His apparatus consisted of a tin box, about the size of a common tea-caddy, placed on three legs, at about the level of a small boy's eye: these ingenuous youths being his principal customers. The fee being paid, the slide was drawn away from the peep-hole, and the observer addressed with the following words: "Here, you see a drop of Thames water, which looks like a gallon; the water, is full of heels, snakes, and hadders a-playing about and a-devouring of one another." Whence the showman had got the water I cannot undertake to say, but I sincerely hope, not from the Thames; for it was filled with numerous little creatures, which, having very small bodies, have as a sort of compensation received very large Latin names from their christener and discoverer, Ehrenburgh. Many of them were swimming about, pursued by what appeared to be immense sea-snakes, who caught and devoured them. Others were quietly reposing on weeds, which looked like elm-trees, and all of them were perfectly unconscious of being exhibited to the British public at a halfpenny a head. But this was not all: the exhibitor next brought out of his waistcoat pocket a small tin tube, and said, all in one breath, "There you see a flea chained round his neck with a silver chain he lays his heggs on the glass and I feeds him three times a day on my hand the performance is now concluded." Another man, in the optician line, has two tubes, like telescopes, placed facing each other. He asks you, whether you can see through an inch board? Of course you say "No." "Then for a halfpenny I'll show you that you can." Accordingly you look through the end of one of the tubes, seeing through the length of the other, and for the benefit of the by-standers you are requested to read some printing placed at the end of the furthest tube. This is easy enough. He then places a thick board between the two tubes, and still you can read the printing, which you are again requested to do; having purchased the power on that occasion only of seeing through a deal board for the small charge of one halfpenny.

In Tothill Street, Westminster, on a Saturday-night, a travelling successor to the glass-blowing exhibitions that had permanent patronage from the sight-seeng world in the days of Miss Linwood's exhibition may sometimes be seen, who goes his rounds to sell the products of his industry. A glass pen, a glass Neptune's trident, a glass dove fastened to the top of a pointed wire, so as to form a breast-pin, and a glass peacock with a beautiful tail of spun glass, are wrapped in a *neatly made brown paper bag*, for the sum of one *penny*.

Another man, who stands close by him, sells five dining chairs and a round table, " of wood, and neatly put together, one halfpenny. The chairs are strong enough for large dolls to sit upon, the table will support an ordinary sized teacup without breaking. An older huckster sells wooden men, who have their legs and arms articulated, so as to be capable of rapid movement on pulling a string which hangs between the legs. Some of these are painted like Turks—some like Russians; and, by pulling the strings they appear engaged in single and mortal combat, throwing their arms and legs about with desperate but cranky energy. The charge of a representative of either nation is one halfpenny.

Workers in iron also endeavour to catch an honest penny. There is a man who sells for twopence a most ingenious contrivance for roasting meat. It consists of no less than five pieces of iron wire, which, when put together, are strong enough to hold up a good sized leg of mutton. One of the pieces serves as a fastening to the mantelpiece, and the others are attached to it by one of the pieces aforesaid. The cook is enabled by a simple mechanism, not unworthy of a Brunel or Stephenson, to heighten or lower the meat according to the state of the fire. If the inventor of this apparatus had a chance, there is no telling how many benefits he might confer upon mankind, and let us hope upon himself too, by his mechanical talents.

One more peep at Leicester Square, where penny-catchers most do congregate. Razor paste at one penny a box is sold by a dexterous shaver, who chops such large gashes in a hard bit of wood with a shilling razor, that he makes the wood fly about. He then passes the blunted instrument a few times over his magic strop; and, pulling a hair from his head, divides it, as it stands erect between his finger and thumb, with the same ease that Saladin divided the scarf with his scymetar, and the life-guardsman at Saville House cuts a whole sheep in half with a broad-sword.

The paste is, very likely (and so is the razor) more efficacious in the hands of the proprietor than of the purchaser; nevertheless, it is a good pennyworth.

PASTIMES AND PLAYS.

We have but few pastimes now, even for our children; we are too grave and sensible to play at forfeits or blind man's buff, or puss in the corner, at Christmas time or any other time. They used to manage these things better in France; and, at Christ-

mas time, even we respectable English used to be gay and lively: but enjoyment has become vulgar in both countries.

It might perhaps be objected that there was but little intellect displayed in social amusements, and that progress would have done its work but ill, were we to introduce on our Christmas Eves and our New Years' Eves sports such as were in vogue once upon a time. For instance, there was once a very popular game, which consisted in one of the company being seated on a stick which was placed over a pail of water, and was by no means steady: the candidate for honour held in his hand a taper which it was his object and his glory to light at another fixed at the extremity of the said stick, and which he could only reach by a delicate and well-balanced shuffle towards the object: it frequently happened that the other end would suddenly be uplifted, the stick roll off, the actor be thrown, the light extinguished, and admired confusion ensue, accompanied by the crowing of lungs like Chanticleer. This lively amusement, it must be confessed, would not suit the velvet carpets of Belgravia or elsewhere; but in the days when it most obtained, the floor was probably strewn with sand, or at best with rushes. If the game of the Pail was lively, what was that of the Bucket? This was played thus by our long-haired ancestors: a youth who nourished locks of sufficient length, or who wore a wig of the proper dimensions, placed himself on a board over the bucket of water prepared. At a given signal he ducked backwards, without losing his balance, and managed to dip the tips of his long locks into the pure element, and instantly recover himself. As he seldom accomplished this feat without a variety of failures, the comic incidents attending his struggles delighted the audience. Cherry-bob and orange-bob were both considered as charming games, and one which held its own up to a late period was thus performed. A gentleman put the end of a coil of string into his mouth, gallantly presenting the other end to a selected young lady: the duty of both was to absorb the string with their lips, till by degrees they approached each other, as if attracted by a magnetic influence, and a kiss, if one could be accomplished in spite of the mutual impediment, concluded the affair. Manners were certainly somewhat rough in those days; nor could we now be guilty of playing at king, queen, and guest, when the latter personage — an innocent chosen to be the victim—received by their majesties on their two thrones, was invited to seat himself between them, when the dignitaries, rising to do him greater honour, removed the two ends of the treacherous covering of his hollow seat, and the guest fell to the ground amidst shouts of laughter.

People in those good old times would submit to infinite inconvenience to enjoy a play. The pit at that period deserved its name, for it was literally a hollow place below the stage, which towered before it, and from whence the standing audience was obliged to crane the neck and point the toe to get a glimpse of the humours of the scene. Instead of private boxes and all their luxuries, little square windows only permitted a sidelong view to numerous heads thrust anxiously forward. Then indeed pit was pit, and box was box; at least there was no deception on the subject.

How simple our theatres were in those primitive times, we may know by the prints of Hogarth and others, who depict the orchestra of two fiddles, one on each side of the stage, and the candle-snuffer showed his art as the tallow candles of the chandelier descended to receive the renovation of his instrument. This functionary must necessarily have been a man of nerve, for he became a favourite or an object of derision to the impatient audience, according as he performed his office deftly or otherwise, in the long intervals between the acts. But it was not merely in this capacity that the candle-snuffer figured: as the number of performers was limited, he was frequently required to fill up some insignificant, but necessary character, such as a messenger or confidant; in fact, any personage more acted on than acting; and in proportion to his popularity, he was greeted on his entrance, causing not a little hilarity by the versatility of his accomplishments. Authors were often offended at the recognition of this person disturbing the gravity of their drama, and Corneille, who objected much to it, declares in one of his prefaces that he has no desire to write parts for candle-snuffers. After his time, the theatre presented very different subjects for the amusement of the well-packed house; but even when mysteries and moralities had gone out, very extraordinary scenes were represented, almost incredible in their simplicity.

One of the most remarkable pastimes ever attempted on the stage was the gay-gravity offered by Catherine de' Medici to her guests at the wedding festivities of her daughter with Henry of Navarre. It was no other than a rehearsal of the horrors intended to be acted on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which came off in due time. The shuddering Court were sent home to their beds, wondering what could have induced the Queen to imagine such a scene of bloodshed; and it was only a day or two afterwards that those who survived the reality understood the admirable joke. At a still later date, however, it was thought lively to amuse a bride with something similar in character, for it is related that in sixteen hundred and forty-five, at the marriage of Marie de Gonzaga, a play was presented at Amsterdam in this style:

First came a Roman triumph, succeeded by Pandemonium and the Furies; then a grand fête; after which a murder of two gentlemen,

both of whom were precipitated into a pit; then "came wandering by," two princes who met their death by assassination, vividly presented —their fate shared in the next scene by their nearest relatives, the king and queen. The martyrdom of a young female ensued, and the punishment of an infidel Moor; and these delectable entertainments closed by a scene of madness enacted to the life. This was sport for ladies in those pleasant times.

It was to that magnificent son of the Church, Cardinal Richelieu, that our play-loving neighbours, the French, owed their first well-constructed theatre; but as this theatre was exclusive, and destined to be dedicated to his own glory as an author, the minister lavished care and cost without calculation on its erection and adornment. He had written a play which his flatterers told him was the perfection of art. Resolved, in his own mind, that no rude truth should dispel the lofty dream he had encouraged, he built a theatre, chose the actors, and selected the public for it.

In that building which is now—or rather was—the Palais Royal, a new hall was constructed, according to the designs of one of the first architects of the period. All the luxury of a sculptor's and decorator's imagination was expended on the caprice of the clerical egotist who prepared so gorgeous a frame for his immortal Mirâmé, thus characterised by Fontenelle:

Mirâmé is a princess of somewhat doubtful principles: her father, the King of Bythinia, is a stupid old fellow who cannot see that she is desperately in love with Arimant, the captain of the fleet of the King of Colchis; and when, at length, he finds out the fact, exclaims in the true spirit of Louis the Thirteenth,

> Let us be calm,
> Dissimulation is the lore of kings.

Although all in this play appears to have been equally absurd, one scene will serve to show the ingenuity employed to give it all the effect possible.

The lovers are parting in the style of Romeo and Juliet, and Arimant protests that the sunlight which his lady love trembles to behold is only the effect of her eyes; to render which hyperbole the more obvious to the audience, machinery was contrived which made the sun rise suddenly from the floor of the stage as the enamoured Turk exclamed,

> It is your eyes that make this brilliant light.

While the performance was going on, the modest author did not conceal himself behind a curtain, trembling and ashamed; on the contrary, the cardinal applauded with all his might every pet passage; sometimes he stood up in his box, sometimes he leant forward, showing himself to the assembly, craning forth his neck and his body half over the side. His friends, taking the cue from him, applauded vehemently, and he became almost mad with delight until, recollecting himself, he repressed their enthusiasm, in order that they might not, by their loud admiration, miss any of the fine points.

The cardinal was extremely particular in the distribution of the tickets of admission to this precious representation, and a list was made out, excluding all but those of whom he felt certain; but alas! it is impossible to suppress that tenacious race, the critics, and one has handed down to us the opinion which he probably did not entertain alone:

"I had a good place; but, to tell the truth, I did not think the play went on a bit the better for all the fine machinery employed. The eye soon got tired of that, and the mind remained unsatisfied. The object of a play, it appears to me, is the declamation of the sentiments of a good author; the invention of a poet and fine verses—all besides is useless confusion."

No doubt the guests, royal and noble—for it was played before the king and queen, and their court—were not a little relieved, when the Bishop of Chartres appeared at the conclusion of the play, in a short robe, and descended on the stage to present a collation to the queen, followed by a train of attendants carrying golden vases filled with sweetmeats and fruit; after which the curtains of the theatre were drawn back, and a grand ball-room was exposed to view, glittering with lights and resplendent with gilding. The queen was conducted to her place on a high dais, and his eminence took his station immediately behind her, now dressed in a long mantle of flame-coloured taffeta, and an embroidered vest beneath.

The king, whose patience was probably exhausted, retired directly the play was over.

Whether the guests, in the height of their glee at having survived the representation of this long-threatened drama, uttered their opinions too unguardedly, or whether their yawns and their indifference had told the tale too plainly, certain it is that his eminence was signally vexed at the result of the performance, and, the moment the fête was ended, ordered his horses, threw himself into his carriage, and set out for his country house, having sent for some confidential friends whom he wished to consult.

"Well," cried he, "the French are a nation entirely devoid of taste;—they have not admired my play, after all."

One of his friends was unable to find a word suitable to the occasion, but another immediately poured forth the usual torrent of abuse against the ignorance of the public, the envy of the world, and the stupidity of actors.

"Did you not observe," said he, "that in spite of your express order, the Abbé Boisrobert had introduced into the theatre two persons who were not inscribed on the list? This was done with intention, and explains the whole."

The cardinal at once caught at the idea, and the unfortunate abbé was the first victim

o his mortification, for he immediately signed in order for his exile.

His spirits began then to revive, and his latterers, warming as they saw their success, advanced numerous reasons for the failure of this charming piece, the chief of which was the conduct of the actors.

"Why, not only," they exclaimed, "did the wretches not know their parts, but every one of them was drunk!"

"You are right—I saw it but too clearly—all is explained!" cried the satisfied cardinal; completely reassured, he assumed his good humour and his vanity together, and retained his two judicious friends to supper, when he fought the battle over again, and dismissed them, at length, no doubt convinced of his merit as an author, and his misfortune in being a martyr to the envy of the world.

The play was again represented; but this time the two zealous friends so arranged matters that not a single person was admitted as spectator who was not primed for the part he was to take in the expected applause. This plan succeeded so well that the hall rang with almost frantic approbation, which the delighted author believed to be entirely genuine.

As for the unlucky abbé Boisrobert, in spite of his talents of imitation, his hitherto successful buffonery, and his apparently rustic wit, which had long amused the cardinal, he remained long in exile; but, his jokes were much missed at court, and his return was greatly desired: so much so that on the occasion of Richelieu's illness, his physician prescribed the return of Boisrobert as the only means of curing his patient.

The cardinal agreed, and the worthy abbé came back as court jester, thus providing pastime such as suited the time, and such as no doubt was much more relished than the stupidity which was expected to pass for wit. Whatever force is put upon people's inclinations, those will usually laugh who can laugh, and none can be made to laugh where no fun is.

THE DODDERHAM WORTHY.

THERE is a little, out of the way, north country inn; not only in the corner of a lane, but of a parish; not only of a parish, but of a county; not only of a county, but of England. Sheltered by tall old trees that talk soughfully among themselves, in the summer breeze, of the days gone by, the Travis Arms is not without resemblance to some gray moss-clad old stone in a forest, that has been a trysting place for courters and a resting place for weary woodcutters, for ages. Gray is this old inn and with verdure clad. The old oaks know it, and the old ravens; for it has been contemporary with the hoariest patriarchs among trees and birds. And yet it has a greater claim to antiquity in the fact, that it has been an inn and the Travis Arms ever since the grand old family of Travis (and Heaven, and Norroy king-at-arms, only know how many years before the flood the heirs of Travis were belted knights) have held their own in Rocksavage Park, hard-by.

The Travises are astonishingly old. Their woods might be (they look so old) almost primeval. Their ancient manor house is crumbling to pieces. Their servants are graybeards. They are of the old fallen faith (the Protestant peasantry round about call them Papes), and bury their dead in an old vault beneath the gray ruins of Saint Severin's Abbey, within the demesne of Rocksavage itself. The vault is so old, and ruinous, and gray; so full of sculptured, crumbling, venerable, noble age: that death loses half its newness and noisomeness there, and the pilgrim comes to look upon it less as a grave, than as a musty, worm-eaten volume of heraldry. Foul shame and sorest pity would it be if the Travis Arms, and the Travises of Rocksavage, were ever to be removed from the place of their long abidement; and goodness grant that there may be no truth in the report that young Sir Bevois Tracy, the present Lord of Rocksavage, is in pecuniary difficulties, and is thinking of selling his estates!

I have been riding from Dodderham town to Rocksavage, ten miles, this golden afternoon. Wishing to be merciful to my beast, I deliver him at the door of the Travis Arms unto an ancient ostler, who might from his looks, have groomed Bucephalus. Wishing to be consistent, and therefore merciful to myself also, I enter the keeping room of the inn, to bestow upon myself some victuals and drink.

I find little in the keeping room, however, save sand, silence, and some wonderful oil-paintings—master and date unknown; subjects doubtful — one representing a person apparently following agricultural pursuits, with a woman (probably his wife) on a porter's-knot behind him, who is driving a bargain (as it would seem) with a shiny black man with horns, hoofs, and a tail, about whose being the Evil one there can be no doubt at all. The fiend holds out a long purse of money and points exultingly to a neighbouring mile-stone on which is inscribed "IX miles to Garstaing," which puzzles me. So, wishing for company, explanation, and most of all refreshment, I move, carry unanimously, and execute, an immediate adjournment from the keeping-room to the kitchen of the Travis Arms.

I am speedily made quite at home, and am sitting in the chimney-corner of the inn, for, although it is summer, and there is no fire, the chimney is the only legitimate corner to sit in in such an inn. I wish to be Mr. George Cattermole, Mr. Louis Haghe, or some other skilful delineator of old interiors; immediately, though vainly, I strive to fix in my mind the yawning old cavernous chimney, with its

Dutch-tiled sides, the lumbering mantle tumbling forward into the room; the great boiling-pot of state suspended over the hearth by a chain and hook; the armoury of bright polished culinary weapons; the store of hams and bacon-sides, and dried salmon hanging up; the cratch above my head—which said cratch, I beg to state, for the benefit of my southern readers, consists of a frame of thin iron bars, something like a monster gridiron without a handle, which hangs about a foot from the ceiling, and supports the last baking of oat-bread, or girdle-cakes, such as are called bannocks by the Scotch; the heavy beams; the staring ballads on the walls; the quaint clock; the tiled sanded floor; the bunches of sweet-herbs perched on shelves and hooks; the dazzlingly clean deal tables and clumsy settles; the iron dish of tobacco in lieu of screws; the long pipes, smock-frocks, leggings, weather-beaten faces, and tall brown drinking jugs of the company who are mostly of the earth (as connected with farming) earthy, and who have dropped in to "tak' a mouggo' yill." Said "mougg" or mug, being understood to mean one of the full brown jugs replenished with home-brewed browner ale, any number of times.

When I have partaken of the clean simple fare which the Travis Arms can afford me, and which is set before me by a very neat-handed Phillis—so neat-handed, so smart, so attired after the latest Gazettes of fashion, that I am almost disappointed and wish she were older, and older-fashioned, I fill my pipe from the iron-dish, and fall to listening; an accomplishment which I flatter myself I am rather a proficient in, and on which I have received some pretty compliments in my time. I hear all about the crops, the latest markets, fights and fairs, and the very latest bulletins of the health of all the horses, dogs, and horned cattle in the neighbourhood. More than this, I hear some old country anecdotes, and old country stories of the North-country celebrities, contemporary and departed; and among these I become acquainted, for the first time, with the memorabilia bearing on Lile Jack.

Who, Lile Jack, shall be my theme for a few lines. You must not expect much from him, ladies and gentlemen. Lile Jack killed no giants, rescued no distressed damsels, fought no battles. He was never even once in London in his life. He was a plain man, who spoke the North-country dialect, and very broadly too, but, he was an honest man was Lile Jack, a true Northern worthy. And when I remember that pleasant Master Thomas Fuller, the great biographer of worthies, did not disdain oft-times to sit in ingle-neuks, and gossip with rustic crones, endeavouring to elicit information relative to the brave good men gone to their reward; you will bear with me, I hope, if I make Lile Jack my hero.

Lile Jack was simply an auctioneer, upholsterer, broker, and appraiser in Dodderham town. He had a great rambling house and shop crammed with the most heterogeneous miscellany of furniture imaginable. There was a four-post bedstead in the parlour, and carved oak sideboards in the kitchen, which were used as dressers; and in the best bedroom there was a huge billiard-table, taken to pieces and stowed away, as if a miniature slate quarry had lost its way, and accommodating itself to indoor life, had assumed a decent suit of green baize. There were chests of books which Lile Jack never read, for reading was not his forte, and a scarlet leather-covered Bible was his chief study; there were chairs without number, and busts cheek by jowl with agricultural implements, for Lile Jack bought all sorts of things and sold most.

It is upon the face of the case to state that he was called Jack because he had been christened John; but the origin of the prefix of Lile is not quite so clear. In Dodderham parlance Lile might mean a variety of things. Dodderham talked of a lile dog, a lile day, lile book, a lile bairn. Lile was generally understood, however, to mean anything that everybody was attached to; and as John Scotforth, the auctioneer, was beloved by the whole of Dodderham town, it may be deduced therefrom that he was in consequence called Lile Jack.

The title, moreover, may have originally been attached to his name, as there were a great many more Jacks in Dodderham town. There was Slape Jack, the excise-man; Wiggy Jack, the postmaster; Pug Jack, the draper; and Brandy Jack, who had been a schoolmaster, and a sailor, and a "methody parson," and was now nothing particular; so as Lile Jack, John Scotforth was easily distinguished, and was so known to the end of his days.

My principal informant as to this worthy's history, gave me his general character in a very few and simple words. "He was a Lile man," he said, "and niver spak ane wurd ooder than anither, and trod his shoes as streight as an arrow." Evenness of declamation, and regularity of pedal movement may have had something to do with Jack's lileness.

In the great rambling house up-street, and its dependencies, Jack kept, besides the furniture, quite an aviary of singing-birds; a spacious court of fowls, turkeys, magpies, ravens, and starlings; several tame rabbits, and numerous dogs. As they were all well fed, and had all tempers of their own, and all adored Lile Jack, the noise they made at dinner, on the return of their master, or on any odd occasion that turned up, was rather confusing, not to say deafening. I need scarcely add, I think, that Lile Jack was a bachelor.

But Lile Jack kept other things besides fowls, hens, rabbits, and dogs. He kept a prodigiously old grandmother, who surrounded herself every morning with a perfect spider's web of worsted and knitting needles, and passed the major part of the day in

endeavours to knit herself out of her toils. The number of pairs of stockings that resulted from these combinations was so great that if they had all been put into immediate wear, instead of being comfortably entombed as soon as made in a dusty family vault a-top of the bed tester, would have sufficed for a township of centipedes, to the great injury of the trade and commerce of Nottingham. He kept a pale-faced niece, tall, and woefully marked with the small-pox, who had difficulties connected with her legs, and was frequently belated in wash-houses, and "fit to drop" over puddings. He kept an ancient man in a smock-frock, who was nearly a hundred years of age, past all work, hearing, sight, and almost speech,—and who could do little save crouch by the fire-side with a short pipe in his toothless mouth, or potter about in the stable with a venerable white horse, comparatively as old, and quite as blind, as feeble, as past work, as he was. The old man was called Daddy, the horse was called Snowball; Lile Jack sternly repudiated the slightest suggestion as to the termination of the useless old horse's career by the bullet or poleaxe, and more sternly still the hint that the parish might charge itself with the keep of Daddy. "Baith ha' served me and mine, i' th' winter wark and summer, years an' years, and baith shall bite and sup, and bide wi' me till a' th' wark be ower—be 't wi' them, or be 't wi' Jack Scotforth."

So, with his old grandmother, niece, old servitors, both dumb and human, did Lile Jack continue to dwell. He was reputed to be a rich man; but those who reckoned up his "snougg hundreds" on their fingers, little knew what a private relieving-officer Lile Jack was; what an amount of out-door relief he dispensed in secret; how many unrecorded quartern loaves, sides of bacon, blankets, and half-crowns, were distributed by him, without the board of guardians or the rate-payers knowing anything of the matter. He might have been worth many, many more hundreds of pounds if he had not given away so many, many hundreds of coals.

Jack wore a very broad-brimmed white hat, on the crown of which he frequently made calculations in pencil, and which he considerably damaged in the excitement of his eloquence in the auctioneer's rostrum. He wore very large spectacles with thick tortoiseshell rims, and carried a stout oak sapling—a portentous staff with a bull-dog's head carved at the top. He wore paddock shoes: with which last item you must be content without further explanation, for my informant is three hundred miles away, and it is not probable that I shall ever see him again, and I have not the least idea what paddock shoes are. Still he wore them, and perhaps they may have assisted him in attaining that straightness of gait by which he is yet affectionately remembered.

Jack talked to himself as he walked. He would stop in the middle of the street, and walk round posts, or swing his stick violently, and sometimes take his hat off, and rumple his gray hair. He snuffed so much, and, when he smoked, inhaled and exhaled the tobacco fumes so fast, that it was difficult to divest yourself of the idea that Lile Jack was on fire, and that flames would burst from him presently. He was no spirit-drinker, but his consumption of ale was prodigious. "Gi's soummat quick," he would say; "soummats that's gat yist—life—in 't. Ise nit drink yer brandy slugs, an' dobbins o' gin, an' squibs o' rum; gi' me what's quick, an' measure me a gill o' yill. Friday's, Maggie!" It should be known that "Friday's," so called from brewing-day, was an ale of a potency and quickness which gave great satisfaction to Lile Jack, and brought great fame and custom to Maggie Sharp, landlady of the Cross Keys in Dodderham town.

Jack had other eccentricities—some, in the artificial state of society which prevails even in a quiet town like Dodderham, rather inconvenient. He *would* tell the truth, and speak his mind. If he saw, or was in company for the first time with, an individual whose demeanour or conversation did not please him, he told him so at once. "Thee 's gude for nowt," was his ordinary remark; "git out wi' thee." And as Jack's dictum in all houses of entertainment in Dodderham town was law, the sooner the unfortunate person accused of being gude for nowt, got out with him, the better.

Taking his goodness of heart as an extenuation, freedoms of speech in Lile Jack were tolerated, when in other less favoured persons they would have been indignantly avenged. Thus when, one evening, Lile Jack sat smoking in the bar-parlour of the Cross Keys, with Maggie Sharp, then a very young and comely widow, on one side, and young Gafferson, the farmer of Cattenmere Fells on the other, and suddenly cried out, "Tom, wha dost thee not ask Maggie to wed?" Maggie only smiled, blushed, bridled, simpered, and cried "Mercy on us, Mr. Scotforth!" and young Tom Gafferson only laughed outright (he blushed a little, too), smote his stalwart thigh, and stammered "Maggie's ne'er thowt of weddin', I'se warrant!" If any other person had made such a remark, Maggie would have quitted the room indignantly, and there would have been tiling of doors, and hammering of heads for sure. But, bolder still, when Jack arose, and taking Maggie round the waist, and chucking her under the chin, deliberately led her to Tom Gafferson, and thrust her into that yeoman's arms, saying, "Gang till him, lass, gang till him, hizzie. Thee 'll mak a hundred a year till her, Tom, I know

thou will—" what would have been the consequence if any body else had taken such a liberty? Blood at least. Yet Maggie Sharp and Tom Gafferson could forgive anything in Mr. Scotforth. They forgave him so completely indeed, that they were married six weeks afterwards, and at a certain event thereafter ensuing, solicited Jack (for about the five hundredth time in his life) to stand godfather.

Thus merrily, charitably, through a peaceful, useful life, Lile Jack went down towards an honourable grave. He heaped not up riches, knowing not who should gather them; he gave not according to his means, but according to the want of means of the poor and lowly. He was a Lile man, and his purse was as open as his heart.

THE WITHERED KING.

TYRANTS dread all whom they raise high in place;
From the good, danger,—from the bad, disgrace.
They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's hate,
Till blood becomes a principle of state:
Secured nor by their guards, nor by their right;
But still they fear even more than they affright.
COWLEY.

So have I read a story of a king
  Whose hand was heavy on the hearts of men,
Whose tongue spoke lies, and every lie a sting,
  Who trampled onward through a gory fen,
And laugh'd to see its teeming haze arise,
Spreading a crimson mist before the skies.

But age fell on him, and with age a dread
  Of life and death—a leaden gloom of fear
That sat down at his board, and filled his bed,
  And stirr'd his flesh, and crept within his hair.
In crowds he fear'd each man; and, when alone,
He fear'd himself, and wasted to the bone.

Within a castle strongly fortified
  He shut himself, and listened all day long
To his own mutterings, and the wind that sigh'd
  In the outer trees, a close and secret song;
And when night fell, he sat with straining ear,
And hearken'd for some danger gathering near.

For there were foes within his land, and they
  Were mighty, and had carv'd a forward path;
And he could hear them marching on their way,
  With endless trampling and a cry of wrath,
As though the many he had laid in ground
Had risen with a huge triumphant sound.

Therefore, an iron grating, like a net,
  He cast about the walls at every point,
With iron turrets at the corners set,
  And massive clamps that grappled joint to joint;
And at the loop-holes always might be seen
The warders with their arrows long and keen.

Likewise, upon the ramparts at all hours
  The pacing sentries wandered to and fro,
Outlooking from the high and windy towers
  Over the level plain that drows'd below;
And to them constantly the king would cry
To shoot at whomsoever wandered by.

From forth this prison durst he never pass,
  But roam'd about the chambers up and down;
And twenty times a day he cried, "Alas!
  I wither in my own perpetual frown."
And every day he wish'd that he were dead;
Yet death he fear'd with an exceeding dread.

Along the court-yard, sadden'd with the shade
  Of circling battlements—a stony nook—
For natural exercise at times he stray'd,
  With eyes upon the ground as on a book:
His own sad captive, fearfully confined
In this his dungeon-castle hard and blind.

In bed, when massive darkness fill'd his eyes,
  He would lie staring till his sight made gleams
Upon the blackness, and black sleep would rise
  As from a cavern, follow'd by fierce dreams
That, bloodhound-like, pursued and hunted him
Incessantly through aspects foul and grim.

Sometimes he dreamt the foe had scaled the wall;
  And he would wake, and to the ramparts haste,
And see the staring moon sicken and fall
  Down the horizon, and the small stars waste
In scarlet day-dawn, while the warder nigh
Gazed outward with a still and steady eye.

And he would bid the captain of the guard
  Appoint a double watch at every post,
And let the entries be more strongly barr'd;
  Then, cold and pale and drooping as a ghost,
He would return to sleep, and with a start
Would wake, and find the terror at his heart.

And so, unwept, he died; and soon his foe
  Possess'd the land, and sway'd it with great might.
It is a simple tale of long ago,
  Which the swift ages bear up in their flight;
But one large fact a thousand times appears
In the revolving of returning years.

Even now a sceptred tyrant, Europe-banu'd,
  Listens the enemy's approach, and waits
To hear his strongholds crumble into sand,
  And the loud cannon knocking at the gates.
In vain his armed legions round him draw:
For who can save him from his inward awe?

FAITHFUL MARGARET.

THE moonlight was lying broad and calm on the mountains and the lake, silvering the fir-trees massed against the sky, and quivering through the leaves of the birch and the ash, as they trembled in the light air which could not move the heavy horse-chestnut growing by them. The call of the corncraik from the meadow, and the far-off barking of a sheep-dog on the fells, were the only sounds that broke through the evening stillness; except whenever now and then the plash of oars in the lake, and the subdued voices of men and women gliding by, recalled to the listeners standing on the balcony, that other hearts were worshipping with them before the holy shrine of nature.

They had been on the balcony for a long time, looking out on the scene before them; Horace resting against the pillar, and Margaret standing near him. A curtain of creeping plants hung far down, and their leaves threw Horace into deep shadow; but the moonlight fell full and bright over the woman by his side; yet not to show anything that art or fancy could call lovely. A grave and careworn face, with nothing

but a pair of dark eyes lying beneath the shadow of a broad brow, and a mass of raven hair resting heavy on her cheek to redeem it from absolute ugliness; a tall lean figure, not even graceful in its movements, nor fine in its proportions; and hands with fingers so long and thin they were almost transparent—ill-formed, and ungainly too; a mode of dress that was not picturesque, and most certainly was not fashionable, scanty, black, and untrimmed;—all this made up an exterior which the most facile admiration could not admire. And few in the passing world care to discover the spiritual beauty which an outward form of unloveliness may hide.

No, Margaret stood in the moonlight by the side of an artist of high poetic temperament—a man who lived in the sunniest places of human happiness—a woman shut out from all the beauty of life; a woman who had never been fair, and who was now no longer young, to whom hope and love are impossible; the handmaid only to another's happiness, mistress of none herself. Was she thinking of the difference between herself and the stars as she looked at them shedding light on the black rocks and the barren fells? Was she measuring the distance between her and her fate, her desires and her possessions, as she watched the waves striving to reach the soft cool moss upon the bank, to be thrust back by shingles and the stones? Or was she dreaming of a possible future, when the rocks should be beautiful with flowers, and the fells golden with furze, and when the waves would have passed that rough bar, and have crept peacefully to the foot of the mossy bank? Was she dreaming of happiness, or was she learning to suffer? Narrowing her heaven to within the compass of the earth, or losing earth in the heaven of nobleness and sacrifice? Who could tell? Thoughts are but poorly interpreted by eyes, and a sigh gives no more than the indication of a feeling.

"Let us go on the lake, Margaret, and take Ada with us," said Horace, suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, and leaving the shadow in which he had been standing.

"Yes," said Margaret, in a low voice, and with the start of one awakened out of a sleep in which she had been dreaming pleasantly. "Ada will enjoy that!"

"She turned her face to the window where Ada sat, poring over a book of pictures by the lamplight, her little head hidden under its weight of ringlets, like an apple-blossom spray bent down with flowers.

"Child, will you come to Lily Island with Horace and me?" she said, caressingly. "Your vase is empty, and the old enchanters used to say that flowers should be gathered when the moonlight is upon them, if they were to have any spell. And you know you said you wished to enchant Horace. Will you come?"

She smiled and held out her hand caressingly.

The girl flung her book on the floor with a little cry of pleasure. "Oh, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "It was so stupid, Margaret, in here all alone, with nothing but those wearisome old pictures that I have seen hundreds of times before. I was wondering when you and Horace would be tired of talking philosophy together, for you are always wandering away among minds and stars—far out of my depth." Which, perhaps would not have been difficult to any one who could wade deeper than the hornbook.

All the time Ada was chattering thus, she was gathering up from the sofa her gloves, shawl, and bonnet; losing vast quantities of time in searching behind the pillars for her shawl pin, which she did not find after all. For the sofa was Ada's toilette-table and unfathomable well generally, serving various kinds of duties. "We will go, Margaret," she continued, running through the room on to the balcony, her shawl thrown on to her shoulders awry, and holding her straw bonnet by its long blue strings. "Remember, I am to crown you like a naiad, and Horace is to be your triton. Are those words pronounced properly, Horry?" And she put her arms round the artist as a child might have done, and looked into his face prettily.

"You are to do just as you like, fairy Ada," said Horace, fondly, patting her round cheek. "You are too childish to contradict, and not wise enough to convince; so you must even be indulged for weakness' sake if not for love." This was to correct his flattery.

But it was not flattery after all; for she was like a fairy, hanging round him and caressing him so childishly; her little feet falling without echo as they glanced restlessly from beneath her wide flounces, and her yellow hair hanging down like golden strands. She was like one of those flowers in fairy books from whose heart flows out an elfin queen; like a poet's vision of a laughing nymph: a wandering peri masked for awhile in human features; like a dewdrop sparkling in the sun; a being made up of light, and love, and laughter; so beautiful and innocent that the coldest cynic must have praised, the sternest stoic must have loved.

"What a child! What a lovely child!" said Horace, half to himself, turning from her and yet still holding her hand against his shoulder. "You are repaid now, Margaret," he added, tenderly, "for your long years of thought and care. Your life is blessed indeed; far more so than many which have more the appearance of fulfilment."

"Yes," said Margaret, raising her dark eyes full into his. "My life is very, very happy now, Horace. Nothing is wanting to it, nothing. A home, a child, a friend;

what could I ask of fate that I have not got?"

He looked at her affectionately. "Good, unselfish, Margaret!" he said. "Boon and blessing to your whole world! Without you, at least two lives would be incomplete—your sister's and mine. We should be desolate wayfarers, without a guide and without a light, if you were not here. I cannot say that you are needful to us, Margaret: you are much more than needful."

A smile of infinite happiness wandered over Margaret's face as she repeated softly, "Am I then needful to you, Horace?" and her eyes lighted up with such love and fervour, that for a moment she was as absolute in youth and beauty as little Ada herself. Even Horace looked at her again, as at a face he did not know; but the smile and the glance faded away as they had come, and the gloom of physical unloveliness clouded over her face thick and dark as ever.

"Margaret is very good; she is true and noble; but she is fearfully plain!" Horace thought to himself. "My father, who was so fond of beauty, would have said she was sinfully ugly. What a pity, with such a fine nature! And he looked from her to Ada.

Ada was all impatience to set off; and Margaret must go in for her shawl and bonnet without a moment's delay. Smiling at her little sister's impetuous sovereignty, Margaret went into the house, like a patient mother with a favourite child; shaking her head, though, as she passed the little one, standing there in her woman's beauty and her child's artlessness; and saying, "You are spoilt, my darling," conveyed by look and accent, "I love you better than my own life," instead.

Come to me, Ada," said Horace, as Margaret went into the house. "Your hair is all in disorder. Careless child! at seventeen you ought still to have a nurse."

"Now leave me alone, Horace, and never mind my hair," said Ada, escaping from him to the other end of the balcony. "You never see me without finding fault with my hair; and I am sure it is not so bad. What is the matter with it?" She shook it all over her face, and took up the ringlets one by one, to examine them; pouting a little, but very lovely still.

Horace was not to be coaxed nor frightened. He caught her in her retreat, and drew her to him, giving her a lecture on neatness that was rather against his instincts. But no matter; it served its purpose. Part of those yellow ringlets had been caught among the blue cornflowers under the bonnet she had perched on the top of her head, and part had been folded in with her awkward shawl. They were all in a terrible condition of ruffle; and Horace made her stand there before him like a child, while he smoothed them back deftly enough, scolding her all the time; but very tenderly. Then, impelled by a sudden impulse, that seemed to overmaster him, he bent down close to her and whispered something in her ear, so low that the very swallows sleeping under the eaves could not have dreamed they heard its echo; and when he ended he said, "Do you, Ada?" as if his very soul and all his hopes had been centered in her answer.

"Yes—no—ask Margaret," cried Ada, struggling herself free; and then she added, with a ringing laugh, "Oh, it is only a jest. You are not serious, Horace?" rushing almost into Margaret's arms as she stepped through the open window.

"What is it all about?" asked Margaret, looking from Ada, with her burning cheeks, to Horace, pale and agitated. "Have you been quarreling ever since I left you?"

Neither spoke for a moment; and at last, Horace said with a visible effort: "I will speak to you alone of this, Margaret. You alone can decide it;" grasping her hand warmly.

They went down the balcony steps, through the garden, and then through the shrubbery of rhododendrons and azalias, and then through the little wicket gate that opened upon the shingly bay, where the May Fly lay moored in Ada's harbour—just under the shadow of the purple beech. Ada sprang into the little skiff first, as usual, insisting on steering; an art about which she knew as much and attended to as carefully as if a problem of Euclid had been before her. But she was generally allowed to have her own way; and they pushed out of the harbour, Ada at the helm, murmuring a love-song about a Highland Jeanie tried and true—"chanting to the nixies," Horace said—as she bent over the gunwale and looked into the water. Margaret's face was turned upwards, and Horace—his fine head almost idealised in this gentle light—sat gazing at the two sisters, while the tender moon flowed over all; flooding Ada's golden curls with a light as gay as laughter, and losing itself in the thick braids of Margaret's hair, like life absorbed in death.

"Ada means to shipwreck us," cried Horace suddenly, avoiding Dead Man's Rock only by a skilful turning of the oar, as the Venetian boatmen had taught him.

Margaret caught the tiller-string and drew it home, and the little boat glanced off, just grazing her keel as she scudded over the farthest point of the sunken rock.

"Ada, child, are your thoughts so far from earth that you cannot see Death when he stands in the way? What were you thinking of, love, when you nearly gave a plural to Dead Man's Rock?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But do you take the helm, Mar," Ada exclaimed, half in tears. "I am not steady enough to guide myself; still less, others!" And she almost cried, which was a common manifestation of feeling with her, and looked so distressed that Margaret took her face between her

hands and kissed her forehead for comfort.

"Don't be downcast, my child," she said gently; "we all make mistakes sometimes, and seldom any so venial as all-but running the May Fly on the rocks. Go and comfort Horace, and ask him if he sprained his wrist in that strange Venetian manœuvre of his. I am sure you have been quarreling on the balcony, Ada—you look so shy of him!" And she laughed pleasantly.

"Oh, no—no!" cried Ada, trying to look indifferent, but unsuccessfully. Then, with a sudden shake of her head, as if shaking it clear of fancies, she ran over the thwarts and sat down by Horace frankly; but terribly in his way for the sweep of an oar. She leaned on his shoulder and played with his hair, in her old familiar manner; asking him "if he were cross yet?—what made him so grave?"

"Not cross at any time with you," he said, bending his head to her hands. "Sometimes thoughtful—and about you."

His grave voice made Ada pause. "Are you unhappy?" she said; and her hand stole gently to his forehead.

"No. I am very happy at this moment," he said. "At the worst of times only in doubt." He looked at Margaret as he spoke wistfully.

"In doubt of what, Horace?" she asked.

"Whether sisterly affection might ever take a dearer name; or whether a niche might be reserved for me in the temple of a beloved life."

The boat was floating through the water-lilies as he spoke. They touched the shore of the island.

"Now sermonise together!" cried Ada, springing on shore and rushing away into the wood. She was going to look for mosses, she said, and ferns for the rockwork in her garden; for Horace and Margaret were best alone.

A rustic bench or chair had been placed in the green knoll just above the landing-place, and there Horace and Margaret seated themselves; watching the stars in the lake, and waiting until their darling should return to them again.

"Your life has been an anxious one for many years, Margaret," said Horace, after another of their long intervals of silence had fallen like a dark cloud over them. He was agitated; for his voice trembled, though his face was hidden by his slouched hat, and Margaret could not see it.

"Yes," she answered quietly; "since my dear father's death, when Ada was left to my care—I so young and she a mere infant—I have had many hours of care and anxious thought. But I have come out into the calm and sunshine now. My darling has grown up all that the tenderest mother could demand for her child; and I am more than repaid by the beauty of the nature which perhaps I helped to form, by the power of my own love and the sacrifice of my whole life."

"Ah, Margaret!" cried Horace, warmly—"queen in soul as well as in name; queen of all womanly virtues and of all heroic powers, my heart swells with gratitude and love when I think of all that you have been to Ada; of how you have fed her life with your own, and emptied your cup of happiness into her's. Dear Margaret!—friend more than sister—what do we not owe you of boundless love, of infinite return!"

Margaret did not speak. Her heart was beating loud and fast, and her eyes, heavy with joy, were bent on the ground. But the lashes and the black brows were portals which suffered no meaning to pass beyond them; and Horace did not read the revelation written in those eyes, which else might have arrested, if it had not changed, the future.

"And now, Margaret," continued Horace, "you know how dear you are to me. You know that your happiness will be my chief care, and to honour and cherish you my joy as well as my duty." Margaret's thin hands closed convulsively on each other; she bent nearer to him unconsciously—her head almost on his shoulder. "You know how much I have loved you and our fairy child there, and how this love has gradually closed round the very roots of my heart, till now I can scarcely distinguish it from my life, and would not esteem my life without it. Tell me, Margaret, you consent to my prayer. That you consent to deliver up to my keeping your very heart and soul, the treasure of your love and the passion of your life. Will you make me so blessed, Margaret,—dearest Margaret?"

She turned her eyes upon him, dark with love, and moist and glad. Her arms opened to receive him and to press him close upon her heart; and her lips trembled as she breathed softly, "Yes, Horace, yes, I will give you all."

"Dearest!—best!" he cried. "Friend, sister, beloved Margaret! how can I thank you for your trust in me—how reward your gift? Ada!—my Ada!" and his voice rang through the island, the little one coming at its call. "Here, to me, child adored!" he continued snatching her to him; "here to your home; to your husband's heart, first thanking your more than mother there for the future, which, my love, infinite as Heaven, shall make one long day of joy and happiness to you. Thank her, Ada—thank her! for she has given me more than her own life."

"Horace!" groaned Margaret, covering her face with her hands. "This is a pain too great; a sacrifice too hard. My heart will break. God, do Thou aid me!"

The passionate agony of that voice checked even Horace in his joy. It was too grieving, too despairing, to be heard unmoved. The man's eyes filled up with tears, and his lip quivered. "Poor Margaret!" he said to

himself, "how she loves her sister. I have asked too much of her. Yet she shall not lose her."

"No, Margaret," whispered Ada, crying bitterly, one hand on her lover's shoulder and the other round her sister's waist, "it shall be no pain, no sacrifice. Will you not still love me, and shall I not always love you and be near you? Horace will not separate us."

A shudder ran through Margaret. This blindness and unconscious egotism shocked and chilled her. A moment more, and the pain was pressed back with a strong hand: the sacrifice was accepted with a firm heart. She raised her head and looked up, saying, "God be with you, dear ones, now and ever!" as she joined their hands, tears slowly filling her dark eyes, and falling hot and heavy over her face.

Nothing could be done without Margaret. Every inch of the way, to the steps of the altar, she must walk hand in hand with Ada, the little one never dreaming of the fiery ordeal her love and childish weakness caused that suffering spirit to endure. And even when she had descended the altar-steps by the side now of another guide, Margaret was still her support, and her counsel the favourite rule of her conduct. The loving gentle child!—frightened somewhat at the new duties she had undertaken, and feeling that she could not fulfil them without Margaret's help: believing that she could not even please Horace unless Margaret taught her how. When her sister remonstrated with her, and endeavoured to give her confidence in herself, and told her that she must act more independently now, and not look for advice in every small affair, but study to win her husband's respect as well as to preserve his love, Ada's only answer was a weary sigh, or a flood of tears, and a sobbing complaint that "Margaret no longer loved her, and if she had known it would have changed her so she would never have married,—never."

What could the sister do? What only great hearts can do; pity, be patient, and learn from sorrow the nobleness not always taught by happiness. Ada was too young for her duties; and Margaret knew this, and had said so; daring to be so brave to her own heart, and to rely so wholly on her truth and singleness of purpose, as to urge on Horace her doubts respecting this marriage, telling him she feared that its weight would crush rather than ennoble the tender child, and advising him to wait, and try to strengthen, before he tried, her. Advice not much regarded, how much soever it might be repented of hereafter that it had not been more respected, but falling, as all such counsels generally do fall, on ears too fast closed by love to receive it. All that Margaret could do was to remain near them, and help her sister to support the burden of her existence; drinking daily draughts of agony no one dreamed of, yet never once rejecting the cup as too bitter or too full. She acted out her life's tragedy bravely to the last, and was more heroic in that small domestic circle than many a martyr dying publicly before men, rewarded by the knowledge that his death helped forward Truth. With Margaret there was no excitement, no reward, save what suffering gives in nobleness and worth.

Horace fell in with this kind of life naturally enough. It was so pleasant to have Margaret always with them—to appeal to her strong sense and ready wit when he was in any doubt himself, and to trust Ada to her care—that he now asked whether it were not rather a divided life he was leading, and whether, between his wife and sister, it was not the last who held the highest place? This is scarcely what one looks for in a perfect marriage. It was Margaret who was his companion, his intellectual comrade; while Ada played with the baby or botched kettle-holders and urnstands; and they were Margaret's thoughts which he sketched on the canvas, Ada standing model for the heads and hands.

It was Margaret too who taught the children when they were old enough to learn, and who calmed down their little storms, and nursed them when they were ill. Ada only romped with them, laughed with them, let down her hair for their baby hands to ruffle into a mesh of tiny ringlets, kissed them as they rushed past, or stood terrified and weeping by the cot where they lay sick and sad in illness. But the real discipline and the real work of life she never helped on. When the eldest child died it was Margaret who watched by his pillow the whole of that fearful illness: it was Margaret who bathed his fevered temples, placed the leeches on his side, and dressed that red and angry sore: it was Margaret who raised his dying head, and laid him quietly to rest in the narrow coffin for ever: it was Margaret, worn and weak with watching as she was, who consoled Horace and soothed Ada's tears to a sobbing sleep; who ordered the details of the funeral, and saw that they were properly performed. All steadily and strongly done, although that pretty boy had been her godson and her favourite, had slept in her arms from the first hour of his birth, and had learnt every childish lesson from her lips. And it was only at night, when the day's work was done and all others had been comforted, that Margaret suffered herself to sit down with her grief, and give vent to the sorrows she had to strengthen in action.

And when that debt, for which Horace had been bound, became due; the friend to whom he had lent his name failing him, and the lawyers sent bailiffs into the house, it was Margaret who calmed the frightened servants; who restored Ada; fainting with

terror, and who arranged the means of escape from this embarrassment, by giving up her own property; every farthing she possessed barely covering the claim. A sacrifice Horace was forced at last to accept, after much delay and much anguish of mind, not seeing his way clearer out of the strait, and unwilling, for Ada's sake, delicate as she was just now, to brave the horrors of an arrest. So Margaret, who had always been the giver and the patroness, had her world reduced to dependence; of itself a sore trial to a strong will.

In every circumstance of life it was the same. She was the good angel of the household, without whom all would have been loose and disjointed; to whom love gave the power of consolation, and suffering the might of strengthening. Yet Horace and Ada lived on sightless and unperceiving; satisfied to taste life—enjoying that gentle epicurean thankfulness which accepts all blessings lovingly but without question, and never traces the stream which waters its garden to its source near the heavens.

Ada's summons had sounded; her innocent and loving life was sentenced to its end. Useless on earth, but asked for in heaven, she must die, that she may be at peace. And it was in mercy that she was taken away; for age and care were not made for her. They would have made life more tiresome than she could support. But this last little blossom, although it looked so fragile, broke down the slight twig on which it flowered, and the young mother and her baby passed to heaven together. The light had faded away and the shadow fell softly in its place.

What had passed from Horace? A child; a sunny landscape; a merry laugh; a tamed woodbird; something very lovely but not necessary; something loved more than himself, and yet not his true self. With Ada, all the beauty and the joy of his life had gone; but the spirit remained. Not a thought hung tangled in his brain for want of a clearer mind to unravel it: not a noble impulse fell dead for want of a strong hand to help it forward. What he was with Ada he was without her; in all save pleasure. She had been the delight of his life, not its inspiration. It was beauty, not nobleness, that she had taken with her: love, not strength. It made even him,—unreflecting artist, man of impulse as he was, stand by that grave-side wondering. He knew how much he loved her. He knew his whole heart and soul had been centered on her and her alone; but he almost shuddered to find that one part of his being had been uninfluenced by her, and that his mind was not wrecked in the ruin of his heart.

Ada's death made Margaret's path yet more difficult. Of course she was to remain with Horace. He could not understand existence without her; and the world would not be ill-natured to a wife's sister; so unlovely and so ancient in her spinsterhood. Not even the most suspicious prudery could imagine a love that had been given to the fairy Ada, that darling child of Nature, transferred to the tall thin figure clothed in the scant black dress, with even the once magnificent tresses turning sadly from their purer beauty, and silvered now with white hairs. No, she might remain there safe enough, the poor Margaret! Who cared to know that she had loved with that one deep powerful love of a neglected heart; that she had bound herself to a daily cross when she accepted agonies without name and without term, that she suffered and was still? Who cared to praise her strength or to honour her heroism? Not even they for whom she had suffered. The sacrifice had been accepted; but not even a garland had been prepared for the victim. Without pity and without praise for her own deed, she must be contented without reward.

Time went on; and, excepting that Horace was graver and more watchful of his sister-in-law, with a certain indefinable tenderness at times, and then a rigid coldness that was almost like displeasure at others, there was no change in him since his wife's death; neither in their position with each other, r in Margaret's place in the household. For strong souls the ordeal of life never ends, and Margaret must pass through hers to the end.

On a certain soft, still summer's night, Horace and Margaret, for the first time for many months, went on the lake together, the little Ada, the eldest now of that fairy world, with them. They rowed about for some time in silence, the child saying to itself pretty hymns or nursery rhymes, muttering in a sweet low voice, like a small bell tinkling in the distance. They landed on the island where, years ago, they had landed with another Ada. The moonlight now, as then, filled the wide sky and rested over the whole valley; and, again, of all the things that stood in its light, Margaret was the only unlovely thing. But Horace had changed since then.

They sat down on the rustic bench, the child playing at their feet.

"Years ago we sat together, Margaret, on this same bench," said Horace, suddenly, "when I asked my destiny at your hands. I have often thought, of late, that I asked it amiss." He spoke rapidly, as if there was something he wished to say, and a weight he wished to thrust off his heart.

"Amiss, Horace? Was any life happier than yours? The sorrow that has darkened it was not a part of the destiny you asked from me."

"But now, now, Margaret," he cried impatiently.

"And now, Horace, you have a life of duty."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me your strength! This grey life of mine terrifies me. It is death I live in, not life."

"Learn strength, then, by your sorrow,"

she whispered. "Be content to suffer in the present for the gain and good of the future. Learn that life is striving, not happiness; that love means nobleness, not pleasure. When you have learnt this well enough to act it, you have extracted the elixir from the poison."

As she spoke, a heavy cloud wandering up from the east, passed over the moon, and threw them all into the shadow.

Margaret turned to Horace. "To-morrow, my dear brother," she said, smiling, "the shadow of the moonlight will have passed away, and we shall be in the full light of heaven. The present, Horace, with its darkness and its silence will lead us into a blessed future if we have but faith and hope in ourselves, and in each other. Let us go; I have long learnt to suffer; you are only beginning. Lean on me, then, and I will help you; for the task of self-denial and self-suppression is hard when learnt alone and in silence."

She held out her hand, clasped his, and carried it to her lips, affectionately and reverently, adding gently—"A sister's arm is a safe guide, Horace. Lean on it never so hardly; it will bear your weight, and will neither fail nor misdirect you."

"Sister," sobbed the artist, "blessed though that name may be, one must walk over the graves of hope and love to reach it; my feet refuse, Margaret—I cannot!"

"We will walk together, Horace, and I will show you the graves which I have strewn before me. Come!"

MORE SPLENDID THAN A BADGER.

I was staying, last summer, in a very quiet, primitive English country town, which, though it requires an M.P. to represent its wants and wishes, would scarcely seem, to judge from the looks, manners, and habits of its inhabitants, to have energy enough to frame any desire which its representative could set about fulfilling. Except on market days, when the high street is encumbered with pigs for sale, which unclean animals are penned along each side of the road, leaving only space enough for the round-frocked equestrians, who take an interest in their inspection, to circulate—except, I say, on these occasions, which occur once a month, the little town does not indulge in animation of any description. Think then what must have been the feelings of myself and friends, when early one morning we were startled by the sound of a horn, and our attention, and that of all the inhabitants of the one long street in which I resided, having been secured, we listened to the announcement of an entertainment given forth by the lame crier, in the following manner. But as I cannot convey the music of his tone and accent to the minds of my readers, I will copy for their benefit one of the papers which he read, and which were distributed at every house, and reclaimed after ample time had been allowed for the perusal of the precious document:

"Wonderful curiosities.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to inform you that I have got several curiosities that will give the height of satisfaction to you All. Which will be described to you. They are Living Animals, one is a native of South America, and the others are natives of South Africa: the handsomest animals you ever saw, and you will be highly delighted with them. The one has the head and ears of a Fox, the body of a Badger, but more splendid, has got the tail of a Tortoise-shell Cat, and can use his feet equal to a person using their hands, and they are so tame and quiet that a child can play with them, and not frightful to look at, but very handsome: any person feeling dissatisfied after looking at them shall have the money returned: the charge is one penny each, and you can see them in the cage, or out of it: there is a collar and chain attached to their necks, but it is not required; it is kept for fear of persons being timid. I have several other curiosities, and all of them alive, and can be handled, and are very handsome, they are natives of Russia, and are a great treat to the public in general. You can see them in their cage, or out of it, at your own house. At the low charge of one penny each. This Bill will be called for in two hours, when the animals will be produced if required."

The sensation in the town was immense, when it was known that such marvels and mysteries of Natural History were actually at that moment within it: the market-cross was thronged with eager listeners in blouses, and the lame crier was interrogated by those whose intimacy allowed of their approach to that functionary. He, however, kept a dignified silence as to his opinion of the animal more splendid than a Badger, the sight of which had paid him for his exertions in making its fame known to his fellow citizens.

I am almost childishly fond of animals, and capable of swallowing nearly any amount of romance concerning them. I therefore entreated my friends to allow the possessor of these curiosities to exhibit before us. A smile from my host, of rather doubtful expression, a little disturbed my enthusiasm, as he walked to the window, and pointed out to his family a group which had just appeared in sight. This consisted of a personage in a costume more familiar than picturesque, and more resembling that of Bill Sykes than Robert le Diable: there was nothing heroic certainly about him, nor was there in his air or mien anything to indicate the bold explorer of unknown forests, or sandy deserts, where the footsteps of the lion lure the daring hunter—there was, in fact, more of the thimble-rig than the lasso in his aspect. He lounged along by the side of a little covered cart, drawn by a lean dog, and guided by a ragged urchin of some eight years old. So small was that vehicle, and so little room did

it seem to contain, that I was sorely puzzled to explain to myself how the splendid collection could be stowed away in it, but this I imagined was another marvel not to be questioned. In spite of the smile of my friend I would not be deterred from inspecting the contents of this fairy menagerie; when I found (I do not wish it to be generally known) that the author of the magniloquent proclamation which had seduced my imagination, had become possessed of his curiosities in the very town where he exhibited them as strangers from foreign parts. A racoon, brought home by a sailor, returned from Yankeeland, and presented by him to his friend the crier, who had got rid of it for a consideration; a squirrel, three rats, and a white mouse; were the wonders which the travelling caravan held in its bosom and which, the pennies being paid beforehand, and no one caring to express himself dissatisfied at being made a fool of, was a sufficient mine of wealth to the exhibitor, who having laughed in his sleeve at the inhabitants of the little borough, and pocketed enough halfpence to carry him onward in his career, departed as he came.

My thoughts, after this event, were led into a train in which animals of all sorts passed before my mind's eye, and the belief of our forefathers respecting their habits and manners recurred to my recollection. In the inmost recesses of my heart I have always hidden a hope that the old belief was the true one, and that modern discovery will prove the existence of many creatures of which we have only the tradition: and it is for that reason that I never allow a caravan to pass without having a peep into it, trusting that a dragon, or a unicorn may, by some chance, be brought to light, purchased by the Zoological Society, and made a household word to the million. Such things have happened in the case of several rare specimens brought from unknown shores by ignorant but enterprising wanderers of the unscientific classes. The crowds are ever anxious for information, and ever ready to seek for it even in the dog-cart of a peripatetic philosopher, such as he of the Badger, whose visit, cheat though he was in his own person, may have roused more minds than mine in that little town from apathy, and may have set them thinking on something beyond the narrow limits of the spot in which they vegetate. Perhaps a horticultural and zoological garden, perhaps a library for the people, may become, from this circumstance, one of the wants which their member will have to set forth in Parliament.

In days of yore, when zoological establishments were not, the wisdom of our ancestors, struggling through the mists of the ignorance of ages, could not prevent them from believing strange things, and setting them forth to the world in all simplicity, finding credence for the most wonderful assertions in the eager minds of the cravers after knowledge. What would the youngest visitant of the Surrey, or the Regent's Park say to be told that his flexible and familiar friend the elephant, who kneels down that he may mount to the pavilion on his back, has no joints. And yet Aristotle, Diodorus, Strabo, Cassiodorus, and many other learned Thebans, with ancient honoured names, believed this to be the case, and thus express their conviction:

"The elephant, having no joints, is obliged to sleep standing; the hunters, therefore, cut the tree across against which the animal leans, as being once down, he cannot rise again. No sooner does this animal hear a pig grunt than he takes to flight in the utmost terror."

Ælian asserts that he had seen an elephant write a letter, and another sage declares that he had heard him speak! One could almost believe either acts of our sagacious friend, but still we are forced to stipulate for an all-but.

A horse and a pigeon were believed to have no gall, but Pliny is caught tripping when, after asserting this, he goes on to say that the gall of a horse is poison! As for the pigeon, it was thought profane to disbelieve this omission of nature in favour of a bird which had been chosen as a symbol of all that was pure, gentle, and holy. With respect to our old friend the badger, he is described by no less a philosopher than Albertus Magnus as having his legs shorter on one side than on the other—although, he adds despairingly, it is impossible to prove it! Aldrovandus, who agrees in the poor badger's defective formation, inserts a saving clause by remarking, this inequality (which would make him more splendid than a badger is) cannot be observed; he also doubts that the bear produces her cubs without form and void, and begins immediately to lick them into shape, although such was the received opinion in his day. I hardly dare to trust myself to talk about singing swans, which were said to become melodious just before their death, and thought by some naturalists to have very good voices at all times, but to sing in places where no one could hear them. Aldrovandus tells his world that the swans on the banks of the Thames, sing beautifully. Has anyone on a swan-hopping expedition ever heard them? The same authors relate that the peacock is always uneasy in his mind about the ugliness of his feet, and screams when he looks at them. This superstition has been useful to the poets of the East, who introduce the fact into their verses, adding that the deformity arose from the peacock having made friends with the serpent in Eden, and combined with that enemy of mankind against our first parents. Storks were generally believed to inhabit only free countries, being thorough republicans in their politics.

In the matter of the basilisk, salamander, and phœnix, although acknowledged to be rare creatures, they were believed to exist as

well as serpents having a head at each end; but they seem to have been abandoned as mere hieroglyphics or chemical essences at an early period. The wolf was a very mysterious beast in days of yore, lending his shape to witches and wizards, who found pleasure in roaming about in his skin. Whoever came upon a wolf unawares, and was seen first by the animal, became immediately dumb: as many a classic poet has told us, without mentioning Virgil himself. This was brought about perhaps on the same principles as those which made the shadow of the hyena fatal to the voices of dogs. Pliny is the authority for dogs always losing their voices under its influence.

If there are still such creatures as gryphons, who were said to guard mines of gold, we have a chance now of being able to describe them accurately, from the observation of those naturalists who visit California and Melbourne. Fuseli, in one of his singular pictures, represented one—we know not from what authority—pursuing an Arimaspian, in illustration of a line of Milton. Both the actors in his drama are sufficiently hideous, and it would be difficult to decide upon the species of either. To judge by the long legs of the felonious Arimaspian, who had stolen some gold and been found out by the gryphon, that native had no occasion for the leaden soles to his boots which were necessary to the pigmies to prevent those little beings of a foot high from being carried off in a high wind. When mounted on partridges and engaged in battle against their enemies the cranes, this small folk must have presented an animated microscopic appearance. I thought we had caught a pigmy at last in our late Aztec visitors, but it appears that Central America has since repudiated them as her sons; we shall, therefore, probably seek for specimens of the race in vain, except in the dog-drawn caravan of my artful friend the self-asserted possessor of the ultra-splendid badger which is responsible for these remarks.

BACK WAYS TO FAME.

The gentleman who writes himself on the titlepage to his books:—

F.A.S., F.B.S., F.C.S., F.D.S., F.E.S., F.F.S., F.G.S., F.H.S.,
Corresponding Member of the Learned Societies
of Agra, Delhi, Algiers, Cape Town, Portsmouth,
Port Essington and Walla-walla; V.P. of the
Shetland Oratorical Society, and of the
Manx Cat Club, Member of the
Pedlington Galaxy Association,
the Pansophisticon,
&c &c. &c.
&c. &c.
&c.
Author of
A Treatise upon Hic, Hæc, Hoc; the History of Horum
Genitivo,
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

is not directly pointed at in any of the remarks here following. It is no new thing for authors and others to ask themselves, how shall I carry weight with the public? What shall I do to be esteemed? And ever since the first barrel of ink was brewed, such problems have been solved in sundry ways, so that there is nothing foolish that has not been done—perhaps, too, that is not being done—for love of praise.

In the first place, how is an orator, philosopher, or poet, who thinks more of the applause he wants than of the work that is to get it,—how is such a poor fellow to know even so much as in what direction he shall turn his face? Are the select few to be courted, or the vulgar many? Which gives the verdict of praise most to be desired? Jean de la Serre wrote such a tragedy upon Sir Thomas More that Cardinal Richelieu never was present at the representation of it without weeping like an infant; yet the million declared "More" a bore, and lauded as the best play that was ever written Corneille's Cid, in conspiracy against which drama Richelieu spent a month of his great power as a minister, because he took it to be a stupidity which, as a man of taste, he ought to crush. "More" is no more, and the world still pays to the Cid assiduous attention.

The great Cæsar himself, says Macrobius, admired so extremely a comedian named Laberius that he invited him by offers of large sums to Rome. There he put him into competition with the people's favourite Publius Syrus. In spite of the emperor, the people crowned their man, and the imperial patron was forced to say, "Laberius, although I like you best, Syrus has beaten you." Louis the Fourteenth did not say a word over the first hearing of one of Molière's best comedies. The public thought he did not like it, and all the next morning nothing was to be heard but bandied criticism of it as poor stuff, and such inanity that really if Monsieur Molière did not make a great change in his recent manner he would never hold his ground with men of taste. At dinner the king held his hand out to the poet and said that he had enjoyed his comedy beyond expression. In the afternoon every soul was charmed with the wit of the new play. The most discriminating general public that ever was, only accepted cordially ten or twelve out of a hundred of the works of Æschylus, and forsook him altogether for a new writer; the same public five times declared Pindar conquered by a woman who was in their eyes a tenth muse, and in his eyes a pig. In what direction then is the fame-hunter to look? The man who works out matter that is in him is in no perplexity; for him nature has made provision; but the man whose labour is but to procure something—whether fame or money—that he has not, by what arts is he to make provision for himself? He generally uses quackery, and in what degree he uses it, or of what kind it is, and to what class of minds it is addressed, must depend on taste and temperament and upon other things.

Charles Patin, a wise man of olden time, lodged with a friend studying medicine, at Basle, and asked him one day into how many parts medicine were divided. "Into four parts?" said his friend, "physiology, pathology, semeiotics, and therapeutics." "Into five parts, said Charles Patin," for you must add quackery, in which whoever is not thoroughly versed is unworthy to bear the title of physician."

What might be said then, and might very likely be said now, with some show of truth concerning medicine, was and is quite as true of philology, metaphysics, oratory, statesmanship, theology, or any other branch of study.

Men parade titles that mean little, but sound large; I introduce no modern illustrations, but used they not of old to write themselves in their books archi-historiographers, king's counsellors and so forth? Did they not write themselves down members of societies having sometimes, especially in Italy, fantastical and affected names, Seraphics, Olympics, Boobies, Idlers, Somnolents, Rawmen, Parthenics, and Fantastics? They even change their names to put more weight into their literary persons. A Doctor Sansmalice signed himself Doctor Akakia; John became Jovian; Peter became Pomponius. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the vainest of all learned men, claimed to be descended from a princely house, and his son Joseph so highly glorified the family in a short biographic notice, that their antagonist Scioppius—the grammatical cur he was called for uncivilness—professed to have counted up four hundred and ninety-nine lies in a work of about fifteen pages. As for Scioppius, he wrote himself Roman Patrician, Counsellor of the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Arch-Duke of Austria, the Count Palatine, and Count of Clara-Valla. Such writers were habitually styled most excellent and most admirable, though Charles the Fifth himself, addressed formally as Emperor, was no more than most noble and most excellent.

A mathematician in those times travelling in Poland expressed his annoyance at continual allusions to his Excellence, but was told, with some pity for his ignorance, that he need not concern himself, because the Poles assumed the Excellence of everybody. Whatever titles a man could lay hold of he claimed. A village schoolmaster, claiming due honour, in this spirit played the crier to himself, and cried, "I am the rector, the sub-rector, and the choir! I am the three altogether, and am therefore all in all." Of all men who betitled themselves and each other, the old lawyers were the most accomplished quacks. One was Invincible Monarch of the Empire of Letters, another, Azo by name, was Source of the Laws, Vessel of Election, Trumpet of Truth, and God of Lawyers. Baldus was entitled, Divine Monarch Utriusque Juris, ignorant of nothing, &c. There were very many more who took or received titles as extravagant.

These titles often border on profanity, and if it were not wholesome discipline to be reminded now and then of the depths sounded by human vanity and folly, I should shrink certainly from adding to this list the frontispiece of a book, not by a lawyer, in which the author is depicted at the foot of the cross with the question issuing from his mouth, "Master, lovest thou me?" The reply of the Master from the cross being written in another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent and very learned Lord Segerus, Poet Laureate of his Imperial Majesty and very worthy Rector of the University of Wittenberg; yes, I love you."

Earnestness has sometimes the force of quackery. Alain de l'Ile preached so profoundly upon incomprehensible matters that the ignorant came out in swarms to hear him. Therefore, one day, instead of delivering a sermon that he had promised on a sacred mystery, when he saw the gaping crowd about him, he came down again out of his pulpit, saying only, "You have seen Alain. And so now you may go home content." I am reminded by this anecdote of Barthius a rather bilious philosopher who was annoyed by the impertinence of curious intruders. One day an English traveller looked in to see him; the offended sage received him in grim silence; they sat down opposite to one another, and not a word was said until Barthius turned suddenly his back upon his visitor, and said, "Well, sir, you have seen me pretty well in front, now look at me behind."

I have wandered into the domains of people who got more attention than they wished, instead of abiding by the learned men who wished for all the notice they could get. One way of attracting notice was the use of title-pages, calculated to arrest attention. The foppery common on title-pages in old times—never, of course, now—was obvious enough in certain respects. It was but a commonplace of the period to call a lexicon The Pearl of Pearls, to produce Flowers of everything after the Latin Florus, and Nights of everything after the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius. There were Theological Nights, Christian Nights, Agreeable Nights, Solitary Nights, African Nights, and so forth.

The races of the Flowers and the Nights are not indeed even to this day extinct. Pliny long ago ridiculed the titles of Greek books,—Rags of Honey, Horns of Plenty, Muses' Meadows, in which everything a man could wish for, "down to chickens' milk," was said to be contained. The wise men of the Revival published in place of Horns of Plenty, Treasures and Treasuries, and they put up Steps to Parnassus, over which many a schoolboy has since tumbled. A set of maps was called after the man who took the world upon his shoulders—Atlas; and that name being short and

handy, has been commonly adopted into languages as a noun-substantive, quite free from mythological suggestion. A book on the blood was called The Macro-micro-cosmic Ocean.

Alchemists wrote books called, The Art of Arts, The Work of Works, The Art of being Ignorant in Nothing, of Writing and of Knowing about Everything. It would need the lesson taught by such a book to understand only the titles of some others: a tract on the Rights of the King was headed, for example, in those days, The Stomacation of the Public Good. The author of a Harmony of the Gospels called it, The Triumph of Truth, on a car drawn by the four Evangelists, escorted by the Army of the Holy Fathers; and a more elaborate allegorist, a Spaniard, entitled a work on philology, in fifty chapters,—Pentacontarch; or, the Captain of Fifty Soldiers: levied and maintained by Ramirez de Prado, under whose auspices the different monsters that ravaged the republic of letters are pursued even to their utmost retreats, and to the depths of their frightful caverns, where they are attacked, fought with, and destroyed.—Again, who would suppose that a book with the attractive title of The Rights of the Public, was a treatise upon Headache?

The desire for fame has induced others to seek it by much writing, in the belief that to be constantly before the world was to be honoured by it, or at least—and that is something—to be known. There have been many men whose works contained more leaves than there were days in their lives; some being by nature prolific and industrious, others only because they were resolved to occupy the public ears. In the first class was the Spanish dramatist Lopez de Vega, whose works covered ten times as many pages as there were days in his life. In the second class it will suffice to name Joachim Fortius, who wrote of himself thus: "Either I shall die very young, or I shall give to the world a thousand works, honestly counted, in as good Latin as I can produce I intend to entitle them The Chiliad. It is a settled thing: death only can prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. Already nineteen have seen the light, and I shall very shortly publish eighty-one others; which will just make up the tenth part of my Chiliad."

When such a seeker after fame can find no printer rash enough to risk a penny on his works, it often happens that he is insane enough to print them at his own expense. Ulysses Aldrovandus consumed all his patrimony in the printing of his books; and, as nobody bought them, he caused copies to be distributed to all the libraries of Europe as eternal monuments both of his learning and his generosity.

There was an ancient sophist who made much money by his oratory, and spent it in the making of a golden statue, which he placed, dedicated to himself, in the temple at Delphi. In the same spirit, but after a more economical fashion, one Psaphon, a poet, who could get no fame by his verses, procured a number of birds capable of being taught to utter a few words, and having taught every one to say, Psaphon is a great god, let them all loose. They flew abroad, and wherever they settled, brought, as it appeared, their tidings from the sky. In this way the worship of Psaphon was established; and he got, as a deity, the incense that men could not offer to him as a bard. Anything for a name! Hence came a Greek proverb about the birds of Psaphon.

A wide subject opens, when we come to discuss the foppery of dedications. "If you seek glory, nothing will secure it to you so effectually as the letter I am writing," Epicurus wrote to a great minister. He may have been justified in saying so, but so have many little birds magnificently chirruped to the condors and the eagles of society. "By George, sir!" one of these forgotten worthies used to say, when he had dedicated a book to anyone, "I have immortalised you; that deserves a handsome fee." Dedication was a trade, once upon a time, as we all know; dedication writers were begging-letter writers, neither more nor less. Leo the Tenth did a sensible thing when a man dedicated to him An Infallible Method of making Gold. He paid him for his dedication with a great sack to contain the gold he made. Erasmus dedicated a book to the Queen of Hungary, and complained sorely that his rascal of a printer had lost him his gratuity by printing two successive words as one, in a place where to do so was to change the meaning of the sentence, and convert a compliment into an insult. Two authors, Ranzovius and Schott, writing in feigned names, dedicated their works to themselves; Dedications to Saints, to My Country, and so forth, I pass over. A work on sacred geography, printed at Leipsic only a hundred and fifty years ago, had a dedication meant to be curious and pious, which again serves as an illustration of the kind of intrusion made by foppery on holy ground. It was dedicated To the Three great Princes and sole Heirs of Heaven and Earth: the Lord Jesus; Frederic Augustus, Electoral Prince of Saxe; and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Zeitz. To each name was appended a long string of titles in the usual form; the Saviour being styled, crowned general of the celestial armies, king elect of Zion, august and perpetual head of the Christian church, sovereign pontiff and archbishop of souls, elector of truth, archduke of glory, duke of life, prince of peace, chevalier ——I shall quote no more; but it was well to quote so much, because the extravagance of conceit has always travelled a great deal upon forbidden ground. However, it shows itself in this relation—and any one who looks about may see conceit always mounting to

heaven, and nothing lower by its little towers of Arrogance — it cannot be too steadfastly resisted. We should be always on our guard against it.

Another practice with the writers of a past time was to garnish their books with laudatory letters and verses from distinguished men or partial friends. They often composed for themselves letters of this kind, to which they put various initials; just as Charles the Fifth, when on one occasion he had beaten the Protestants in battle, is said to have caused a number of guns to be founded upon the pattern of those he had captured, and inscribed with the devices of the enemy, to drag as trophies into Spain, and magnify his triumph.

Others have sought to catch attention, not by a parade of success and satisfaction, but by a parade of discontent. They attack everything, they wish to make a noise in the world, and know that of all work fighting is the noisiest; therefore they fight, they combat every opinion, attack every eminent man, or, taking in an anonymous way their own eminence for granted, even attack themselves, as did Garopolus when he published a remorseless criticism on his own poem of Charlemagne. Great men do not notice such attacks, for eagles do not catch flies. When Ziegler wrote his commentary upon Grotius, Henninger wrote a cruel commentary upon Ziegler. "This little fellow," Ziegler said, "wishes to be dragged out of his obscurity. Good sense forbids me to grant his petition." One of the most quarrelsome of these men was James Gronovius, the son of John; yet John was the most peaceful writer of his age. In youth he had written a book called Elenchus Anti-Diatribæ, which contained one or two sharp expressions levelled at some commentator. He afterwards, for that reason, bought up and burnt every copy, and would not spare one even to Grœvius, his most intimate friend. Yet it was this man's son who lived by snarling.

Of men who have in direct and plain terms called attention to their own surpassing merits—a vast host—I will mention only one or two. A famous lawyer, Charles Dumoulin, according to Balzac, wrote often at the top of his opinions given upon consultation: "I, who yield to no man, and who have from no man anything to learn"— A Greek who wrote the life of Alexander, promised to equal Alexander's actions with his words. Claveri, an Italian, gave money and sweetmeats to the children of his town to sing about the streets, ballads of his own making in honour of himself. He finally collected them in two volumes as evidence of his own popularity. Giacomo Mazzoni declared himself ready to answer on the spot, every question that could be asked him. Messrs. Gaulmin, Saumaise (Milton's Salmasius), and Maussac being together in the Royal Library, "I think," said Gaulmin, "that we three can match our heads against all that there is learned in Europe." To which Salmasius replied, "Add to all that there is learned in Europe, yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." Not to convey a false impression, let me add that Salmasius was a very learned man indeed, and was treated by our Milton more in the spirit of controversy than of justice.

When publishers for the same community of readers lived in all parts of Europe, it was convenient for authors to drop hints about unpublished works in their possession that might be treated for by any firm in Italy, France, Germany, or Switzerland. These hints grew, however, sometimes into forms of great pretension, and there were not a few who claimed to themselves vast credit for writings that had never come to light. La Croix du Maine carried his boasting in this way as far as any man. In an epistle dedicatory addressed to Henry the Third, of France, he said, "My library now contains eight hundred volumes of various memoirs and collections, written by my hand or by an amanuensis, all the produce of my invention or research, and extracted from all the books that I have read up to this date, of which the number is infinite, as may easily be seen by the twenty-five or thirty thousand heads and chapters of all kinds of matter that may fall under the cognizance of man; which treat of things so different that it is almost impossible to speak of, see, or imagine anything into which I have not made curious research. The whole collection is classed according to sciences, arts, and professions, and arranged in a hundred cases, for each of which two hundred dollars will content me. This sum would seem so little to so great a king, that I am ashamed to have set down so low a price."—In fact, he only wanted twenty thousand dollars for his giant scrap-book.

Of critics and grammarians the conceits used to be endless, and nothing ever was more vain than their disputes. Their follies of enthusiasm are respectable; one may almost admire Becatelli, who sold all he had to buy a rotten manuscript of Livy. But in their hands criticism that was to discern truth from error became itself the overflowing source of error and of discord. As for work at the text of authors, on the whole the saying first applied to copies of Homer must be pretty generally true—that, in any old writer, that is most correct which has been least corrected. What would not these men quarrel about? Two fell into kicks and cuffs in open street over the question whether the verb Inquam belonged to the third or fourth conjugation. Nizolius and Maioragius held a notable dispute as to which of the two most thoroughly admired Cicero. Politian refused to read the Bible, but spent time and toil in settling whether he should write Vergil or Virgil, and amused

his leisure with composition of Greek epigrams to Venus and Cupid. Philelphes and Timotheus wagered beards upon a controversy; and Timotheus being vanquished, was most cruelly shaven, that his beard might be carried about Europe as a trophy. Such questions as these engaged the lives of old grammarians: How many rowers had Ulysses? Was the Iliad composed before the Odyssey? Who was the mother of Hecuba? What name did Achilles bear when wearing woman's dress? What was the usual subject of the songs of the Sirens? Nicanor wrote six volumes on a dot, the grammatical full stop. Messala wrote a dissertation on the letter S, and Martin Vogel wrote another on the German B. The Sorbonne decided that the Latin Q should be pronounced like the Q in French, and solemnly cut off from its body a heretic member who ridiculed such Latin as kiskis and kamkam. "Here," said somebody to Casaubon as they entered the old hall of the Sorbonne, "Here is a building in which men have disputed for four hundred years." "And," asked Casauban, "what has been settled?"

It was the common boast of a grammarian, who wanted as much fame as he could get, that he understood some fabulous number of languages. Postel said he understood fifteen; his adversaries said he did not understand so much as one. André Thevet was thoroughly grounded, he said, in twenty-eight, and spoke them all fluently. Joseph Scaliger is said to have claimed knowledge of all there were, though thirteen is the number commonly ascribed to him, and most likely with greater truth. The man who professed to understand all languages might as well have said at once that he came down from the third heaven of Mahomet, where every inhabitant has seventy thousand heads, and every head has seventy thousand mouths, in each mouth seventy thousand tongues, all singing praises at one time in seventy thousand idioms.

Of orators it will be enough to cite that practice in exterior eloquence which is kept up to this day, and which Francius first taught his pupils to keep up before a good Venetian mirror. Of the poets every one has tales to tell; they are animated, like beasts, by a blind love for their own offspring, and are led, when they are weak-minded, into an infinite number of odd fopperies. We will cast anchor, finally, upon the Hæccities and Quiddities of an extinct order of logicians. They could be matched indeed with the concretes, I's and not I's of the present day; but we are not personal to any man's opinions or practice, and retire firmly upon the past. The logicians of old used to discuss gravely whether it would be a greater miracle for an elephant to be as small as a flea, or for a flea to be as big as an elephant, and whether the chimera humming through the void of nature could devour second intentions. As for the old logical technicalities, Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferison, Baralipton, they are now legends. Nobody now reads the thick volumes of Bovellius on That which is below (or next to) Nothing. He was a mathematician, and his topic was not quite so foolish as it seems. The lawyers were as acute in those days as any of their neighbours. Among their problems for ingenious discussion were the questions: Could a criminal who recovered his life after decapitation be again subject to have his head cut off? Who is the owner of an egg laid in a nest frequented by the fowls of many households? If the wife of Lazarus had married again after his death, could he have claimed her on his resurrection? In those days (only in those days, observe), hairs were split by lawyers; advocates, by brass, and by bon mots, and by force of cunning, dragged lawsuits out and prolonged them to the ruin of both litigants—even prolonged them when there was much wealth, into a second and third generation. In that way the lawyers (of those days) throve, and many became famous.

In the midst of all this foppery and quackery, a great deal of study went to produce small results. It is recorded of a learned man, whose very name is forgotten, though his reading was so deep: that in his lectures he would quote by the page from books written in many languages, never opening one, but having them all on his lecture table with an open sword. "Here," he said, "are the books; follow me in them when you please, and if I misquote by so much as a syllable, stab me; here is the sword." It is certain that an obscure man of letters, whose name has been handed down, read Tacitus in this way. To so much antecedent toil, men added so much folly and bravado for the sake of fame.

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WILD AND TAME.

THE Lady Albinia would think of it.

She was a stately lady, of a bilious temperament, and disliked precipitation. And if she had required a week to reflect whether she might suffer Mr. Lamplugh to be presented to her without compromising her social dignity, she might surely take a longer time to decide on the offer of the hand and heart of the same Mr. Lamplugh, now lying (in writing) before her. True, she had laboured very hard for this result, and had displayed as much cleverness in her tactics as a general besieging a fortress; yet she was fully aware that she was called on for a supreme effort of condescension should she accept it. For, though Mr. Lamplugh was wealthy, while Lady Albinia starved aristocratically on casual help from her friends; and though he was the very ideal of a magnificent-looking man in his prime, while she in her virgin forty years had withered rather than ripened; yet she was of the peerage, and Mr. Lamplugh was a commoner of low birth, whose antecedents were not particularly favourable even in the eyes of commoners themselves. His father had been in some horrid trade—of course the Lady Albinia did not know what; and he himself had been a merchant somewhere in Jamaica, or the Bermudas, or Madeira, or Russia, my dear. And when there—wherever that might be—he had married some dreadful creature, black most likely, and perhaps with a large bore through her under lip, or a piece of wood in her ears, or with a nose ring or flattened head, like the monsters one sees in encyclopædias. And this creature had died, thank goodness! and left a family—Lady Albinia wondered if they were black with woolly hair—which family Mr. Lamplugh prudently kept in the country, away from civilised life, and which was confessedly a great drawback to his fine fortune and handsome face. But as the Lady Albinia had a decided turn for education, and held strong notions of discipline, the children were not such an obstacle to her. They would be occasions for the exercise of her abilities more than hindrances to her life, and she rather congratulated herself than otherwise on the opportunity of showing to the world what she could do in the way of method and training.

So, allowing herself to subside into the easy chair, she sat and balanced the two sides of the question, until she herself wondered if the scale would ever turn.

What could Mr. Lamplugh, that handsome man of fortune, see in the Lady Albinia to tempt him to brave the shame of rejection, or the very indefinite good of acceptance? A tall thin spinster of forty and upwards, with an aristocratic nose and a pair of sharp brown eyes, a mouth that was a simple line, the merest indication of lips, and a figure which not all the art of the dressmaker could pad into the semblance of plumpness—what was there in this very uncomfortable and uncompromising lady to lure Mr. Lamplugh into the bondage of matrimony again? It could not be her fortune, it could not be her beauty, for she had neither; and her temper was acid and her mind a blank. Perhaps it was her title, which sounded pleasantly to the ears of the ambitious commoner, anxious to reap social state from his golden seed; perhaps it was her aristocratic connections, which would help on his own children to distinction. Perhaps he wanted a mother for Daisy, his eldest girl, who would put her into a moral strait-waistcoat, and cramp her growth. Lady Albinia was allowed by all who knew her, to be one of the most admirable correctives to an overflush of youth. Perhaps he had been captivated by her attentions; for Mr. Lamplugh was one of those weak men who are caught by a woman's flattery sooner than by her love. And Lady Albinia had certainly courted and flattered the handsome merchant to an extent that might have turned a stronger brain than his, if a stronger brain could have worshipped Debrett as much as he did. Whatever its nature, the secret feeling which prompted Mr. Lamplugh to make this offer was one not easy even for himself to define. He had said nothing to his children, neither had he consulted with his most intimate friend: dreading the "why?" to which he would have been puzzled to fit an answering "because."

Lady Albinia pondered and reflected on this important matter. She looked round her little room. It was very pretty, and

quite correctly furnished; but all was gift or loan — not an honest inch of independent property was there. Her very dress, so perfect in its arrangement, had been given; and the needleful of Berlin wool with which she caricatured a rose-leaf had been given also. She had but twenty pounds in her purse at this moment to pay her man and her maid, and to feed them all until the next loan or gift should come, Heaven knew whence, and this twenty pounds she had received yesterday from one of her titled friends. Her whole life, with all its social circumstances, was mere pauperism; and while she was cited as the pattern of good breeding, the recognised critic and exponent of manners and proprieties, she was liable at any moment to fall from her honourable height, and show the world on what sandy foundations the temple of her fame had been built.

The Lady Albinia settled the diamond ring which she had been screwing over the joint of her marriage finger until that member was chafed and angry, and opening her dainty desk, began a note which graciously accepted Mr. Lamplugh's offer—though still in a dignified manner—and which promised all maternal cares to his sweet motherless children. She had taken two hours to reflect. A new silk gown would have cost a longer time to choose.

Mr. Lamplugh called the next morning. He kissed her hand, and declared that he was the happiest of men. Not that he looked so, excepting on the principle that extremes meet, and that when men are in the height of rapture it is but logical they should look in the depths of despair. But Lady Albinia did not pay much attention to his looks. She was thinking of the settlements.

They married. Lady Albinia patronised the service and the clergyman; and Mr. Lamplugh, in spite of his fine person and noble carriage, looked inexpressibly humble. And then they set off for the country house where the four Lamplugh children lived, intending to reach it about a week or ten days after their marriage.

This country house, called Todcroft, was in the wildest part of the lake district. Ambleside was Belgravia, and Keswick a very Paris, compared to the primitive simplicity, the wild solitude, the unbroken seclusion, of Todcroft. It stood in the midst of a wood, far away from every other human habitation, out of the high road, which was on the opposite side of the lake, and about eight miles from the nearest town — which, when reached, boasted nothing more luxurious than country clogs soled with wood and shod with iron, and round felt hats. The lake and the bold cliffs, the mountains and their rugged crags, the woods, birds, wild flowers, and the eternal Heavens with the magnificent cloud scenery of mountainous districts, were all the eye had to rest on. Of civilised life not a trace, unless a chance peasant clad in fustian, sheep dogs barking on the hills, and herds of half-wild cattle, might rank as evidences of civilisation.

Lady Albinia was obliged to admire the glorious scenery as they droned on, this last day of their wedding journey. But she admired it under a perpetual protest in favour of the Alps and the Pyrenees, appealing to her husband for confirmation of her taste, which, as Mr. Lamplugh had never made the Grand Tour, had a wonderfully exhilarating effect on him, especially when she added, "Oh dear, how stupid of me! One is so much accustomed to men of the world who have travelled through Europe, that one forgets when others have not had the same advantages."

As they drove on, by the side of the lake now, beneath the crags and woods overhanging the byroad that led to Todcroft, they noticed garlands of wild flowers, heaths, and ferns, festooned across the road, while large bunches of foxglove, mixed with the violet-coloured seeding grass, were gathered into bouquets by the way-side.

"What is this? An attempt at rejoicing by your people?" asked the Lady Albinia, pointing with her daintily gloved hand, shaded by the finest lace, and manacled at the wrist with gold and rubies.

"The children's welcome to their new mamma," said Mr. Lamplugh with a little emotion in his voice; for he was not an unaffectionate father.

"How very primitive!" said Lady Albinia, with a small laugh. "Quite gipsy art, I declare! We must teach them something better, Mr. Lamplugh; when we get them out of this dreadful place." And she shuddered; although the summer sun was shining bright from the deep blue sky, and the grass and leaves looked golden in the light.

"Upon my soul that is very pretty!" cried Mr. Lamplugh, startled out of his thraldom for a moment, as they passed a pyramid of which silver bindweed and broad-leaved fern were the base; the graceful maiden's hair with blue-bells jingling on the summit.

"I hate wild flowers," said Lady Albinia, coldly.

"I am afraid you will not find my children agree with you in this," said Mr. Lamplugh, turning his bright blue eyes on her with a cheery look, that seemed to ask her to be good-humoured and genial. But, his full loose lips grew weak and timid, and their smile faded gradually away beneath the pinching look of his bride.

"We shall see, Mr. Lamplugh," returned Lady Albinia, more coldly than before. "I am quite prepared for the struggle. On more important points than a love of wild flowers, too! Your children require teaching and discipline; and shall have both." And she looked capable of keeping her word.

While she spoke, they turned in at the gate leading into the Todcroft grounds, where the

lodgekeeper and his wife stood, cap in hand, bowing and curtseying. Mr. Lamplugh smiled and waved his hand, calling to them by their names, as he asked after the pigs and the bairns quite naturally and unaffectedly.

"A little cordiality does no harm," he remarked good-humouredly.

"You think not, Mr. Lamplugh? I fear that is rather a dangerous and democratic sentiment." Lady Albinia said it with the air of a preacher confuting an atheist.

Before he had time to answer, the carriage drove up to the hall door. On the steps, stood four young figures: the eldest a girl of about eighteen or nineteen, with her three young brothers. In a badly ironed printed gown, far too short and scanty for the mode, the waist very short, and the boddice exceedingly clumsy: in thick-soled shoes, which she yet considered dress (the shoemaker of the little town called them dancing pumps): with long black hair hanging to her waist in ringlets, and which looked as if it had never been cut or turned up: there was not a fashion about Daisy that was not essentially and wholly incorrect. And yet she was beautiful enough to have gained pardon for even a more eccentric costume. Large full eyes, dark as the night and bright as its stars, a pale olive coloured complexion, with a flood of brilliant crimson on her cheeks, a wide and handsome mouth, broader in the lips and more flexible than Anglo-Saxon mouths; teeth that were like little pearls, small, regular, and white—a broad forehead, and a face that was one flush of youth and joy, one laugh of gladness, one bright gleam of innocence and pleasure all over; a loud voice; but clear and cheery, welcoming the new mamma frankly, and crying out "Dear, dear papa!" as the large but well-formed hands unloosed themselves from the little brothers to clasp round his neck. Such a being might have struck an open way at once to the heart of any woman not mummified by the world; but she worked no charm in the Lady Albinia, who *was* mummified by the world.

My lady only thought her wild and untutored, and sadly lacking manners. The three young boys were somewhat like their sister. All had long black hair falling on their shoulders, bright wild eyes, wide lips that always smiled—all were dark in skin, loud and clear in voice, free in action: all looked foreign, though it would have taken a good ethnologist to say of what race they were. The garden was a wilderness of flowers and shrubs. Rhododendrons, roses, azaleas, laurels, all interlaced among each other, while the flower-beds were a mass of blossoms without order or division. For the first few moments, as she sat there in her London carriage, dressed in her London fashions, all that the Lady Albinia saw was a mass of green leaves and crimson flowers, streaming hair, roving eyes, loud voices, and an air of energy and freedom, and unchecked life about everything animate or inanimate, from the tangled shrubberies to the big dog barking merrily.

"Good heavens, they are gipsies!" thought the Lady Albinia, shuddering, and pressing her scented pocket-handkerchief, heavy with embroidery, against her lips. For she felt almost faint.

Who or what they were, or rather who had been their mother, or what the history of her life, she never rightly understood—Mr. Lamplugh would never speak of his first wife. It was the one sole subject on which he showed any spirit, or in which he dared to oppose her. She could only guess that the picture of a beautiful girl in Arab costume, standing with her head across the neck of a white horse, which hung up in Daisy's room, was Daisy's mother. Partly because of the likeness to Daisy and the boys, and partly because of the wild flowers always fresh around the frame, so that it looked framed in flowers—the gilt entirely hidden—while a large bouquet was always on the table beneath. Lady Albinia supposed that this was some absurd manifestation of savage affection, in which supposition she was perfectly correct. That young Bedouin girl had been the English merchant's wife; the white horse had carried her through the desert to die worn out, on reaching Bagdad, where she herself died, of remorse and restraint as much as of disease, after having given birth to those four children. Rather a contrast this passionate tale of love and beauty, and the wild nature pining under the restraints of civilisation, to the thorough-bred lady of London society, marrying for money and a settlement.

The Lamplugh children had lived the wildest of lives at Toderoft. Out all day long, and sometimes half the summer nights; living in the woods, and on the fells, and on the lake; Daisy always with her brothers, the boldest rider and the hardiest mountaineer of them all; their food mostly bread, milk, and a mess which not every lady in her own right has heard of, called porridge, with very little meat, and vast quantities of fruit and vegetables; scorning all sorts of conventionalities, though the soul of politeness to each other and to all the world, because considerate and unselfish; dressing in the most primitive fashion—Daisy without stays in a round felt hat, thick boots, short petticoats, and very rarely gloves. The boys in anything that came first to hand, quick and clever, but clever in odd out-of-the-way things—clever in natural history, in botany, in biography, and in all artistic tastes; singing beautifully though untaught, but clear and true as wood-birds, and drawing with exceeding grace and feeling, but knowing nothing of grammar, nor of classics, nor of arithmetic. Daisy unable to work as well as a charity school-girl; but knowing the names of every flower on the fells and fields, and the habits of every English bird north

of the Tyne. They had all the elements of vagabonds and artists in them, but not a grain of the stuff that makes up society. They were beings to be loved, but woe to the daring woman who should attempt to "introduce" them. They were most repugnant to the feelings of the Lady Albinia; but she comforted herself by saying that she would soon alter all this.

Daisy was her point of attack. But Daisy was hard to fight, and harder to conquer. Good temper that never failed; laughter answering back reproof, because not understanding it as reproof; a wild, free love that could not accept slights or hints, and that kissed away the vinegar even from Lady Albinia's lips; all this made the instruction and the chastisement of Daisy a difficult matter, even to a person of the Lady Albinia's judgment and experience. Why might she not wander out on the fells with her brothers and Charley Musgrave, their tutor—who, by the way, was as true a Bedouin as themselves? Because the world did not approve of it. But, there was no world here, and what did it signify to her, even if there had been? She did not interfere with the world—why, then, should the world interfere with her? Why must she wear stays, when they hurt her, and shoes too small for her feet, and too thin for the rocks? Was it not very foolish to give herself a pain in her side and chest, and to get her feet wet, besides cutting them with shingles? That was not wise, surely, no more than wearing silk gowns that trailed in the mud, and caught in the ling and the crags, and were spoiled by the rain and the bogs. Why must she turn up her hair? Because she looked like a great girl? But who saw her, excepting her brothers and Charley Musgrave, who was like a brother? It was much less trouble to let it hang down naturally. But if mamma liked, it should be turned up; she did not much care about it. Which was one point gained, thought the Lady Albinia, grimly.

To make Daisy wear gloves and fine bonnets, and lustrous gowns, or drive out in the carriage like a lady, or submit to be dressed by a maid, or to make her give up her Bedouin habits of roving about the mountains, or to impress her with a sense of her guilt in wearing a wide-awake hat, and in rowing out on the lake into long past midnight—to civilise or tame her, in short, was beyond Lady Albinia; she might as well have talked politics to Daisy's mother the Arab. Daisy stared, looked bewildered, perhaps would burst into a wild laugh, run up to her stepmother, kiss her gaily, and then rush out of the house and up the mountain like a goat. Lady Albinia's own maid, one of the finest of that class of fine ladies, said that "Miss Lamplugh was quite wicked to forget Providence, who had placed her in such a high station; and she made bold to speak to her ladyship about it," tears coming into her virtuous eyes as she did so.

Lady Albinia had a choice of action: either to leave the Lamplugh children ignominiously to their mountains and their foxgloves, ignoring them for ever after; or to take them by a coup-de-main to London; turn off Charley Musgrave, and begin to mould them in good earnest into drawing-room exquisites. Mr. Lamplugh consented, when she consulted him—if her haughty wishes, curtly expressed, could be called a consultation—and he agreed to her plans, saying also, "that Daisy was far too wild; and that indeed they did all need taming down sadly." When the children surrounded him, in an uproar of waving arms and passionate voices, and big eyes full of tears and lightning, he said, "No, no, my dears, you shall remain here; you shall not go to London." Which had the good effect of pacifying both parties.

Charley Musgrave was the Lady Albinia's pet aversion. It was he who led the way over the steepest crags, and who taught them that unfeeling indifference to pain and accidents, which horrified the Lady Albinia inexpressibly. When the eldest boy, Selim, fell and cut his forehead, Charley Musgrave bathed and bound it up, heartless fellow! joking all the time, and telling the child to be sure not to cry, for it would soon be well again. Such an example to the rest. What would they become, if that dreadful young man remained with them? He was more moved though, when Daisy cut her hand with the garden shears. Indeed Lady Albinia thought he would have fainted; though Daisy was so unladylike as to laugh, and say she was no worse, while the blood was streaming over her short white frock. But, Lady Albinia had sharp eyes, and saw more plainly than most people what blushes and paleness meant. Daisy and Charley Musgrave were put under mental arrest after this, and the lady's vigilance over her prisoners never relaxed.

Lady Albinia expressed her wish one day that Daisy should be "presented." At first Daisy did not quite understand her; when the fact was made clear to her, she said not a word; but with the bound of a wounded panther, rushed into her father's study, standing before him flushed, and bathed in passionate tears.

"Why, Daisy! what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Lamplugh, waking out of a half-doze in something like terror at the storm of passion that burst before him.

"Oh, papa! papa! Mamma says I am to be presented," sobbed Daisy.

"Well, my dear, what then?" said Mr. Lamplugh: pleasantly, poor man, smiling feebly.

"Oh, papa! You promised I should not go to London—you know you did. You said I should not leave Todcroft."

"Hush, my dear; not quite so loud. But if it is good for you, Daisy?"

"It can't be good for any one, papa—that horrible London—where I am to be dressed up, like one of those travelling monkeys we have seen here, in feathers and a train."

"Your mamma is right, Daisy," said Mr. Lamplugh, with a sigh; "you are a savage—true Bedouin."

"I am what my darling mother was, papa, and what I always will remain," cried Daisy.

"Heaven help me!" groaned Mr. Lamplugh. "What a life is mine! I, a quiet man, loving ease above all things, to be the battle-ground between an Arab child and the Lady Albinia."

And he certainly was to be pitied.

So they all were; Lady Albinia with the rest. For, this unconventional atmosphere was just as hateful to her as her stiffness and suppression was foreign to it; though not so hurtful. To the children, the chief harm done, was the sense of guilt taught them. They, who had never heard of evil, now found that every action of their lives was wrong, and wasted many an hour in tearful perplexity between good and evil, which had all the effect of real sinfulness upon them. Daisy, who had been as free as the winds of heaven, was now followed and watched, like a criminal. A strange air of suspicion and wrong was cast around her when she was with Charley Musgrave; an atmosphere of glances, whispers, inuendoes, hints, that she could not understand, and that irritated rather than controlled her. Altogether, it was a miserable household.

Unhappiness threw Charley and Daisy more than ever together; for he too was wretched. An unfettered nature like his could not find much nurture beneath the shadow of Lady Albinia; and, as it never occurred to him to leave the family, he remained and suffered with the rest. By being thrown thus mournfully together, no longer in the innocent freedom of their former life, thoughts and feelings which would not have ripened yet had they lived as of old sprang up into quick maturity; so, Lady Albinia hastened the catastrophe she wanted to avert. Daisy and Charley Musgrave found out one day that they loved each other, yet not as brother and sister. Hitherto they had lived in the belief that they loved as brother and sister do.

Lady Albinia was horror-struck. Her step-child engaged to a worthless tutor—a man, half artist, half teacher, who had actually to work for his living! It could never be. She flatly told Mr. Lamplugh so, and he shrugged his shoulders in despair, and said despondingly that he would not interfere. So, he went up to London suddenly, leaving his aristocratic wife and his wild household to fight out the fight by themselves. The lady was left a clear stage now. Mistress of the family, without even the seeming controul of her husband, she would soon make matters conform to her ideas. She would try, at any rate. The morning after Mr. Lamplugh went away, she called Charley Musgrave into her room. Charley came in, in his old lounging, careless way, thinking more of a linnet's nest he had found, and wanted to show Daisy, than of the Lady Albinia.

"Mr. Musgrave," began the lady stiffly, but with all her renowned politeness. "I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you with a few unpleasant words."

Charley Musgrave looked up frankly. "Well, Lady Albinia, what is it?"

"You must be aware, Mr. Musgrave, that your proposals for Miss Lamplugh cannot meet with my approbation," said the Lady Albinia, playing with her diamond ring, with her finger and thumb hooked together, like a beak.

"Why not, my lady?" he asked, his cheeks rather flushed now.

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave we need not go into detail. It is quite enough to say, generally, that the connection would be undesirable, and that I positively refuse my consent. Most gentlemen would be satisfied with this answer."

"But, Lady Albinia," urged Charley, "when a man's prospects, and every hope of happiness, are to be blighted, it is but fair to tell him plainly why. To say that the connection is undesirable is very vague. Have you nothing more definite to urge against me—my habits, character, principles?"

"Nothing decidedly immoral, Mr. Musgrave; much that I entirely disapprove of."

"As what, my lady?"

"Oh! Your freedom, wildness, and—as I consider it—vulgarity. I have always deplored your influence in this household—I confess it frankly—and now I firmly oppose this engagement. Granting that my ideas of good breeding are unnecessarily high for Mr. Lamplugh's children, yet still, Mr. Musgrave, your fortune, your worldly position, would be a sufficient barrier."

"But if Daisy does not object to my poverty?"

"Miss Lamplugh must be guided and controlled."

"And if she will not, Lady Albinia?"

"Mr. Musgrave, she shall."

"Is it, then, open war?"

"No, Mr. Musgrave, it is simply a negative warfare. I do not condescend to war with tutors and children;" and the Lady Albinia seated herself with inexpressible disdain. "Of course, Mr. Musgrave," she added after a moment's silence, during which Charley had been doing strict battle with his passionate impulse to defy her to her face, "you will consider this conversation as a sufficient dismissal from your place as tutor to the Master Lamplughs."

He bowed. Poor fellow, he dared not trust his voice now.

"*And—it is best to be candid at once*—I must *forbid any attempt at communication between you and Miss Lamplugh. No letters*, messages, interviews—nothing. You must forget each other, without a thought of renewing this absurd affair."

"That, Lady Albinia, I cannot promise. On the contrary, I must hold such communication with Daisy as I can, and as she will grant."

"Then, Mr. Musgrave, I must take my own measures."

'As you will, my lady: I must overcome them."

"Do you threaten me, sir?"

"No, Lady Albinia, I only warn you. You may attempt to separate, but you will never succeed in separating, Daisy and myself. I will find her wherever she may be hidden, and she will be my wife in spite of all your opposition. Do I not know her, and can I not trust her. You are beating yourself against a rock! Daisy's truth and my love will never yield!" With these words, Charley Musgrave bowed, and walked out of the room.

"We shall see!" said Lady Albinia, with a peculiar flame in her sharp, brown eyes. "I do not think I shall be outwitted by a reckless boy and girl."

Tears, vows, prayers, all were unheeded; Charley Musgrave must go. The aristocratic Fate had cut the thread of love, and there was no way of help. Daisy's indignation, fierce and savage as her love was deep, was of no avail. She besought Charley to marry her in the face of her enemies, and to allow them no passing moment of triumph. But, the tutor had a little more knowledge of the "proprieties," and told her to wait and be hopeful. Charley Musgrave went away, and poor Daisy was left shipwrecked and alone.

Lady Albinia followed up this first blow by taking Daisy and the boys to London. She and her servants had hard work to keep them all together on the road, for they made desperate attempts to escape, and had to be watched like wild birds newly caught. Lady Albinia was twice threatened with arrest by policemen with tender hearts, who could not believe that she had law or right on her side when they saw the distress of her poor prisoners; but her aristocratic nose and perfect manners bore her over all such difficulties, and she arrived in London safely with her charge.

In London, Lady Albinia was the Macgregor with his foot upon his native heath. She was absolute. Not even the ghost of marital authority disturbed her on her throne. The children were well watched; and, in such a wilderness as London, had but little chance against natives; to whom the perplexing streets were as familiar, as the wild-flowers on the mountains were to them. They had only to submit; which they did like tigers in a net: talking Arabic among themselves, and weeping such passionate tears as might have moved a heart of stone. But a fashionable heart is a very good imitation of stone, when the necessity of appearances is brought into action.

Daisy was tortured. A French staymaker was called in to imprison her figure in a whalebone pillory; then a French dressmaker was called in, and Daisy stumbled over her trailing gowns, and tore her lace flowers at every step. Her feet were thrust into narrow-soled boots, and in a short time she had corns; which, besides paining her very much, inexpressibly disgusted her. Her hands were coaxed into gloves which left a deep red mark round her wrists; and she was not allowed to walk—only to drive out in an open carriage with her stepmother. Charley Musgrave's letters were intercepted; the sharp brown eyes read them first, and then the beak-like fingers burnt them in the fire; so, as Daisy was too innocent to know of post-offices, and false addresses, and could not have managed a clandestine correspondence, even if she had known how, she could do nothing but hope and wonder, and love and trust. She knew that Charley was faithful, she said, and she believed in him as passionately as she mourned for him.

But the poor child began to fade. She had a fixed pain in her side, a feverish flush on her cheek, a cough, and a wild wandering look in her bright eyes, that reminded Mr. Lamplugh of the young mother who had died ten years ago, in his arms. She was weaker too; and her old restless energy was quite subdued. All she did, was to sit by the windows looking into the park: tears filling up her hollow eyes, and her trembling lips repeating low songs in Arabic—all about the captive and his love—and the desert and sweet liberty.

Mr. Lamplugh, frightened into manhood by the sight of his pride and darling drooping at his feet, sent for the family physician; luckily a kind and skilful man. A glance at the Bedouin child told him the whole secret of her malady. She was dying, he said bluntly, of restraint. She must just go back to Todcroft, to her wild life of freedom again, if they wished to save her.

"And, oh, papa!" sobbed Daisy, clasping her thin hands together. "Give me back my brothers and Charley again!"

"Aye," said the doctor. "Miss Daisy had better be married to Charley, I think, and the young gentlemen had better go back to their old home too. You see, Mr. Lamplugh, blood is stronger than breeding, and Lady Albinia would scarcely have tamed these Arab natures, if she had had them from the cradle. She had better give up the attempt, as it is. You want generations, not individuals, for educational successes. Let Lady Albinia adopt some Saxon child, if she wants to prove some Saxon theory. The only

truth she will prove with these children, is, that Bedouins don't make good followers of fashion, and that nature is stronger than the artificial rules and restraints of society."

The doctor's advice was followed, and the treatment succeeded.

WINGS AND TOES.

Birds, says M. Toussenel—some of whose curious fancies about quadrupeds we have already cited—live more in a given time than any other creatures. For, to live, is not only to love; it is also to move, act, and travel. The hours of the swift, which in sixty minutes can reach the distance of eighty leagues, are longer than the hours of the tortoise, because they are better occupied, and comprise a greater number of events. Men of the present day, who can go from Europe to America in little more than a week, live four times as much as men of the last century, who took a month to make the passage. People who are now fifty years of age have still a longer time before them than Michael Angelo and Voltaire had, at the moment when they were laid in the cradle. Independently of birds thus enjoying more of life than all other beings in the same given number of years, time seems to glide over them without leaving a trace of its effects; or rather, time only improves them, reviving their colours and strengthening their voices. Age increases the beauty of birds, while in men it brings on ugliness.

A bird is a model ship constructed by the hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftness, manageability, and lightness, are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not in the world two things which resemble each other more strongly, both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcase and framework of a bird and a ship. The breast-bone so exactly resembles a keel, that the English language has retained the name. The wings are the oars, the tail the rudder. That ori[illegible] observer, Huber the Genevese, who has carefully noticed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of the metaphor thus suggested to establish a characteristic distinction between rowers and sailers. The rowers are the falcons, who have the first or second wing-feather the longest, and who are able, by means of this powerful oar to dart right into the wind's eye. The mere sailers are the eagles, the vultures, and the buzzards, whose more rounded wings resemble sails. The rowing bird is to the sailing bird what the steamer that laughs at adverse winds is to the schooner, which cannot advance against them.

The bones of highflyers, as well as their feathers, are tubes filled with air, communicating with a pulmonary reservoir of prodigious capacity. This reservoir is also closely connected with the air-cells which lie between the interior muscles, and which are so many swimming-bladders by aid of which the bird is able to inflate its volume, and diminish its specific gravity in proportion. In birds that are laden with a heavy burthen of head, Nature has interposed so decided a gap between skin and flesh, that there results an almost complete detachment of the skin. Consequently, they can be stripped of their coating just as easily as a rabbit can. In man, and other mammifers, the blood, in the act of breathing, advances ready to meet the air; in birds, air enters to find the blood, and comes in contact with it, everywhere. Hence an ubiquity of respiration and a rapidity of hæmatosis, which explains the untirability of the wings of birds. The muscles do not get fatigued, because they receive new vigour every second from the influence of the ever-revivified blood. A stag or a hare drops at last, when hunted, because its lungs, rather than its legs, are tired.

Between the different members of a bird's body there exists a sort of equilibrium and balance, which prevents any one organ from obtaining undue development without another losing in the same proportion. Thus, exaggerated length of wing generally coincides with very small feet and legs. Examples: the frigate-bird, the swift, and the humming-bird. Feathered feet and legs are mostly short, as in pigeons, bantams, ptarmigan, and grouse. Nature always contrives to economise out of one part of a bird's body the material which she has too lavishly expended upon another. Good walkers are bad flyers, and good flyers are bad walkers. First-rate runners and divers are deprived of the power of rising in the air. Half-blind individuals, like owls, are astonishingly quick of hearing. Creatures clad in plain costume are recompensed by the powers of song. The lark and the redbreast, victim species (both being greedily eaten in France), have the gift of poesy bestowed upon them to console them for their future sorrows.

The most exquisite sense a bird possesses, is sight. The acuteness and sensibility of the retina are in direct proportion to the rapidity of wing. The swift, according to Belon's calculation, can see a gnat distinctly, at the distance of more than five hundred yards. The kite, hovering in the air at a height beyond our feeble vision, perceives with ease the small dead minnow floating on the surface of the lake, and is cognisant of the imprudence of the poor little field-mouse as it timidly ventures out of its hole. All God has done and made, He has thoroughly well done and made. If He had not exactly proportioned the visual powers of the bird of prey, or the swallow, to its dashing flight, the mere extreme velocity of the bird would have only served to break its neck. Partridges constantly kill themselves against the iron wires of electric telegraphs; and nothing is more common than to find thrushes and

larks, with dislocated vertebræ when they fall into the large vertical net which is used in France by twilight sportsmen.

Perhaps, after all we have said and seen, the sense of touch is the most perfect in birds, and the organs of feeling are endowed with a subtilty of perception more exquisite even than those of sight. In fact, air being the most variable and unstable of elements, birds would be endowed by nature with the gift of universal sensibility, enabling them to appreciate and foretell the slightest perturbations of the medium they inhabit. In consequence, the feathered race are armed with a nervous impressionability which comprises the different properties of the hygrometer, the thermometer, the barometer, and the electroscope. A tempest which takes the man of science by surprise, has, long before, given warning to the birds of the sea. The noddies, cormorants, gulls, and petrels, know twenty-four hours beforehand, by means of the magnetic telegraph which exists within them, the exact day and moment when ocean is going into one of his great rages, opening wide his green abysses, and flinging the angry foam of his waves in insult against the forehead of the cliffs. Some birds are the harbingers of wintry storms; others usher in the advent of spring. The raven and the nightingale announce the coming of the tempest by a peculiar form of bird's expression, which they both seem to have borrowed from the vocabulary of the frog—a pre-eminently nervous animal, to whom the science of galvanism is greatly indebted. The chaffinch, in unsettled weather, recommends the traveller to take his umbrella, and advises the housekeeper not to be in a hurry to hang out her linen. Certain mystic geniuses have attributed this faculty of divination possessed by birds, to some special sensibility, acquainting them with the action of the electric currents that traverse the atmosphere, and accurately informing them of their direction. Nor is there any scientific argument which can be confidently opposed to such a theory.

After the organs of sight and touch, the sense of hearing comes next in importance. The delicacy of the auditory powers of birds is sufficiently apparent from the passion for vocal music, which many of them manifest. It is an universally admitted physical law that, in all animals, a close and invariable correspondence exists between the organs of voice and those of hearing. Now, birds, it will be seen, are the Stentors of nature. The bull, who is an enormous quadruped, endowed with an immensely capacious chest, does not roar louder than the bittern: a moderate sized bird which frequents our ponds. In Lorraine, they style him the bœuf d'eau, or "water-bull." A crane, trumpeting two or three thousand yards above the surface of the earth, pulls your head back just as violently as a friend who asks you, "How do you do?" from the balcony of a fifth-floor window: while the thundering Mirabeau, who should venture to harangue the Parisian populace from the top of the towers of Notre Dame, would run a great risk of not being able to convey a single word to a single member of his congregation.

Ascend in the air, by means of a balloon, in company with an old Atlas lion, whose formidable roaring once struck terror throughout Algerian wildernesses; and, when you have risen only half a mile, make your travelling companion give utterance to the most sonorous of his fine chest-notes. Those notes will spend themselves in empty space, without descending so low as the earth. But the royal kite, floating another half-mile above you, will not let you lose a single inflexion of his cat-like mewings, miniatures though they be of the lion's roar. It is probable, says M. Toussenel—M. Toussenel is always speaking, through our humble interpretation—that nature has expended more genius in the construction of the larynx of a wren or a nightingale, than in fabricating the ruder throats of all the quadrupeds put together.

Smell and taste are but feeble in birds; and they have no great occasion for either sense. A bird's appetite *must* be enormous, in order to supply the animal heat necessary for the maintenance of its superior nature. A bird is a locomotive of the very first rank—a high-pressure engine, which burns more fuel than three or four ordinary machines. "Animals feed; man eats," says worthy Brillat Savarin. "Clever men alone know how to eat properly." This strictly true gastrosophic aphorism is more exactly applicable to birds than to quadrupeds. Birds feed, to assuage their hunger and to amuse themselves; not to indulge in epicurism. They fatten through sheer ennui, and for pastime's sake, rather than through any ambition of "cutting up fat." The task, moreover, assigned to them, is to destroy the innumerable seeds of weeds [which they do in a larger proportion than the protected seeds of human food], and animal and insect vermin, which would soon annihilate the labours of man, did not certain species of birds feel an incessant craving to devour them. Birds have no nose, for the same good reason that they have no palate. It is not necessary that creatures, destined to eat everything without making wry faces, should have, posted in front of their stomach, as we have, a vigilant sentinel who is troublesomely cautious who and what he allows to enter the fortress. All, therefore, that has been said about the fine scent of the crow and the vulture, who snuff gunpowder and corpses at incredible distances, is simply absurd. There is an excellent reason why crows should *not* smell gunpowder; namely, that gunpowder is scentless, until it is burnt. (We venture to doubt this statement of fact: having

a decided personal nose for the saltpetre). If crows *could* perceive that perfume it would attract them, instead of driving them away. Crows and vultures are carrion birds, who love, above all things, the treat of a battle

Once, when the sons of the last king of France had ordered the make-believe of a nice little war to be got up in the environs of Fontainebleau for the gratification of the burgesses of Paris,—a race whose eyes are always on the look-out for childish spectacles wherein quiet people pretend that they are on the point of killing other quiet people,—an old crow of the neighbourhood, who had gone through the campaign of eighteen hundred and twelve, fancied he recognised in the manœuvres of the army of parade, a repetition of the murderous dramas which had supplied him, in the good old time, with frequent and delicious banquets. He informed his comrades all around, what a lucky chance was in store for them: expressly advising them to get their beaks and claws sharpened, on their way to the rendezvous. A whole flock of body-pickers assembled, and hovered in thick groups over the two camps, exciting them by their vociferations to set to, in right good earnest. If but little blood were shed, it was not through any fault of the crows; and nothing could equal their spite and rage when they found that the demonstration was only a joke.

We have here only room briefly to state that M. Toussenel, for reasons which he ably states, classifies birds according to the form of the foot. Every bird, from the penguin of the Antarctic pole, to the gerfalcon of the North Cape, has the foot either flat or curved. The whole kingdom of birds is thus divisible into Flat-foots and Curve-foots. The first three orders of the former class, are, the Oar-foots, the Stilters, and the Vélocipèdes, or Runners. Further general details are now impossible; we can only give a sample of the Runners.

Praise be to Heaven for creating the velocipede, the delight alike of the eye and the palate—the glory and ornament of fields, forests, and feasts—the nourisher of rich and poor! No other race contributes in the same proportion to man's two composite pleasures of sporting and eating. The world with no other living creatures to inhabit it than men, women, and velocipedes, might still manage to get on tolerably.

The velocipedes come immediately after the stilters, in the order of creation. They were the first inhabitants of the earliest emerging continents; for, they are herbivorous and graminivorous creatures, and grass is the initial manifestation of the vital forces of the earth. Their character of primogeniture is, moreover, indelibly stamped upon all their features, in their rudimental structure, and their small number of toes. The order opens with the ostrich (the ostrich is a bird-quadruped, as the penguin is a bird-fish); it cannot fly, for want of wings, and has only two toes on each foot. If the monodactyl, or one-toed bird, existed, it would certainly belong to this order. All the runners of Europe have wings and can fly. The most unfinished series we possess, is that of the winged tridactyls. The bustard is the one which comes nearest to the ostrich. Nevertheless, as every individual in the order has its frame modelled, more or less, after that of the ostrich, it is important to refer to this original and primitive pattern, and to compare its organization with that of the humming-birds: in order clearly to comprehend the character and the providential destiny of the creatures we are considering.

The humming-bird, and all the swift-sailers, have the thoracic cavity, or chest, outrageously developed, with the ridge of the breast-bone projecting, like the keel of a cutter. But, in virtue of the natural law of equilibrium, this excessive development can only take place at the expense of some other part of the body. In the humming-bird, the atrophied and deficient portion is the region of the insertion of the lower members. All is sacrificed to lightness and utility. The chest is fashioned like the blade of a knife. In short, the swift sailer, when its feathers are plucked, has a great resemblance to its own skeleton: an idea, which invincibly repulses all thoughts of savoury roast-meat.

But let us demolish, piece by piece, the frame of the bird of prey, or the humming-bird. Let us put the complete in the place of the incomplete, and substitute the empty for the full. Let us take, in one word, the very reverse of all these anatomical arrangements, and we shall have the exact pattern of the runner. There do not, perhaps, exist in all nature two creatures belonging to the same family, which bear such slight marks of relationship, as the humming-bird and the ostrich. In vain would the latter deny the fact that it partakes more of the camel than of the biped; for, in proof of the fact, it carries on its back the children and the kings of Egypt. An ostrich is a vice-versa humming-bird. Here flight, there running, is the only means of locomotion. In the ostrich the breast-bone, instead of projecting, is flattened down to ridiculous dimensions. It is a bony plate in the form of a shield, which acts as a prow instead of a keel. The thighs and legs assume the bulky dimensions of the same parts in herbivorous quadrupeds. All of which means, that Nature, who, in the swift sailers, has favoured the development of uneatable parts at the expense of those which are articles of food, has completely changed her style of architecture in the velocipedes: neglecting the parts which are never eaten, in order to develope, in luxurious fashion, those parts which supply us with dainty dishes.

Now, wherefore this contrast of comparative

anatomy? Wherefore has Nature, who does nothing without a motive, so liberally garnished the velocipede with meat? Why has she endowed that tender viand with so remarkable an easiness of digestion, and so exquisite and inviting a flavour? Does Nature, by these signs, intend to insinuate that the providential destiny of the runner is to be snared or shot, and then roasted and eaten?

The fact, alas! is only too probable, the language too clear, the oracle too certain. Yes! Everything leads to the belief that Nature has destined the order of velocipedes to serve as food for flesh-eating creatures, in every kingdom of the animated world. Yes! These unhappy races merit, in the same degree as the ruminants, the appellation of the victim order. [Victim, from the Latin victus, conquered, from which the word victuals is also derived, in consequence of the ancient practice of conquerors making a meal off their conqueree's sirloin.] Yes! Of what use is it to mince the matter? Amongst birds, the velocipedes are, to man, what the ruminants are amongst the mammifers—an order, every species of which is charged with the mission of furnishing us with composite pleasure. The analogy must be very evident; since, before we came to enlighten the world, it had already struck a number of savants. There are, in fact, velocipedes of the sands, and velocipedes of the steppes—of the meadows, the rocks, and the precipices—exactly as there are ruminants for every one of those special localities. There is the ostrich, as there is the camel; the bustard, as the antelope; the hen, as the cow; the partridge and the pheasant, as the gazelle and the roe; the bartavelle, the grouse, and the ptarmigan, as the moufflon, the bouquetin, and the chamois.

Further, the velocipedes are all true ruminants, living, like them, on grass and grain. They have several stomachs, with a preparatory crop fulfilling exactly the same office as the paunch of the quadruped. Now, all meats produced from grass are of delicate taste and easy digestion. Analogically and algebraically speaking, the hen is to the cow as the partridge is to the roe. The hen gives us her eggs and her chickens, just as the cow does her milk and her calf. We ought, besides, to remark that, in either order, the flesh of the female is superior to that of the male. The fact, moreover, is universal, that nature has endowed the female world with more delicate aromas than the male; with a fleshy tissues and shorter muscles.

To this proposition will be made the objection that the flesh of the ox, nevertheless, is preferable to that of the cow. There is no denying it. Only, it may be observed, the ox is not the contrary of the cow, but is simply the uncle of the calf. Put the cow in the same condition as the ox, and she will bear the palm; exactly as the poularde is far preferable to the capon. The poularde is merely the chicken's aunt. The profound study of the above analogies has led M. Toussenel to the unexpected discovery of the following magnificent law of passional movement: God has delivered up animals to man, by means of the virtues of the females and the vices of the males.

Take all our domestic animals one after the other—the list is not a very long one—conscientiously analyse the dispositions of both sexes, and you will inevitably find the foregoing conclusion lurking at the bottom of your comparisons. You will be convinced of the innocence, gentleness, and docility of the females, and of the pride, mischievousness, and insubordination of the males. Now for a few individual portraits.

The great bustard is the swiftest of our runners. Per contra, flight is severe exercise, and is only undertaken, with visible repugnance, when danger is knocking loud at the door. The slightest damage to its wings exposes it to serious disasters. One morning before daybreak, when some Champagne peasants were proceeding from Suippe to Châlons-sur-Marne, they perceived a herd of creatures at a certain distance from the road making unavailing efforts to rise from the ground. On approaching to inspect the phenomenon more closely, they ascertained that the crippled birds were great bustards, whose wings were so completely locked up by the hoar-frost as to be useless, either for flight or running. The barbarous travellers, as we should have done in their place, naturally took advantage of the circumstance. They knocked the unhappy fowls on the head; and the market of Châlons, the capital of Bustardland, was abundantly supplied on that occasion. A gunshot which tells upon a bustard, at the lowest figure is always worth twenty francs on the spot. Champagne, which, in the time of Bélon, was so rich in bustards, and so poor in vegetables, is still the only province of France where these birds feel comfortable, and consent to breed. But two facts are sufficient to give you an idea of the present variety of the species. Many sportsmen, M. Toussenel included, have shot for years in the Champenoise desert, without burning powder over a single bustard. And for many seasons past, Chevet, the illustrious game-dealer of the Palais Royal, has not received more than half-a-dozen specimens. The great bustard has passed into the state of a myth in Artois, Vendée, Brenne, and even in the stony plains of the south, where it formerly took up its winter quarters. Its apparition in those credulous districts is now considered as the forerunner of extraordinary political events—although it seldom really does more than announce the very near approach of frosty weather.

The physiognomy of the plovers is not happy. Their head is much too voluminous, their eye too large, their bill too short,

inserted too low, and too much at a right-angle with the cranium. The sentiment of fraternity is highly developed in most species of the Ploveridæ. When a plover is brought to the ground, the whole band alights, to render him assistance. Sportsmen have more than once exterminated whole flocks of dotterels without stirring a step. The poor creatures cruelly expiate their fault of having too round a head. They have the extreme and idiotic simplicity to believe in the harmlessness of tipsy people; and allow themselves to be easily approached by whomsoever may pretend to be unable to walk straight. Religious observers of the Mussulman law, they repair to the water side at stated hours two or three times every day, to make their ablutions and wash their feet. The dotterel, of all the plovers, has the biggest and the roundest head, which might perhaps be supposed to indicate that it contains the greatest quantity of brain. The fact is exactly the reverse. He has the greatest faith in drunken men, and manifests the most obstinate propensity to throw himself in the sportsman's way. This same dotterel, formerly very common in La Beauce, was the primitive element of the famous pâté de Chartres. It has fallen a victim to its own glory. The pâté's success led to the pâté's consumption, and the pâté's consumption led naturally to the destruction of the species. The Chartres pastrycooks are at last obliged to replace the absent dotterel by partridge, quail, and lark flesh.

Threetoeism's last expression appears in the form of the golden plover. Henceforth this character of primitiveness completely disappears; its disappearance announces the end of flatfootism, and our arrival at a superior sphere. The bird by which the transition is made, is the lapwing, rejoicing in a small hind toe. The apteryx is an instance what a superior passional title is conferred upon a quasi-tridactyl by the simple addition of a spur, however high on the leg it may sprout. The influence of a fourth toe is not less manifest here. The Swiss lapwing contracts matrimony. He is willing to remain the golden plover's messmate and friend in the daily relations of winter life; but, he refuses to enter into any community of political and vernal doctrines with him. The moral superiority of the four-toed bird is further displayed in the crested lapwing. Why this crest on the English peewit? Why do we find an attribute of royalty adorning one head and not another?

The crest, it appears, is an honorary reward bestowed upon the peewit, both for his exemplary domestic conduct, and for the numerous services of a composite kind which he renders to his lord and master, man. The peewit is not content with supplying us, in October, with savoury meat; in spring, he presents us with exquisitely delicate eggs, at least as good as those of the domestic hen. He does not restrict his benefits to the pleasures of the table; he affords us sport on the grandest scale. At large, he protects the dikes of Holland from the ravages of worms, which would otherwise undermine them. For that reason, he prefers the Polders to any other residence—plains which lie beneath the level of the sea, and have been rescued from the waves by the industry of man. In captivity he ornaments our gardens by the finished graces of his elegant person. He wages a relentless war against earth-worms, grubs, slugs, and snails. Boldly setting his face against the loose and shameful morals of his neighbours, he alone dares to display the noble standard of conjugal fidelity. Henceforth, the crest of the peewit will puzzle nobody. The answer to the enigma is openly published. The flight of this bird in a state of excitement, is not less rich in somersaults and pirouettes than that of the snipe when deeply in love. And if the lapwing cannot, like him, bleat like a goat to declare his passion, he makes up for it by mewing like a cat.

As soon as Nature had decided to make the dusting-birds the intimate friends of man, she could not well do otherwise than confer upon them great advantages; on the females, intellectual charms and exuberant fertility; on the males, glorious corpulence and external beauty. One species, the domestic hen, furnishes for the yearly consumption of Paris alone, a hundred and twenty millions of eggs, and many millions of chickens. Fourier, who looked down so contemptuously on the feeble genius of those unhappy statesmen who are embarrassed by a deficiency of a few thousand millions (of francs), has pointed out the means of paying off the English national debt with no other bank to draw upon, than the common hen.

Nature has so regularly constituted the series of dusters, and has so artistically limited the boundaries of the genera, that she has really made each physical character of the bird an element of classification. Contrary to the opinion of learned men, you may take this family by the feet, by the head, by the neck, by the tail, by the colour, by the origin, by the country, by the locality, without incurring the least risk of error. For head-dress, there is the aigrette of the peafowl, the tuft of the pheasant, the longitudinal comb of the cock, the helmet of the guinea-fowl, and the bald and caruncled pate of the turkey. There are rudimental tails, short tails, middle-sized tails, outrageous tails. There are tails square, tails round, tails lyre-shaped, tails wheel- and fan-wise. But, the series has something better than that, to serve it as a separative type. It is a mark of such superior importance, that merely to indicate it renders all mention of the others unnecessary. The spur is the feature now referred to.

The spur is no mere accident in the way in

which a creature is shod. Instead of softening a distinction, it makes a real revolution. It effects a thorough transformation of costume and manners, and sums up in itself the whole family history. In the single word, spur, are comprised the ideas of pacha, hareem, despotism, jealousy, dazzling dresses among the males, gentleness and timidity among the females.

If the task of christening the turkey had been left to the first child that came to hand, it is more than probable the bird would have been called the glouglou, seeing that such is the name he gives himself. But, the course of things, in natural history, never runs on so smoothly as that. The creature's earliest French godfathers, with their heads full of certain features of the cock, gave him the name of coq d'Inde: to distinguish him, observe, from the one who really came from India, whereas the new arrival was a native of America. But as, in those days, America passed for the continuation of Asiatic India, the unfortunate choice of coq d'Inde ought not to be imputed to individual ignorance. Afterwards coq was suppressed; and little by little, the bird was called first the dindon, then the dinde. Fourier—who knew so many things without having learned them, and who divined the history of a species from one single character—makes the turkey the emblem of the bashful lover. The turkey brutally tramples upon the passion which exhausts and is killing him. But this weakness of temperament is only one of his least defects. Buffon, who wants to make him out a brave fellow, quotes in support of his opinion the singular proof of courage that a flock of turkeys have been seen to surround a hare on her form and bravely unite to peck her to death. A number of political heroes are capable of this act of heroism, and sometimes perform it; but without being awarded the laurel for the act.

The turkey is bald, like most fast livers. His face and forehead are disfigured by bunches of warts and chaplets of excrescences, swollen and red from the excesses of the table. These characteristics recal the physiognomy of the vulture, whom the turkey resembles in stature, colour, cowardice, and greed. When a man is both stupid and mischievous, we proverbially say he is like a turkey. But the portrait is too flattering; the turkey is worse than mischievous and stupid. He wears at the bottom of his neck, a tuft of black hairs, to testify his fraternity with the he-goat. This model of gluttons, drunkards, and sluggards, is irascible in temper, like all people who quickly get fat and rich. You hear him storm and cry glouglou—you see him red and blue with anger. But, as usual, all the vices of the males are redeemed by the flesh—and virtue—of the females: the turkey hen is the most devoted mother in the world, proving completely the justice of M. Toussenel's passional law.

When the writing of this article had been concluded, we received a communication which corroborates M. Toussenel's estimate of the passional sensitiveness, the vigour, and the visual perfectitude of at least one family of the beings gifted with wings and toes:—

"On Friday last, the fourth of August," our correspondent writes, dating from Glamorganshire, "one of my cats, an adept at bird-catching, was clever enough to capture a martin. He was immediately assailed by two birds of the same species, who each made a stoop at him, striking, and then wheeling off; but he bore off his prey. Nothing further occurred until Sunday—probably from want of opportunity—but, on that day, being in front of the house, and the coast clear, the cat was vigorously attacked by three martins. Rising to a considerable height in the air, they darted down on his head with great force, and in such quick succession that they quite confused him. At first Mr. Tom's efforts were confined to attempts to get hold of his assailants; but they wheeled off, after delivering each a blow with their pointed beaks, too swiftly to be caught.

"This warfare had lasted a considerable time (for the whole affair occupied fully three quarters of an hour), when the three birds flew off, each in a different direction, as if to procure recruits; and in a very short time reappeared with six or seven other martins, who all joined in the same plan of attack. Tom, who may be supposed to scorn the idea of flying from small birds, was soon roused to anger, in place of desire for prey, by the incessant stabs at the back of his head; the birds hitting it every time with unerring precision, after adroitly skimming off for another descent and another aim, move how he would; and he at length grew quite angry. He growled, and erected his bristles and tail for a regular fight. Finally, unable either to seize his tormentors, or to endure the fierceness of the attack any longer, he ingloriously retreated under a warehouse door, which afforded him shelter, the birds striking at his tail, the last part of him in sight."

Then comes a postscript:—

"On concluding my letter, I walked out, and stood for some time in the front of the house near the spot where the combat took place on Sunday. A martin, which had a nest under the eaves of the warehouse, was sailing about in the air, and Tom's sister was pattering along on the ground, neither animal, to all appearance, regarding the other. In a few minutes the Tom cat came out; and in an instant the bird, screaming loudly, flew at him with the utmost fury, making several desperate darts, but seemed fearful of approaching quite near enough to strike, there being no other bird in sight to second him, or to distract the attention of its adversary; but it was quite clear that there was no mistake in recognising its enemy, although the two

cats are so very nearly alike in size, colour, and general appearance, that no person, unless very intimately acquainted with them, would be able to distinguish one from the other. This little bird, however, had been so nicely observant as to know at once, without hesitation, which was the offender."

Our informant had no opportunity, perhaps, of distinguishing the sex of the assailants; but if M. Toussenel's theory hold good in all cases, they must have been male martins.

HIDDEN LIGHT.

I much mistrust the voice
That says all hearts are cold:
That mere self-interest reigns,
And all is bought and sold.

I much mistrust the man
Who will not strive to find
Some latent virtue in
The soul of all mankind.

Yes! If you say the fount
Is seal'd and dry, I know
It needs a wiser hand
To make the waters flow.

If you will still appeal
To Evil rife in all,
I know a demon band
Will answer to your call.

But when the Lord was gone,
The Lord who came to save,
Two Angels fair and bright
Sat watching by the grave.

And from that blessed hour,
With an immortal mien,
In every tomb of Good
Some Angel sits unseen.

The spell to bring it forth?
With lowly gentle mind,
With patient love and trust,
Go seek—and ye shall find!

MUSIC IN PAVING STONES.

In the Stones of Venice—their Sea Stories and Foundations—Mr. Ruskin could find elaborate theories; could weave from them fantastic tissues of Art-thought; could raise upon them cunning superstructures of argument, illustration, dogmatism, and beautiful description. Let me try, if, striking the paving stones with my iron heel, I cannot elicit some music from them. Let the stones of Regent Street, London, be my Rock Harmonicon, and let me essay to play upon them some few bars more of the musical tune.

Regent Street is the only boulevard of which London can boast; and though the eight-storied houses, the shady trees, the gay cafés, the peripatetic journal-mongers, the bustling stalls, the glittering passages, the broad asphalt pavement, which give so pleasant and lively an aspect to that magnificent promenade which extends from the Madeleine, in Paris, to the Temple—though these are wanting, there is sufficient crowd, and bustle, and gaiety, in our Regent Street, sufficient wealth and architectural beauty, to enable it, if not to vie with, at least to compensate a foreigner for his temporary exile from, his beloved Boulevard des Italiens.

Between three and six o'clock every afternoon, celebrities jostle you at every step you take in Regent Street. The celebrities of wealth, nobility, and the mode, do not disdain to descend from their carriages and tread the flags like ordinary mortals. Science, Literature, and Law, walk arm-in-arm three abreast. Dethroned kings, expatriated generals, proscribed republicans, meet on a neutral ground of politics, and paving-stones. It is pre-eminently in a crowded street that you see that equality which will assert itself at times—etiquette, William the Conqueror, and Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, notwithstanding. The Queen of Spain has legs in Regent Street, and uses them. The Duke of Pampotter cannot usurp a larger share of the pavement than the plebeian in a velveteen shooting jacket who sells lap-dogs. Every gent in a Joinville tie, irreproachable boots, and a successful moustache, can be for the nonce the shepherd Paris, and adjudge the golden apple to the most beautiful bonnet, and the most beautiful face, whether their possessor be a fashionable marchioness or a fashionable milliner.

Those good friends of ours, the foreigners, who need only to know and visit England to take kindly to its streets, people, viands, liquors, and import of bullion, have taken at least nine points of the law in Regent Street, these twenty years agone. It is refreshing to see these worthy fellows in the most eccentric hats, the wildest pantaloons, the craziest extravagancies of braiding, the most luxuriant beards; glistening with pomatum, electro-plated jewellery, and boot-varnish; swelling down Regent Street, making the air redolent with foreign perfumes and the smoke of foreign cigars; their wives and daughters giving viva voce lessons in the art of wearing a bonnet, holding up a dress, and scragging the hair off the temples à l'Impératrice, and all gazing approvingly at the numerous indications which Regent Street presents, of England being the place for foreigners after all, and Regent Street the locality, par excellence, for foreigners to open brilliant shops for the sale of perfumes, gloves, cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, Vanille chocolate, ormolu clocks, Strasburg pies, St. Julien claret, and patent leather boots.

Music, above all, hath charms in Regent Street; and its paving-stones unceasingly echo beneath the feet of the denizens of the musical world. Music masters and mistresses hurry to and fro from their lessons; singers to concerts or into Messrs. Octave and Piccolo's music warehouse; and a

considerable number of the stars of the musical hemisphere, walk in this harmonious boulevard, merely to see and to be seen. It is as incumbent on a musical notoriety, on his return from the continent, or the provinces, on the eve or the morrow of a success, to show himself in Regent Street, as for a betting man to clink his boot-heels upon the nobbly stones of Messrs. Tattersall's yard. Musical reputations have been won and lost in Regent Street; and the reigning prima donna dares not despise the opinions of its paving-stones.

What gleams in the distance so snow-white, what is found to be on nearer inspection so elaborately embroidered, so faultlessly plaited, so free from crease or wrinkle? What but the shirt of the great German basso; and who can the great basso be but Bompazek?

No braces disturb the equanimity of that unrivalled shirt, no waistband visits its snowy expanse. In deference to established prejudices, Bompazek wears a coat—a coat mulberry in colour, lined with watered silk, and marvellously tagged and braided; but were he entirely a free agent we have no doubt that the sleeves and wristbands, the seams, gussets and bands, of that shirt of shirts would be made fully manifest to Regent Street. He must grieve that he is not a Whiteboy and cannot wear his shirt over his clothes; for the shirt is Bompazek, and Bompazek is the shirt. If ever he had a palace with stained glass windows he might paraphrase the Cardinal of York's proud motto, and write up, "Ego et indusium meum"—I and my shirt. There is much virtue in a clean shirt—a good, fine, well got up shirt: showing plenty of collar, front, and wristbands. Many a man has been indebted to his washerwoman, not only in the amount of her little bill, but for subsequent fame and fortune. They say that Tom Gills, who was renowned for wearing the finest collars in Europe, and positively devoted a considerable portion of his time to cutting out models of shirt-collars in pasteboard for the guidance of his registered shirt-maker, obtained his colonial appointment mainly through his collars. I wish myself, that colonial appointments were obtained from the virtuous government of this enlightened country, for no worse reasons. Should we get on much worse than we do, I wonder, if we chose our governments themselves for their collars?

I have said that Bompazek wears not braces. In lieu thereof he is girt with an embroidered belt,—a belt thickly sown with rich beads—the gift and work perchance of some fair Fraulein in Germany, the lady of his love, whom like the Standard Bearer, he dare not name. Bompazek has a beard that the Emperor Julian, the apostate, he who boasted of his barba longa et populata, would have been proud of. His mouth is of an affable, good-humoured cut; his blue eye suggests not violence, pride, ambition, but is suggestively eloquent of mild beer and milder pipes. In both does Bompazek mildly delight.

Yes. This big, barbated, spicated basso, with the beard of a sapeur, the stature of a Colossus, the strength of a Tauridor, the lungs of a Stentor, is the mildest, meekest, most placable, soft-hearted creature that you can imagine. He is a great friend of little children; and though they are frightened at first at his tremendous bass voice, they soon venture to climb on his knees, and play with the breloques of his watch chain, and make use of his beard for prehensile purposes, and listen to the little lieds he sings them in the biggest voice that ever you heard. He is the victim, milch cow, and bête de souffrance, of herds of hungry, ragged, disreputable foreigners, who come to him with torn and greasy passports, and letters of introduction from people he never heard of; who drink his beer, smoke his pipes, eat his suet puddings, sleep in his drawing room, borrow his money, wear even his sacred shirts, and call him Dummerkopf for his pains. He is always giving or lending money, singing for nothing, subscribing to charities. He has always some "baufre eggzile" whose rent he pays, and whose "lit" is always being taken from under him and redeemed by Bompazek.

It is reported that Bompazek cannot go back to the Grand Duchy of Schloss-Schinkenstein, his native place, as he was seriously implicated in the revolutionary movement of forty-eight; and the Grand Duke is furious against him. I cannot for the life of me conceive to what greater extent this big harmless man could have compromised himself in a political sense than by drinking beer out of a conspirator's glass, or giving a pipe-light to a democrat. Perhaps his beard went against him. It is decidedly the most revolutionary thing about him.

Bompazek lodges in Great Blenheim Street, where he occupies the first floor, and has irretrievably ruined four carpets with expectorations. His drawing-room and bed-room are one large pipe. The whitewashed ceiling is smoked to a golden colour, the walls are covered with the marks left by lucifer matches rubbed against them for ignition; tobacco ash lurks in the chairs, the keys of the pianoforte, the curtains, and the music books. The smell of tobacco is overpowering, but not offensive; it has no time to grow stale—fresh pipes being continually lighted. When Bompazek says "Gom and bipe vid me dis evedig," you find a table covered with pipes of every imaginable form and size, a bottle of hollands, a huge porcelain jar of tobacco, and an armoury of pewter pots. Six or seven Germans, including Bompazek, range themselves round the fire-place, each man wrapped in a dry blanket of smoke, and gravely spit the fire out; the loudest sound that is heard being the coughing of Mrs. Pickwinkle, the landlady, and her servant 'Melia, in the kitchen below.

Mrs. Pickwinkle does not object to the smoke or the expectoration. Mr. Bompazek is so good a lodger, and pays so liberally and regularly, says she. But by one of those inexplicable caprices, peculiar to the feminine organisation, she has taken a violent exception to Bompazek's suet puddings. He is inordinately fond of those indigestible delicacies. So are his friends. He eats them for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, supper,—for Bompazek, as befits a true child of fatherland, is a four-meals-a-day man. So are his friends, the silent men who help to spit the fire out. Mrs. Pickwinkle has been on the point several times of giving him warning on this irritating account. She leads 'Melia a dreadful life about the puddings. She explodes on the subject in back-kitchens and areas, on staircases and landings, to friends and neighbours. I called on Bompazek once. He was out, but was expected to return to dinner almost immediately; Mrs. Pickwinkle was in a fury on the pudding grievance. She took me into his sitting-room, where, on a table garnished with a cloth burnt in several places by hot tobacco ash, I found a stew and seven puddings. "There," she cried, "seven mortial puddings for a party as calls himself a Christian! Now, Mr. Penn, can flesh and blood stand that?" Landladies have curious likings and antipathies. One begged me to suit myself elsewhere, once, because I objected to having four pounds of bacon at a time, and did'nt like it streaky. She remarked that she had let lodgings for five and twenty year, and wished to know if I considered myself a gentleman. I know of a landlady who gave her lodger warning—not because he was backward with his rent, not for keeping late hours, or smoking, or carrying on—but because he wore such large buttons. She had bore with it as long as she could, she said, but she was certain them buttons could be no good.

As Bompazek comes sailing majestically down Regent Street, you may remark that there hangs upon his arm, talking very loudly and vivaciously, and looking round with a complacently defiant air, as if to say "this is Bompazek, the great basso, and I am his friend," a very little man in a tremendously tall hat, which seems perpetually to be on the point of overbalancing him. This is little Saint Sheddle, who, as I have remarked in a former paper, knows, and is intimate with, everybody in the musical world. Saint Sheddle is one of the fifty thousand living enigmas who walk and talk, and wear good hats and boots, without any ostensible means of existence. Nobody knows how Saint Sheddle lives. He was known as Captain Saint Sheddle at Brighton; as Doctor Saint Sheddle at Bath; and I saw his name myself in the Vienna Fremden Blatt, as Le Comte de Saint Sheddle, rentier from London. I should not be surprised to hear of him, some of these days, as the Venerable Archdeacon Saint Sheddle in Torquay, or as Shedalli Pasha at Erzroom.

Meanwhile, Saint Sheddle goes everywhere, and puts his legs under innumerable mahoganies. He walks out in the park with Madame Perigord's children. He fetched home, Poskoggi's niece from school in the Avenue Marigny in Paris. He dines with Octave and Piccolo when they entertain the musical stars at Greenwich or Richmond; he is at all Papadaggi's grand Soirées; he is admitted to Lady Tremuloso's musical evenings; stays whole weeks at her palatial country seat, Chromacte Park, and went to Vienna with the well-known amateur and friend of artists, Sir Peddler Fugue. He is a member of the Jolly Scrapers' Club, a réunion of the members of the principal orchestras, held at the Bass-viol, Vinegar Yard; it is even reported that he is employed to pawn Madame Garbanati's jewellery when that lady, as it frequently happens, is in difficulties; and that he writes all Tifferari's letters. It is certain that he has admission to all the greenrooms, tickets for all the concerts, and is intimate with the mysterious Panslavisco. But how does the man live? What hatter, what bootmaker, what tailor, supply the habiliments? Where does the massy gold chain come from? Is Saint Sheddle something in the wine trade, or the coal trade? Does he deal in pictures, or sell snuff on commission?

The only business operation in which Saint Sheddle was ever positively known to be engaged was when he took the Saint Sepulchre's theatre for the performance of Burmese operas. We all remember how many nights his season lasted, who didn't get their salaries, and what a melancholy failure the whole speculation was. Saint Sheddle ran to Portugal Street as if he had been running a race. Somehow he didn't "go through the court;" the discovery of his multifarious addresses might perhaps have been fatal to him; but he has been going through ever since. If you speak about debts or difficulties to Saint Sheddle, he says, "Debts! pooh, my boy! Look at me. Five judgments out against me. What's that? Got my protection in my pocket." And he shows it you.

The little man is very popular in the musical world. He negotiates engagements, arranges with musicsellers for the publication of sentimental ballads by the Honourable Miss A——, and polkas by captains in the Life Guards; is the general peace-maker, mediator, and go-between of the profession. When Poskoggi the composer, maddened by the unbounded jealousy of madame his spouse, emptied a plate of macaroni upon the piano, and fled his home and household gods for ever, Saint Sheddle interposed, sought out the unhappy husband at the hotel in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, where he had taken refuge, and was playing billiards with

the despair of Napoleon after Waterloo, and reconciled Madame Poskoggi to her horsepond—as she called her husband. When Mademoiselle Shaddabacco broke her engagement with the management of the Italian Opera, and retired to Dieppe in the sulks, ostensibly because Packerlickey the manager refused to pay for the expense of a foot-page to attend to her poodles, but really because Mademoiselle Baracouta, that upstart parvenue—that prima donna of yesterday—had created a furore in Nabucodonosore; it was Saint Sheddle who started off to Brighton by the express train, crossed the briny ocean, cleared away all difficulties, and brought the Shaddabacco back in triumph. His evidence on the great trial of Packerlickey versus Guffler, on the disputed question of the copyright in the music of the ballet Les mille et une Jambes, was of the greatest value. He has just taken the affairs of Madame Garbanati (who has been living too fast) in hand. When malicious people began to whisper ugly things about Miss Linnet in connection with Captain de Prance of the Harpooners; who but Saint Sheddle went about, defending the young lady everywhere? Who but he vowed he was present when Miss Linnet boxed the Captain's ears, and when old Linnet, her papa (a worthy man, once a schoolmaster, but too fond of cold rum-and-water), kicked the captain down stairs? Who but he declared, striking a seraphine in Octave's shop, with virtuous vehemence, that he, Saint Sheddle, would call out and fight any man who dared to whisper a syllable against the maligned young lady?

Adolphus Butterbrod, Ph. Dr., of Schwindelburg, who has just passed Bompazek with so low a bow, although the basso scarcely acknowledged it, does not like Saint Sheddle: he says he is "an indriguand." In days gone by, Butterbrod was confidential friend and agent to Bompazek, and had free right of warren over his pipes, his purse, his puddings, and his shirts; he arranged all the basso's engagements, and haughtily told concert-givers that he had roged—or raised—his terms. But he was detected in flagrant delict of conspiring with Tunner von Heidelburg, Bompazek's enemy and rival; and cotemporary history records that the usually mild Bompazek (the rage of a sheep is terrible) beat the traitor violently with an umbrella, and banished him from the domains of Pickwinkle for ever. Saint Sheddle is Fidus Achates to the big basso now, and the Ph. Dr. would like to do him a good turn if he could.

Place aux Dames! Room for the stately lady in black velvet, who meanders gracefully along the pavement. Two smaller cygnets, in sea-green watered-silk and trowsers, accompany the parent bird. This is Madame Perigord, the renowned contralto, and her youthful daughters. Lesbia Perigord has a beaming eye, a robe of silk velvet, long black ringlets, a chain of gold, a châtelaine, diamond rings, pearly teeth, faultless hands and feet, in little gloves and boots as faultless. Lesbia has a voice of liquid honey and passionate fire, poising itself for a moment on her ruby lips, and flying straightway into her hearers' hearts. Lesbia is a superb creature; but, oh! I will content myself with Camberwell and my Norah Creina—my gentle, simple Norah Creina, who cannot sing contralto, but can make Irish stew. For Lesbia has a temper. Let me whisper it; a deuce of a temper. Let me write it on paper and show it to you privately; a devil of a temper! I would rather not be Lesbia's sparrow, if I did not think my neck in want of wringing. I would rather not be one of Lesbia's sea-green children, if I preferred the law of kindness to the law of kicks and cuffs. I would rather not be Lesbia's maid, if I valued peace of mind or body; and I would decidedly not be Lesbia's husband upon any consideration whatever.

Madame Perigord was very nearly the death of Piccolo. Piccolo suffered much from rheumatism, and happening casually to mention the matter to the Perigord, she immediately insisted on sending to Paris to her doctor, one Mercantori, for a certain marvellous embrocation, which would cure Piccolo instantaneously. It was no use demurring to Mercantori's preparation. It had cured the Perigord when she was like that (pointing to a sideboard as an emblem of immobility), and he *must* take it. Besides, Piccolo is so accustomed to do what he is asked, that had Madame Perigord proposed sending for a white elephant from Siam, and boiling it up into broth as a remedy for rheumatism, it is not improbable that he would have assented to the proposition. So, the famous embrocation (for which Piccolo was to be charged cost price) was sent for from Paris. In the course of the week a deal case of considerable size, addressed to Lord Piccolo, arrived in London at the music-seller's residence, and he was gratified by having to pay one pound nine and sevenpence sterling for carriage. The case, being opened, was found to contain sundry bottles of a dark liquid resembling treacle-beer, several packages of mysterious-looking blue-paper tubes, closely approximating in appearance to the fireworks manufactured by the Chevalier Mortram, and a large pot of pomatum. One of the bottles being opened, emitted such a deadly and charnel-like odour that Mrs. Piccolo, who is rather a strong-minded woman, immediately condemned the whole paraphernalia as rubbish, and sentenced it to perpetual penal servitude in the dusthole: which sentence was as speedily put into execution, but not before a cunning document was found coiled up among the supposititious fireworks. This turned out to be a facture, or invoice, in which Lord Piccolo, of London,

was debited to Vicesimo Mercantori, Pharmacien-Droguiste, in the sum of three hundred francs, otherwise, twelve pounds sterling, for goods by him supplied. Mrs. Piccolo went into hysterics. Piccolo was moved to call Doctor Mercantori injurious names; but, as that learned pharmacien and druggist was some hundreds of miles away, the reproaches cannot have done him much harm. The worst was yet to come. Piccolo was rash enough to remonstrate with the Perigord. Miserable man! The Perigord incontinently proceeded to demolish him. She abused him in French—she abused him in Italian—she abused him in English. She wrote him letters in all sorts of languages. She stamped in his music-warehouse and shook the dust from off her feet on the threshold. She sent Girolamo Bastoggi, Avocato of Turin, to him, who spoke of "la giustizia," and snuffed horribly. She even sent her mother (the Perigord had a mother at that time), a dreadful old female with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief tied round her head, and outrageously snuffy. The old lady's embassy was not fertile in conversation, but it was dreadfully contemptuous. After expressing her opinion that England was a "fichu pays," she looked round upon the assembled Piccolo family, said, "Vous êtes toutes des — pouah!" snapped her fingers, expectorated, and vanished. The unhappy Piccolo would only have been too happy to pay the disputed twelve pounds, but Mercantori's demands all merged into the grievous wrong that had been done Madame Perigord. She had been touched in her honour, her loyalty, her good faith. She spoke of Piccolo as an infame, a man of nothing, a music-master, a gredin. She mocked herself of him.

There is a domestic animal attached to the Perigord's establishment in the capacity of husband: a poor, weak-eyed, weak-minded man, in a long brown coat, who leads a sorry life. He is supposed to have been, in early life, a dancing master in France; and Madame married him (it can scarcely be said that he married her) under the impression that he had "rentes," or income—which he had not. He fetches the beer; he transposes Madame Perigord's music; he folds circulars and seals tickets when she gives a concert. The maid patronises him, and his children do not exactly know what to make of him. They call him "ce drôle de papa." His principal consolation is in the society of a very large hairy dog, called Coco, over which he maintains unbending authority, teaching him the manual exercise with much sternness. The satirical say that Madame Perigord's husband dines in the kitchen, and varnishes his wife's boots when she plays male parts. When she goes to Paris, it is reported that she puts him out to board and lodge, at a cookshop in the Marais; leaving him behind while she visits Brussels or the Rhine with her daughters. It is certain that she made a long operatic tour in the United States, leaving her husband in London, and that, as she forgot to remit him any money, the unhappy man was reduced to great straits.

Here come a face and a pair of legs, I know very well. How do you do, Golopin? Golopin is the first flautist of the day. He is almost a dwarf. He is within a hair's breadth of being humpbacked. He has a very old, large, white head, under which is a little, old, tanned, yellow face. He plays the flute admirably, but in private life he squeaks and scratches himself. Golopin's chiefest reminiscence, greatest glory, most favourite topic of conversation, is the fact that he was once kicked by the Emperor Napoleon. "In the year nine," he says, "I find myself called to play of my instrument at one of the musical entertainments give by the Emperor and King at the Tuileries. Pending the evening, feeling myself attained by an ardent thirst, I retire myself into the saloon at refreshments prepared for the artists. In train to help myself from the buffet, I perceive myself that the ribbon of my shoe had become loose. It was justly then the fashion to wear the culotte courte of white kerseymere, with silk stockings. I stoop myself down then to adjust my shoestring, having my back to the door, when I hear itself roll upon the hinges with a movement of authority. Aussitôt I receive a violent kick in the kerseymeres. I recognise the coup du maître—the master kick. Yes; it was well him, the victor of Austerlitz and Marengo, the crowned of the Pope, the Emperor. I raise myself; I salute; I make the reverence; I say, 'Sire!' 'Ah, M. Golopin,' cries the hero, 'I demand pardon of you. I took you for a caniche—a white poodle dog.' I have those kerseymeres still, my friend!"

Golopin is a worthy little creature, but is very irascible. He boasts of unnumbered persons he has killed in single combat abroad, and specially of a maître d'armes whom he vanquished with the broadsword. He has great faith in his flute, and generally carries it about with him. At Casserole's restaurant in the Haymarket, one evening, having a violent dispute with Klitzer, the cornet-à-pistonist, who had bantered him into a state of frenzy, he positively struck that big instrumentalist in the face, though he had to jump at least a foot in the air to do so. He dismissed him with these magniloquent words, "Miserable! You have neither the courage of a bug nor the integrity of a lobster. Had I my instrument with me I would chastise you." People have been rather chary of bantering Golopin since then. That bounteous, kindly, consistent mother Nature of ours, whom we all abuse, and yet should be so grateful to, scarcely ever fashions a little deformed man but she implants in him a most valorous stomach, a high disdain and sense of injured merit, a noble pugnacity and irascibility that makes it dangerous to ridicule and insult him.

Who is this, that comes riding—not on a whirlwind like Mr. Addison's angel (in a Ramilies wig) to direct the storm, but on a peacefully ambling bay pony? It is the well-known amateur and ami des artistes, Sir Peddler Fugue. See; he has just stopped his little nag, and bends over the saddle to talk to Trump, the composer. Sir Peddler Fugue is one of a class not peculiar to the musical world, but common to all the artistic professions. There is your fine-art amateur, who pokes about studios, and advises you to kill that light, and scumble that background, and glaze down that little finger; who has just come from seeing Turpey's grand figure-piece for next year's Exhibition; who knows why the hanging committee treated Maul so scurvily, and how much Palletnife is to have for his commission from Slubber, the great Manchester cotton-spinner; and when Chizzle the sculptor will come back from Rome. There is your dramatic amateur, who has the entrée to all the green-rooms; who took Madame Spinosetti to Nice; paid for little Katty Tentoes's choregraphic education at the Conservatoire; lent Grogram his Justice Woodcock wig; lost a few hundreds in the Capsicum Street Theatre (under Pepper's management); wrote a very bad farce that was once played somewhere on a benefit night; and behaved like a father to Miss Haresfoot. There is your literary amateur, who was so good as to read over the proofs of Professor de Roots's bulky work upon the Integral Calculus (a service handsomely acknowledged by De Roots in his preface); who found the money for the Comic Economist, a humorous illustrated publication, with contributions by the first authors and artists of the day, which had an average circulation of twelve weekly, and lived five weeks; who edited the letters and remains of Twopenny the poet (poor fellow! few remains had he to leave save tavern scores, pawnbrokers' duplicates, and unpaid washing bills); and who is a member of the Goosequill Club, held at the Homer's Head, Grub Street. There is your musical amateur, the gentleman who ogles Euterpe through his eyeglass; goes to all the concerts; hangs about all the music warehouses; and is the general friend, socius, and adviser of the artists. They are worthy fellows, mostly, these art amateurs, having little in common with the big-wigged patrons of old, who were wont to be addressed somewhat in this poetic strain:

> Still shall my Muse the noble Mugmore sing,
> Friend of the arts and couns'llor of his king,

—and who paid for servile praise with a purse full of gold pieces, just as a provision merchant would buy a tub of far wholesomer Dorset butter. They do not resemble the ridiculous dilettanti and cognoscenti of the last century, who meddled with artists' private affairs, and wrote them patronising letters of advice, and suggested an alteration in a stanza, which spoilt it, and finally left their protégés to starve. Thank Heaven, art wants no such patrons now! The ami des artistes of whom Sir Peddler Fugue is a type, likes and frequents artistic society for its own sake.

Sir Peddler Fugue, Bart., is very long and lean; and, but for the excellent condition and grooming of his horse, and that he himself is dressed as a quiet English gentleman, instead of a suit of rusty armour, he would bear no inconsiderable resemblance to that deathless knight of La Mancha who had a rueful countenance. If, again, it be Quixotic to be good, and brave, and generous, yet withal a little eccentric, somewhat pedantic, and occasionally (when his exquisite taste and finished appreciation of art get the better of him) a bit of a bore, Sir Peddler Fugue is decidedly of the same mental mould as Cervantes' hero. Sir Peddler has a white moustache, grizzled hair, a chin tuft, and wears such spotless buckskin gloves, such lustrous boots, and has so noble and erect a carriage, that he has several times been mistaken, both at home and abroad, for the sovereign of a German principality. He is a bachelor, and lives in chambers in the Albany, where his sitting-room is hung round with M. Baugniet's lithographs of celebrated musicians, and, I verily believe, with a specimen of every musical instrument, ancient and modern, under the sun: from David's harp to Mr. Distin's sax-horns: from the lyre that Bruce brought from Abyssinia, to Straduarius's fiddles and Case's concertinas. The baronet plays a little on most of these instruments; but he chiefly affects a brown old violoncello, with which, in the stillness of the night season, he holds grim and mysterious conferences: the instrument grumbling and groaning then, sotto voce, as if it were the repository of secrets which none might hear but he. Far in the recesses, moreover, of a gloomy street in the undiscovered countries lying between Baker Street and the Edgeware Road, there is a long, low, green-papered room, not unlike the inside of a fiddle-case. Thither, twice a week, during certain appointed months in the year, Sir Peddler Fugue repairs, preceded by his man-servant, carrying the brown old violoncello. There, he meets a few other amateurs and professionals, reverent men with bald heads and spectacles: Viscount Cattegat (who elevated Miss Bowyer the soprano, to the peerage, like a nobleman as he was); Francis Tuberose, M.P. (ætat. 80), who plays prettily on the viola; Sir Thomas Keys, that time-honoured music-master, who taught music to the princesses, and was knighted by the revered George the Third himself; and little old Doctor Sharp (Mus. Doc. Oxon), who wears black smalls and gaiters, bless his heart, and composed a cantata for the Jubilee, goodness knows how many years ago. When these rare old boys meet, the wax candles are lighted, pinches from golden snuff-boxes are exchanged,

voluminous music scores are produced, and the veterans plunge into a Saturnalia, of which Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, are the pontifices maximi. Scrape away, ye valiant old men. Scrape, ye stout and kind old hearts! There are resonant echoes to your harmony, far away; in drowsy little country towns, in remote villages, in German Schlossen, in Italian villas, in hot Indian bungalows, where Lieutenant-Colonel Chutnee, Major Pepperpot, and Mango the surgeon, may be even now scraping tunefully for pure love of art, while dissolute Lieutenant Potts is mugging himself with brandy pawnee, and Ensigns Pockett and Cue are quarrelling over billiards.

Sir Peddler Fugue lived very long abroad, I believe, before he succeeded to the baronetcy. While in Milan, he composed an opera, of course: the libretto of which was founded on the story of Hector and Andromache, Cephalus and Aurora, or some equally dreary and equally classical subject. It is said to have been produced at Cività Vecchia with considerable success as the work of the Cavaliere Maestro Pedlero Fugio, Principe Inglese. In Italy, the baronet acquired a habit of speaking his native language with such a foreign accent and manner that you are puzzled sometimes to determine his English or Italian extraction. "Beautiful" is his favourite expression. "I have seen the Coggi," he says; "she is B-e-a-u-ti-ful! Your opera, my dear Tromp, is b-e-a-u-ti-ful. I shall nevare forget the b-e-a-u-tiful cabaletto in the third act. No!" Whereupon he lifts his hat in true foreign style, and rides away on his ambling pony, to stop or be stopped by, a dozen more professionals, with whom he is on terms of intimacy, in his course down Regent Street.

Still up and down the paving stones the celebrities of the Musical World pass; and, like the fashionable lady of Banbury who rode the white horse, and had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, a man, if he be so minded, can have music wherever he goes.

GOING A LITTLE FARTHER.

In a shop that shall be nameless, standing in a street that need not be mentioned, and kept by a person whose name is no matter, we have met with the Patent Diaphragm Smoking Pipe. This pipe has set us thinking about the inconceivably numerous enticements offered to those who have money to spend, and who choose to spend it. Every imaginary comfort and luxury for mind and body is spread before us with a prodigal hand. For instance, who can doubt that the diaphragm pipe is "constructed on scientific principles"? The inventor says it is, and he ought to know. The tube and the bowl being separate, or rather separable, the tobacco-oil is caught in a reservoir, whence it can be removed at leisure without soiling the tube; whereby, the contriver asserts, "the strongest tobacco may be smoked in these pipes, without any of the usually unpleasant consequences to the smoker."

We went a little farther (as the people always do who search for adventures in story-books), and we met with a fire-engine—not a common but an uncommon fire-engine "Every man his own fireman." "Take my little portable force-pump," says the inventor, "and dip the lower end into a pail, tub, or cistern of water; work the pump—easily managed, even by females—and you can direct a jet of water to a distance of thirty or forty feet, at the rate of eight or nine gallons per minute; you can make it assume the form of a continuous stream, or, by pressing the thumb on a small lever, the jet may be instantly divided, and scattered in the form of a heavy shower; you can direct the condensed jet or the spreading jet, upon or into a workshop, or a stable, or a bed-room, when on fire." Whether it be or be not quite correct that "no fire can live under the action of the spreader," it does certainly appear a very sensible thing to have some such small contrivance of this kind at hand, to render aid before all the world has had time to run and fetch the engines. And this is not all. We are assured that the fire-extinguisher is also a capital garden-engine; that the jet-spreader enables the water to be thrown over the trees and shrubs in a genial shower, washing off the insects and dust without injuring the plants or giving discomfort to the user.

As one inventor shows us how every man may be his own fireman, so does another provide his fire-extinguishing appliances in all the elegance of modern furniture. Witness the cabinet fire-engine, with its chest-like exterior, its French-polished surfaces, its lever-handle that folds within the cover, its pump-work cunningly concealed in the interior, and its provision of hose, and jet, and spreader. This cabinet on castors, will contain half a hogshead of water; it may be wheeled from a corridor to any room on the same level; it may be worked by two persons—men, women, boys, girls; it will, say the inventors, throw a stream as high as a moderate-sized house; and it might, as they also say, have been the means of lessening the sad calamities at Hatfield House, Luton Hoo, and other mansions distant from large towns.

We went a little farther, and found some chairs and sofas that offer every possible premium for laziness. There is the suspensory chair which forms a couch or camp-bed, adapting itself to every movement of the body; and the portable expanding chair, with a thumb-screw which raises it to any desired height; and the incomprehensible table, which converts itself into a bedstead, a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, and a sponge-bath; and the geometrical ottoman-couch, which will assume all possible shapes to suit all possible rooms; and the invalid-couch, with

its Archimedean elevators, to obtain any angle of position; and the cabin-sofa, which is not only a sofa, but a great many other things; for it is convertible into a whole cabinful of furniture.

Bedsteads are as clever, too, as sofa-bedsteads. Here is the magic folding-bedstead. In scene the first, it is a flat piece of sacking, with no thickness to speak of; lift out four mysterious iron legs, and you have a plain, homely bedstead; scene the third, and you find it a couch; with another transformation it becomes a settee; and in order that baby may not be neglected, you make the settee into a crib as scene the fifth. Here is the excelsior self-fastening bedstead, which has a very independent way of putting itself together without the aid of screws, bed-wrenches, or braces. Here is that extraordinary stroke of genius, the alarum bedstead,—extraordinary, we may be sure, when we are told that "the movement of the hand of a common watch will turn any one out of bed at any given hour when attached to this bedstead"—a resolute act, very impressive to perform at six o'clock on a cold wintry morning.

Why not use the floating filtering pump? asks an inventor. We grumble and complain against the water which supplies our daily wants, but we are partly to blame; for, in our daily pumpings, we pump from nearly the bottom of wells and tanks, bringing up sediment as well as water. Then why not use the floating filter? again asks the inventor, which compels you to draw water from the top, instead of the bottom, of your receptacle or reservoir.

We went a little farther, and we found written up, "Smoke condensed! Fresh air!! New motive power!!!" Three good things in one. In the first place, the smoke of London and large towns generally is to be condensed for agricultural and other useful purposes. In the second place, fresh air from some healthy place is to be supplied to every house. Thirdly, there is to be a saving of fifty per cent in the ordinary domestic consumption of fuel. Fourthly, the noxious effluvia from gully-holes will be compelled to return to the place from whence they came, or rather not to come out at all. Fifthly, each member of the House of Lords and Commons may enjoy the benefit of hot or cold air without inconvenience to his neighbours—a privilege which it is to be hoped our legislature will duly appreciate. Sixthly, butchers' meat and other articles of food may be preserved during the hot months. Seventhly, and lastly, "a new motive power performs all these operations." How it is all done is not exactly explained; but if you will provide capital and form a company, the inventor announces his willingness to enlighten the world thereupon.

We went on and on, until we came to this:—"Apparatus for preventing explosions in coal-mines." The very name brings up thoughts of fire-damp, and wasted lives, and desolated homes. Here, in this invention, we find suggested to us a fan, working in a close case, and connected with the mine by light sheet-iron pipes; the pipes are to be carried along the roofs of the workings as the miners proceed. The fan can be worked by the winding-engine, with a very little expenditure of additional power. By working the fan for thirty or forty minutes before the miners descend, the inventor dares to hope that he could clear the largest coal-mine in Britain of foul air, or so dilute it as to render it innocuous. The same movement which draws away the foul air from the deep workings, will draw down fresh air through the working shaft. Our inventor insists that if such a fan were used (capable of exhausting seven thousand cubic feet of air in one minute), there need be no double shaft, upcast and downcast, for ventilating a coal-mine; the same shaft employed in working the mine would suffice for ventilating it too. With the apparatus of Mr. Fourdrinier in Staffordshire, and that of Mr. Nasmyth, and others by other clever inventors, is it not a great scandal to humanity that mining life should be so little cared for, and that mining accidents should be so frequent? But we went on.

If ever we go pic-nicking without the patent portable umbrella-tent, we shall assuredly deserve to be drenched. Here we have it, all complete. There is a top or dome constructed to open and shut like an umbrella, with the ventilator on the summit. The central pole which supports the umbrella also supports a table. And an effect is produced which the inventor possibly did not anticipate; a table-moving exploit is performed, for the table moves easily round without removing the decanters or other things on it, to the convenience of the company. The whole affair — tent, ventilator, pole, table and all—although capable of pic-nicking a dozen persons, will pack into a bag six feet long by one foot broad. Is not this the tent for summer rusticating; and for military men knocking about in warm climates; and for emigrants who are in search of a Canvas Town; and for artists and students when on professional rambles; and for archery clubs, and cricketing clubs, and angling clubs, and shooting clubs; and for florists who would shield their nurslings from the hot sunshine; and for bathers where machines ought to be, but are not; and for tea-gardens, and race-courses, and many other uses and places?

We went a little farther, and stopped at a perruquier's. We wanted not to study the ventilating wigs, nor the beautiful flowing curls, nor the wonderful effects of the hair-dye, but the waxen models. The models for the use of staymakers, hairdressers, and makers of fancy articles, are the work of artistes who are often not a little proud of the result of their handiwork. Here is one Parisian producer, who assures us that, in his figures and busts, the fresh and brilliant colours of the wax, its superior quality, the choice of

the hair, and the manner in which it is implanted, do not leave anything to be desired by the most experienced hairdresser. For instance, we begin with a large assortment of wax foreheads for fixing curls; and these we can have at half-a-crown a piece. But, when we arrive at the higher products of art—the wax arms, the ladies' busts, the gentlemen's busts, the ditto with beard implanted, the Renaissant model of Diana de Poitiers, with a bare head, the equally bare-headed Françoise de Foix the same Françoise with most exquisitely implanted hair, three quarters of a yard in length—when we come into this higher region, we must be prepared with guineas, and many of them.

We went a little farther, until we came to writing implements for invalids: the pen-holder for enfeebled hands! Nerves are to be thrown out of fashion now; we are not to have shaking or trembling hands; or, at any rate, we are not thereby to be debarred from the pleasures and advantages of writing. It may appear clumsy to hold this little apparatus; but let those laugh that win; if the pen writes well, the looker-on may criticise the position if he so please. The writer grasps the pen like a dagger, holding it firmly in the clenched hand. The shaft or stem of the instrument is held down vertically upon the paper; the socket that receives the pen or nib, is jointed to this vertical shaft at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and is pressed on the paper by a feeble spring, so as to assimilate, as nearly as may be, to the action of the ordinary quill-pen. When out of use, the whole affair shuts up like a pencil-case. To whatever extent a facility of writing may be afforded by this little contrivance it will help those whose hands have become tremulous or weak through age, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, or other of the ills of life.

We went a little farther, and found that when you have used up your pencil in the solid form, you must then use the dust. This is the aphorism of Mr. Brockedon who out of mere dust makes most excellent blacklead pencils. It may be all very well to cut up Borrowdale blacklead into long slender square sticks, and to insert these square sticks into handles; but when the Borrowdale blacklead is all gone, exhausted and used up, what is to be done? Matters have not actually arrived at this stage yet; but they are approaching so near to it, that pencil-makers are looking about them somewhat anxiously. Compositions have been devised, possessing qualities more or less fitted for pencils; but, Mr. Brockedon bethought himself of trying whether he could make use of the dust which gradually accumulates from working pure blacklead. Of course it is easy to cement the dust into a mass, but the substance employed cement would inevitably deteriorate the quality. Hence Mr. Brockedon thought of compressing the dust with such immense force that the particles should be pressed into close companionship, and made to form a solid. It was found extremely difficult to effect this without breaking the tools employed; until at length the happy thought suggested itself of removing the air by means of an air-pump, and allowing the pressure to be more easily carried on. The powder is pressed into really solid blocks, whence pencil pieces are afterwards cut.

That sweet bit of laziness, the Iris, has a name that does not very significantly denote its use. You recline upon a sofa; you wish to read, but you do not wish to have the trouble of holding your book. You are sitting at your table, in drawing-room, or library, or school-room, or office; and your two hands are so busy that you require a third to hold up your book, or pattern, or model. You are an invalid; you can recline and read, but have no strength to hold your book. In all such cases, the Iris is your friend. There is a small desk, or framework, with tongues to keep the page of a book open, and a stand or support, varying in shape according as it is to be adjusted to a bed, sofa, chair, or table. The genius who presides over the Iris tells you that, when reading history or travels, you can have your book held up by the Iris, while your map or atlas is comfortably lying on the table; that, when studying a foreign language, the Iris will hold your text-book, while your hands are busy with the dictionary and grammar; that, when copying—whether you be author, student, or clerk—the Iris will kindly hold what you copy. One more use we must give in the very words of the genius himself; for they are rich and rare in quality. "That savage animal the solitary bachelor, or his sister the lone Unprotected Female, at last have the power of continuing their book or newspaper at breakfast or dinner, without suspending their meal for a single instant."

Now that everybody is teaching everybody else how to draw and engrave, by photography and electricity and other scientific means, it is pleasant to think that the old-fashioned way of seeing plainly with our natural eyes, and working simply with our natural hands, is not wholly forgotten. There are certain folding drawing models, which are intended to aid in imparting a knowledge of perspective, somewhat on the same principle that an object-lesson is often useful in elementary instruction. If you copy from a print or drawing of a church, you see the church only under one aspect; but, if you have a complete though tiny church, a model that you can place upon a stand before you, you may select any one of a hundred different aspects or points of view, and thus accustom the eye to the foreshortened effect of perspective lines. To lend such aid, is the object of these very pretty drawing models. A model may be

made of wood or plaster, of course; but when made in paper or card, it can be folded when out of use, and packed away in a very small space. There are models of cubes, steps, round towers, square towers, lodges, cottages, bridges, gateways, churches—any one of which can be unfolded, adjusted to its perfect geometrical form, and set up as a model to copy from. Fifty little people, sitting in a circle on fifty little stools, might copy the same model all at once: each one selecting a different point of view.

Going a little farther we found the table easel, which stands so handily on a table or bench, and can be regulated so neatly in respect to angle and altitude. We found the folding easel, which is enabled by its hinges to fold up into a snuggery somewhat smaller than a bootjack. We found the framed easel, which you can take to pieces with facility, and build again on a very short notice. We found the French sketching easel, readily unhinged when out of use, and securely retaining the canvas or panel when in use in the open air. We found the millboard sketching frame, so ingeniously put together that you may place two wet paintings within it, face inwards, and yet not touching. We found the sketching seat, and the walking-stick sketching stool, so compact as to be nothing more than a stout walking-stick when closed, and yet forming an effective seat when unclosed. We found the sketching umbrella, with a seat to sit upon, and a canopy over your head. We found the German sketching seat and easel, in which you can sit upon your chair in the careless position of those who like to be hind-side before, and in which you have a provision for making the back of your chair into an easel. We found the ditto ditto for ladies, in which the mode of sitting on the chair is more feminine. We found the artist's pocket-knife: such a multum in parvo that, although not larger than an ordinary pocket-knife, it contains a palette-knife, a fine blade, a file for sharpening pencil or chalk, an erasing or scraping-blade, and a screw for drawing the corks of varnish-bottles. We found the tablet for sketching in oil, composed of a number of sheets of prepared paper, fastened at the edges, from which each sheet may be separated by passing a knife round the edge. We found the collapsible colour-tubes, which only require a gentle squeeze to induce them to give forth their prepared oil colours, just in the quantity and manner best suited to the requirements of the artist. We found the architectural curves, nicely-cut pieces of flat smooth wood which enable you to select any kind of curve of any reasonable radius. We found the handy drawing desk, which opens out to form a raised desk or drawing-board, for exhibiting the copy at a proper distance for the draughtsman, and comprises a drawer to contain paper.

All of which oddities, and novelties, and utilities are realities of the present day, though to read of them is like reading of the purchases made by the three Eastern Princes, who were brothers and rivals, and went, each upon his travels, to see who could bring home the most curious acquisition, and so win the beautiful Princess with the very long name.

THE ORIENTAL MERCHANT.

When Haj Hamed borrowed a hundred dinars of the merchant Kodadad, he swore by the faith of the Prophet to return the sum within six months from that time, and fixed the hour and day. He was a young man, full of hope and confidence, and Kodadad was old and wary. "My son," said the latter, "this is perhaps a rash promise. Say one year." But, Haj Hamed would not accept a further delay. He was going from Tarsus to Damascus on a commercial journey, and had accurately calculated the time. One month to go; one month to come back; three months to sell his goods; a whole month to spare. But, the accidents of the road,—sickness, robbers, unforeseen delays? He relied upon the mercy of God; and with many asseverations said that at the appointed time he would present himself at the kiosque of the merchant Kodadad, on the banks of the river, and lay before him a hundred golden dinars. The money was lent without interest, and payment was a sacred obligation.

The caravan set out, flags flying, and drums beating, from the rendezvous on the opposite side of the river, and soon entered the gorges of the mountains. After proceeding a little way, a halt was agreed upon; for many of the merchants had stayed behind, saying their last adieus to their families, or making additions to their merchandise. Haj Hamed, who possessed several camel-loads, and had been among the first to be ready at the place of meeting, repined at this delay.

He had earned his title of Haj, or Pilgrim, when a boy, by going in company with his father to the shrine of the Prophet; but this was the first journey he had undertaken since. His impatience, therefore, may be excused. He had started with the idea of making a fortune; and was impatient to be doing. Besides, there was his promise to Kodadad. If he forfeited that, his credit was gone for ever. Accordingly, he spent the first part of the day that followed the halt, sitting by the roadside, counting the stragglers that came in, and jeering them for their tardiness. "This young man," said some, "believes that time was made only for him. What matters a day more or less? At the end of life we shall have to regret our impatience. There are evils by every wayside. Why should we be eager to come up with them?"

These philosophical remarks found no

favour with Haj Hamed, who, instead of imitating his companions, and reclining lazily, under the shadow of trees on the green grass, listening to the songs of the birds and the gurgling of the stream, began at length to roam uneasily about. He saw that another sun would set, and perhaps another, and behold them still in the lap of the same valley. He climbed the mountains, endeavouring to distract his thoughts, and whenever he obtained a glimpse of the encampment below, he gazed at it, endeavouring to discern signs of a forward movement. But, the tents remained unstruck; the people reclined in groups; the camels and horses were dispersed here and there; and the lazy tinkling of their bells showed that they, at any rate, were enjoying themselves. The young merchant at length turned away and plunged into the deep recesses of the forest. Nature had no charms for him. As he went, he counted in his memory the number of pieces of cloth his bales contained, compared the cost-price with the probable market-price, and revelled in the anticipation of gigantic profits to be realised in the paradise of his imagination—some dusty bazaar in the far-off city of Damascus.

Whilst he was meditating on these sordid matters, he was suddenly recalled to himself by a surprising accident. A huge mantle was thrown over his head; and before he had time to struggle, he was cast on the ground, and rolled up, like a bale of his own goods, in complete darkness. At first, he thought that instant death was to be his fate; and he murmured, "May Heaven pay my debt to the merchant Kodadad!" Soon, however, it appeared that he was only a prisoner; and he felt himself raised and carried along, while smothered laughter came to his ears. If this were a joke, it was a practical one. He tried to speak; but no answer was returned, except renewed laughter. Presently, those who carried him set him down; the bonds that confined him were loosened, the mantle was whisked away, and, to his surprise, he found himself in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a bevy of maidens, who clapped their hands, and enjoyed his amazed appearance.

Haj Hamed was too thoroughly an Oriental not to understand his position, after a few moments' thought. He had evidently been watched during his progress through the forest, by the inmates of some harem, unencumbered by male attendants, who in a spirit of fun had made him prisoner. The incident is not an uncommon one, if we may believe narrators; but, it generally leads to disagreeable results. Our merchant felt uncomfortable. These merry girls were quite capable, he thought, after having made a butt of him, of throwing him down a well, or into a pond. He looked around for the chief among them rather anxiously, and soon recognised her in a very young maiden, who, after having laughed with the rest, had flung herself carelessly on a pile of cushions under a tree, and was gazing at him with interest.

"Lady," said he, assuming a humble attitude, "this is not wise nor well. I am a merchant travelling with my goods that require care and watchfulness, and beg to be released."

She seemed annoyed that her beauty, which was great, did not amaze him; and replied:—

"Fear nothing. There is no danger. This my father's kiosque. He has given it to me; and I live here with my maidens unmolested. There is a guard of slaves at the gate; but they only appear at a signal of danger—when I sound this shell."

She raised a conch to her lips, and a shrill sound filled the air. The slave-girls, scarcely understanding her motive, again cast the mantle over Hamed, and bade him be silent and motionless. Several men came hurriedly; but were dismissed with jeers and mockeries. In a few moments, the merchant, more dead than alive, was uncovered again, and told to be of good cheer, for he had permission to depart.

By this time however, beauty had begun to exert its influence; and Haj Hamed, instead of rising, remained gazing in admiration at the lady of the place. She met his glance, at first, with a disdainful expression: but according to the Oriental idea, two such souls have secret sympathies from the influence of which neither can escape. No sooner did their eyes meet in a full gaze, than both felt faint at heart. The lady turned very pale, and leaned her head upon the cushion; the maidens, raising the trembling Hamed, led him to her side. They talked for hours: not of themselves, but of love: and expatiated eloquently on the happiness of meeting, whilst the attendants played on their lutes, or sang songs illustrative of their situation. The shadows of night were coming on, when a peculiar sound at the outer gate announced that the father of the maiden, whose name was Leilah, had come to visit her. So, Haj Hamed was thrust unceremoniously forth; and was awakened from his dream of happiness amid the deepening gloom of the forest. He returned bowed down and heavy-hearted to the encampment.

Many thoughts kept him awake for many hours; it was not until the sky that stretched betwixt the mountain tops overhead had begun to whiten, that at length, overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep. Pleasant visions spake beneath his eyelids. When he awoke, the tents were struck, the camels were laden, and the people were filing off. "Why this hurry?" he cried. "Was not this a pleasant place to tarry in? Time is eternal. There is no need to hasten from the present, which is joyful, to the future which is full of danger." Several merchants thought he was jeering them for their philosophy of the previous day, and hastened to complete

their arrangements, and follow the caravan. Hamed's camels had been laden by his servants, and were ready to proceed. He hesitated a moment; but, remembering his debt to Kodadad, cried, "March!" and went away with his heart full of new recollections.

The journey was prosperous, but tedious. When the caravan reached Damascus, the market was found to be encumbered with merchandise, and sales were with difficulty effected. Month after month passed away; most of Hamed's bales still remained on his hands. The fifth month from the time of his departure had arrived, and he was beginning to despair of being able to perform his engagements. At length, however, a merchant about to proceed to Bagdad, made him an advantageous offer for the whole of his stock, and he was enabled to depart, after having realised a good profit. Several accidents and delays occurred on the journey; but the caravans reached the valley, one march from Tarsus, on the eve of the day when Hamed had promised payment to Kodadad. Most of the merchants immediately rode forward to glad their families and friends; but our young merchant, feeling his love for Leilah revive with intensity, determined to spend that day in endeavouring to obtain an interview with her. He wandered into the mountains, endeavouring to follow the same track as before; but, although he several times imagined he recognised the trees and the rocks, his search was unsuccessful. All was wild and seemingly uninhabited. He called aloud "Leilah!" but the echoes only answered, "la! la"!—no, no; and when night came, he knew not which way to turn. So, he sat down beneath a huge sycamore to wait patiently until the morning.

When light came, he remembered his promise to Kodadad. He was to pay the hundred dinars at noon. He determined to hasten to Tarsus on foot over the mountains, for he knew the general direction in which it lay. Many hours of travel were before him; but he was light of foot, and at length beheld in the distance the minarets of the city, and the winding course of the river. Suddenly, the landscape darkened. Clouds seemed to come out of every valley, and to inundate the plain. The rain fell; the wind blew. He hastened onward, clutching the leather purse in which he carried his wealth, and invoking the assistance of the Prophet. When he reached the banks of the river, he heard, through the mist, a muezzin proclaiming the hour of noon from the distant mosque. The waters were turbulent. No ferry boat was in sight. It was impossible to cross. Haj Hamed prayed; and an idea came to his mind. He plucked a large reed, and hollowed it, and placed therein a hundred pieces of gold, and tied other reeds to it, and floated this raft upon the stream, and confided in the mercy of God.

Now, it happened that Kodadad, remembering Haj Hamed's promise, had gone to his kiosque that day, to wait for his money. The wind blew; the rain fell. The debtor did not appear. "We must allow him an hour's grace; for the storm is violent," said Kodadad. The muezzin chanted the hour of noon. The merchant called to his slave to bring another pipe. Presently, a bundle of reeds came floating along the misty waters; a black boy stooping forward seized them as they passed. He was about to cast them away again, when the unusual weight prevented him. "Master," said he, "this is a reed of lead." The merchant, who wished to pass the time, told him to break the reeds. He did so, and lo! a hundred glittering pieces of gold fell suddenly upon the pavement of the kiosque!

This story which is told in many different ways, illustrates the Oriental idea of mercantile probity. Turkish merchants, in their dealings among themselves, are famous for keeping their engagements with scrupulous exactitude; and the example of Haj Hamed is often cited as a model. Of course it is understood that the debt, all in good golden dinars, came to its destination in some miraculous way: the Prophet being always deeply interested in the good deeds of his servants. The young merchant was not without his reward. His credit was, in future, unlimited. But not only so; Kodadad insisted on giving him his daughter in marriage. And it will surprise none but very matter-of-fact people—to whom we do not address this legend—that this daughter turned out to be the same very imprudent Leilah, whose fascination had nearly caused Haj Hamed to dishonour his verbal promissory note. We learn, moreover, that she settled down into a most prudent and exemplary wife—which relieves our mind—for, except under extremely Oriental circumstances, we should not recommend her conduct for imitation.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 232. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854. PRICE 2*d*.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

ALL newspaper-readers are probably on familiar terms with this phrase. It is not generally known that her Majesty's screw line-of-battle ship HOGARTH, one hundred and twenty, was precisely seven years, seven months, seven days, seven hours, and seven minutes, on the stocks in Portsmouth Yard. It is not generally known that there is now in the garden of Mr. Pips, of Camberwell, a gooseberry weighing upwards of three ounces, the growth of a tree which Mr. Pips has reared entirely on warm toast and water. It is not generally known that on the last rent day of the estates of the Earl of Boozle, of Castle Boozle, his lordship remitted to his tenants five per cent on all the amounts then paid up, and afterwards regaled them on the good old English cheer of roast beef and humming ale. (It is not generally known that ale in this connection always hums.) It is not generally known that a testimonial in the form of a magnificent silver centre-piece and candelabra, weighing five hundred ounces, was on Tuesday last presented to Cocker Doodle, Esquire, F.S.A., at a splendid banquet given him by a brilliant circle of his friends and admirers, in testimony, no less of their admiration of his qualities as a man, than of anything else you like to fill up the blank with. It is not generally known that when Admiral Sir Charles Napier was junior post-captain on the African station, looking out for slavers, his ship was one day boarded by a strange craft, in the stern sheets of which sat a genuine specimen of the true British seaman, who, as he dropped alongside, exclaimed in the voice of a Stentor, "Avast heaving! Old Charley, ahoy!" Upon this, the admiral, then post-captain, who chanced at the moment to be pacing the quarter-deck with his telescope at his eye (which it is not generally known he never removes, except at meals and when asleep) looked good-humouredly over the starboard bulwarks, and responded, waving his cocked hat, "Tom Gaff, ahoy, and I am glad to see you, my lad!" They had never met since the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, but Tom Gaff, like a true fok'sle salt, had never forgotten his old rough and tough first luff (as he characteristically called him) and had now come from another part of the station on leave of absence, two hundred and fifty miles in an open boat, expressly to get a glimpse of his former officer, of whose brilliant career he was justly proud. It is needless to add that all hands were piped to grog, and that Tom and Old Charley were mutually pleased. But it is not generally known that they exchanged tobacco boxes, and that if when "Old Charley" hoisted his broad pennant in proud command of the Baltic fleet, his gallant heart beat higher than usual, it pressed, as if for sympathy, against Tom Gaff's tobacco-box, to which his left-hand-waistcoat pocket is on all occasions devoted. Similarly, many other choice events, chiefly reserved for the special London correspondents of country newspapers, are not generally known: including gifts of various ten-pound notes, by her gracious Majesty when a child, to various old women; and the constant sending of innumerable loyal presents, principally cats and cheeses, to Buckingham Palace. One thing is sure to happen. Codgers becomes a celebrated public character, or a great capitalist. Then it is not generally known that in the year eighteen hundred and blank, there stood, one summer evening on old London Bridge, a way-worn boy eating a penny loaf, and eyeing the passengers wistfully. Whom Mr. Flam of the Minories —attracted by something unusual in the boy's appearance—was induced to bestow sixpence on, and to invite to dinner every Sunday at one o'clock for seven years. This boy was Codgers, and it is not generally known that the tradition is still preserved with pride in Mr. Flam's family.

Now, it appears to me that several small circumstances of a different kind have lately happened, or are yet happening, about us, which can hardly be generally known, or, if known, generally appreciated. And as this is vacation-time, when most of us have some leisure for gossiping, I will enumerate a few.

It is not generally known that in this present year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, the English people of the middle classes are a mob of drunkards more beastly than the Russian courtiers under Peter the Great. It is not generally known that this is the national character. It is not generally

known that a multitude of our countrymen taken at random from the sense, industry, self-denial, self-respect, and household virtues of this nation, repairing to the Exhibition at Sydenham, make it their business to get drunk there immediately; to struggle and fight with one another, to tear one another's clothes off, and to smash and throw down the statues. I say, this is not generally known to be so. Yet I find this picture, in a fit of temperate enthusiasm, presented to the people by an artist who is one of themselves, in pages addressed to themselves. I am even informed by a temperate journal, that the artist saw these facts, in this said Exhibition at Sydenham, with his own bodily eyes. Well! I repeat, this is a state of things not generally known.

It is not generally known, I believe, that the two scarcest books in England are The Pilgrim's Progress and The Vicar of Wakefield. Yet I find that the present American Minister (perfectly familiar with England) communicated the surprising intelligence to a company, assembled not long ago, at Fishmongers' Hall. It is not generally known perhaps, that in expatiating on the education of his countrymen His Excellency remarked of these two rare works, that while they were to be met with in every cabin in the United States, they were "comparatively little known in England"—not generally known, that is to say.

It is not generally known, and if it were recorded of our English Institutions, say by a French writer, would not, I think, be generally believed; that there is any court of justice in England, in which an individual gravely concerned in the case under inquiry, can twice call the advocate opposed to him, a Ruffian, in open court, under the judge's nose and within the judge's hearing. Is it generally known that such a case occurred this last July, and was nobody's business?

It is not generally known that the people have nothing to do with a certain large Club which assembles at Westminster, and that the Club has nothing to do with them. It is simply an odd anomaly that the members of the Club happen to be elected by a body who don't belong to the Club at all; the pleasure and business of the Club being, not with that body, but with what its own members say and do. Look to the reports of the Club's proceedings. In January, the right hand says it is the left hand that has abetted the slanders on "an illustrious personage," and the left hand says it is the right hand. In February, Mr. Pot comes down on Mr. Kettle, and Mr. Kettle requests to be taken from his cradle and followed by inches to that honourable hob. In the same month, the forefinger of the left hand hooks itself on with Mosaic-Arabian pertinacity to the two forefingers of the right hand, and never lets go any more. In March, the most delightful excitement of the whole session is about a club dinner-party. In April, there is Easter. In May, there is infinite Club-joy over personal Mosaic-Arabia, and personal Admiralty. In June, A relieves himself of the mild suggestion that B is "an extraordinary bold apostate:" when in cuts C, who has nothing to do with it, and the whole alphabet fall together by the ears. In August, Home Office takes up his colleague Under Treasury, for talking "sheer nonsense." In the same month, prorogation. Through the whole time, one perpetual clatter of "What did I say, what did you say, what did he say? Yes I will, no you won't, yes I did, no you didn't, yes I shall, no you shan't"—and no such thing as what do *they* say? (those few people outside there) ever heard of!

It is not generally known, perhaps, to what lengths, in these times, the pursuit of an object, and a cheer or a laugh, will carry a Member of this Club I am speaking of. It cannot have been generally observed, as it appears to me (for I have met with no just indignation on the subject), how far one of its members *was* thus carried, a very little while ago. Here is the case. A Board is to be got rid of. I oppose this Board. I have long opposed it. It is possible that my official opposition may have very considerably increased its difficulties and crippled its efficiency. I am bent upon a jocose speech, and a pleasant effect. I stand up in the heart of the metropolis of the world. From every quarter of the world, a dreadful disease which is peculiarly the scourge of the many, because the many are the poor, ill-fed, and badly housed—whereas I, being of the few, am neither—is closing in around me. It is coming from my low, nameless countrymen, the rank and file at Varna; it is coming from the hot sands of India, and the cold waters of Russia; it is in France; it is in Naples; it is in the stifling Vicoli of Genoa, where I read accounts of the suffering people that should make my heart compassionate, if anything in this world can; nay, it has begun to strike down many victims in this city where I speak, as I the speaker cannot fail to know—must know—am bound to know—do know thoroughly well. But I want a point. I have it! "*The cholera is always coming when the powers of this Board are about to expire* (A LAUGH)." This well-timed joke of mine, so neatly made upon the greatest misery and direst calamity that human nature can endure, will be repeated to-morrow in the same newspaper which will carry to my honourable friends here, through electric telegraph, the tidings of a troop-ship put back to Plymouth, with this very pestilence on board. What are all such trifles to me? I wanted a laugh; I have got a laugh. Talk to *me* of the agony and death of men and brothers! Am I not a Lord and a Member!

Now, is it generally known, I wonder, that this indecency happened? Have the people of such a place as TOTNES chanced to hear of it? Or will they ever hear of it, and shall we ever hear of their having heard of it?

It is not generally known that an entirely new principle has begun to obtain in legislation, and is gaining wider and broader recognition every day. I allude to the profoundly wise principle of legislating with a constant reference and deference to the worst members of society, and almost excluding from consideration the comfort and convenience of the best. The question, "what do the decent mechanic and his family want, or deserve?" always yields, under this enlightened pressure, to the question, "what will the vagabond idler, drunkard, or jail-bird, turn to bad account?" As if there were anything in the wide world which the dregs of humanity will turn to good account! And as if the shadow of the convict-ship and Newgate drop had any business, in the plainest sense or justice, to be cast, from January to December, on honest hardworking, steady Job Smith's family fireside!

Yet Job Smith suffers heavily, at every turn of his life, and at every inch of its straight course too, from the determined ruffianism in which he has no more part than he has in the blood Royal. Six days of Job's week are days of hard, monotonous, exhausting work. Upon the seventh, Job thinks that he, his old woman, and the children, could find it in their hearts to walk in a garden if they might, or to look at a picture, or a plant, or a beast of the forest, or even a colossal toy made in imitation of some of the wonders of the world. Most people would be apt to think Job reasonable in this. But, up starts Britannia, tearing her hair and crying, "Never, never! Here is Sloggins with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog. What Job Smith uses, Sloggins will abuse. Therefore, Job Smith must not use." So, Job sits down again in a killing atmosphere, a little weary and out of humour, or leans against a post all Sunday long.

It is not generally known that this accursed Sloggins is the evil genius of Job's life. Job never had in his possession at any one time, a little cask of beer, or a bottle of spirits. What he and his family drink in that way, is fetched, in very small portions indeed, from the public house. However difficult the Westminster Club-gentlemen may find it to realize such an existence, Job has realized it through many a long year; and he knows, infinitely better than the whole Club can tell him, at what hour he wants his "drop of beer," and how it best suits his means and convenience to get it. Against which practical conviction of Job's, Britannia, tearing her hair again, shrieks tenderly, "Sloggins! Sloggins with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog, will go to ruin,"—as if he were ever going anywhere else!—"if Job Smith has his beer when he wants it." So, Job gets it when Britannia thinks it good for Sloggins to let him have it, and marvels greatly.

But, perhaps he marvels most, when, being invited in immense type, to go and hear the Evangelist of Eloquence, or the Apostle of Purity (I have noticed in such invitations, rather lofty, not to say audacious titles), he strays in at an open door, and finds a personage on a stage, crying aloud to him, "Behold me! I, too, am Sloggins!! I likewise had a broken nose, a black eye, and a bulldog. Survey me well. Straight is my nose, white is my eye, deceased is my bulldog. I, formerly Sloggins, now Evangelist (or Apostle, as the case may be), cry aloud in the wilderness unto you Job Smith, that in respect that I was formerly Sloggins and am now Saintly, therefore you Job Smith (who were never Sloggins, or in the least like him), shall, by force of law, accept what I accept, deny what I deny, take upon yourself My shape, and follow Me." Now, it is not generally known that poor Job, though blest with an average understanding, and thinking any putting out of the way of that ubiquitous Sloggins a meritorious action highly to be commended, never can understand the application of all this to himself, who never had anything in common with Sloggins, but always abominated and abjured him.

It is not generally known that Job Smith is fond of music. But, he is; he has a decided natural liking for it. The Italian Opera being rather dear (Sloggins would disturb the performance if he were let in cheap), Job's taste is not highly cultivated; still, music pleases him and softens him, and he takes such recreation in the way of hearing it as his small means can buy. Job is fond of a play, also. He is not without the universal taste implanted in the child and the savage, and surviving in the educated mind; and a representation by men and women, of the joys and sorrows, crimes and virtues, sufferings and triumphs, of this mortal life, has a strong charm for him. Job is not much of a dancer, but he likes well enough to see dancing, and his eldest boy is up to it, and he himself can shake a leg in a good plain figure on occasion. For all these reasons, Job now and then, in his rare holidays, is to be found at a cheap concert, a cheap theatre, or a cheap dance. And here one might suppose he would be left in peace to take his money's worth if he can find it.

It is not generally known, however, that against these poor amusements, an army rises periodically and terrifies the inoffensive Job to death. It is not generally known why. On account of Sloggins. Five and twenty prison chaplains, good men and true, have each got Sloggins hard and fast, and converted him. Sloggins, in five and twenty solitary cells at once, has told the five and twenty chaplains all about it. Child of evil as he is, with every drop of blood in his body circulating lies all through him, night and day these five-and twenty years, Sloggins is nevertheless become the embodied spirit of Truth. Sloggins has declared "that Amusements done it." Sloggins has made manifest that "Harmony

brought him to it." Sloggins has asserted that "the draymer set him a nockin his old mother's head again the wall." Sloggins has made manifest "that it was the double-shuffle wot kep him out of church." Sloggins has written the declaration, "Dear Sir if i hadn seen the oprer Frardeaverler i shouldn dear Sir have, been overaggrawated into the folli of beatin Betsey with a redot poker." Sloggins warmly recommends that all Theatres be shut up for good, all Dancing Rooms pulled down, and all music stopped. Considers that nothing else is people's ruin. Is certain that but for sitch, he would now be in a large way of business and universally respected. Consequently, all the five and twenty, in five and twenty honest and sincere reports, do severally urge that the requirements and deservings of Job Smith be in nowise considered or cared for; that the natural and deeply rooted cravings of mankind be plucked up and trodden out; that Sloggins's gospel be the gospel for the conscientious and industrious part of the world; that Sloggins rule the land and rule the waves; and that Britons unto Sloggins ever, ever, ever, shall —be—slaves.

I submit that this great and dangerous mistake cannot be too generally known or generally thought about.

CHESHIRE CHEESE.

The scene of the Cheshire cheese making which I have just been witnessing is in Flintshire. This is something like a bull to begin with; but it is not my bull. I relate what I find; and what I find is a manufacture of Cheshire cheese, on a farm celebrated for that article, just within the borders of Flintshire. I remember being much amused, when a child, at a little bit of little Flintshire being separated from the rest, and packed in between Cheshire, Shropshire, and Denbighshire. It is just within that little bit, and near the winding Dee, that this celebrated cheese farm lies. Very different is its Flint cheese from the flint cheese of a more northernly county. In Cumberland the common cheese made in the moorland has been literally used as flint. I have been gravely assured on the spot that a soldier, being out of the way of a flint for his musket, actually used a bit of cheese-rind for the purpose. Moreover, when the clogs worn by the peasants lose their iron (just like a donkey's shoe), it is no uncommon thing to tip the clog with a cheese-paring. The farmer cuts his cheese for the table with an axe; and, in the dusk, a succession of sparks is seen to fly, if the cheese be in proper economical condition. Perhaps the strangest thing that ever happened through a cheese was in Cumberland, when one rolled off a cart that was ascending a steep road. The cheese bounded down into the valley, striking the crags, and sending out sparks as it went, and at the bottom it set the heather on fire so effectually that it burned for two days. As for how such a delicacy is relished in farm-houses, that is a matter in which testimony differs according to taste. My own private speculation is that I might like it very much indeed if I could once get at it; but there would be the difficulty. If, indeed, one could get a grater that could stand the friction, one might try. I will see about it the next time I go into Cumberland. Meanwhile, here I am on the banks of the Dee.

Among its other windings, the Dee winds round a stretch of pasture land so green after the haymaking as really to dazzle the eye. The river sweeps round, under a very high bank, forming a horse-shoe; and when the waters seem disposed to meet again at the narrow part, they change their minds, and wander off on either hand, to form new circuits and enclose more green meadows. The semicircular ridges in the pasture show how much smaller and shallower the curve once was; and there are people living whose parents remembered the planting of an oak by the water-side, which grew some way inland, where it was cut down. The bank above the river tells the same tale. Its red soil is riven, and so heaped and tumbled as to show that it was brought down roughly by the action of water below. Some of these heaps and promontories are old enough, however, to be covered with well-grown trees. The gazer above observes that the whole valley of which this is a nook is formed precisely in the same manner. It is walled in semicircularly with wooded banks, whence charming-looking houses peep forth, with their green clearings, or sloping gardens. As for what is seen beyond, through the open part, it is a level and richly-fertile and wooded country, as far as the Welsh mountains, which enclose the whole. At sunset, when the entire view is at its brightest, there is one spot to which the eye is attracted infallibly and at once. At one end of the horseshoe, where the bank is subsiding towards the levels, there is a spreading farm-house, with a low, long, diversified face, and a terraced garden, sloping to the south. In the basin below there are fields which look as soft as velvet, some with a monstrous haystack in the middle, and others with large companies of cows, all at that hour tending towards the gate, to go home for the night. That most tempting place is Widow S.'s cheese-farm. I proceeded to my call on her, satisfied that in point of residence she might be the envy of almost all England.

The place did not disappoint me in the least on closer examination. The farm-yard front is neat, spacious, and somewhat picturesque, from its antiquity, if not particularly beautiful. There is a little green in front, kept inviolate by a sunk fence; and the area of the yard is so large that the outhouses

are no inconvenience or eyesore. There run scores of pigs, which feed on whey and butter-milk. There the large teams turn round without interfering with anybody; and there the whole dairy of seventy cows can move about without crowding.

Inside the house, the first thing that catches the eye is the Welsh carpet—not in the parlours, but the passage-rooms, pantries, and kitchen. This Welsh carpet is a pattern produced on the brick floor by staining the brick squares in figures with dockleaf juice. The prettiest pattern is perhaps produced by rubbing half of each square diagonally with dock-leaves. The diced appearance is really very pretty. The best parlour is well-furnished; but the uneven floor must wear out the carpet very soon. The lattice-windows do not open, either in or out; but in a better way, which keeps out rain as well as a sash-window. One compartment slides in grooves; and large, and bright as air, all those windows are, except in the cheese-making rooms, where they are bedewed as if it were brewing that was going on. The widow's own little parlour looks to the farm-yard, across the green. It looks somewhere else too. There are two old-fashioned peep-holes in the door, through which she can spy at pleasure into the industrial department; while she can, by turning the brass plates, secure herself from being watched in return. I don't know that I ever saw this device before, except in prisons, lunatic asylums, and hospitals; and it looks very odd, pleasant only as a relic of ancient days and customs, when the master's eye was supposed to be really constantly over his household. The upper rooms are spacious and airy, and as clean as the dairy itself—a thing which is especially commendable in a house which is wainscoted throughout its chambers, and all hill and dale in regard to its floors. Within the widow's room there is a most remarkable place, called Paul's closet. It is a small room, now appropriated to the shower-bath, which stands in one corner, and lighted by a high window. It is vaulted, and the only door is a double one. Over the door it may be seen, after some calculation, that there must be a cavity. Such a recess there is; and it is closed by a sliding panel. Paul, whoever he might be (and that is what nobody knows) was concealed in this room for a long time (nobody knows when), and has left curious traces of his imprisonment. In the vaulted part of the roofing there are drawings done with soot or blacking of some sort, of churches (one of which looks like a lighthouse), with the ecclesiastical doors and their elaborate hinges and locks represented faithfully, and on a grand scale, in proportion to the rest of the edifice. In the opposite angles are marks which seem to show that Paul was a Catholic. In one is the IHS, and in the other the MRI (only with N instead of M), which tell of his catholicism. Poor Paul was, or believed himself, in danger of being caught, one day, and he crept into his cupboard over the door. Being found there dead, and mere skin and bone, he was supposed to have fastened the panel only too well, and thus to have died a horrible death. Judging by the present state of things, there could have been no want of air. It is to be feared that he died of sheer starvation, all alone and nobody knowing. Who could Paul have been?

The gardens are delightful, and the vine-covered house on that side. Where the upper storey projects, hanging its vine tendrils above the recess below, there is a clean white bench where one might sit all day and admire the garden. There is a smooth green all hedged in with old-fashioned flowers. The espaliers are knobbed all over with apples and pears; and the great pear-tree beside the green shows myriads of the fruit. The high brick wall which surrounds this garden is covered—actually covered—with wall-fruit, golden apricots, and plums of all colours. The more delicate vegetables are here—asparagus beds, artichokes, peas, and beans. Passing through a door in the wall, one finds oneself in the terraced garden, seen from afar; and of course commanding the landscape before described—from the bank above the Dee to the Welsh mountains. Here are the potatoes, the cabbages, and common fruits; and, again, apricots and plums, as many as within. The pastures may hence be measured by the eye. The land held by Mrs. S. is two hundred and eighty-three acres, very nearly the whole of which is in pasture. Her seventy cows eat nothing but grass and hay. Modern methods of management have not reached this valley yet. It is the notion here that it must be extravagant work ploughing the ground for roots, because it would be necessary to employ husbandmen; so only eight acres of this farm are under the plough, while ninety-eight are mown for hay this year. Hedgerow timber is in full luxuriance here; because, as the people say, what would become of the cows without the shade? Stall-feeding is of course a thing yet unheard of; or, if heard of, dreaded as the sure and certain end of all fame founded on Cheshire cheese. In the dairy I found the old-fashioned leads, with the ancient spigot, or bung of wood and rag. No zinc has as yet been propounded here. The manure yet awaits its due exaltation. It lies neglected in the open air; and in the pastures gives a sad lumpy appearance to the grass, when one comes near enough to see the blemish. The manure in the stalls is sometimes spread over the pasture. Guano has been heard of and used; and the name of bone-dust is not altogether strange. But, as to bestowing serious thought on the great subject of manure, the time for that has not arrived. Whenever it does, I am rather disposed to think that the Cheshire cheese

will be no worse, and the cows, the grass, the widow, and her dairy-maidens very much the better.

By this time, my visit was quite long enough. I had obtained leave to come at seven in the morning to see the whole process of cheese-making. The maidens, of whom there are always three, and sometimes four, rise at five o'clock. There is the milking and the breakfast; and by seven they are ready to begin upon the cheese.

The meal of milk of the evening before was put into tubs, except what is wanted for butter, and for domestic use. The tubs which receive the milk for cheese are two; and there are two more to contain the whey of the preceding batch. When the evening's and morning's meal were poured (mixed) into the two tubs, there were about fifty gallons in each, the yield of sixty cows, ten of the seventy cows on the farm being dry, or calving at the time.

There are two things to be put into this deluge of milk, one for show, and the other for use. For show, a table-spoonful of arnotta is mixed in. The arnotta is a thick, viscid, dark red substance, thicker than treacle, and quite as dark. It is made from the lining of the seed-pod, and from the pressed seeds of a South American and West Indian plant of the Bixa kind; and it is used merely to colour the cheese. There cannot be too little of it put in, for its taste is nauseous to the last degree; and its properties are purgative. There is a constant tendency among the cheese-makers to put in more and more, to make the cheese rich, as they say, which means merely highly-coloured. Mrs. S., however, allows only one spoonful to a tub of fifty gallons; and that cannot well hurt anybody.

The other substance put in is the rennet. Irish rennet is found to be the best. Some of the farmers in the cheese districts bargain with the butchers, in selling their calves, to have the stomachs back again; but they must, for the most part, use them for their own cheese-making; for the regular cheese dairies are provided with the stomachs of Irish calves, brought by travelling agents. Mrs. S. buys enough in the spring for the whole year. She keeps it in a basket on a shelf in the cheese-house, cuts off a few small pieces of the long-dead stomach (which looks half-way between tripe and parchment) and soaks them in a pipkin with cold water for a few minutes. Some people pour boiling water on them, and let it stand till cold; but the cold water does quite as well, and causes no delay. There is some appearance of mystery in a cup full of water, in which a bit of calf's stomach has been washed, turning fifty gallons of milk into curd in a quarter of an hour: and till lately it was a mystery what the gastric juice of all stomachs was composed of, and how it acted. Now the chemists have ascertained what are the constituents of this wonderful secretion, this juice which is in all stomachs, which has no effect on living creatures, but reduces all dead substances that are swallowed into one uniform pulp, the best part of which goes to nourish the frame. But how it acts there is no knowing, any more than how any of the changes of the living frame are produced. There it is, in the stomach of the calf when killed; and the coats of the stomach are dried; and, after many months, the juice is as good as ever for turning milk into curd, in Cheshire in the autumn, just as it did in the stomach of the living calf, down in County Kerry in spring. While the process is going on, a wooden bowl, with hot water, floats on the surface of the milk, and some people put into the tub a pint, or so, in summer, and more in winter.

The maids are not idle while the curd is setting. One stout wench draws several pailsful of buttermilk from a copper in one corner, for the pigs: and next, she sets about skimming the whey of yesterday. A thick cream has risen, and makes that great tub look exceedingly rich. She skims it, and deposits the cream in an earthen jar, ready for the churn; and then she empties the whey by pailsful into what seems a great copper in another corner; but, as the whey vanishes, it is clear the copper is a funnel. The whey runs off through a pipe to the piggery. She is a clever girl who does this. She wears a blue bib like a child's, up to her collar-bones, and her gown is short, to a most sensible degree, as is that of the other dairy-maids. They do not go slopping and draggling about, as ladies do in London streets; but have their dress no lower than the ankle, and shoes thick enough to keep them out of the damp of the moist brick floor. This girl wants to tilt the tub when she gets near the bottom. She begs no help, but hoists her stout apron through one of the handles, and while she hoists it, kicks a log of wood under the tub. When emptied, the tub is well scalded, and left to hold the evening's milk.

The head dairymaid is meantime looking to the cheeses made on Thursday, Wednesday, and Tuesday, to-day being Friday. In the two rooms now under observation there are six presses, more being in other parts of the premises. These presses look like any first stone that any prince is going to lay for a public building—a square mass which ascends and descends by a screw. The two cheeses made on Tuesday are taken out and examined. They are pressed into keelers—tubs made of substantial oak, lessening in size to suit the lessening bulk of the cheese as it dries. The cheese is now turned out of its keeler, and the damp binder which bandaged it is thrown aside. It is put into the keeler again, the other end up, and the part which does not go in (for the keeler holds only about two-thirds of it yet) is bound round with a broad strip of tin pierced with holes,

and called a fillet. This fillet is bandaged round the cheese with a linen binder about three inches broad; then a cloth is thrown over the top, and the whole is pushed under the block of the press, which is screwed down upon it. The Wednesday's cheeses are bigger and moister, and some whey is still oozing from the holes of the fillet. The Thursday's cheeses are very soft and yellow, and only beginning to have a rind. The whey runs out with a touch of your thumb. The maid reaches for a handful of long skewers from the shelf. She stabs the cheese through and through in all directions, and throws aside the cloth in which it was wrapped, and which is wringing wet. It is now wrapped in a dry cloth, put, the other end up, into its keeler, bound with a fillet like the others, but with the difference that half-a-dozen of the long skewers are stuck into the holes of the fillet. Then the binder goes on, the cloth is closed over the whole, and it is set aside—not under the press to-day, but with a weight upon it, a slate cover, which has a wooden handle to lift it by. These newer cheeses are more or less wet with whey: they are seamed and marked with the creases of the binders and cloths, and knobbed in a rather pretty way with buttons answering to the holes of the fillet. These marks are all to be ironed out, before the cheeses get quite dry, with a tailor's goose. The goose stands on the stove in the middle of the room, beside the flat-irons used to smooth the cloths and binders. The ironing of cheeses strikes one as a curious sort of laundry business.

Now for to-day's cheeses. In a trice everything else is put away, the dressers wiped down, and the coast made clear for the great operation. I stand between fifty gallons of thick custard (to all appearance) on the one hand and fifty gallons on the other. A very long, blunt knife is handed to the widow, who this morning does the honours with her own hands. She scores the curd in all directions, calls for a spoon, and invites me to taste the curd. It is very good indeed—to one who has as yet had no breakfast, though kindly invited to the widow's well-spread table an hour ago. The breaker is next handed. The breaker is like a round gridiron, delicately made of thick wire, and fastened to the end of a slender broomstick. With a graceful and slow motion, Mrs. S. plunges in the breaker, and works it gently up and down, and hither and thither, searching every part of the great tub, that no lump of curd may remain unbroken. When she turns—in ten minutes or so—to the second tub, the curd of the first all sinks to the bottom. Then comes the dairymaid, and fishes and rakes among the whey with a bowl till she brings the greater part of the curd to her side of the tub. Then she throws aside the bowl; and, while she retains the mass with one arm, she sweeps the whey with the other for all the curd that is yet abroad. There seems to be such a quantity that one can hardly believe that it all goes to make one cheese. Some of the cheeses, however, weigh one hundred weight, or even more, while those made in winter dwindle to sixty pounds or less.

Two clean white baskets, like round washing baskets, only slighter, are ready on the dresser. A cloth being put into one of these as a lining, the curd is heaped into it when the last morsel that can be caught is fished out. The basket is put into a tub to drain, and the whey is left where it is to send up cream for to-morrow's skimming and churning. In two or three hours the curd will be dry enough for the final making into cheese. It is broken up by hand as fine as possible and salted. The salt is worked in very thoroughly. Mrs. S. can only say she salts it to her taste. The head dairymaid thinks that she puts about two pounds of salt to the largest of their cheeses. The salting done, the cheese is fit for the treatment described in the case of the Thursday's production; and it will come out to-morrow morning oozing whey through the holes of the fillet and wherever pressed; and it will be stabbed and impaled with those long skewers like its predecessor of yesterday. Meantime, the main business of the day is done. If the girls are skilful and diligent, they can get everything out of the way before dinner, at half-past twelve. There is plenty of hot water in the kitchen copper, which holds one hundred gallons. The keelers are scoured, the utensils all scalded, the cloths and binders washed, and every place wiped and swept and made tidy before dinner. There is no reason why the girls should not sit down to their sewing, or their own employments of any sort, till the cows come home for the evening milking. Some awkward ones do not get through their work till four in the afternoon; but if they get tired it is nobody's fault but their own. At nine everybody is off to bed.

The worst thing about the employment is that it cannot stop on Sundays, except in establishments large enough to have a double set of apparatus, and great command of labour. A landowner in the district I am writing of, offered, some time since, a prize for the best cheese, deferred on account of Sunday; and it is found that the milk may be set on Saturday night, and treated on Monday morning, without injury; and the servants do not complain of the Monday's hard work, as the price of the free Sunday. But it is a serious matter that there must be duplicates of those huge tubs, and of everything else that is used, including double space to move about in. Remembering that the work may always be over soon after twelve at noon, I inquired whether the girls could not set to it two hours earlier on Sundays, so as to be in time for church—taking rest in the afternoon. But there is a strange obstacle to that plan. In Wales, and on the borders,

the ancient custom remains which, if I remember right, used to be called bundling. The servants receive their lovers on Saturday nights, which is the sanctioned season for courtship. The master and family go to bed, and leave the key of the house with the maids, whose lovers come to sup, and stay much too late to admit of unusual early rising on Sundays. So, cheesemaking is continued as on other days, on all but the wealthiest farms.

As for the cheeses which had been pressed enough, that is, for four days, they are stored in the cheese-room on the opposite side of the yard at the widow's. She took the largest key I ever saw. The key of the Bastile, which hangs in Washington's hall at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, is nothing to it; and the keyhole of the cheese-room is in the very middle of the door. In fact, it is not a common lock bolt that the key draws back, but a heavy bar. The apparatus is bar and lock in one. More presses appear along the wall of this great upstairs room. Cheeses stand on end as close as they can without touching. There is a stove in the middle, and a thermometer hangs opposite the presses. The cheeses, which are turned and wiped very frequently, may stand here six months, though that seldom happens; and the temperature of the room must be regulated in winter. The demand is constant; and the only difference between good and bad times is that prices and profits are higher or lower. Every cheese is always sold. Factors come round and buy, chiefly to supply the Manchester and London markets. It is a capital business. From May to October, two cheeses per day, of near one hundredweight each, is a great creation of commodity. After October, the size of the cheeses begins to dwindle; then the number; until the spring calving of the cows, and springing of the grass, bring round the season of plenty again.

Much more cheese must and will be made yet. In Ireland there is next to none, though the Kerry hills are covered with herds of singularly productive milch cows. Every ounce of cheese eaten in the west of Ireland comes from London. When the trade in cheese is made entirely free, it will be otherwise; for in this case, as in others, what is called protection is mere impediment to native industry. There is an indomitable taste for cheese in our people; and sooner or later it will throw off the incubus of all duty, and enlarge the demand, according to the usual principle and practice of free trade. The widow need not dread such an event, either for herself or for her young son after her. She occupies a vantage ground by reason of the goodness and high reputation of her cheese. It will not be superseded by any that can come in from abroad, or is made at home. It is pleasant to see so much prosperity surrounding the widow, and in the shape, not of brick warehouses, or of iron safes at the bank—but of green pastures, mighty haystacks, sleek herds breathing fragrance, a little paradise of blushing fruits, and vats of yellow cream. May her shadow never be less!

CHIP.

BRUTE SENSE.

When the tailor makes me a coat that fits under the armpits like knives, or the shoemaker contrives for me boots that dig like forks into the toes, I cannot help wishing that it were my lot to be clad without the aid of those artificers, like the lower animals. Why not? We have reason in our keeping, to be sure; but do not, on that score, hold up your chin too high over the ring of your white collar. I have seen better white bands about the neck of many a little bird that twitters in the hedge by the way-side. It is not reason that parts you from the beast most widely, so much as your hat. Many a dog has better head-lining than yours, but a head-covering like that which you clap on every day would look ridiculous, even upon a pig. I should like to know what furrier or paletot maker, with the clothes of beasts given him to cut up and fashion into clothes for men, can dress the world of fashion half as well as the animal itself is dressed. What Macintosh garment is so beautiful as the waterproof dress of the salmon or the duck? Brummel never wore a coat half as well-fitting as a dog's. This coat fits without a crease, and always maintains its lustre by a principle of renovation contained in itself. It becomes thicker and heavier when its wearer is exposed to severe cold and needs the warmest wrappers, and it becomes, in hot climates, thin and very light. It maintains the temperature of the body, and impedes the transmission either of heat or cold from without. It serves as a light mattress to the wearer that enables him to lie down comfortably on the bare ground, on stones, or upon the hardest floor, and to resist any ordinary amount of damp. The same dress on a female wearer serves as a bed for her little ones to nestle upon. A whole bird of paradise, or part of the tail of an ostrich stuck upon a lady's head does not impart to her dress the lightness and beauty of a complete set of plumage such as any bird, even a poor linnet in Seven Dials, has for everyday wear. Then how amazingly fit are the bird's clothes for the bird's occupation! The direction of every feather is calculated in birds of swift passage to assist and expedite their flight; and, in birds that fly stealthily by night, to make their movements noiseless.

"But I am sure my eyes are better than a sparrow's!" Are you quite sure, young lady—who would be proud to have your eyes likened to those of the gazelle—that your eyes are as good even as a vulture's? Some hunters in Bengal killed a large wild boar, and left it outside their tent. An hour afterwards, the sky was blue and cloudless, only a

minute speck in one quarter fixed their attention. It became larger, and proved to be a vulture flying in a straight line out of the far heavens towards their wild boar. In less than an hour seventy vultures had thus flown in straight lines from all quarters of the sky. Again,—Aleppo is so placed that it may be seen from a great distance. Stand after dinner on the terrace roof of a house at Aleppo, and make gestures with your hand, as if you were scattering crumbs. Flocks of birds will dart to your feet out of a sky in which, just before, perhaps not one was visible. From the upper regions of the air they keep a look-out on the flesh-pots of the Syrians. The bird that is so far-sighted is near-sighted too; it discriminates morsels, and sees accurately what it should pick up, between its eyes and the point of its beak; for it must adjust its eye, and does so readily, even to that short distance. The bird too has a surprising quickness of sight. When flying at the pace of an express train under shelter of a forest, it will steer its way among the boughs, and never once suffer collision, after our express-train fashion. So quick-sighted, short-sighted, and far-sighted are birds." Now, I have observed you when among unfeathered songsters at the Opera, looking from your box at Signor Lablache—who is not the smallest crumb in nature—through a powerful pair of glasses to the aid of *your* eyes. Properly to admire your lovely face, I have myself used a little telescope when you shone as a star from the grand tier.

You will rely then upon your ears, your power of enjoying music; but that power does not reside in your ears. It belongs to your spiritual nature, to your intellectual and moral part, wherein alone you are above the birds, and beasts, and fishes. Take away those, and you will find yourself possessed of inferior senses and inferior physical powers. Whoever among us is less than man is less than beast. The broken vase does not become a jug, but something more useless and worthless; and it is most unjust to the lower animals to say of a man with his brains and heart chipped off, that he has sunk down to the level of a brute.

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

A GRIM title enough, and appropriate to many not formally ranked under its heading; but in the present instance meaning nothing more formidable than the Yezidis of Mesopotamia, the worshippers of the Melek Taous, or Brazen Peacock; a peaceful, and, of late, much persecuted sect of Mohammedans, whose name seems to be the only diabolical thing about them. Their sufferings arose from a matter of conscientiousness against citizenship, and began in this wise:—

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the Yezidis were, for the first time, included in the Turkish military conscription. Until then, they had never been made nizam, or disciplined soldiers, on the ground of their religion and peculiar observances. For instance, the Yezid is forbidden by his ecclesiastical laws to wear blue; and blue makes part of the Turkish uniform. The Yezid is polluted if he bathes with a Mussulman, and the Turkish soldiers are obliged to bathe weekly, in a body. Many articles of food served out to the Turkish army are unlawful to the Yezid; and various other differences preserved them from military service, until, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, they and other out-lying sects, were placed on an equality of hardship with the orthodox. The Yezidis resisted being forced into the army. The virtue that lay in long white shirts buttoned to the throat, in white cloaks, white trousers, and black turbans; the sin of blue shirts and open throats, and the terrible Fez cap; were of far greater consequence than obedience to authority, or the sharing of national burdens. The poor devil-worshipper remained true to his faith, if rebellious to his sovereign; but the Turkish recruiting officers carried off or slew the unfortunate zealots, with whose zeal they did not sympathise. In the midst of the oppression and tyranny that fell upon them—men and women tortured, young girls carried off to the Moslem harems, and children sold into bondage—Cawal Yusuf, the head of their preachers, was chosen, with others, as a deputation to Constantinople; and, chiefly through the British ambassador's intercession, procured a firman, which secured the uninterrupted enjoyment of all Yezid religious peculiarities whatsoever. Cawal Yusuf and his party rode back to their mountain home with these glad tidings; passing through a country, so beautiful that it might have been the ancient Eden, till they came to the Yezid village of Hamki, where the preacher was received as a saint risen from the dead. Men, women, and children pressed round him, kissing his hands and face with tears of joy, and all blessing and praising him—man of God that he was among them!

This simple-hearted, gentle-judging, Cawal Yusuf was a very different kind of man to Sheikh Jindi, their peeshamaz, or prayer-leader—an Eastern John Knox—a tall, grave, and stern man, never seen to smile—to whom indeed a jest would have been profanity, and laughter sinful. His eyes burnt like fire from beneath his bushy eyebrows, and his face, brown in tint, was sternly regular in outline. In all manner and appearance he was the very man most fitted to be the prayer-leader to a sect of devil-worshippers, had that sect been what the name implies—defiant of good, instead of timidly propitious of evil. Yet the Yezidis loved this man; for they are exceedingly affectionate to their chiefs and teachers, and Cawal Yusuf and Sheikh Jinda were both almost sacred to

See Number 231 of Household Words, page 31.

them. How affectionate they are, the following anecdote will show. In a foray made by Kerîtli Oglie Mohammed Pasha against them, he seized, as he believed, Sheikh Nasr, the Yezid high-priest. But Nasr escaped, and his second in spiritual command took his place—the substitution undiscovered by the Turks. This brave fellow bore patiently his tortures and imprisonment; and was at length bought off by Mr. Rassam, who advanced a considerable sum of money, which the inhabitants of a certain district were to refund out of the produce of their fields. Not many English congregations would so mulct themselves, and not many bishops' chaplains would sacrifice their own life and liberty to the release or salvation of their clerical superiors. Yet the Mohammedans hold the Yezidis as worse than all other infidels, because they are not "masters of a book," as the Jews, Christians, Hindoos, and even the Chinese. Their oaths are disbelieved, for, without a Book, who can have a right idea of truth? And, as the "extinguishers of lights," they are said to hold midnight orgies of unparalleled excess. Yet we have seen that, even without that religious necessity, the poor Yezid knows a little of morality and self-sacrifice, nevertheless.

In this journey homeward, Cawal Yusuf was joined by our enterprising countryman, Mr. Layard; who seems to have been received with equal honours to the preacher himself. Among other marks of attention, they wished him to stand godfather to a child born the night of his arrival in the harem of the young chief, Hassein Bey. Mr. Layard, not quite relishing the notion of being godfather to a devil-worshipping baby, compromised the matter, and gave him his name without standing sponsor for his creed. This young Hassein Bey—one of the handsomest youths to be seen in a long summer's day—is a very ideal of an Eastern chief, in his way as fascinating as Sathem the Bedouin. His mother had preserved him among the mountains, after the slaughter of his father by the Koords. He, Hassein Bey, or the chief, and the priests, never shave, nor marry out of their own order.

By the way, a Yezidi marriage is no trifling matter: at least for the unhappy bride, who, half-smothered beneath a thick veil that envelopes her from head to foot, is kept behind a dark curtain for three long mortal days. In the court-yard below are dancers, story-tellers, musicians, men playing at their games, women shouting the tahlehl and clapping their hands; the bright sunshine over all in the day, and at night the masheals —large bundles of flaming rags, saturated with bitumen, crammed into iron baskets raised on long poles—casting floods of rich red light on the scene. Arabs, stripped to the waist, shout their war-cries; girls in gay silk robes, and matrons all in white, add their share to the excitement; but the veiled bride must sit out her three days in darkness and in stifling heat. On the third day, the bridegroom is sought for early in the morning, and led from house to house to receive the presents of his friends. Then, placed in a circle of dancers, the guests and bystanders wet small coins and stick them on his forehead as they pass. The money is caught in a handkerchief, which two of his groomsmen hold under his chin. And thus ends the bride's purgatory of darkness and suffocation; and the guests disperse to their own homes, the songs all sung, the masheals all burnt out; and the money all spent.

The Yezid girls dress with great elegance; generally in a white shirt and drawers, over which they wear coloured zabouns, or long silk dresses, open in the front and confined round the waist with a girdle, embroidered, so to speak, with silver pins. Over this a kind of apron, of grey or yellow check, is tied to one shoulder, and falls in front of the gay silk robe. They wear flowers in their hair; and black turbans, wreathed with a single sprig of myrtle, or skull-caps, covered with gold and silver money; and strings of coins, and beads, and old Assyrian relics round their throats. The married women wear only white; their heads and necks covered with white kerchiefs. The girls keep their necks bare.

From marriage to death, though a long, is a natural step; only there is not so much excitement at the last as at the first. When a Yezid dies, his wife comes out to meet the mourners, surrounded by her female friends, and carrying the sword or shield of her husband in one hand, and in the other long locks of her own hair. Her head is smeared with clay, and dust is thrown upon it, just as was done in old Egypt and Assyria many thousand years ago. The corpse is washed in running water, and buried in the presence of a cawal, or priest—the face turned to the north star: for there are strange snatches of an extinct faith in this peculiar sect; and mystic reverences betray a far-off time, when worship for the heavenly bodies and for fire formed the religion of the then wisest of the world.

As Yusuf and his party, bearing the imperial firman, passed from village to village, their way became like a triumphal procession. Youths dressed in their gayest robes, all with flowers or leaves in their turbans; fakirs, in dark coarse dresses and red and black turbans—one with a chain round his neck, in token that he had renounced the world and all its pomps and vanities; women and children carrying green boughs, and holding jars of fresh water and bowls of sour milk; a bishop and priests; a chief, armed to the teeth, and wearing a figured Indian silk robe, with a cloak of precious fur—his Arab mare beautifully decorated; a Persian dervish, clothed in the fawn-coloured gazelle skin, and wearing a conical red cap edged with fur, and braided black with sentences

from the Koran, or invocations to his patron Ali; horsemen galloping to and fro; footmen discharging their firearms—musicians; and women shouting their peculiar cry;—these were the accompaniments that surrounded the Preacher and the Frank as they journeyed through the villages and settlements.

Christians are scattered about among the devil-worshipping congregations, in perfect harmony with each other, as fellow-sufferers for the cause of religion. The Christian bishops do not live in a very bishoplike style. One old man and his two priests were found in a low, damp, dirty room, with its one solitary window plastered up with oiled paper; a carpet, in shreds and rags, lay on the rotten floor for the bed; sandy bread, coarse and hard, sour curds, mangy meat, and beans, were the jubilee diet—and not too much even then!—and an old woman, like the hag of a fairy tale, was the complement of the prelatic establishment. Here was primitive poverty with a vengeance, if not primitive purity—the social simplicity, if not the religious subtlety, of the early Christians. Yet, with all its poverty, our Armenian establishment may not be unfavourably contrasted with the splendour of more civilised episcopates, where, perhaps, the glare of the world has sometimes put out the light of the Gospel.

One day the party came upon a group of girls, and an old Kurd, baking bread at the entrance of a village. The travellers were hungry, and thought they might break their fast tolerably well here, and better than with the fiery raki, the glass of spirits everywhere presented. "Have you any bread?" they asked. "No, by the Prophet!"—"Any buttermilk?" "No, by my faith!"—"Any fruit?" "No, by Allah!"—the trees were laden down with fruit of the most delicious kind. The old man then took up the queries. "Whence do you come?" "From afar."—"What is your business?" "What God commands."—"Whither are you going?" "As God wills." With which answer the Kurd was perfectly satisfied; and so gave them a bowl of curds, a basket filled up with the finest fruit, and fresh baked bread.

At one of the villages a good story was told. The Pasha went to Baasheikhah. On the morning after his arrival the Pasha angrily complained that the braying of the donkeys in the village had disturbed his night's rest. The donkeys were incontinently banished. The next morning the Pasha complained yet more angrily of the crowing of cocks. The cocks were slaughtered by the troops. Some hope now of a good night's rest. But the third morning the Pasha swore many a round oath against the infant population of Baasheikhah; and to prevent their cries from again piercing the pashalic ears, the children and their mothers were locked up in cellars. But the fourth morning was dedicated to the sparrows. The sparrows had chirped and kept the Pasha awake; so the sparrows were shot and the Pasha was soothed. The fifth morning was terrible. Death to the flies! for they had buzzed about the Pasha's nose. Then the Kiayah, who, as chief of the village, had carried out the governor's commands, touching the beasts, birds, and babies, now threw himself at the Pasha's feet. "Your highness," he said, "has seen that all the animals here—praise be to God!—obey our lord the sultan; the infidel flies alone are rebellious. I am a man of low degree and small power, and can do nothing against them; it now behoves a great vizir like your highness to enforce the commands of our lord and master." The Pasha relished the joke, forgave the flies, and left the village. Which was just what all the inhabitants of Baashiekhah wished.

The Yezidi religion is not so dreadful in substance as it is in title. Their Melek Taous—the Brazen Peacock is the symbol of the Evil Principle, which the Yezidis seek rather to propitiate than honour with a special worship. King peacock is the rude image of a bird on the top of a brass or copper stand, somewhat like a candlestick. It is rather more like a Hindoo or Persian idol than a cock or peacock; but it serves as an emblem as well as anything else. They say that the Melek Taous has never fallen into the hands of the Mussulmans, and that it is protected by a special providence, which has preserved it to its votaries in spite of all the dangers to which it has been exposed. If this glory of his faith were to depart, the poor Yezid would feel himself in worse plight than if obliged to wear a blue shirt, or to eat a Turkish mess. The symbolic presence of Satan withdrawn, what further hope could there be of his protection and goodwill?—and his protection and goodwill are grave matters to the Yezidis. They believe that the Devil was, and is still, the chief of the angels; but that he is now suffering punishment for his rebellion to the Eternal will. Yet he will be restored to his former honours in the end, and then he will reward, as now he has power to torment. He must therefore be conciliated, they say, that hereafter he may remember those who paid him honour, and did not turn their faces away from him in the day of his disgrace. There is something touching in this, and of kindness to the fallen; almost equal in simplicity to the Scottish preacher's prayer for the "puir de'il," when he prayed —"but, gude Lord, dinna let him fa' in!" when held over the bottomless pit for an eternity of punishment.

The Kurds have been sad enemies to the peaceful devil-worshippers. The Kurds are rich; their tents are large and luxurious, divided into many compartments by means of cane or reeds prettily worked, bound together with different coloured threads, and covered with gay carpets. The Kurdish

carpets are the most celebrated in Turkey. Their clothes are heavily embroidered with gold and silver—the colours generaly deep red, and bright yellow, and black, in stripes; they tinge their eyelids with kohl, and live well and luxuriously. The girls of the Malli tribe are considered the most beautiful of the Kurdish women, and are greatly sought after—a hundred pounds, or twenty purses, being often given for them. They are tattooed by Arab women, who wander from tent to tent for that purpose, and who work with gunpowder and indigo. The operation is performed at the age of six or seven, and an elaborate pattern gains perhaps an extra purse in the matrimonial market. The women show their faces, and eat with the men. Well, these Kurds have been mortal enemies of the Yezidis; have razed more valleys, slain more men, and captured more women, than even the Turks themselves, and are dreaded and hated in consequence. Because of the oppressions committed and the dangers in which the Yezidis had lived, their great festival—the pilgrimage to the tomb of Sheikh Adi—had been greatly neglected of late years; but, in the year when Layard was with them, it was exceedingly well-attended. To this pilgrimage the tribes all flocked. The clean white houses of the Yezidi valleys—many standing in their own little gardens, with a stream of running water passing through—emptied themselves of their inmates; all pressing onward to the valley of the tomb of the Sheikh Adi. Every person bathed and put on clean clothes before entering the valley—the men washing in one part of the stream and the women in another—but, unconscious of evil, bathing in the midst of the tribe.

As soon as the pilgrims saw the sacred tomb, each man fired his matchlock and set up his war-cry; the women clapped their hands and shouted too; the children mingled their shrill voices in the cries. Almost every one was clothed in white, and wore flowers and leaves in their hair or turbans. The beauty of the women, the varied dresses and countenances of the different tribes as they wound down the sacred valley, the gaiety of the people, and the softness of the scenery, made up a prospect perhaps unrivalled in the whole world—all was so gay, and bright, and innocent. The child-like enthusiasm of the pilgrims was equalled only by their child-like innocence and gaiety, and it was well worth the journey from Mosul to witness only their delight. Sheep were slain and distributed to the poor; members of a herd of white oxen penned near the temple shared the same fate; bread was baked, dried figs and raisins strung in grotesque figures, fresh fruit and sour curds formed the food of most; and then night drooped over the valley, teeming with its mighty congregation of near five thousand souls. As the darkness deepened, torches and fires were lighted, men and women wandered into the forest, carrying lighted masheals in their hands; the red light tossed high about, and every now and then was lost among the trees, then glimmering out through the leaves and across the black branches, producing a magical effect; lamps hung round the white walls of the temple, the priests and elders sitting in the full blaze, with the women of their own order, grouped about; the voices of men and women came up, soft and sweet, from the valley, and laughter and happy childish joy mingled with them; when suddenly all was still—and then a chant, wild, solemn, and majestic, swelled on the air, and soft tones of the flutes and the clash of symbols and of the tambourines blending with the voices. This song, sweet and low, like a cathedral chant, continued for about an hour, and then gradually changed into a lively air, the musical instruments louder and quicker as the harmony became merrier and the voices swifter. All soon grew into a mere Babel of sounds. The tambourines rung quick and hard, the clash of the symbols, and the wild pourings forth of the flutes, increased both in measure and in energy; the musicians gave way to an excitement that was almost madness; they flung their instruments frantically in the air, and shrieked, rather than sung, and writhed, and strained, and threw themselves into all strange, mad contortions, until both players and singers fell exhausted to the ground. And then a yell, that seemed to pierce the very heaven above, from every tree, and stone, and grassy plot, and from the banks of the rippling stream—a fearful shriek that burst like the scream of tortured spirits let loose; and then a silence, dumb as death, came upon them all; and then the cheerful voices of men and women chatting merrily beneath the trees, or in the woods, or on the lawns, lasting until the morning. In the morning the pilgrims slept until the noonday; and, in the evening again, when about seven thousand pilgrims were then assembled, the solemn chant falling gradually into the rapid melody, and melody becoming temporary madness, was again renewed. But emphatic testimony is borne to the fact that, though roused to the state of wild excitement, not an act, or word, or gesture, was attempted, that the most scrupulous purist could have condemned. Yet, from this ceremony in the pilgrimage to the sacred valley, the Yezidis have been called the Extinguishers of Lights, and are believed to enact a scene of profanity and vice equalled only by the traditions of extinct orgies.

Devil-worshippers as they are, the poor Yezidis are not to be despised. They are no worse than their neighbours, except in their given name. Ah! not only with the Yezidis, but with all men, perfect knowledge would cast out hatred, and condemnation would die if understanding and sympathy were born in the hearts of men. Not even a

Devil-worshipper is to be hated; and did not Saint Augustine pray daily for the ultimate salvation of the devil himself?

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

Ah, yet, though all the world forsake,
Though fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"EDITH!" said Margaret, gently, "Edith!" But, as Margaret half suspected, Edith had fallen asleep. She lay curled up on the sofa in the back drawing-room in Harley Street, looking very lovely in her white muslin and blue ribbons. If Titania had ever been dressed in white muslin and blue ribbons, and fallen asleep on a crimson damask sofa in a back drawing-room, Edith might have been taken for her. Margaret was struck afresh by her cousin's beauty. They had grown up together from childhood, and all along Edith had been remarked upon by every one, except Margaret, for her prettiness; but Margaret had never thought about it until the last few days, when the prospect of soon losing her companion seemed to give force to every sweet quality and charm which Edith possessed. They had been talking about wedding-dresses, and wedding ceremonies; and Captain Lennox, and what he had told Edith about her future life at Corfu, where his regiment was stationed; and the difficulty of keeping a piano in good tune (a difficulty which Edith seemed to consider as one of the most formidable that could befall her in her married life), and what gowns she should want in the visits to Scotland, which would immediately succeed her marriage; but the whispered tone had latterly become more drowsy; and Margaret, after a pause of a few minutes, found, as she fancied, that, in spite of the buzz in the next room, Edith had rolled herself into a soft ball of muslin and ribbon and silken curls, and gone off into a peaceful little after-dinner nap.

Margaret had been on the point of telling her cousin of some of the plans and visions which she entertained as to her future life in the country parsonage, where her father and mother lived; and where her bright holidays had always been passed, though for the last ten years her aunt Shaw's house had been considered as her home. But in default of a listener, she had to brood over the change in her life silently as heretofore. It was a happy brooding, although tinged with regret at being separated for an indefinite time from her gentle aunt and dear cousin. As she thought of the delight of filling the important post of only daughter in Helstone parsonage, pieces of the conversation out of the next room came upon her ears. Her aunt Shaw was talking to the five or six ladies who had been dining there, and whose husbands were still in the dining-room. They were the familiar acquaintances of the house; neighbours whom Mrs. Shaw called friends, because she happened to dine with them more frequently than with any other people, and because if she or Edith wanted anything from them, or they from her, they did not scruple to make a call at each other's houses before luncheon. These ladies and their husbands were invited in their capacity of friends to eat a farewell dinner in honour of Edith's approaching marriage. Edith had rather objected to this arrangement, for Captain Lennox was expected to arrive by a late train this very evening; but, although she was a spoilt child, she was too careless and idle to have a very strong will of her own, and gave way when she found that her mother had absolutely ordered those extra delicacies of the season which are always supposed to be efficacious against immoderate grief at farewell dinners. She contented herself by leaning back in her chair, merely playing with the food on her plate, and looking grave and absent; while all around her were enjoying the mots of Mr. Grey, the gentleman who always took the bottom of the table at Mrs. Shaw's dinner parties, and asked Edith to give them some music in the drawing-room. Mr. Grey was particularly agreeable over this farewell dinner, and the gentlemen staid down stairs longer than usual. It was very well they did—to judge from the fragments of conversation which Margaret overheard.

"I suffered too much myself; not that I was not extremely happy with the poor dear General,—but still disparity of age is a drawback; one that I was resolved Edith should not have to encounter. Of course, without any maternal partiality, I foresaw that the dear child was likely to marry early; indeed, I had often said that I was sure she would be married before she was nineteen. I had quite a prophetic feeling when Captain Lennox"—and here the voice dropped into a whisper, but Margaret could easily supply the blank. The course of true love in Edith's case had run remarkably smooth. Mrs. Shaw had given way to the presentiment, as she expressed it; and had rather urged on the marriage, although it was below the expectations which many of Edith's acquaintances had formed for her, a young and pretty heiress. But Mrs. Shaw said that her only child should marry for love,—and sighed emphatically, as if love had not been her motive for marrying the General. Mrs. Shaw enjoyed the romance of the present engagement rather more than her daughter. Not but that Edith was very thoroughly and properly in love; still she would certainly have preferred a good house in Belgravia, to all the picturesqueness of the life which

Captain Lennox described at Corfu. The very parts which made Margaret glow as she listened, Edith pretended to shiver and shudder at; partly for the pleasure she had in being coaxed out of her dislike by her fond lover, and partly because anything of a gipsy or make-shift life was really distasteful to her. Yet had any one come with a fine house and a fine estate, and a title to boot, Edith would still have clung to Captain Lennox while the temptation lasted; when it was over, it is possible she might have had little qualms of ill-concealed regret that Captain Lennox could not have united in his person everything that was desirable. In this she was but her mother's child; who, after deliberately marrying General Shaw with no warmer feeling than respect for his character and establishment, was constantly, though quietly, bemoaning her hard lot in being united to one whom she could not love.

"I have spared no expense in her trousseau," were the next words Margaret heard. "She has all the beautiful Indian shawls and scarfs the General gave to me, but which I shall never wear again."

"She is a lucky girl," replied another voice, which Margaret knew to be that of Mrs. Gibson, a lady who was taking a double interest in the conversation, from the fact of one of her daughters having been married within the last few weeks. "Helen had set her heart upon an Indian shawl, but really when I found what an extravagant price was asked, I was obliged to refuse her. She will be quite envious when she hears of Edith having Indian shawls. What kind are they? Delhi? with the lovely little borders?"

Margaret heard her aunt's voice again, but this time it was as if she had raised herself up from her half-recumbent position, and were looking into the more dimly lighted back drawing-room. "Edith! Edith!" cried she; and then she sank back as if wearied by the exertion. Margaret stepped forward.

"Edith is asleep, Aunt Shaw. Is it anything I can do?"

All the ladies said "Poor child!" on receiving this distressing intelligence about Edith; and the minute lap-dog in Mrs. Shaw's arms began to bark, as if excited by the burst of pity.

"Hush, Tiny! you naughty little girl! you will waken your mistress. It was only to ask Edith if she would tell Newton to bring down her shawls: perhaps you would go, Margaret dear?"

Margaret went up into the old nursery at the very top of the house, where Newton was busy getting up some laces which were required for the wedding. While Newton went (not without a muttered grumbling) to undo the shawls, which had already been exhibited four or five times that day, Margaret looked round upon the nursery; the first room in that house with which she had become familiar nine years ago, when she was brought, all untamed from the forest, to share the home, the play, and the lessons of her cousin Edith. She remembered the dark, dim look of the London nursery, presided over by an austere and ceremonious nurse, who was terribly particular about clean hands and torn frocks. She recollected the first tea up there—separate from her father and aunt, who were dining somewhere down below an infinite depth of stairs; for unless she were up in the sky (the child thought), they must be deep down in the bowels of the earth. At home—before she came to live in Harley Street—her mother's dressing-room had been her nursery; and, as they kept early hours in the country parsonage, Margaret had always had her meals with her father and mother. Oh! well did the tall, stately girl of eighteen remember the tears shed with such wild passion of grief by the little girl of nine, as she hid her face under the bedclothes, in that first night; and how she was bidden not to cry by the nurse, because it would disturb Miss Edith; and how she had cried as bitterly, but more quietly, till her newly-seen grand pretty aunt had come softly upstairs with Mr. Hale to show him his little sleeping daughter. Then the little Margaret had hushed her sobs, and tried to lie quiet as if asleep, for fear of making her father unhappy by her grief, which she dared not express before her aunt, and which she rather thought it was wrong to feel at all after the long hoping, and planning, and contriving they had gone through at home, before her wardrobe could be arranged so as to suit her grander circumstances, and before papa could leave his parish to come up to London, even for a few days.

Now she had got to love the old nursery, though it was but a dismantled place; and she looked all round, with a kind of cat-like regret, at the idea of leaving it for ever in three days.

"Ah Newton!" said she, "I think we shall all be sorry to leave this dear old room."

"Indeed, miss, I shan't, for one. My eyes are not so good as they were, and the light here is so bad that I can't see to mend laces except just at the window, where there's always a shocking draught—enough to give one one's death of cold."

"Well, I dare say you will have both good light and plenty of warmth at Naples. You must keep as much of your darning as you can till then. Thank you, Newton, I can take them down—you're busy."

So Margaret went down laden with shawls, and snuffing up their spicy Eastern smell. Her aunt asked her to stand as a sort of lay figure on which to display them, as Edith was still asleep. No one thought about it; but Margaret's tall, finely-made figure, in the black silk dress which she was wearing as mourning for some distant relative of her father's, set off the long beautiful folds of the gorgeous

shawls that would have half-smothered Edith. Margaret stood right under the chandelier, quite silent and passive, while her aunt adjusted the draperies. Occasionally, as she was turned round, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror over the chimney-piece, and smiled at her own appearance there — the familiar features in the unusual garb of a princess. She touched the shawls gently as they hung around her, and took a pleasure in their soft feel and their brilliant colours, and rather liked to be dressed in such splendour—enjoying it much as a child would do, with a quiet pleased smile on her lips. Just then the door opened, and Mr. Henry Lennox was suddenly announced. Some of the ladies started back, as if half-ashamed of their feminine interest in dress. Mrs. Shaw held out her hand to the new-comer; Margaret stood perfectly still, thinking she might be yet wanted as a sort of block for the shawls; but looking at Mr. Lennox with a bright, amused face, as if sure of his sympathy in her sense of the ludicrousness at being thus surprised.

Her aunt was so much absorbed in asking Mr. Henry Lennox—who had not been able to come to dinner—all sorts of questions about his brother the bridegroom, his sister the bridesmaid (coming with the Captain from Scotland for the occasion), and various other members of the Lennox family, that Margaret saw that she was no more wanted as shawl-bearer, and devoted herself to the amusement of the other visitors, whom her aunt had for the moment forgotten. Almost immediately, Edith came in from the back drawing-room, winking and blinking her eyes at the stronger light, shaking back her slightly-ruffled curls, and altogether looking like the Sleeping Beauty just startled from her dreams. Even in her slumber she had instinctively felt that a Lennox was worth rousing herself for; and she had a multitude of questions to ask about dear Janet, the future, unseen sister-in-law, for whom she professed so much affection, that if Margaret had not been very proud she might have almost felt jealous of the mushroom rival. As Margaret sank rather more into the background on her aunt's joining the conversation, she saw Henry Lennox directing his looks towards a vacant seat near her; and she knew perfectly well that as soon as Edith released him from her questioning, he would take possession of that chair. She had not been quite sure, from her aunt's rather confused account of his engagements, whether he would come that night; it was almost a surprise to see him; and now she was sure of a pleasant evening. He liked and disliked pretty nearly the same things that she did. Margaret's face was lightened up into an honest, open brightness. By-and-by he came. She received him with a smile which had not a tinge of shyness or self-consciousness in it.

"Well, I suppose you are all in the depths of business—ladies' business, I mean. Very different to my business, which is real true law business. Playing with shawls is very different work to drawing up settlements."

"Ah, I knew how you would be amused to find us all so occupied in admiring finery. But really Indian shawls are very perfect things of their kind."

"I have no doubt they are. Their prices are very perfect, too. Nothing wanting."

The gentlemen came dropping in one by one, and the buzz and noise deepened in tone.

"This is your last dinner-party, is it not? There are no more before Thursday?"

"No. I think after this evening we shall feel at rest, which I am sure I have not done for many weeks; at least, that kind of rest when the hands have nothing more to do, and all the arrangements are complete for an event which must occupy one's head and heart. I shall be glad to have time to think, and I am sure Edith will."

"I am not so sure about her; but I can fancy that you will. Whenever I have seen you lately, you have been carried away by a whirlwind of some other person's making."

"Yes," said Margaret, rather sadly, remembering the never-ending commotion about trifles that had been going on for more than a month past: "I wonder if a marriage must always be preceded by what you call a whirlwind, or whether in some cases there might not rather be a calm and peaceful time just before it."

"Cinderella's godmother ordering the trousseau, the wedding-breakfast, writing the notes of invitation, for instance," said Mr. Lennox, laughing.

"But are all these quite necessary troubles?" asked Margaret, looking up straight at him for an answer. A sense of indescribable weariness of all the arrangements for a pretty effect, in which Edith had been busied as supreme authority for the last six weeks, oppressed her just now; and she really wanted some one to help her to a few pleasant, quiet ideas connected with a marriage.

"Oh, of course," he replied, with a change to gravity in his tone. "There are forms and ceremonies to be gone through, not so much to satisfy oneself, as to stop the world's mouth, without which stoppage there would be very little satisfaction in life. But how would you have a wedding arranged?"

"Oh, I have never thought much about it; only I should like it to be a very fine summer morning; and I should like to walk to church through the shade of trees; and not to have so many bridesmaids, and no wedding-breakfast. I dare say I am resolving against the very things that have given me the most trouble just now."

"No, I don't think you are. The idea of stately simplicity accords well with your character."

Margaret did not quite like this speech;

she winced away from it more, from remembering former occasions on which he had tried to lead her into a discussion (in which he took the complimentary part) about her own character and ways of going on. She cut his speech rather short by saying:

"It is natural for me to think of Helstone church, and the walk to it, rather than of driving up to a London church in the middle of a paved street."

"Tell me about Helstone. You have never described it to me. I should like to have some idea of the place you will be living in, when ninety-six Harley Street will be looking dingy and dirty, and dull, and shut up. Is Helstone a village, or a town, in the first place?"

"Oh, only a hamlet; I don't think I could call it a village at all. There is the church and a few houses near it on the green—cottages, rather—with roses growing all over them."

"And flowering all the year round, especially at Christmas—make your picture complete," said he.

"No," replied Margaret, somewhat annoyed, "I am not making a picture. I am trying to describe Helstone as it really is. You should not have said that."

"I am penitent," he answered. "Only it really sounded like a village in a tale rather than in real life."

"And so it is," replied Margaret, eagerly. "All the other places in England that I have seen seem so hard and prosaic-looking, after the New Forest. Helstone is like a village in a poem—in one of Tennyson's poems. But I won't try and describe it any more. You would only laugh at me if I told you what I think of it—what it really is."

"Indeed I would not. But I see you are going to be very resolved. Well, then, tell me that which I should like still better to know: what the parsonage is like."

"Oh, I can't describe my home. It is home, and I can't put its charm into words."

"I submit. You are rather severe to-night, Margaret."

"How?" said she, turning her large soft eyes round full upon him. "I did not know I was."

"Why, because I made an unlucky remark, you will neither tell me what Helstone is like, nor will you say anything about your home, though I have told you how much I want to hear about both, the latter especially."

"But indeed I cannot tell you about my own home. I don't quite think it is a thing to be talked about, unless you knew it."

"Well, then"—pausing for a moment—"tell me what you do there? Here you read, or have lessons, or otherwise improve your mind, till the middle of the day; take a walk before lunch, go a drive with your aunt after, and have some kind of engagement in the evening. There, now fill up your day at Helstone. Shall you ride, drive, or walk?"

"Walk, decidedly. We have no horse, not even for papa. He walks to the very extremity of his parish. The walks are so beautiful, it would be a shame to drive—almost a shame to ride."

"Shall you garden much? That, I believe, is a proper employment for young ladies in the country."

"I don't know. I am afraid I shan't like such hard work."

"Archery parties—pic-nics—race-balls—hunt-balls?"

"Oh no!" said she, laughing. "Papa's living is very small; and even if we were near such things, I doubt if I should go to them."

"I see, you won't tell me anything. You will only tell me that you are not going to do this and that. Before the vacation ends, I think I shall pay you a call, and see what you really do employ yourself in."

"I hope you will. Then you will see for yourself how beautiful Helstone is. Now I must go. Edith is sitting down to play, and I just know enough of music to turn over the leaves for her; and besides, Aunt Shaw won't like us to talk."

Edith played brilliantly. In the middle of the piece the door half-opened, and Edith saw Captain Lennox hesitating whether to come in. She threw down her music, and rushed out of the room, leaving Margaret standing confused and blushing to explain to the astonished guests what vision had shown itself to cause Edith's sudden flight. Captain Lennox had come earlier than was expected; or was it really so late? They looked at their watches, were duly shocked, and took their leave.

Then Edith came back, glowing with pleasure, half-shyly, half-proudly leading in her tall handsome Captain. His brother shook hands with him, and Mrs. Shaw welcomed him in her gentle kindly way, which had always something plaintive in it, arising from the long habit of considering herself a victim to an uncongenial marriage. Now that, the General being gone, she had every good of life, with as few drawbacks as possible, she had been rather perplexed to find an anxiety, if not a sorrow. She had, however, of late settled upon her own health as a source of apprehension; she had a nervous little cough whenever she thought about it; and some complaisant doctor ordered her just what she desired,—a winter in Italy. Mrs. Shaw had as strong wishes as most people, but she never liked to do anything from the open and acknowledged motive of her own good will and pleasure; she preferred being compelled to gratify herself by some other person's command or desire. She really did persuade herself that she was submitting to some hard external necessity; and thus she was able to moan and complain in her soft manner, all the time she was in reality doing just what she liked.

It was in this way she began to speak of her

own journey to Captain Lennox, who assented, as in duty bound, to all his future mother-in-law said, while his eyes sought Edith, who was busying herself in re-arranging the tea-table, and ordering up all sorts of good things, in spite of his assurances that he had dined within the last two hours.

Mr. Henry Lennox stood leaning against the chimney-piece, amused with the family scene. He was close by his handsome brother; he was the plain one in a singularly good-looking family; but his face was intelligent, keen, and mobile; and now and then Margaret, wondered what it was that he could be thinking about while he kept silence, but was evidently observing, with an interest that was slightly sarcastic, all that Edith and she were doing. The sarcastic feeling was called out by Mrs. Shaw's conversation with his brother; it was separate from the interest which was excited by what he saw. He thought it a pretty sight to see the two cousins so busy in their little arrangements about the table. Edith chose to do most herself. She was in a humour to enjoy showing her lover how well she could behave as a soldier's wife. She found out that the water in the urn was cold, and ordered up the great kitchen tea-kettle; the only consequence of which was that when she met it at the door, and tried to carry it in, it was too heavy for her, and she came in pouting, with a black mark on her muslin gown, and a little round white hand indented by the handle, which she took to show to Captain Lennox, just like a hurt child, and, of course, the remedy was the same in both cases. Margaret's quickly-adjusted spirit-lamp was the most efficacious contrivance, though not so like the gipsy-encampment which Edith, in some of her moods, chose to consider the nearest resemblance to a barrack-life.

After this evening all was bustle till the wedding was over.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Margaret was once more in her morning dress, travelling quietly home with her father, who had come up to assist at the wedding. Her mother had been detained at home by a multitude of half-reasons, none of which anybody fully understood, except Mr. Hale, who was perfectly aware that all his arguments in favour of a gray-satin gown, which was midway between oldness and newness, had proved unavailing; and that, as he had not the money to equip his wife afresh, from top to toe, she would not show herself at her only sister's only child's wedding. If Mrs. Shaw had guessed at the real reason why Mrs. Hale did not accompany her husband, she would have showered down gowns upon her; but it was nearly twenty years since Mrs. Shaw had been the poor, pretty, Miss Beresford, and she had really forgotten all grievances except that of the unhappiness arising from disparity of age in married life, on which she could descant by the half-hour. Dearest Maria had married the man of her heart, only eight years older than herself, with the sweetest temper, and that blue-black hair one so seldom sees. Mr. Hale was one of the most delightful preachers she had ever heard, and a perfect model of a parish priest. Perhaps it was not quite a logical deduction from all these premises, but it was still Mrs. Shaw's characteristic conclusion, as she thought over her sister's lot: "Married for love, what can dearest Maria have to wish for in this world?" Mrs. Hale, if she spoke truth, might have answered with a ready-made list, "a silver-grey glacé silk, a white chip bonnet, oh! dozens of things for the wedding, and hundreds of things for the house."

Margaret only knew that her mother had not found it convenient to come, and she was not sorry to think that their meeting and greeting would take place at Helstone parsonage, rather than, in the confusion of the last two or three days, in the house in Harley Street, where she herself had had to play the part of Figaro, and was wanted everywhere at one and the same time. Her mind and body ached now with the recollection of all she had done and said within the last forty-eight hours. The farewells so hurriedly taken, amongst all the other good-byes, of those she had lived with so long, oppressed her now with a sad regret for the times that were no more; it did not signify what those times had been, they were gone never to return. Margaret's heart felt more heavy than she could ever have thought it possible in going to her own dear home, the place and the life she had longed for for years—at that time of all times for yearning and longing, just before the sharp senses lose their outlines in sleep. She took her mind away with a wrench from the recollection of the past, to the bright serene contemplation of the hopeful future. Her eyes began to see, not visions of what had been, but the sight actually before her; her dear father leaning back asleep in the railway carriage. His blue-black hair was gray now, and lay thinly over his brows. The bones of his face were plainly to be seen—too plainly for beauty—if his features had been less finely cut; as it was, they had a grace if not a comeliness of their own. The face was in repose; but it was rather rest after weariness, than the serene calm of the countenance of one who led a placid, contented life. Margaret was painfully struck by the worn, anxious expression; and she went back over the open and avowed circumstances of her father's life, to find the cause for the lines that spoke so plainly of habitual distress and depression.

"Poor Frederick!" thought she, sighing. "Oh! if Frederick had but been a clergyman, instead of going into the navy, and being lost to us all! I wish I knew all about it. I never understood it from aunt Shaw; I only knew he could not come back to England because of that terrible affair. Poor dear papa!

how sad he looks! I am so glad I am going home, to be at hand to comfort him and mamma."

She was ready with a bright smile, in which there was not a trace of fatigue, to greet her father when he awakened. He smiled back again, but faintly, as if it were an unusual exertion. His face returned into its lines of habitual anxiety. He had a trick of half-opening his mouth as if to speak, which constantly unsettled the form of the lips, and gave the face an undecided expression. But he had the same large, soft eyes as his daughter, — eyes which moved slowly and almost grandly round in their orbits, and were well veiled by their transparent white eyelids. Margaret was more like him than like her mother. Sometimes people wondered that parents so handsome should have a daughter who was so far from regularly beautiful; not beautiful at all, was occasionally said. Her mouth was wide; no rosebud that could only open just enough to let out a yes and no, and "an't please you, sir." But the wide mouth was one soft curve of rich red lips; and the skin, if not white and fair, was of an ivory smoothness and delicacy. If the look on her face was in general too dignified and reserved for one so young, now, talking to her father, it was bright as the morning,—full of dimples, and glances that spoke of childish gladness, and boundless hope in the future.

It was the latter part of July when Margaret returned home. The forest trees were all one dark, full, dusky green; the fern below them caught all the slanting sunbeams; the weather was sultry and broodingly still. Margaret used to tramp along by her father's side, crushing down the fern with a cruel glee, as she felt it yield under her light foot, and send up the fragrance peculiar to it,—out on the broad commons into the warm scented light, seeing multitudes of wild, free, living creatures, revelling in the sunshine, and the herbs and flowers it called forth. This life—at least these walks—realised all Margaret's anticipations. She took a pride in her forest. Its people were her people. She made hearty friends with them; learned and delighted in using their peculiar words; took up her freedom amongst them; nursed their babies; talked or read with slow distinctness to their old people; carried dainty messes to their sick; resolved before long to teach at the school, where her father went every day as to an appointed task, but she was continually tempted off to go and see some individual friend—man, woman, or child—in some cottage in the green shade of the forest. Her out-of-doors life was perfect. Her in-doors life had its drawbacks. With the healthy shame of a child she blamed herself for her keenness of sight, in perceiving that all was not as it should be there. Her mother—her mother always so kind and tender towards her — seemed now and then so much discontented with their situation; thought that the bishop strangely neglected his episcopal duties, in not giving Mr. Hale a better living; and almost reproached her husband because he could not bring himself to say that he wished to leave the parish, and undertake the charge of a larger. He would sigh aloud as he answered, that if he could do what he ought in little Helstone, he should be thankful; but every day he was more overpowered; the world became more bewildering. At each repeated urgency of his wife, that he would put himself in the way of seeking some preferment, Margaret saw that her father shrank more and more; and she strove at such times to reconcile her mother to Helstone. Mrs. Hale said that the near neighbourhood of so many trees affected her health; and Margaret would try to tempt her forth on to the beautiful, broad, upland, sun-streaked, cloud-shadowed common; for she was sure that her mother had accustomed herself too much to an in-doors life, seldom extending her walks beyond the church, the school, and the neighbouring cottages. This did good for a time; but when the autumn drew on, and the weather became more changeable, her mother's idea of the unhealthiness of the place increased; and she repined even more frequently that her husband, who was more learned than Mr. Hume, a better parish priest than Mr. Houldsworth, should not have met with the preferment that these two former neighbours of theirs had done.

This marring of the peace of home, by long hours of discontent, was what Margaret was unprepared for. She knew, and had rather revelled in the idea, that she should have to give up many luxuries, which had only been troubles and trammels to her freedom in Harley Street. Her keen enjoyment, of every sensuous pleasure, was balanced finely, if not overbalanced, by her conscious pride in being able to do without them all, if need were. But the cloud never comes in that quarter of the horizon for which we watch for it. There had been slight complaints and passing regrets on her mother's part, over some trifle connected with Helstone, and her father's position there, when Margaret had been spending her holidays at home before; but in the general happiness of the recollection of those times, she had forgotten the small details which were not so pleasant.

In the latter half of September, the autumnal rains and storms came on, and Margaret was obliged to remain more in the house than she had hitherto done. Helstone was at some distance from any neighbours of their own standard of cultivation.

"It is undoubtedly one of the most out-of-the-way places in England," said Mrs. Hale, in one of her plaintive moods. "I can't help regretting constantly that papa has really no one to associate with here; he is so thrown away; seeing no one but farmers and labourers from week's end to week's end. If we only lived at the other side of the parish it would be something; there we should be

almost within walking distance of the Stansfields; certainly the Gormans would be within a walk."

"Gormans," said Margaret. "Are those the Gormans who made their fortunes in trade at Southampton? Oh! I am glad we don't visit them. I don't like shoppy people. I think we are far better off, knowing only cottagers and labourers, and people without pretence."

"You must not be so fastidious, Margaret, dear!" said her mother, secretly thinking of a young and handsome Mr. Gorman whom she had once met at Mr. Hume's.

"No! I call mine a very comprehensive taste; I like all people whose occupations have to do with land; I like soldiers and sailors, and the three learned professions, as they call them. I am sure you don't want me to admire butchers and bakers, and candlestick makers, do you, mamma?"

"But the Gormans were neither butchers nor bakers, but very respectable coach-builders."

"Very well. Coach-building is a trade all the same, and I think a much more useless one than that of butchers or bakers. Oh! how tired I used to be of the drives every day in Aunt Shaw's carriage, and how I longed to walk!"

And walk Margaret did, in spite of the weather. She was so happy out of doors, at her father's side, that she almost danced; and with the soft violence of the west wind behind her, as she crossed some heath, she seemed to be borne onwards, as lightly and easily as the fallen leaf that was wafted along by the autumnal breeze. But the evenings were rather difficult to fill up agreeably. Immediately after tea her father withdrew into his small library, and she and her mother were left alone. Mrs. Hale had never cared much for books, and had discouraged her husband, very early in their married life, in his desire of reading aloud to her, while she worked. At one time they had tried backgammon as a resource; but as Mr. Hale grew to take an increasing interest in his school and his parishioners, he found that the interruptions which arose out of these duties were regarded as hardships by his wife, not to be accepted as the natural conditions of his profession, but to be regretted and struggled against by her as they severally arose. So he withdrew, while the children were yet young, into his library, to spend his evenings (if he were at home), in reading the speculative and metaphysical books which were his delight.

When Margaret had been here before, she had brought down with her a great box of books, recommended by masters or governess, and had found the summer's day all too short, to get through the reading she had to do before her return to town. Now there were only the well-bound little-read English Classics, which were weeded out of her father's library to fill up the small book-shelves in the drawing-room. Thomson's Seasons, Hayley's Cowper, Middleton's Cicero, were by far the lightest, newest, and most amusing. The book-shelves did not afford much resource. Margaret told her mother every particular of her London life, to all of which Mrs. Hale listened with interest, sometimes amused and questioning, at others a little inclined to compare her sister's circumstances of ease and comfort with the narrower means at Helstone vicarage. On such evenings Margaret was apt to stop talking rather abruptly, and listen to the drip-drip of the rain upon the leads of the little bow-window. Once or twice Margaret found herself mechanically counting the repetition of the monotonous sound, while she wondered if she might venture to put a question on a subject very near to her heart, and ask where Frederick was now; what he was doing; how long it was since they had heard from him. But a consciousness that her mother's delicate health, and positive dislike to Helstone, all dated from the time of the mutiny in which Frederick had been engaged,—the full account of which Margaret had never heard, and which now seemed doomed to be buried in sad oblivion,—made her pause and turn away from the subject each time she approached it. When she was with her mother, her father seemed the best person to apply to for information; and when with Mr. Hale, she thought that she could speak more easily to her mother. Probably there was nothing much to be heard that was new. In one of the letters she had received before leaving Harley Street, her father had told her that they had heard from Frederick; he was still at Rio, and very well in health, and sent his best love to her; which was dry bones, but not the living intelligence she longed for. Frederick was always spoken of, in the rare times when his name was mentioned, as "poor Frederick." His room was kept exactly as he had left it; and was regularly dusted and put into order by Dixon, Mrs. Hale's maid, who touched no other part of the household work, but always remembered the day when she had been engaged by Lady Beresford as lady's maid to Sir John's wards, the pretty Miss Beresfords, the belles of Rutlandshire. Dixon had always considered Mr. Hale as the blight who had fallen upon her young lady's prospects in life. If Miss Beresford had not been in such a hurry to marry a poor country clergyman, there was no knowing what she might not have become. But Dixon was too loyal to desert her in her affliction and downfal (alias her married life). She remained with her, and was devoted to her interests: always considering herself as the good and protecting fairy, whose duty it was to baffle the malignant giant Mr. Hale. Master Frederick had been her favourite and pride; and it was with a little softening of her dignified look and manner, that she went in weekly to arrange the chamber as carefully as if he might be coming home that very evening.

Margaret could not help believing that

there had been some late intelligence of Frederick, unknown to her mother, which was making her father anxious and uneasy. Mrs. Hale did not seem to perceive any alteration in her husband's looks or ways. His spirits were always tender and gentle, readily affected by any small piece of intelligence concerning the welfare of others. He would be depressed for many days after witnessing a death-bed, or hearing of any crime. But now Margaret noticed an absence of mind, as if his thoughts were pre-occupied by some subject, the oppression of which could not be relieved by any daily action, such as comforting the survivors, or teaching at the school in hope of lessening the evils in the generation to come. Mr. Hale did not go out among his parishioners as much as usual; he was more shut up in his study; was anxious for the village postman, whose summons to the household was a rap on the back-kitchen window shutter—a signal which at one time had often to be repeated before any one was sufficiently alive to the hour of the day to understand what it was, and attend to him. Now Mr. Hale loitered about the garden if the morning was fine and if not, stood dreamily by the study window until the postman had called, or gone down the lane, giving a half-respectful, half-confidential shake of the head to the parson, who watched him away beyond the sweet-briar hedge, and past the great arbutus before he turned into the room to begin his day's work, with all the signs of a heavy heart and an occupied mind.

But Margaret was at an age when any apprehension not absolutely based on a knowledge of facts is easily banished for a time by a bright sunny day, or some happy outward circumstance. And when the brilliant fourteen fine days of October came on, her cares were all blown away as lightly as thistle-down, and she thought of nothing but the glories of the forest. The fern-harvest was over; and now that the rain was gone, many a deep glade was accessible, into which Margaret had only peeped in July and August weather. She had learnt drawing with Edith; and she had sufficiently regretted, during the gloom of the bad weather, her idle revelling in the beauty of the woodlands while it had yet been fine, to make her determined to sketch what she could before winter fairly set in. Accordingly, she was busy preparing her board one morning, when Sarah, the housemaid, threw wide open the drawing-room door, and announced, "Mr. Henry Lennox."

TWENTY MILES.

He who travels frequently, sometimes on foot, always humbly, seldom unobservantly, has other and better opportunities, it appears to me, of forming a just notion of the countries he passes through than Mr. Assistant Commissioner Mac Collum, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, who scours through the land in a first class coupé of an express train; holds his commission in the best sitting room of the best hotel; and, after drawing his three or five guineas a day, scours back again, serves up an elaborate report to my Lords, and is in due course of time rewarded for his arduous services by being made Puisne Judge of Barataria, or Lieutenant Governor of the Larboard Islands.

It is astonishing how little a man may see while travelling, if he will only take the trouble to shut the eyes of his mind. The Sir Charles Coldstreams who go up to the top of Vesuvius and see nothing in it; who in their ideas of Grand Cairo do not condescend to comprise the pyramids, but confine themselves to complaining of the bugs and fleas at the hotel; who have no recollections of Venice, save that there was no pale ale to be got there; are not so uncommon a class as you may imagine. It is not always necessary for a man to be used-up, to visit a country, and see nothing in it; nay, that noble lord is not quite a rara avis, who, having just returned from the East, and being asked at a dinner-party "what he thought of Athens?" turned to his valet, standing behind his chair, and calmly demanded, "John, what did I think of Athens?"

It was once the lot of your humble servant to travel twenty miles by railway, and in the depth of winter, in company with one single traveller. The scenery through which they were passing was among the most beautiful in the world; and in its wintry garb was so exquisitely beautiful, that it might have moved even the taciturn Mr. Short, in Captain Marryat's Snarley-yow, to grow eloquent upon it. But your servant's companion, a hard-featured man in a railway rug, was a dumb dog, and made no sign. In vain did your servant try him upon almost every imaginable subject of conversation—the weather, the country, politics, the speed of the train, the ambiguities of Bradshaw, the electric telegraph, the number of stations, and the prevalence of influenza. He was mum. He could scarcely be silently observing and commenting upon the works of Nature in the landscape without, or of art in your servant's dress within, for he never looked out of the window, and kept his eyes (staringly wide awake they were) upon one particular check of the railway rug. He could scarcely have been a philosopher, looking, as he did, like a tub, without a Diogenes in it; and unless he was speculating upon the development of textile fabrics, or counting the number of pulsations of the engine to himself (I did once travel from Liverpool to London, two hundred and twenty miles, with a gentleman whose sole occupation was in checking off the number of telegraph posts, but who, getting confused between them and a white paling, lost count at Tring in Hertfordshire, and relapsed into absolute silence) his mind must

have been a blank. At last, on a stoppage at some station, I remarked desperately, scraping the gelid rime from the carriage window, that "it froze:" whereupon, speaking for the first and last time, he responded solemnly "Hard;" immediately afterwards, drew from underneath the seat a black cowskin travelling-bag, as hard, cold, and silent as himself; and slid out of the carriage. Some stony female drapery, surmounted by the ugliest bonnet that ever existed, was waiting for him on the platform; and my hard friend went on his way, and I saw him no more. I would rather not dine with him and the drapery, next Christmas day.

Yet there is much virtue in twenty miles. Along the dreariest railway; up to the loneliest turnpike road; across the darkest, barrenest rainiest sea; there are to the observant twenty score of lessons in every mile of the twenty. To bring this enjoyment to every door I would have all travellers taught to draw. I would not insist that they should become proficients in Poonah painting, or that they should attend Mr. Grant's lectures upon anatomy: I would not make it a sine quâ non that they should visit Rome, and copy all the frescoes in the Loggie and Stanze of the Vatican; but some rudimentary education in design and colour, I would have given to every man, woman, and child (able and willing to learn) intending to travel twenty miles. He who can draw, be it ever so badly, has a dozen extra preference shares in every landscape—shares that are perpetually paying golden dividends. He can not only see the fields and the mountains, the rivers and the brooks, but he can eat and drink them. The flowers are a continual feast; and when the rain is on them, and after that the sun, they may be washed down with richest wines, hippocras, hydromel, aqua-d'oro, what you will. Every painter is, to a certain extent, a poet; and I would have every poet taught to paint. Charles Lamb asked, "why we should not say grace, and ask a blessing before going out for a walk, as before sitting down to dinner?" Why should we not? The green meat of the meadows is as succulent a banquet to the mind, as ever the accloyed Lucullus stretched himself upon his couch to devour. To the artistic eye there are inexhaustible pleasures to be found in the meanest objects. There are rich studies of colour in a brick wall; of form in every hedge and stunted pollard; of light and shade in every heap of stones on the Macadamised road; of Præ-Raphaelite stippling and finish in every tuft of herbage and wild flowers. The shadow cast by a pig-stye upon a road, by an omnibus driver's reins on his horses' backs; the picturesque form of a donkey cart; the rags of a travelling tinker; the drapery folds in a petticoat hung out to dry on the clothes' line in the back yard; the rugged angularities of the lumps of coal in the grate; the sharp lights upon the decanter on the table at home, all these are fruitful themes for musing and speculative pleasure. The fisherman who can draw, has ten times more enjoyment in his meditative pursuit than the inartistic angler. An acquaintance with art takes roods, perches, furlongs from the journey; for however hard the ground may be; however dreary the tract of country through which we journey; though our twenty miles lie in the whole distance between two dead walls; have we not always that giant scrap-book, the sky above us?—the sky with its clouds that sometimes are dragonish; with its vapours sometimes—

> Like a bear or lion,
> A tower'd citadel or a pendant rock,
> A forked mountain or blue promontory
> With trees upon 't that nod unto the world,
> And mock our eyes with air.

—the sky with all its glorious varieties of colour, its rainy fringes, its changing forms and aspects? I would not have a man look upon the heavens in a purely paint-pot light. I would not have him consider every sky as merely so much Naples yellow, crimson lake, and cobalt blue, with flake-white clouds spattered over it by a dexterous movement of the pallet-knife; but I would have him bring an artist's eye and an artist's mind to the heavens above. So shall his twenty miles be one glorious National Gallery of art, and every square plot of garden-ground a Salon Carré, and every group of peasant children a Glyptothek.

There are many many twenty miles that have left green memories to me, and that have built themselves obelisks surmounted by immortelles in the cemetery of my soul. Twenty miles through the fat green flats of Belgium, enlivened by the horn of the railway guard, the sour beer, the lowly pipe, the totally incomprehensible, but no less humorous, Low Dutch jokes of Flemish dames in lace caps and huge gold ear-rings, and bloused farmers, and greasy curés. Twenty miles through that God's garden, that delicious lake country of England, in the purple shadow of the great crags and fells. Twenty miles along the dusty roads of Picardy with the lumbering diligence, the loquacious conducteur, the flying beggars, the long, low stone cottages, the peasantry in red night-caps and sabots, singeing pigs in the wide unhedged fields. Twenty miles along the trim English Queen's highway; on the box-seat of the Highflier coach, with the driver who knew so much about every gentleman's seat we passed, and had such prodigious stories to tell about horses present and past; with the comfortable prospect of the snug hotel and the comfortable dinner at our journey's end. Twenty miles through the Kentish hop-gardens and orchards radiant with their spring-snow of blossoms. Twenty miles through the grim black country round

Wolverhampton, with its red furnaces glaring out from the darkness like angry eyes. Twenty miles in a certain omnibus hired for the day, in which there was much shouting, much laughing, much cracking of jokes, and munching of apples; in which there were twenty happy schoolboys going twenty miles to see the grand royal Castle of Windsor, and play cricket afterwards, in the royal park; in which there was a schoolmaster so smiling, so urbane, so full of merry saws and humorous instances, that his scholars quite forgot he had a cane at home; in which there was a bland usher, who had brought a white neckcloth and a pocket Horace with him for the sake of appearances, but who evidently longed to cut off the tails of his black coat, and be a boy immediately; in which there was one young gentleman who thought the twenty miles the happiest and most glorious he had ever journied, and began to write in his mind volume the first of a romance, strictly historical, of which he was the hero, Windsor Castle the scene, and all Miss Strickland's queens of England the heroines.

Yes; and the twenty miles in that barouche of glory, drawn by four grey horses, with pink postboys, which dashed round Kennington Common about eleven in the forenoon on the last Wednesday in May; the barouche that stopped so long at Cheam Gate, and had a hamper strapped behind it containing something else besides split peas and water; which coming home had so many satiric spirits and Churchills hitherto unknown, in it, and was so merry a barouche, so witty a barouche, not to say so drunken a barouche. Ah me! the miles and the minutes have glided away together.

There dwells upon my mind a twenty miles journey that I once performed on foot—the dullest, most uninteresting, most uneventful twenty miles that ever pedestrian accomplished. It was a very stupid walk indeed. There was literally "nothing in it;" so it is precisely for that reason (to bear out a crotchet I have), that I feel inclined to write a brief chronicle of the twenty miles I walked along the highroad from Lancaster to Preston.

When was it? Yesterday, last week, a dozen years ago? Never mind. For my purpose, let it be now; put on your sparrow-bills; gird up your loins, and walk twenty miles with me.

It is a very threatening summer's morning. Not threatening rain or thunder; the glass and the experience of the last ten days laugh that idea to scorn. But the morning threatens nevertheless. It threatens a blazing hot day. General Phœbus has donned his vividest scarlet coat, his brightest golden epaulettes, his sheeniest sword. He is determined upon a field-day, and serves out redhot shot to his bombardiers. I leave the grey old legendary town of Lancaster, with its mighty castle, its crumbling church, its steep quaint streets. I leave the tranquil valley of the Lune; the one timber-laden schooner, and row of dismantled warehouses which now represent the once considerable maritime trade of Lancaster (oh, city of the Mersy, erst the haunt of the long-legged Liver, you have much to answer for!); I leave the rippling waters of Morecambe Bay, with its little pebbly watering-place of Poulton-le-Sands. I leave the neighbourhood of the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland; the memories of Peter Bell and his solitary donkey; the white doe of Rhylstone; the thousand beautiful spots in the loved district, sunlighted by the memories of learned Southey, and tuneful Wordsworth, and strong John Wilson, and gentle, docile, erring Hartley Coleridge (there is not a cottager from Lancaster to Kendal, from Kendal to Windermere, but has stories to tell about puir Hartley, affectionately recalling his simple face and ways); I leave all these to walk twenty miles to the town of spindles and smoke, bricks and cotton-bales. I can give but a woman's reason for this perverse walk. I will walk it. The gentleman who was asked why he drank such a quantity of soda-water, answered conclusively "Because I like it, John." I therefore will walk twenty miles on a hot day to the ugliest town in England because I choose to do so.

There is a place called Scotforth, about two miles out, where I begin to fry. There is a place called Catterham (I think) two miles further, where I begin to broil. Then I begin to feel myself on fire. There is a place where there is a merciful shadow thrown by a high bank and hedge, and there, in defiance of all the laws of etiquette and the usages of society, I take off my coat and waistcoat, and walk along with them thrown over my arm, as though I were a tramp. I wonder what the few people I meet think of me, for I am decently attired, and have positively an all-round collar. How inexpressibly shocked that phaeton-full of Lancastrians that has just passed me (I have a strong idea that I took tea with some of them last week) must be. What can the burly farmer in the chaise-cart, who pulls up and says interrogatively, "teaaking a weauork?" think. I wonder at all this; but much more do I wonder where the next beer-oasis in this dusty desert is.

I had fortified myself with a good breakfast, and a "dobbin" of brown ale before I left Lancaster, and had sternly said to myself, "no beer till Garstaing," which is half way. But at the very outset of my twenty miles, at Scotforth, I was sorely tempted to turn aside (two roads diverge there) towards the pleasant village of Cockerham, on the road to which I know of a beery nook, where there is a little woman licensed to be drunk on the premises, in a tiny house, whose back

door opens into a green churchyard, with tombstones hundreds of years old; a little dame, who, though a Catholic herself, has, in her little library on the hanging shelf beside her missal and Thomas A'Kempis, a copy of Fuller's Worthies, and George Fox's History of the Quakers. Oh! for a mug of brown beer at the sign of the Travellers' Joy. Oh! for the sanded floor, the long clean pipe, the Kendal Mercury three weeks old, the "Worthies," the "Quakers!" Beer and happiness? Why not? There are times when a mug of ale, a pipe, and an old newspaper may be the summum bonum of mundane felicity. Get away, you luxurious Persians. I hate your epicurean splendours; and, little boy, bind my brow with simple myrtle, and bring me some more beer.

I did not turn off towards Cockerham, however, because I was ashamed. When I am on fire, however, and my stomach so full of hot dust, I throw shame to the winds, and say to resolution, get thee behind me. (I am always leaving that tiresome resolution behind.) In this strait I meet a tinker. He is black, but friendly. He is a humourist, as most tinkers are, and sells prayer books besides tin-pots, which most tinkers do. Straightway he knows of the whereabouts of beer, and proposes a libation. I accept. More than this, he insists upon "standing a pot." Am I to insult this tinker by refusing to accept his proffered hospitality? No! He and I dive down a cunning lane, which none but a tinker could discover, and the foaming felicity is poured out to us. The tinker drinks first: I insist upon his doing so. When he hands me the pot he points to the side of the vessel on which he has himself drunk, and suggests that I should apply my lips to the opposite side. "My mouth it may be sawdery," he says. Could Lord Chesterfield, in all his wiggishness and priggishness, have been politer than this? When we get into the high road again the tinker sings me a Cumberland song, in which there are about nineteen verses and of which I can understand about four lines. I can only make out that "th' Deil's i th' lasses o' Pearith" (probably Penrith), and that "Sukey th' prood mantymecker tu luik at a navvy thowt sin," which is gratifying to know: looking at the society of navvies (excellent persons as they may be in their way) from a genteel point of view. I am dimly given to understand, however, in a subsequent stanza, that the haughty Sukey so far changed her opinion of navvies as to elope with one; and while I ponder over this sad decadence, and instance of how the mighty are fallen, the tinker bids me good day and leaves me. He is a worthy man.

There is a lull just now in the heat. General Phœbus has sheathed his sword for the moment, and is refreshing himself in his golden tent. The sky is almost colourless; the trees are dark and ominous; broad gray-green shadows are cast across the landscape. Perhaps, it is going to rain. How glad I am that I have not got an umbrella! But the hope is fallacious. All at once the sudden sun darts out again, General Phœbus is on horseback giving the word to fire and reload, and I begin to fry again.

Five miles and a half to Garstaing. Four miles and a half to Garstaing—two—three—one mile to Garstaing. The milestones are obliging, and run on manfully before me. It is just one o'clock in the afternoon when I enter Garstaing itself; much to my own satisfaction, having attained my half-way house, and accomplished ten of my appointed twenty miles. I think I am entitled to bread and cheese at Garstaing, likewise to the pipe of peace, which I take on a gate leading into a field, solacing myself meanwhile with a view of a pas-de-deux between a young peasant woman in a jacket, and a lively mottled calf, which will not submit to be caught and bound with cords to the horns of a cart, on any terms; frisking, and dodging, and scampering about, either with an instinctive prescience of the existence of such a thing as roast fillet of veal with mild stuffing, or rioting in that ignorance of the possibility of the shambles which is bliss to butcher's meat. I find Garstaing a little market town—a big village rather, with many public-houses, and an amazing juvenile population. The children positively swarm; and, musing, I am compelled to dissent from the moralist who asserts that poor men are not fond of children. It is not only the rich Numenius who glories in multiplying his offspring; and though the days are gone when "a family could drive their herds, and set their children upon camels, and lead them till they saw a fat soil watered with rivers, and there sit them down without paying rent, till their own relations might swell up into a patriarchate, and their children be enough to possess all the regions that they saw, and their grandchildren become princes, and themselves build cities and call them by the name of a child and become the fountain of a nation;"—though these happy patriarchal days are fled, I can never find any disinclination among the veriest poor to have great families. Bread is hard to get, God knows; but the humble meal never seems scantier for a child the more or less. I have heard of men who thanked Heaven they had no children, and prayed that they might not have any; but I never knew one. Far more frequently have I met the father mourning and refusing to be comforted for the loss of one of his twelve children—though that twelfth were the youngest, and an idiot.

So, farewell Garstaing, and farewell temptation; for Garstaing, though small, though rural, though apparently innocent, has its temptations. It possesses a railway station; and when I have finished my pipe, the train bound for Preston has pulled up, and is ready to start again. I am sorely moved to abandon

my twenty miles project, and take a second-class ticket for the rest of the journey. But, self-shame (the strongest of all, for no man likes to look ridiculous in his own eyes) comes to my aid. The day seems louring somewhat, and promises a cool afternoon, and I dismiss the locomotive as a mere figment—a puffing, drinking, smoking, superficial, inconsequential surface-skimmer, skurrying through the country as though he were riding a race, or running away from a bailiff, or travelling for a house in the cotton trade.

I walk resolutely on my journey from Garstaing: the milestones altering their tone now, and announcing so many miles and a half to Preston. The treacherous sun which has been playing a game of hide and seek with me all day, comes out again with redoubled fury, and burns me to a white heat. Worse than this, I am between two long stages of beer, and a rustic in a wide-awake hat informs me that the next house of entertainment is at Cabus, "a bad fower mile fadder on." Worse than all, there is no cottage, farm-house, lodge gate, to be seen where I can obtain a drink of water. I am parched, swollen, carbonised. A little girl passes me with an empty tin can in which she has carried her father's beer with his dinner to the hay-field. The vacuity of the vessel drives me to frenzy. My nature abhors such a vacuum. There are certainly pools where geese are gabbling, rivulets whence come the thirsty cows to drink, ditches where the lonely donkey washes down his meal of thistles. But I have no cup, waterproof cap, even no egg-shell, in which I could scoop out water enough for a draught. I have broken my pipe, and cannot, even if I would, drink out of its bowl. I am ashamed of using my boot as a goblet. I might, it is true, lie down by the side of a ditch, and drink like a beast of the field; but I have no fancy for eating while I drink; of the toad, the tadpole, the water-newt, the swimming-frog, the old rat, the ditch dog, and the green mantle of the standing pool. Poor Tom could do no more than that, who was whipped from tything to tything, and whose food for seven long years was "mice, and rats, and such small deer."

I lean over a bridge, beneath which ripples a little river. The channel is partially dry, but a clear, sparkling little stream, hurries along over the pebbles most provokingly. I groan in bitterness of spirit as I see this tantalising river, and am about descending to its level, and making a desperate attempt to drink out of the hollow of my hands, at the risk of ruining my all-round collar, when, in my extremity on the river's bank, I descry Pot. Pot is of common red earthenware, broken, decayed, full of dried mud and sand—but I hail Pot as my friend, as my deliverer. I descend. I very nearly break my shins over a log of timber; I incur the peril of being indicted for poaching or trespassing in a fishing preserve: I seize Pot. Broken as he is, there is enough convexity in him to hold half-a-pint of water. I carefully clean out his incrustation of dried mud. I wipe him, polish him tenderly, as though I loved him. And then, oh, all ye water gods, I drink! How often, how deeply, I know not; but I drink till I remember that the water swells a man, and that I should be a pretty sight if I were swelled; whereupon with a sigh I resign Pot, give him an extra polish, place him in a conspicuous spot for the benefit of some future thirsty wayfarer, and leave him, invoking a blessing upon his broken head. This done, I resume my way rejoicing. I catch up the milestones that were getting on ahead, and just as the cool of the afternoon begins, I am at my journey's end. I have walked my twenty miles, and am ready for the juicy steak, the cool tankard, the long deep sleep, and the welcome railway back to Lancaster.

I beg to state that from Lancaster, whence I started at nine a.m. to Preston, where I arrive about five p.m., in this long, hot walk of twenty miles, I see no castle, tower, gentleman's mansion, pretty cottage, bosky thicket, or cascade. The whole walk is eminently common-place. A high road, common hedges, common fields, common cows and sheep, common people and children—these are all I have seen. The whole affair is as insipid as cold boiled veal. How many insipid things there are! A primrose by the river's brim was a yellow primrose to Peter Bell, and it was nothing more; but take the primrose, the cold boiled veal, even my tiresome walk of twenty miles in an artistic light, and something may be gained from each.

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SUNDAY OUT.

IT was, I suppose, a necessary consequence of my being a desultory person, and writing always desultorily, that I had no sooner penned the prefix, Sunday, to this article than it fell out that the current of my thoughts which are here set down by my pen should run in the channel of Monday. My paper was prepared, and my ink-bottle uncorked; when stepping out to purchase the newest of magnum bonum pens, I found myself in the midst of a Monday morning's procession. A long string of open carriages, broughams, chaise-carts, breaks, and cabs, filled inside and outside with people dressed in their best, and with unmistakably holiday faces, immediately and naturally suggested races to me. But quickly remembering that the only two race-meetings that Londoners care to attend, Epsom and Ascot, were long since gone and past, the ship of my mind ran aground. Then, seeing sundry bright-coloured banners, and noting that the horses' heads were decorated with ribbons, I feebly thought of elections. But there was no gentleman in a white hat bowing right and left to the ragamuffins, and kissing his hand to the ladies at the windows, no drunkenness, no stone-throwing, no Anybody for ever; so, recalling to mind, besides, that there was no metropolitan borough vacant just then, I abandoned elections with a sigh. At length in the offing of my soul I saw a sail. The preponderance of ladies and smiling children's faces in the procession; the total-abstinence mottoes on the banners; the general snugness, spruceness and jauntiness of the gentlemen; the absence of red noses among the standard-bearers—all these said plainly that this was a teetotal procession. And it was. The mob, incarnated as far as my desire of knowing all about it went, by a pallid shoemaker, informed me that it was "them teetotallers;" and I left them to go on their way rejoicing to their commemoration, or revival, or centenary, or jubilee, or by whatever other name their cheerful honest festival might have been called: I left them I say to celebrate their white Monday; regretting only that even virtue and good intentions were obliged to resort to the poor old aggressive paraphernalia of flags and ribbons, and bands of music, and processions; and that among the teams of well-fed horses there were to be found, in that perverse yoke-fellowship we *won't* abandon, sundry animals which divide the hoof and chew not the cud, animals with tusks, and ill-will grubbing snouts, of the porcine breed porky. Are we never to be able to do without banners! Whether carried by crazy fanatics, scheming demagogues, bands of incendiaries, or Bands of Hope—are these pennons and streamers and braying wind instruments never to be dispensed with! They are aggressive. They *do* irritate, annoy, stir up discord. They *do* say, "We are better than you; here is our flag to show it; and if you don't come under this flag's shadow, we should like to know where you expect to go to." My friend the shoemaker, now, who would be all the better for being washed, and sober, and well shod (save that it seems a law of the sutorial being never to wear good shoes), and for going to a commemoration or a revival with health in his veins, money in his purse, and peace in his heart; is evidently aggravated, nettled, exasperated, by all this flaunting and braying. You can't wave and blow a man into temperance and happiness. Which reflection causes me to go home as quickly as I can with the magnum bonum pen, and sit down to write about Sunday.

I wish to state, once for all, that I am treating this much-discussed Sunday question solely as one bearing on public morals, as conducive to public (mundane) happiness, and without the slightest reference to public religion. All the acts of parliament in the world will not make one man pious. I claim for myself and every other man a right of private judgment on this subject, and a wrong in being interfered with by any wholesale dealer in other people's consciences. You shall not fine me forty shillings for not going to church, by virtue of any cap., sec., or sched. of any act whatsoever. You shall not drive me to Doctor Mac Yelp's chapel with a moral rope's end, as boatswain's mates were wont to start men of war's-men when the church was rigged on the quarter-deck.

Sunday in England must perforce be taken as a holiday, as we have scarcely any other holidays during the long year. The want of recognised days of public relaxation is the

more lamentably apparent when we see the crowded bridges, steamboats, and tea-gardens, on any of those chance occasions set aside by authority as days of fasting and humiliation for war, or pestilence, or famine; when we know that one great and awful anniversary in the Christian year—Good Friday—is the day on which railway companies advertise cheap excursion trips, and pigeon and sparrow-shooting matches come off at the Red House, and the eleven of Nova Scotia meet the eleven of Little Britain upon the tented cricket-field. So few festivals have we, that the weary panting workers seize on the fasts to make festivity upon.

Admitting, then, that Sunday is almost the only available holiday of regular recurrence, how, let me ask, should that holiday be spent? I think I may best answer my own question, and hint what Sunday ought or ought not to be, if I describe it as it is. So, to paraphrase the good old penman who wrote the Ecclesiasticalle Politie, "if for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know that we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be so much extant of the present state of Sunday among us, and their careful endeavours which would have amended the same."

Sunday on the river—that shall be my theme this after-dinner-time, and Hungerford Pier my place of embarkation. Luckily for the holiday makers, and especially for those poor foreigners to whom a London Sunday is a day of wailing and gnashing of teeth, from the pervading outer dulness, the day is very fine. The vehicular movement is prodigious. Legs hang from the tops of omnibuses much thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa. Four-wheelers, out for the day, abound. Here it is the comfortable tradesman who has been drudging all the week selling his patented or registered merchandise; inventing new Greek names for trowsers and shirt collars, or labouring in the throes of composition in the manufacture of novel advertisements for the daily papers; and who on Sunday orders, with becoming pride, the smooth-clipped pony to be put into the "conveyance," and drives Mrs. Co and the little Cos to Beulah Spa or Hampton Court. The tradesman's Sunday out is among the most comfortable of Sundays. It is something to see one's own shutters up, and note that they are cleaner and brighter than those of your neighbours. It is something to see the coats, boots, and hats you have turned out from your establishment displayed upon the persons of patented dandies: it is more to be nodded to familiarly by brother tradesmen, and to be patronisingly recognised by the patented dandies themselves—knowing that these dandies dare not cut you any more than they can sever the Gordian knots of red and blue lines that bind them to the debit side of your ledger at home. Superbly dressed is the comfortable tradesman, and in good taste too; for, if his name be Stultz, his brother Hoby has probably made his boots; and if he be Lincoln & Bennett, his neighbour Truefitt has dressed his hair or trimmed his whiskers. Mrs. Co is gorgeous, and absolutely forgets the existence of the shop, not even condescending to make use of the week-day compromise in which she speaks of her husband's place of business as the Warehouse or the Establishment. The little Cos, who are enjoying their Sunday out from genteel boarding-schools in the neighbourhood of Gower Street and the New Road, only wish Sunday were three times as long as it is. They like going to church with papa and mamma, dining at home, and driving to Beulah Spa afterwards, much better than passing Sunday at Miss Gimp's establishment for young ladies (the name has been changed to Collegiate Seminary lately)—much better than morning service at Saint Somnus's Church, where the Litany is so long, so drearily long, for little ears to listen to, and where Doctor Snuffles coughs and mumbles so much during that tedious three-quarters of an hour's sermon, of which the young ladies are expected to give a compendious viva voce abridgment on their return to Miss Gimp's, their information on the subject consisting ordinarily of a confused mixture of notions that a text from the third chapter and the fourth verse was twice given forth from the pulpit: that there were a greater number of hard words on earth than there were previously dreamt of in their philosophy; that a red cushion surmounted by a gentleman in a black gown and white bands quite equalled laudanum in somnolent properties; and that it was unlawful for a man to marry his grandmother. Little Cos, growing Cos, grown-up Cos who read this! have rigidly-enforced, wrongly-apportioned Sunday duties never wearied *you* in a similar manner? Those long, droning, half-inaudible Sunday sermons; those long Sunday afternoons at home, when Scripture genealogies were to be read aloud, and all save good books (which to be good seemed imperatively required to be dreary, verbose, and unillumined by a ray of kindly interest) were prohibited; those Sunday evenings when smiles were looked upon as sinful, and people couldn't sit comfortably or talk comfortably because it was Sunday, and when at length, in sheer paroxysms of weariness, they tried to yawn themselves into sleepiness, and went to bed and couldn't sleep; I ask you, members all of the Co family, have *you* no such remembrances?

Tradesmen's "conveyances" form but one item among the multifarious throng of Sunday vehicles. Mr. Buff, the greengrocer drives his missus out in the spring cart which during the week has not been too proud to fetch the homely cabbage and the unpretending cauliflower from Covent Garden Market.

Jifkins, the sporting publican, dashes along in a very knowing gig, drawn by a fast-trotting mare, which has been winning something considerable lately, and stands to win more. With Jifkins is his friend Skudder, the horse-dealer, and the two are bound to Barnet to look at a little oss that can do wonderful things, and is to be parted with for a mere song—a song with a good many verses though, I daresay. Young Timbs, and three other youths, clerks—I beg pardon, civil servants of the crown—in the *Irish Bog Reclamation Commission* office, have hired a dog-cart for the day to drive down to Staines. Young Timbs *will* drive, but the horse is not a mild-tempered horse, and isn't at all comfortable about the mouth, and seems unaccountably disposed to go sideways and down areas. The little ragged Bohemian boys, who in their dirt and destitution stand out wofully against the well-dressed Sunday makers, chaff Timbs sorely; but he drives on manfully, and the horse is touched with repentance or whipped and jerked into good humour occasionally, and goes along for a hundred yards or so quite at a rattling pace. More fortunate in equine matters is Mr. Coupon, the stock-broker's clerk, who is having three half-crowns' worth of a monumental white horse, and manages him so gracefully that spectators turn round to look at him. Coupon is faultlessly dressed. His boot-heels are garnished with Maxwell's spur-boxes; he wears no straps, carries no whip—no instrument of correction save a short stick. He will ride into the park; he will put the monumental horse into a canter; he will draw up with the other horsemen and take off his hat when her Majesty passes. He will ride gravely past Mr. Decimus Burton's arch and down Piccadilly at dusk, majestically, as though he were accustomed to press the sides of a coal-black charger with buckskins and jack-boots—thoughtfully, as though there were dozens of red boxes filled with despatches in cipher awaiting his perusal, and two cabinet councils for him to attend to-morrow at the Foreign Office. Then he will take the monumental horse to the livery stable-keeper's in the back street and pay his three half-crowns, and will have been happy.

The Sunday pedestrians I note are quite as remarkable in their way as the Sunday equestrians or riders in vehicles. The numbers of brightly-dressed people who throng the pavements is amazing. Shade of Sartor Resartus, where do all these coats come from? These brilliant bonnets, these variegated silks, these rustling tarlatans, these transparent barèges, these elaborately-worked shirtfronts, these resplendent parasols? Can there be any misery, or pauperism, or poverty in London? Can any of these thousands of well-dressed people have debts, or executions in their houses, or be thinking of pawning their spoons? The most wonderful thing is that you may wander for hours in the Sunday streets without meeting any one that you know. Nobody seems to go out on Sunday, yet everybody is out. Everybody seems to have wives, and families, or sweethearts, except yourself. And the boys, the marvellous, well-dressed boys! They swagger along, four, five abreast. Their hair shines with pomatum; they have cutaway coats, bran new, of bright brown, bright green, bright blue. They have meteoric waistcoats, and neckcloths like fiery comets. Their hats are of the newest, shiniest, silkiest. They have silver watches, walking-sticks with elaborate knobs. They all smoke. Everybody smokes. Smoke seems, with gay colours, to be a part of Sunday; and now I can understand why the Manchester warehouses in St. Paul's Churchyard are so vast, and extend so far under ground; and how it is that the excise duty on tobacco forms so considerable a branch of the revenue. Sunday out does it all. And the girls! I don't mean the grown-up young ladies. We are favoured with the sight of those dear creatures, their ringlets, their ravishing toilettes, the sparkling little purses which they will persist in carrying in their hands, in a mistaken notion of security, and as persistently keep losing—on weekdays as well as Sundays; but Sunday out daisyfies the pavements with groups of girls of twelve and fourteen or thereabouts; gaily attired girls, girls in plaited tails and sashes, and trowsers with lace borders; girls profoundly critical on each other's bonnets, and jealous of each other's parasols; girls who hold lively conversations audible as you pass them, about what Polly said to me said she, and how an appeal, en dernier ressort, had to be made to mother; girls ordinarily seised of the custody of other little girls with little parasols, or of some punchy big-pated little boy, not much higher than the dogs which pass and eye him wonderingly,—children who wo'nt come along, and become tired, and desirous of being carried at unseasonable times, and sometimes break out into open rebellion and lachrymatory roars, rendering the employment of the parasol handles as weapons of coercion, occasionally necessary. Dear me! what a deal all these young people have to talk about!

Slowly walking through the most crowded streets I can find towards the market of Hungerford, I see many and think of more indications of Sunday in as well as Sunday out. Sunday in, stands ascetically at his parlour window, flattening his nose against the pane, and gazing at the merry crowd as Mr. Bunyan might have looked at the booths in Vanity Fair. Sunday in, contented but lazy, reposes behind his Venetian blinds, his legs on a chair, his hands folded, and a silk pocket-handkerchief thrown over his head to keep away the flies. Sunday in, convivial but solitary, has half-opened the window, and sits with his cold gin-and-water, and his newspaper

before him, smoking his pipe, half-absorbed in the soothing clouds of the Virginian weed, half by a mental discussion as to the expediency of turning out for a stroll in the cool of the afternoon. Sunday in, sits at the door of his little barber's shop, still with his newspaper, and ready with his razor should any Sunday-outer, determined to be a dandy, but rather late in thinking about it, rush in to be shaved. Sunday in, who has been out on Saturday night, late and drunk, lounges out of his third-floor window, haggard, unshaven, and unbuttoned. Sunday in, and yet out, is perched on his little stool in the box entrance porch of the Adelphi theatre, taking the time of the passing omnibuses (in my youth I used to fancy that man was an artist, a government spy, a surveyor, a hermit, all sorts of things). There are Sunday ins in waiters yawning at the doors of hotels; in stage-door keepers, eating their dinners from yellow basins in their key-hung, letter-garnished sanctuaries; in clerks in west end banking-houses, keeping Sunday guard on Mammon in their rotation; in omnibus-drivers and conductors; in cab-drivers dozing on their boxes; in hot stokers in their shirt-sleeves, perspiring in their melting engine-rooms in river steamboats; in trimly-shaven inspectors doing day duty in station houses; in barmaids and potboys at public-houses; in guards, drivers, stokers, clerks, porters in the great railway hierarchy; in milk-women and fruit-vendors, and servant-maids cleaning the plates after the Sunday's dinner, or sitting at the window of the kitchen area, writing those marvellously-spelt housemaids' letters, or sorting the contents of the never-failing workbox (it is against Sunday discipline to sew), or listening to the purring of that servants' best companion, and often only one, the cat. Oh, the shame, the wickedness, that the units should work, in order that the millions may make holiday! But, the sun, the trees, the birds, our hearts, our frames, all say, Rejoice and rest on Sunday; and must we rest without rejoicing, or rest by putting ourselves on a treadmill of gloom? If our brother does a little work to-day that we may rest; is it so very dreadful, if we be just to him at another time? One side *must* preponderate a little. When the balance shall be perfectly equal, and the scale turns not in the substance or the division of the twentieth part of one poor scruple, nay, not in the estimation of a hair, then the Millennium will be come, and there will be an end of it all.

Here is Hungerford Market. Choked. Red omnibuses, yellow omnibuses, blue omnibuses, green omnibuses, cast their crowded cargoes out into the arcade. Thousands of well-dressed legs arrive with their superincumbent bodies to swell the throng. The tobacconist, cannot serve twopenny cheroots and three-halfpenny cubas (more Sunday labour) fast enough. High o'er the crowd, like Roderick the Goth, on his chariot, or Lars Porsena in his ivory chair, tower the big scarlet bodies, and big (though recently lessened) muff-caps of the British Grenadiers out for the day, twirling penny canes in their hands, giving their arms to diminutive females, or complacently seating little children upon the high places of their huge white worsted epaulettes. And here is another wonder. The Guards are generally supposed to be in Turkey, yet there seem full as many performing their gallant garrison duties as in the departed times of peace, when there was piping, and before we were told to "beware the bear." Can the Grenadiers come back from Varna by special steamer every Saturday evening to enjoy their Sunday out, in Hungerford Market and on the river? That is impossible, I know, yet appearances look like it.

Penetrating in that anomalous Hungerford Arcade, where on week-days lobsters and lithographs, prawns and picture frames, oysters and ginger beer bottles, salmon and small tooth combs are mixed together in such heterogeneous confusion, I see a crowd, a first night of a new piece crowd, a last night of an old favourite crowd, a Greenwich fair crowd, an examination of an atrocious murderer crowd, wedged together before a large double fronted shop. I elbow my way through this mob, which abroad would portend a revolution, or a pronunciamento against ministers at least, but which, on reaching the shop door, only portends in Hungerford Arcade Frigido's penny ices. Viva Frigido! He (we will assume that he was a marquis with a villa upon a lake before the hated Austrians overran the fair plains of Lombardy) formerly made gauffres quite in a small way in a narrow stall in a back street somewhere in the dubious regions between Soho and the Dials. We have watched Frigido narrowly for a long time. We never ate his gauffres, because we have no faith in the nutritive qualities of those unsubstantial frumelets of pastry, and were apprehensive that the powdered sugar dispensed over them by means of a pepper castor, might possibly be gritty to the taste and stony to the stomach. But we watched him in his humble stall with a kindly interest. We watched him with his tiny furnace, and strange implements, and stores of gauffre batter; and when he started in the penny ice line we hailed the delicacy as a great idea—not an original one, perhaps. Those who have made pilgrimages in that part of the city of King Bomba, known as Napoli senza Sole, will doubtless remember the itinerant vendors of gelati, and in even the better streets the Acquinole, in their gay little wheeled temples, something between Flemish pulpits and Chinese joss-houses, who sold iced drinks, iced fruits, iced water, for sums less by a despairing amount of fractions than the smallest copper token in circulation here. But to bring the ice—the lordly vanille, the aristocratic straw-

berry, the delicate lemon—the speciality of Verrey's high-class saloons, the delicacy of routs and fashionable balls, within the compass of every Englishman who is the possessor of a penny: to enable the ice to be purchased for a "brown," and the lowly to call it, if they listed, a *hice*—this was in reality a philanthropic, a lofty, almost sublime achievement. Nobly has the end crowned the work. I find Frigido's counter besieged by ice-eaters. I find they eat one, two, three penny ices in succession, taking a vanille as a whet, as one might take chablis and oysters; a strawberry as a pièce de resistance; and a lemon as a bonne bouche or hors d'œuvre. I hope penny ices are not conducive to cholera. Frigido says no, and that on the contrary they are a preventive. Be it so. Give a vanille. So. Another, of another sort. Hum! I find that there is a pervading flavour about Frigido's ices which I may describe as "spooney." They do certainly all taste of a spoon not silver, with a suspicion perhaps of tin can and damp cloth. But they are very cold and very sweet; and the myriad consumers appear to relish them hugely. I find the boys and the girls dissipating quite in the Lucullus style upon penny ices. I find adolescents treating their sweethearts to vanille. I find fathers of families dispensing strawberries to their children all round. I find a plaid tunic standing a lemon to a turn-down collar. I would rather see Scarlet Proboscis yonder, who looks contemptuously on at the scene, stand a penny ice to his friend Greybeard than two-penn'orth of gin.

Frigido still pursues the gauffre trade in a remote corner; but the snows of Mont Blanc seem rapidly gelidating the little crater of his Vesuvius. He has many assistants now, all Italians. Quickly do they spoon the ices out, quicker still do the coppers rattle into the till. I should not be surprised to see Frigido, about the year after next, driving a mail phaeton down Pall Mall.

But I am bound for the steamboats and the river, and must no longer tarry in the Arcade among the penny ices. I pass along that railed-off portion of Hungerford Bridge which leads on to the steam-boat pier, followed and preceded by the same well-dressed crowds. I note as I pass a curious little announcement on the first bridge tower, setting forth that any one loitering on the bridge and so obstruction the pathway will be liable to a fine of five pounds and imprisonment. Surely this diminitive placard would have looked better on the Rialto, or the Bridge of Sighs, two hundred years ago, written in choice Italian, and signed by the dread Council of Ten. What! fine or imprison me, because I choose to lean over the bridge, and gaze on the blue dome of Paul's, or on the fretillating crowds below, or on the moon at night, without obstructing anybody's pathway! Surely, now that we are sure of our great constitutional guarantees, our habeas corpus, our emancipation of everything and everybody, we are somewhat too easy to allow little petty tyrannies to clasp us in their crablike embrace. But the steamboats are continually arriving and departing, and I hasten to the pier.

To Chelsea, Battersea, Hammersmith, Richmond, and Kew. To London Bridge, Rotherhithe, Greenwich, and Gravesend. The little steamers, ant-hill like with human beings, hurry to and fro ceaselessly. They run in and out; they make a desperate disturbance in the uncomplaining water, splashing and puffing, and rumbling and choking, and getting better again, as if they were the most important steamers in the world: Himalayas for instance, carrying entire regiments, and batteries of sixty-eight pounders, to the seat of war.

They are something better, after all. Small, lowly, and unromantic, though they be, they bear on the broad bosom of the Thames peaceable, honest, industrious Humanity, in peaceful, honest, happy recreation. Who shall say (if we will speak our minds about it, and not be deterred by noisy petitioners of parliament, twenty signatures to a man) how many hearts these little steamers lighten, how many frames they send reinvigorated to work to-morrow; how much each of these noisy little boats does for peace and temperance, and the harmony of families, and the love of all mankind!

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GREEK CARNIVAL.

"Well, Demetraki, what do you want?"

Demetraki is a paunchy man, and the Carnival appears to have had a rubifying effect upon his nose. He is a shuffler, as all the Greeks, I think, are. He could not say twice two are four in a plain manner; but, at last, as I am turning to my newspaper again in despair of being able to get anything out of him, he hitches up his clothes, and tells me that there are great doings going on upon the other side of the mountain. To-day, the Greeks must make the most of their time, he thinks; for to-morrow begins a fifty days' fast, and a fast among the Greeks is a serious business. It is their idea indeed of fulfilling the duties of religion in an exemplary manner; and all who will not eat meat in Lent, have a passport for heaven.

It is a fine breezy morning. I clamber over the rocks, in front of my house, and follow Demetraki, as he waddles toilsomely up the hill; at last, after a moderate number of falls, and one or two dashing leaps, we get into the tide of the holiday makers. It is pleasant to see them go trooping along hand in hand, and singing in chorus. It is pleasant to notice their homely decent dresses, and the joy which God has given them reflected even on the faces of rayahs and slaves. After a little time they begin to

form into close companies of six or seven each; and they huddle together anywhere to be at once in the shade and out of the wind, which is still blowing freshly. Yet five minutes more, and the enormous black bottles which are circulating so freely will begin to do their work. First, there is a loud solitary laugh, which goes off from the midst of one of the farthest groups like a shot. It is soon answered, and one of the parties, which has been drinking stoutly for the last ten minutes, opens the festivity of the day with some rude music. The palicaria * begin now to rise in all directions; the dancing, singing, and laughing has become general; and, as far as the eye can reach, the uncouth revel is going on, while the same large black bottle is being handed about everywhere.

About this time, if you look away yonder, towards the brow of the hill, you may begin to see bands of gaily-dressed women and children, watching the scene below. By and by, they come nearer, always timidly, however, and they never join in the games or dances of the men.

I am standing at this moment on one of the most magnificent sites in the world. Beneath, lies the Gulf of Adramiti, to the right I can see almost to the plains of Troy, and to the left, nearly to Cape Baba. Before me there is neither tree nor shrub visible; nothing but one grand amphitheatre formed of sea and mountains; but behind lie the rich woods and emerald meads, the gentle hills and picturesque valleys of beautiful Lesbos. Along the winding shore stretch the pretty houses of the rich citizens; a lofty Turkish mosque from whence the hoja is calling; two light-houses, and the harbour crowded with vessels waiting for corn to take to England. As my eyes fall musingly on the ground, I see a little oblong piece of metal; and, stooping to examine it, I find that it is a coin, at least two thousand years old.

But there is no time for musing. About, around, touching me, pushing me, the Greek palicaria hold on their revel; and magnificent as the scene is, I am bound to confess that the quaint pictures which everywhere meet my eye, of another life than ours, are no mean additions to it. Presently we find a band of Greeks sufficiently busy. They take a block of wood, and they dress it in some old clothes which they tie on with cords. It has neither head, nor hands, nor feet; but one can see that it is meant for a very fat man. No wonder indeed that he is fat, for I find on inquiry that he is intended to represent the Greek carnival: a glutton, if ever there was one. The busy group I have described now take two stout poles, and fastening them together with some cross sticks, they make a sort of bier. On this, they place the Carnival, who is just dead: and some six or eight palicaria supporting the bier, set off to bear him to the tomb. They are preceded by a company of others who dance in line, hand in hand. There may be some ten abreast of them. They are soon joined by all the other revellers, and away they go dancing and singing ribald songs in the same manner as the priests chaunt the "De Profundis."

I watch them as they wind over hill and valley towards the town; and almost fancy I am witnessing some pagan saturnalia; for it is wonderful how old games have been always kept up by popular traditions. On they go, performing all sorts of uncouth buffooneries; but they are not the less picturesque and interesting; at last they disappear in the dirty narrow little streets of the distant town, and I know that they are going about from house to house begging; as I cannot very well follow them in such an expedition, I am afraid I shall lose the burial of the carnival, and I am sorry to add that my fears have been verified.

I enter the town by a street distant from my own house and pick my way daintily amid foul gutters where fever always sits brooding, and over slippery stones, rendered dirty and dangerous by all sorts of garbage thrown into the street. I am lightly shod and I do not make much noise, nor am I a very fearful apparition; for I have too much to do to take care of myself to meditate harm to others; but I have no sooner entered the street than a change comes over it. When I first turned the corner, young women were gossiping and laughing everywhere in the doorways, and from the windows: now I hear the click of many doors closing stealthily; and the lattices are shut everywhere. A Frank is a rare sight in this obscure quarter, and the women are wild as young fawns. They are watching me from all sorts of places; but if I stayed there for hours, not one would come out till I was gone. I know why the Greek girls are as shy as young fawns, and it pains me to think of it. A thousand tales are fresh in my memory of harmless young women who caught the eye of some terrible Turk, by chance, and soon after disappeared mysteriously, or were torn shrieking from their homes by armed men, and were never heard of afterwards. I hope such times are gone by now, but I am not quite sure of it; and, therefore, I have no right to wonder that Greek maidens should tremble at the step of a stranger.

Gradually I emerge into a more frequented quarter, and everywhere the sound of nasal singing, the clapping of hands, and the jingling of glasses, comes from open doors and lattices; while here and there a Turk smokes his nargilleh, sitting cross-legged upon a stone, apart and disdainfully. A long string of mules tied together are lading with oil-skins for a

* Palikaria (παλικάρια) is a Greek word signifying young man, like the "braves" of the Illyrian legends.

journey. They are standing in a perfect quagmire of filth, for we have had heavy rains of late; and I can almost see the noxious exhalations steaming out of it in the noonday sun. I hasten my pace, and light a cigar, for such a neighbourhood is dangerous; and the best antidote for this kind of poison I know of, is tobacco. Farther along the street come a troop of broad-backed hamals (porters); each carries a slain lamb upon his shoulders, to be sent off by the Austrian boat to Constantinople this evening. Other people are also carrying pretty baskets full of the white sheep's milk cheeses, made in the Levant. They are eaten with honey, and form perhaps the most exquisite dish in the world. Let us hope they will figure, therefore, advantageously at the table of Vice-Admiral Dundas. For, all this fuss which makes the Greeks work even upon a festival-day, comes of the appearance of the combined fleets in Turkish waters: and they have laid all Turkey under contribution to supply dainties for them.

But here come a band of mummers, with masks and music. They are begging, and they will stop me, for I am not supposed to know them. There is one cub drunk with unaccustomed eating, whom I should know from his stifled guffaw in a minute, and from a thousand. I know also that he would follow me about all day if I did not buy him off. I take a handful of small coin, therefore, from a pocket where it has been reposing gingerly many days, and as I pass on they are all rolling and squabbling in the mud about it.

The afternoon has stolen on while I have been wandering about, yet I cannot make up my mind to go home: and I halt once more before some young men at play. I think they are all among the most powerful lads I ever saw, and I watch them with the natural pleasure one has in seeing health, and strength, and beauty. They are playing at a species of leap-frog, but the "back" is made by three youths, instead of one; they form a triangle as they stoop down, and they do not "tuck in their twopennies" by any means in sporting style. However, the runners charge them gallantly; they bump their heads with great force into the back of the first boy, whose hind-quarters are turned towards them, and they turn a complete sommerset over the other two. The first who falls makes a "back," and relieves one of the others. It is rough sport and dangerous, but it is the first time in my life that I have ever seen Greeks in violent exercise; and I notice now, that the players are the lowest of the low. Whenever there is any dispute, I also notice that they toss a slipper to decide it, and "sole" or "upper-leather" wins the day, as the case may be. It is needless to add, that they are all playing barefoot.

By and by, they grow tired of leap-frog; and the game by which it is succeeded is as severe a trial of strength as I ever witnessed. One of the young giants takes another in his arms. The man carried has his head downwards and his legs gripping the other tightly about the neck. Two young men now go down on all fours, and place themselves close together, while the two other players, twined together as I have said, turn a summerset backwards over them, and the man whose head was downwards before is now upwards, and the other has of course taken his position. So they go backwards and forwards, and if they come apart or fall, they have to kneel down and make a "back" for others to tumble over in the same way. I remarked two young men clinging together in this way who turned a summerset twenty-three times in succession. At last they fell from a feint of one of the "backs," who began to grow tired of the sport. They went on playing till evening gradually crept over us, and the sun was quite lost behind the snow-capped mountains. Then, as the dews fell heavily, and the chill air grew keener, they tied up their trowsers; and, shuffling on their slippers, returned to our little town, bawling rude monotonous choruses, and dancing as they went, if hopping would not be a better term for their uncouth manœuvres.

I have returned home. A wood fire burns cheerfully in the hearth, and a lamp sheds a pretty tempered light on the desk I am to use presently. The books and maps, the dumpy pens, and the well-worn penknife, the cigar case, the broken tea-cups on a side-table, and the milk in a glass, all made ready by kind hands, seem to smile a silent welcome to me, like old friends. Five minutes at the window, a few cups of tea, a short game with pen and ink, and then to bed.

OLD DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The poet Gray has pleasantly told us that the best enjoyment during the dog days is "to lie on a sofa and read novels." Sultry hours may be as agreeably whiled away by turning over a volume of old newspapers.

The Domestic Intelligence, from March, sixteen hundred and seventy-nine to March, sixteen hundred and eighty, is now in our hands. The volume is not remarkable for thickness, and still less for size; for newspapers in this early day were published but twice a week, and were but half-sheets small folio, and thus scarcely larger than the broadside which displayed the last dying speech, or detailed the startling particulars of the last horrid Popish, or detestable Presbyterian plot. The publisher of the paper, however, filled his two pages well. There is close type, and narrow margin; and although, of course, immeasurably behind the modern newspaper, the Intelligencer of those days, in extent of information as well as in the advantage of its wider circulation, was a great advance upon the earlier newsletter.

It is curious to mark how with the great strife for liberty the era of newspapers commences; and how his sacred Majesty himself was compelled by the force of public opinion to publish a journal at Oxford. During the Protectorate, newspapers were abundant; but at the happy Restoration they dwindled down to the royally-appointed Gazette.

It is curious to look over these Gazettes. All the time the plague was extending its fearful ravages, we find not a word!—during the week that London was burning, there is not a line noting the ruin of the first city of the realm, but merely, a week or two after, a remark that orders had been given to clear away the rubbish! Little foreign news; but we are duly informed where the court is. No domestic news, except when his sacred Majesty's whereabout is carefully indicated. Here is an edifying notice in sixteen hundred and sixty-nine:

April twelfth, his Majesty is pleased to declare that by reason of the approaching heat of summer, he shall continue to touch for the evil only till the end of this present month; after then, not till October.

But, miserable as this dearth of news must have been to men who had been, under the Protectorate, accustomed to their many newspapers, none were suffered; or, at most, but one or two occasionally and furtively appeared until the reaction consequent on eighteen years of misrule commenced, when the spirit of hostility to a prince whose after conduct showed how well merited that hostility had been, burst forth so fiercely, that Charles, who, with Vicar of Bray feelings, had declared that he would not be sent on his travels again, was compelled to pause, and allow the act for restraining the liberty of the press to be repealed. "Hereupon," says Roger Norton, "the press became very licentious against the court and clergy." No doubt it would be, if truth were licence; and forthwith appeared some score Intelligencers, all professing to give full, true, and particular accounts of passing events,

> And on the wings of mighty winds
> Came flying all abroad.

Here is the account of the first attempt to establish a penny-post:

March 27, 1679.—On Saturday the projectors for conveying letters to any part of the city or suburbs for a penny a letter, opened their offices in Lime Street, at Charing Cross, and Temple Bar, beside several inferior offices, at which they have hung out tables to advertise people of the thing; but the porters, not without good reason, supposing there will be a great diminution, if not absolute ruin of their employment, have shown their resentment by taking down and tearing the said tables wherever they met with them.

This violent maintenance of their vested interests on the part of the London porters is recommended to the notice of all who think the working classes were more obedient and tractable in the times of the fine old English gentleman—the palmy days of Toryism. In subsequent numbers we find that some of the ringleaders were punished; but, on the whole, public opinion seems to have palliated their offence; so when, some time after, "Dr. Titus Oates, 'tis said, saith this [the letter-carrying] is a project of the Papists," an effectual extinguisher was put upon the whole plan, and the penny-post postponed for at least twenty years.

We may smile at the continual allusions to popish plots, which we meet in almost every number of our Domestic Intelligence, but we must bear in mind that much was the natural result of preceding misrule; and when, as Mr. Macaulay remarks, society was one mass of combustible matter, no wonder materials for igniting it were readily found. Thus, news from Bristol relates that many sheep have been found killed in the adjacent fields, and nothing but the fat taken; also twenty cows milked of a night by some unknown persons—part, as the editor remarks, of some bad mysterious plot of the Papists. A gentleman finds a parcel of sky-rockets in Smithfield; a maid-servant in the Borough discovers fire-balls in the cellar—another part of the plot. A flaming sword had been seen in Oxfordshire; a shower of blood had frightened—as well it might—a woman in Wales, while milking her cow; Mrs. Sheeres and her family, living near the Red Lion, Drury Lane, were eye-witnesses of a blazing star—all warnings against the popish plot. The papers during the summer abound indeed with these marvels. The following is worth transcribing:

A carrier near Cirencester saw near Abingdon, just after sun-rising, the perfect similitude of a tall man in a sad-coloured habit, brandishing a broadsword; he disappeared, and then there appeared a village and woods.

As might be expected, there were plenty of robberies, both on the highway and in private dwellings. The highwaymen were most audacious, stopping travellers though in large companies. Robberies in private houses were conducted much in the usual way, but some of the accounts are very suggestive. A house in Moorfields was robbed by two men getting over the garden paling, and breaking the casement. They carried off three flowered petticoats and a Farendon gown, altogether worth ten pounds. A maid-servant coming over Red Lion fields in the dusk is robbed of a basket of linen worth seven or eight pounds. Red Lion fields? Moorfields? Where are they? Some young gentlemen seem to have anticipated the doings of the Waltham Blacks, for we find that a gentleman living at a place called Dulwich, having had many deer stolen from his park, kept watch, and found the deer stealers were no commen men, but some of his neighbours. We have accounts of many serious duels, in which mostly one is killed. As these are always represented as resulting from sudden quarrels, mostly at taverns, over wine, or dice,

the danger of wearing a sword on ordinary occasions is forcibly proved. We have a passing hint of the early Mohawks in the notice that a person of honour—this is evidently a misnomer—was charged with breaking windows in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As the winter approaches, we find many accounts of linkmen guiding passengers along the outskirts of the metropolis, and then robbing them.

In the account of that great city festival, Lord Mayor's day, we are told that Sir Robert Clayton was met by the Artillery company in buff coats and red feathers, and that, preceded by four pageants, all referring to the art and mystery of the drapers, to which worshipful company he belonged, he rode in solemn state to Guildhall. The next notice worth record is very curious: Last Friday morning, Nov. fourteenth, his Majesty and several of the nobility went on foot to Hampton Court; they stayed some time by the way, dined there, and returned to Whitehall the same evening, about six of the clock. The king had during the summer been seriously ill, and we think there is little doubt that this excursion was planned to prove his complete recovery. He seems to have been at this time very anxious to conciliate the popular party, for we find it specially noted—His Majesty hath given strict orders for the removal of all Papists and suspected persons from the palace; and soon after it is triumphantly recorded that the Duchess of Portsmouth's servants are dismissed. The apparent bigotry of these feelings will disappear when we remember that not only Stuart misrule, but French domination, were included in our forefathers' estimate of popery.

The violent feelings of the times are yet further displayed in the exulting account occupying the whole of the first page of the Domestic Intelligence, of the procession on the seventeenth of November, the Pope-burning, as it was called. On this day—the anniversary of Elizabeth's accession, and therefore considered more proper for a Protestant manifesto than Gunpowder-plot day, which could bring only recollections of a family whom the nation might well wish to be rid of—crowds, we are told, assembled in upper Moorfields, then a wide open space, where Finsbury Square now stands, and from thence at five o'clock the long procession of horsemen, attended by above a thousand links and torches, escorted the whole college of cardinals, and the Pope, all on horseback, and appropriately dressed, from Moorfields into Bishopsgate Street, and from thence to Aldgate, from whence they returned along Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, and Cheapside, to Temple Bar, where a huge bonfire blazed right opposite the King's Head tavern, and where the Green Ribbon Club held their meetings. Here, while the Clubbists, with hats, and no perruques, with pipes in their mouths, and merry faces, as Roger North indignantly records, filled the double balcony, the richly dressed effigy of the Pope, as large as life, was suspended above the bonfire, and amid the ringing of the bells, and shouts of the multitude, flung, at a given signal, into the bonfire. The procession really seems to have been most splendid, and is estimated to have cost many hundred pounds. Roger North expressly attributes it to the contrivance of the Green Ribbon Club, the Brookes's of that day; and when we remember that so long a procession was allowed to pass unmolested through the principal streets, that the city bells rang throughout the day, and that business was suspended, we may well believe that, although a popular manifestation, it was at the suggestion of very influential men. From Roger North's most amusing Examen, we find that the same procession was made the two following years; but then came the Tory reaction, and the Pope and Guy Fawkes remained alike free from all such discourteous celebrations until the Revolution, and then a third victim was sometimes added, in the effigy of the exiled monarch.

There is little news to enliven the Christmas season; except one marvellous story of a terrible ghost which appeared at Lewes, in the shape of a man surrounded by fire; and the gratifying intelligence that Lord Shaftesbury hath recovered from illness, to the joy of all good Protestants, together with the yet more gratifying news that his Grace of Monmouth, who had lately returned from the continent, with several peers, to the no small joy of the city, was pleased to dine at the Crown tavern, in Fleet Street, where hundreds of spectators crowded to see him take coach. Soon after, we find the Domestic Intelligence, now with the superadded title of the Protestant, more than half filled with a marvellous account of a girl in Somersetshire, who, during Monmouth's visit in the last summer, was completely cured of scrofula by the duke's touch. With much minuteness this document states how one Elizabeth Parot, a girl of twenty, whose arm had been disabled by the king's evil, had had it borne in upon her mind that if she could but touch the duke she should be cured; and how, regardless of her neighbour's scepticism, and the anger of her mother, who threatened her with a good beating if she went, she proceeded to White Lodge, in Henton Park, and mingled with the crowd. Here "the duke's glove, as Providence would have it, the upper part hung down, so that his wrist was bare." Then she pressed forward, and caught hold on him by the bare wrist with her sore hand, saying, "God bless your greatness;" and the duke answered, "God bless you." The girl now rushed back overjoyed, though her mother declared she would beat her for her boldness, but she persisted she should be cured, and so, says the report, she was. To

this marvellous story plenty of signatures are appended. First and foremost is that of the parson of Crookhorn, then that of his clerk, of two captains, and five country gentlemen; and the editor states that the original document may be seen at the Amsterdam coffee-house.

This document has to us a solemn significance; for this silly story, which was brought so prominently forward on Monmouth's second visit to the west, led many a devoted but ignorant follower to his standard, and not improbably was the cause of his fatal error—that of allowing himself to be proclaimed king, instead of appearing among them simply as the champion of liberty. It is, however, a strange thing to find such a document in sixteen hundred and eighty—to find, not country clowns only, but London citizens, men who had lived under the protectorate, and lived prosperously, evidently believing the efficacy of the royal touch in scrofula, and, more, believing that the possession of this occult virtue was a sure indication of the true prince.

Suggestive, however, as these passing notices of what occurred more than a hundred and seventy years ago may be, perhaps the character of the times in reference to domestic life is more vividly exhibited in the advertisements, which, not in interminable columns, but by twos and threes, are squeezed in in small type at the end. These are often curious, although they do not take a very wide range.

Here, Castile, marble, and white soap, as good as can be made, is advertised, and also cordial drops, like all other cordial drops, suitable for every ailment. Then we have four pieces of tapestry-hangings to be sold, full of silk and of lively colours, to be afforded a great pennyworth. The days of dreadful sacrifices, the reader will perceive, had not yet arrived. The summer of sixteen hundred and seventy-nine was disturbed by the stupid and malignant Meal-tub Plot; so, soon after we have the following announcement: There is lately published a new set of very useful buttons for shirt sleeves or ruffles, there being described upon them some of the most remarkable passages of the late horrid plot! We have mostly been accustomed to consider canary birds as not having been very long introduced into England, but we find here that there will be some hundreds of rare canary birds to be sold at the house of Mr. James Dalton, the Three Tuns in Gracechurch Street. This advertisement is from time to time repeated.

Notices of houses to let are frequent. There is Morton Abbey, containing several large rooms, with gardens, fishponds, dovehouse, brewhouse, woodhouse, and a very fine chapel. Then, the house in which Sir Thomas Davis, late alderman, lived, on Snow Hill, is to be sold, with four rooms on a floor, well wainscoted: a coachhouse, stables, and two gardens. Gardens on Snow Hill! Yet people were beginning to seek after the country. Many a citizen cast a longing look toward Islington: not the northern or western extremities of that wide parish—for Highbury and Barnsbury were complete woodland then, while Holloway was only known as being on the Barnet road, and supplying the larger portion of London with milk and cream,—but up by the pleasant fields before you come to the Green; and here were many schools, almost rivaling the celebrated schools at Hackney. Among them Mrs. Salmon's took perhaps the highest place. Here is her daughter's advertisement: would it had been more in detail, that we might have learnt what the terms of a genteel boarding-school were in the reign of Charles the Second, and whether the silver spoons and the towels were required then as now: the silver forks we know were but just coming into fashion, and then only for invalids. "Mrs. Woodcock, Mrs. Salmon's daughter, who has kept the school in Freeman's Court, Royal Exchange, is now removing to a great house at Islington, for the air, to keep a boarding-school; but Mr. Hughes, the dancing-master, will continue the school in Freeman's Court." We have some subsequent advertisements of Mr. Hughes and his dancing academy; indeed, these were so popular at this time in London that the narrator of the travels of Cosmo, Duke of Florence, ten years before this date, expressly tells us that his highness was taken to see one of them.

There are a tolerable number of losses advertised; the most numerous relate to dogs and horses. For an extraordinary small spaniel a guinea reward is offered; and for grey mares and bay nags, the reward is always forty shillings. This is the sum offered for a fat black boy, eighteen years old, in grey livery lined with green serge, green stockings, and a grey hat; a reward which, we hope, was never paid. Here is a curious bit of costume: On Sunday last, April sixth, sixteen hundred and eighty, strayed, a child three years old, in a red cap, striped gown, orange petticoat, green stockings, and new shoes.

When the description of the person is added, the advertisement often becomes very amusing. Thus, Nicholas Pricklowe, who has run away from his master at the Royal Coffee Mill, in Cloth Fair, is described as a squat, thick fellow, with lank brown hair. Mary Golding, who has taken French leave of her mistress, the laundress, and with more than belonged to her, is described as of middle stature, brown hair, and low, broad forehead. One Charles James is of middle stature, flaxen hair, little curled pate, thin faced, and full grey eyes. Notices of trampers, supposed to have stolen goods in their possession, are frequent, and sometimes a list of property supposed to be stolen is published. Thus, in

one John Robinson's possession, the following articles were found:—a flowered silk morning gown and mantle, some women's point sleeves, a pair of gold and red coloured fringed gloves, a tabby print watered waistcoat, a sad minerum coloured coat—what colour could this have been?—with frost buttons, and button-holes edged with gold purl. But for minute descriptions, both of man and horse, perhaps the following advertisement for the apprehension of John Catchmead surpasses all. Twenty-four years of age, of middle stature, something haughty in speech and carriage, very light-coloured hair, more like a short perriwig, little beard, face somewhat reddish, by reason of the small pox, but of cheerful countenance. He used to wear a grey hat, a sad-coloured coat, and used to travel about the country to sell rugs and coverlids. He went off with a bay mare of long body, and thick fore legs, hooked nose, and sour countenance. Only the accustomed forty shillings are offered for the apprehension of this remarkable pair.

Towards the season of Christmas and the New Year we might expect to find some advertisements of Christmas fare — raisins of the sun, or Jordan almonds, or dates, then always used to give mincemeat a quality flavour, but there are no such announcements; and then we call to remembrance that in those days the important science of puffing was quite in its infancy; that our great great grandmothers dealt with the grocers and linen drapers, whose fathers had served their fathers and mothers before them, and that so far, simple souls, from welcoming thrilling advertisements of goods below cost price, and articles at a ruinous sacrifice, they would have shaken their heads, and at once, in their imagination, have consigned the unfortunate puffer to the Counter, or more probably to New Bedlam. The following is the nearest approach to the modern style of advertisement:

A small parcel of most excellent tea is, by accident, fallen into the hands of a private person to be sold, but that none may be disappointed, the lowest price is thirty shillings a pound, and not any to be sold under a pound weight, for which they are desired to bring a convenient box. Inquire of Mr. Thomas Eagle, King's Head Street, St. James's Market.

Thirty shillings a pound, at a time when money was more than double its present value! Truly, a dish of tea in these days was a veritable draught of aurum potabile.

With the following very different advertisement, which appears in the Domestic Intelligence of December twenty-sixth, we must conclude: Whereas, on Thursday, the eighteenth, Mr. John Dryden was assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, Covent Garden, by divers men unknown; If any person make discovery of the offenders to the said Mr. John Dryden, or any justice of the peace, he shall not only receive fifty pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, but if the discoverer be one of the actors, he shall have the fifty pounds without letting his name be known, or receiving the least trouble of any prosecution.

CHIP.

JUSTICE IS SATISFIED.

It requires a certain amount of moral courage to wear a felt hat—particularly one of the Hecker, or conically wide-awake form. I wear one, and shall continue to do so. I find that it requires no brushing; that I can sit upon it, fold it up into a very small compass, and put it into my pocket, if I like; that it lasts a long time, and never gets shabby; that it is very cheap, and of sufficiently humble appearance to render its being stolen or exchanged for a worse very improbable. Moreover, I am bound to my felt hat by strong ties of gratitude, for it once saved me from having my head broken.

I was making a short stay in Berlin, that large, square, sour-soup-smelling city. Desirous of seeing what life after dark in the capital of Prussia was like, I went one night to an establishment, the Kœnig's Something, where there was plenty of music and dancing (with a strict government license, you may be sure), and immense quantities of beer and tobacco. Though an Englander, I was gallant enough to offer my partner, at the conclusion of a waltz, a glass of Bavarian beer; which she was good enough to accept, and to partake of to her own apparent satisfaction, but to the undisguised distaste of a young man with a ring on his thumb, her former partner, who was so long and lanky in stature, so unctuous and tawny in face, hair, and attire, that he put me in mind of one of the well-greased poles, up which fellows at country fairs were accustomed to climb for legs of mutton. I think I was endeavouring to explain this (in execrable German) to the fair beer-drinker, when this jealous man began to be rude and insulting to the lady, to me, and to the land of my birth and to her sons in general. I resented his insolence; high words ensued, followed by very low ones (on his part) but no blows; partly because there were several policemen in the room, partly, perhaps, because the oleaginous Othello believed in the tradition common all over the continent, that every Englishman, of whatever rank or size, has been trained from his youth upwards in the science and practice of the "boaxe," and hits hard and true. I went away from the Kœnig's whatever its name was, shortly afterwards, and had forgotten all about the greasy man; when turning the corner of the street, I received a tremendous blow with some blunt instrument on the back of the head, or of the hat rather, for the trusty felt opposed

itself to the force of the bludgeon just as effectually as Saladin's cushion might have done to King Richard's broadsword. The blow only dazed and staggered me, thanks to my wide-awake. I immediately turned round, and beheld my greasy friend running away as fast as his long legs could carry him. But he was not wise in his generation. If he had darted down a dark entry, or into a doorway, he might have escaped; but it was a very bright moonlight night, and I of course ran after him, vociferating "Stop thief!" as if I had been in Seven Dials, London. The chase was short. The long man ran into the arms of a Polizei, a night constable, who, immediately he had collared him, tripped his heels up, and then dragged him up again, knocked him against a wall, punched his ribs, and apostrophised him in sundry compound German words, winding up with contemptuous and indignant "Du's."

My complaint was soon made. The fellow had been taken in flagrant delict; and the bludgeon (a most murderous cudgel) was picked up at the very street corner where he had assaulted me.

"Justice is on the alert," said the Polizei to me. "Am I to take this man to the lock-up, herr? I promise you he will get three months, — three solid months' imprisonment. Or do you consent to arrange the matter?"

Now the imprisonment of the long man could not have done me one groschen's worth of good. My hat had saved my head, and I had got no hurt, and moreover, the prisoner, turning out an arrant cur, began to whine and blubber most piteously, wriggling like an eel, talking of his wife and family, and entreating that my English lordship would forgive him. So I said that the only feasible arrangement to my mind, was for the man to beg pardon for what he had done, and make the best of his way home.

The Polizei immediately assumed an aspect of the rigidest severity.

"Nein, nein," he said, austerely, "das kann nicht seyn, Herr. Arrangement. Home! Poof! Justice must not be trifled with. You must *both* come with me. Ya; both. You as plaintiff; you as defendant." Whereupon the Polizei looked upon me with an air that said unmistakably, "Consider yourself in custody."

I was about to resign myself, when the culprit, who evidently understood better than I did what a Prussian judicial "arrangement" was, began to overwhelm the Polizei with compound gutturals; the majority of which were dead and buried letters to me. I saw, however, the constable frequently strike the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right. I understood *that*. I understood it all when the long man produced from the pockets of his tawny trousers, a fat silver coin called a thaler, worth three shillings, which he handed to the Polizei.

I shall never forget the admirably philosophical equanimity with which this incorruptible functionary received the bribe. He looked criticisingly at it, gave the greasy man a shove forward, to intimate that that was his way home (an intimation he acted upon instantaneously), pocketed the thaler; looked at me, winked with his moustache (the Germans are too leaden-eyed to wink with their organs of vision), and uttering these remarkable words, "Die Gerechtigkeit ist betriedigt" (Justice is satisfied), turned on his heel, and I saw him no more.

Upon reflection, next day I was obliged to admit that if justice was not satisfied I ought to be moderately so. In fact the municipal mediator, though at first sight his conduct would seem to have borne some resemblance to that of the lawyer in the famous oyster arbitration case, had, in the main, given satisfaction to all parties concerned. The greasy ruffian had escaped his merited three months' imprisonment for a trifling mulct: that was satisfaction enough for him. The Polizei was the richer in the world by one thaler: he was satisfied. And I had every reason for satisfaction in not prosecuting my assailant. I should have had to have gone before the Counsellor of Police one day, the Assessor the next; the Minister of Police the third; and to have attended the adjudication of the process on the fourth. Four days lost for a blow that did me no harm! I could not even have foregone the prosecution or have left Berlin, for my passport was at the Police office, and without a passport locomotion would have been out of the question. I never look at my felt hat without thinking of the Prussian police Gerechtigkeit or justice, which was satisfied by a three-shilling piece, and that makes me recall with a laugh the old anecdote of the Kentuckian gentleman who stopped the ball because Captain Larkins had kissed his wife, immediately afterwards vociferating, "The ball may go on again. Capting Larkins has given me satisfaction. Capting Larkins has loaned me five dollars!"

THE TRUE VOICE.

Voices so many haunt me on my road,
O, tell me, Angel, which the voice of God?
"'Tis that which most relieves thee of thy load."

Yet to me, Angel, oft it doth appear
As if His voice were terrible to hear.
"That is thy own defect, and sin-born fear."

And oft about me is a voice at eve,
Which tells me that for ever I shall grieve.
"That he hath such a voice, do not believe."

Yet sometimes, too, at eve, ill voices die,
And comes a whisper of tranquillity.
"His voice is speaking in that evening sigh."

And sometimes round me sweetest murmurs sing—
There is a happy end for everything!
"That is Heav'n's chorus earthward echoing."

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Mr. Henry Lennox." Margaret had been thinking of him only a moment before, and remembering his inquiry into her probable occupations at home. It was parler du soleil et l'on en voit les rayons; and the brightness of the sun came over Margaret's face as she put down her board, and went forward to shake hands with him. "Tell mamma, Sarah," said she. "Mamma and I want to ask you so many questions about Edith; I am so much obliged to you for coming."

"Did not I say that I should?" asked he, in a lower tone than that in which she had spoken.

"But I heard of you so far away in the Highlands that I never thought Hampshire could come in."

"Oh!" said he, more lightly, "our young couple were playing such foolish pranks, running all sorts of risks, climbing this mountain, sailing on that lake, that I really thought they needed a mentor to take care of them. And indeed they did; they were quite beyond my uncle's management, and kept the old gentleman in a panic for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Indeed, when I once saw how unfit they were to be trusted alone, I thought it my duty not to leave them till I had seen them safely embarked at Plymouth."

"Have you been at Plymouth? Oh! Edith never named that. To be sure, she has written in such a hurry lately. Did they really sail on Tuesday?"

"Really sailed, and relieved me from my responsibilities. Edith gave me all sorts of messages for you. I believe I have a little diminutive note somewhere; yes, here it is."

"Oh! thank you," exclaimed Margaret; and then, half wishing to read it alone and unwatched, she made the excuse of going to tell her mother again (Sarah surely had made some mistake) that Mr. Lennox was there.

When she had left the room, he began in his scrutinising way to look about him. The little drawing-room was looking its best in the streaming light of the morning sun. The middle window in the bow was opened, and clustering roses and the scarlet honeysuckle came peeping round the corner; the small lawn was gorgeous with verbenas and geraniums of all bright colours. But the very brightness outside made the colours within seem poor and faded. The carpet was far from new; the chintz had been often washed; the whole apartment was smaller and shabbier than he had expected, as back-ground and frame-work for Margaret, herself so queenly. He took up one of the books lying on the table; it was the Paradiso of Dante, in the proper old Italian binding of white vellum and gold; by it lay a dictionary, and some words copied out in Margaret's handwriting. They were a dull list of words, but somehow he liked looking at them. He put them down with a sigh.

"The living is evidently as small as she said. It seems strange, for the Beresfords belong to a good family."

Margaret meanwhile had found her mother. It was one of Mrs. Hale's fitful days, when everything was a difficulty and a hardship; and Mr. Lennox's appearance took this shape, although secretly she felt complimented by his thinking it worth while to call.

"It is most unfortunate! We are dining early to day, and having nothing but cold meat, in order that the servants may get on with their ironing; and yet, of course, we must ask him to dinner—Edith's brother-in-law and all. And your papa is in such low spirits this morning about something—I don't know what. I went into the study just now, and he had his face on the table, covering it with his hands. I told him I was sure Helstone air did not agree with him any more than with me, and he suddenly lifted up his head, and begged me not to speak a word more against Helstone, he could not bear it; if there was one place he loved on earth it was Helstone. But I am sure, for all that, it is the damp and relaxing air."

Margaret felt as if a thin cold cloud had come between her and the sun. She had listened patiently, in hopes that it might be some relief to her mother to unburden herself; but now it was time to draw her back to Mr. Lennox.

"Papa likes Mr. Lennox; they got on together famously at the wedding breakfast. I dare say his coming will do papa good. And never mind the dinner, dear mamma. Cold meat will do capitally for a lunch, which is the light in which Mr. Lennox will most likely look upon a two o'clock dinner."

"But what are we to do with him till then? It is only half-past ten now."

"I'll ask him to go out sketching with me. I know he draws, and that will take him out of your way, mamma. Only do come in now; he will think it so strange if you don't."

Mrs. Hale took off her black silk apron, and smoothed her face. She looked a very pretty lady-like woman as she greeted Mr. Lennox with the cordiality due to one who was almost a relation. He evidently expected to be asked to spend the day, and accepted the invitation with a glad readiness that made Mrs. Hale wish she could add something to the cold beef. He was pleased with everything; delighted with Margaret's idea of going out sketching together; would not have Mr. Hale disturbed for the world, with the prospect of so soon meeting him at dinner. Margaret brought out her drawing materials

for him to choose from; and after the paper and brushes had been duly selected, the two set out in the merriest spirits in the world.

"Now, please, just stop here for a minute or two," said Margaret. "These are the cottages that haunted me so during the rainy fortnight, reproaching me for not having sketched them."

"Before they tumbled down and were no more seen. Truly, if they are to be sketched —and they are very picturesque—we had better not put it off till next year. But where shall we sit?"

"Oh! You might have come straight from chambers in the Temple, instead of having been two months in the Highlands! Look at this beautiful trunk of a tree, which the wood-cutters have left just in the right place for the light. I will put my plaid over it, and it will be a regular forest throne."

"With your feet in that puddle for a regal footstool! Stay, I will move, and then you can come nearer this way. Who lives in these cottages?"

"They were built by squatters fifty or sixty years ago. One is uninhabited; the foresters are going to take it down, as soon as the old man who lives in the other is dead, poor old fellow! Look—there he is—I must go and speak to him. He is so deaf you will hear all our secrets."

The old man stood bareheaded in the sun, leaning on his stick at the front of his cottage. His stiff features relaxed into a slow smile as Margaret went up and spoke to him. Mr. Lennox hastily introduced the two figures into his sketch, and finished up the landscape with a subordinate reference to them, as Margaret perceived, when the time came for getting up, putting away water, and scraps of paper, and exhibiting to each other their sketches. She laughed and blushed: Mr. Lennox watched her countenance.

"Now, I call that treacherous," said she. "I little thought you were making old Isaac and me into subjects, when you told me to ask him the history of these cottages."

"It was irresistible. You can't know how strong a temptation it was. I hardly dare tell you how much I shall like this sketch."

He was not quite sure if she heard this latter sentence before she went to the brook to wash her palette. She came back rather flushed, but looking perfectly innocent and unconscious. He was glad of it, for the speech had slipped from him unawares—a rare thing in the case of a man who premeditated his actions so much as Henry Lennox.

The aspect of home was all right and bright when they reached it. The clouds on her mother's brow had cleared off under the propitious influence of a brace of carp, most opportunely presented by a neighbour. Mr. Hale had returned from his morning's round, and was awaiting his visitor just outside the wicket gate that led into the garden. He looked a complete gentleman in his rather threadbare coat and well-worn hat. Margaret was proud of her father; she had always a fresh and tender pride in seeing how favourably he impressed every stranger; still her quick eye sought over his face and found there traces of some unusual disturbance, which was only put aside, not cleared away.

Mr. Hale asked to look at their sketches.

"I think you have made the tints on the thatch too dark, have you not?" as he returned Margaret's to her, and held out his hand for Mr. Lennox's, which was withheld from him one moment, no more.

"No, papa! I don't think I have. The house-leek and stone-crop have grown so much darker in the rain. Is it not like, papa?" said she, peeping over his shoulder, as he looked at the figures in Mr. Lennox's drawing.

"Yes, very like. Your figure and way of holding yourself is capital. And it is just poor old Isaac's stiff way of stooping his long rheumatic back. What is this hanging from the branch of the tree? Not a bird's nest, surely.

"Oh no! that is my bonnet. I never can draw with my bonnet on; it makes my head so hot. I wonder if I could manage figures. There are so many people about here whom I should like to sketch."

"I should say that a likeness you very much wish to take you would always succeed in," said Mr. Lennox. "I have great faith in the power of will. I think myself I have succeeded pretty well in yours." Mr. Hale had preceded them into the house, while Margaret was lingering to pluck some roses, with which to adorn her morning gown for dinner.

"A regular London girl would understand the implied meaning of that speech," thought Mr. Lennox. "She would be up to looking through every speech that a young man made her for the arrière-pensée of a compliment. But I don't believe, Margaret,—Stay!" exclaimed he, "Let me help you;" and he gathered for her some velvety cramoisy roses that were above her reach, and then dividing the spoil he placed two in his button-hole, and sent her in, pleased and happy, to arrange her flowers.

The conversation at dinner flowed on quietly and agreeably. There were plenty of questions to be asked on both sides—the latest intelligence which each could give of Mrs. Shaw's movements in Italy to be exchanged; and in the interest of what was said, the unpretending simplicity of the parsonage-ways—above all, in the neighbourhood of Margaret, Mr. Lennox forgot the little feeling of disappointment with which he had at first perceived that Margaret had spoken but the simple truth when she had described her father's living as very small.

"Margaret, my child, you might have gathered us some pears for our dessert," said

Mr. Hale, as the hospitable luxury of a freshly-decanted bottle of wine was placed on the table.

Mrs. Hale was hurried. It seemed as if desserts were impromptu and unusual things at the parsonage; whereas, if Mr. Hale would only have looked behind him, he would have seen biscuits, and marmalade, and what not, all arranged in formal order on the sideboard. But the idea of pears had taken possession of Mr. Hale's mind, and was not to be got rid of.

"There are a few brown beurrés against the south wall which are worth all foreign fruits and preserves. Run, Margaret, and gather us some."

"I propose that we adjourn into the garden, and eat them there," said Mr. Lennox. "Nothing is so delicious as to set one's teeth into the crisp, juicy fruit, warm and scented by the sun. The worst is, the wasps are impudent enough to dispute it with one, even at the very crisis and summit of enjoyment."

He rose, as if to follow Margaret, who had disappeared through the window: he only awaited Mrs. Hale's permission. She would rather have wound up the dinner in the proper way, and with all the ceremonies which had gone on so smoothly hitherto, especially as she and Dixon had got out the finger-glasses from the store-room on purpose to be as correct as became General Shaw's widow's sister; but as Mr. Hale got up directly, and prepared to accompany his guest, she could only submit.

"I shall arm myself with a knife," said Mr. Hale: "The days of eating fruit so primitively as you describe are over with me. I must pare it and quarter it before I can enjoy it."

Margaret made a plate for the pears out of a beet-root leaf, which threw up their brown gold colour admirably. Mr. Lennox looked more at her than at the pears; but her father, inclined to cull fastidiously the very zest and perfection of the hour he had stolen from his anxiety, chose daintily the ripest fruit, and sat down on the garden bench to enjoy it at his leisure. Margaret and Mr. Lennox strolled along the little terrace-walk under the south wall, where the bees still hummed and worked busily in their hives.

"What a perfect life you seem to live here! I have always felt rather contemptuously towards the poets before, with their wishes, 'Mine be a cot beside a hill,' and that sort of thing: but now I am afraid that the truth is, I have been nothing better than a Cockney. Just now I feel as if twenty years' hard study of law would be amply rewarded by one year of such an exquisite serene life as this—such skies!" looking up—"such crimson and amber foliage, so perfectly motionless as that!" pointing to some of the great forest trees which shut in the garden as if it were a nest.

"You must please to remember that our skies are not always as deep a blue as they are now. We have rain, and our leaves do fall, and get sodden; though I think Helstone is about as perfect a place as any in the world. Recollect how you rather scorned my description of it one evening in Harley Street: 'a village in a tale.'"

"Scorned, Margaret! That is rather a hard word."

"Perhaps it is. Only I know I should have liked to have talked to you of what I was very full at the time, and you—what must I call it then?—spoke disrespectfully of Helstone as a mere village in a tale."

"I will never do so again," said he, warmly. They turned the corner of the walk.

"I could almost wish, Margaret——" he stopped and hesitated. It was so unusual for the fluent lawyer to hesitate that Margaret looked up at him in a little state of questioning wonder; but in an instant—from what about him she could not tell—she wished herself back with her mother—her father—anywhere away from him, for she was sure he was going to say something to which she should not know what to reply. In another moment the strong pride that was in her came to conquer her sudden agitation, which she hoped he had not perceived. Of course she could answer, and answer the right thing; and it was poor and despicable of her to shrink from hearing any speech, as if she had not power to put an end to it with her high maidenly dignity.

"Margaret," said he, taking her by surprise, and getting sudden possession of her hand, so that she was forced to stand still and listen, despising herself for the fluttering at her heart all the time; "Margaret, I wish you did not like Helstone so much—did not seem so perfectly calm and happy here. I have been hoping for these three months past to find you regretting London—and London friends, a little—enough to make you listen more kindly" (for she was quietly but firmly striving to extricate her hand from his grasp) "to one who has not much to offer, it is true—nothing but prospects in the future—but who does love you, Margaret, almost in spite of himself. Margaret, have I startled you too much? Speak!" For he saw her lips quivering almost as if she were going to cry. She made a strong effort to be calm; she would not speak till she had succeeded in mastering her voice, and then she said:

"I was startled. I did not know that you cared for me in that way. I have always thought of you as a friend; and, please, I would rather go on thinking of you so. I don't like to be spoken to as you have been doing. I cannot answer you as you want me to do, and yet I should feel so sorry if I vexed you."

"Margaret," said he, looking into her eyes, which met his with their open, straight look, expressive of the utmost good faith and

reluctance to give pain, "Do you"—he was going to say—"love any one else?" But it seemed as if this question would be an insult to the pure serenity of those eyes. "Forgive me! I have been too abrupt. I am punished. Only let me hope. Give me the poor comfort of telling me you have never seen any one whom you could——" Again a pause. He could not end his sentence. Margaret reproached herself acutely as the cause of his distress.

"Ah! if you had but never got this fancy into your head! It was such a pleasure to think of you as a friend."

"But I may hope, may I not, Margaret, that some time you will think of me as a lover? Not yet, I see—there is no hurry—but some time——"

She was silent for a minute or two, trying to discover the truth as it was in her own heart, before replying; then she said:

"I have never thought of—you, but as a friend. I like to think of you so; but I am sure I could never think of you as anything else. Pray, let us both forget that all this" ("disagreeable," she was going to say, but stopped short) "conversation has taken place."

He paused before he replied. Then, in his habitual coldness of tone, he answered:

"Of course, as your feelings are so decided, and as this conversation has been so evidently unpleasant to you, it had better not be remembered. That is all very fine in theory, that plan of forgetting whatever is painful, but it will be somewhat difficult for me, at least, to carry it into execution."

"You are vexed," said she, sadly; "yet how can I help it?"

She looked so truly grieved as she said this, that he struggled for a moment with his real disappointment, and then answered more cheerfully, but still with a little hardness in his tone:

"You should make allowances for the mortification, not only of a lover, Margaret, but of a man not given to romance in general—prudent, worldly, as some people call me—who has been carried out of his usual habits by the force of a passion——well, we will say no more of that; but in the one outlet which he has formed for the deeper and better feelings of his nature, he meets with rejection and repulse. I shall have to console myself with scorning my own folly. A struggling barrister to think of matrimony!"

Margaret could not answer this. The whole tone of it annoyed her. It seemed to touch on and call out all the points of difference which had often repelled her in him; while yet he was the pleasantest man, the most sympathising friend, the person of all others who understood her best in Harley Street. She felt a tinge of contempt mingle itself with her pain at having refused him. Her beautiful lip curled in a slight disdain. It was well that, having made the round of the garden, they came suddenly upon Mr. Hale, whose whereabouts had been quite forgotten by them. He had not yet finished the pear, which he had delicately peeled in one long strip of silver-paper thinness, and which he was enjoying in a deliberate manner. It was like the story of the eastern king, who dipped his head into a basin of water, at the magician's command, and ere he instantly took it out went through the experience of a lifetime. Margaret felt stunned, and unable to recover her self-possession enough to join in the trivial conversation that ensued between her father and Mr. Lennox. She was grave, and little disposed to speak; full of wonder when Mr. Lennox would go, and allow her to relax into thought on the events of the last quarter of an hour. He was almost as anxious to take his departure as she was for him to leave; but a few minutes light and careless talking, carried on at whatever effort, was a sacrifice which he owed to his mortified vanity, or his self-respect. He glanced from time to time at her sad and pensive face.

"I am not so indifferent to her as she believes," thought he to himself. "I do not give up hope."

Before a quarter of an hour was over, he had fallen into a way of conversing with quiet sarcasm; speaking of life in London and life in the country, as if he were conscious of his second mocking self, and afraid of his own satire. Mr. Hale was puzzled. His visitor was a different man to what he had seen him before at the wedding-breakfast, and at dinner to day; a lighter, cleverer, more worldly man, and, as such, dissonant to Mr. Hale. It was a relief to all three when Mr. Lennox said that he must go directly if he meant to catch the five o'clock train. They proceeded to the house to find Mrs. Hale, and wish her good-bye. At the last moment, Henry Lennox's real self broke through the crust.

"Margaret, don't despise me; I have a heart, notwithstanding all this good-for-nothing way of talking. As a proof of it, I believe I love you more than ever—if I do not hate you—for the disdain with which you have listened to me during this last half-hour. Good-bye, Margaret—Margaret!"

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

He was gone. The house was shut up for the evening. No more deep blue skies or crimson and amber tints. Margaret went up to dress for the early tea, finding Dixon in a pretty temper from the interruption which a visitor had naturally occasioned on a busy day. She showed it by brushing away viciously at Margaret's hair, under pretence of being in a great hurry to go to Mrs. Hale. Yet, after all, Margaret had to wait a long time in the drawing-room before her mother came down. She sat by herself at the fire, with unlighted candles on the table behind

her, thinking over the day, the happy walk, happy sketching, cheerful pleasant dinner, and the uncomfortable, miserable walk in the garden.

How different men were to women! Here was she disturbed and unhappy, because her instinct had made anything but a refusal impossible; while he, not many minutes after he had met with a rejection of what ought to have been the deepest, holiest proposal of his life, could speak as if briefs, success, and all its superficial consequences of a good house, clever and agreeable society, were the sole avowed objects of his desires. Oh dear! how she could have loved him if he had but been different, with a difference which she felt, on reflection, to be one that went low—deep down. Then she took it into her head that, after all, his lightness might be but assumed, to cover a bitterness of disappointment which would have been stamped on her own heart if she had loved and been rejected.

Her mother came into the room before this whirl of thoughts was adjusted into anything like order. Margaret had to shake off the recollections of what had been done and said through the day, and turn a sympathising listener to the account of how Dixon had complained that the ironing-blanket had been burnt again; and how Susan Lightfoot had been seen with artificial flowers in her bonnet, thereby giving evidence of a vain and giddy character. Mr. Hale sipped his tea in abstracted silence; Margaret had the responses all to herself. She wondered how her father and mother could be so forgetful, so regardless of their companion through the day, as never to mention his name. She forgot that he had not made them an offer.

After tea Mr. Hale got up, and stood with his elbow on the chimney-piece, leaning his head on his hand, musing over something, and from time to time sighing deeply. Mrs. Hale went out to consult with Dixon about some winter clothing for the poor. Margaret was preparing her mother's worsted work, and rather shrinking from the thought of the long evening, and wishing that bed-time were come that she might go over the events of the day again.

"Margaret!" said Mr. Hale, at last, in a sort of sudden desperate way, that made her start. "Is that tapestry thing of immediate consequence? I mean, can you leave it and come into my study? I want to speak to you about something very serious to us all."

"Very serious to us all." Mr. Lennox had never had the opportunity of having any private conversation with her father after her refusal, or else that would indeed be a very serious affair. In the first place, Margaret felt guilty and ashamed of having grown so much into a woman as to be thought of in marriage; and secondly, she did not know if her father might not be displeased that she had taken upon herself to decline Mr. Lennox's proposal. But she soon felt it was not about anything, which, having only lately and suddenly occurred, could have given rise to any complicated thoughts, that her father wished to speak to her. He made her take a chair by him; he stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, and sighed once or twice before he could make up his mind to say—and it came out with a jerk after all—"Margaret! I am going to leave Helstone."

"Leave Helstone, papa! But why?"

Mr. Hale did not answer for a minute or two. He played with some papers on the table in a nervous and confused manner, opening his lips to speak several times, but closing them again without having the courage to utter a word. Margaret could not bear the sight of the suspense, which was even more distressing to her father than to herself.

"But why, dear papa? Do tell me!"

He looked up at her suddenly, and then said with a slow and enforced calmness:

"Because I must no longer be a minister in the Church of England."

Margaret had imagined nothing less than that some of the preferments which her mother so much desired had befallen her father at last—something that would force him to leave beautiful, beloved Helstone, and perhaps compel him to go and live in some of the stately and silent Closes which Margaret had seen from time to time in cathedral towns. They were grand and imposing places, but if, to go there, it was necessary to leave Helstone as a home for ever, that would have been a sad, long, lingering pain. But nothing to the shock she received from Mr. Hale's last speech. What could he mean? It was all the worse for being so mysterious. The aspect of piteous distress on his face, almost as if imploring a merciful and kind judgment from his child, gave her a sudden sickening. Could he have become implicated in anything Frederick had done? Frederick was an outlaw. Had her father, out of a natural love for his son, connived at any—

"Oh! what is it? do speak, papa! tell me all! Why can you no longer be a clergyman? Surely, if the bishop were told all we know about Frederick, and the hard, unjust—"

"It is nothing about Frederick; the bishop would have nothing to do with that. It is all myself. Margaret, I will tell you about it. I will answer any questions this once, but after to-night let us never speak of it again. I can meet the consequences of my painful, miserable doubts; but it is an effort beyond me to speak of what has caused me so much suffering."

"Doubts, papa! Doubts as to religion?" asked Margaret, more shocked than ever.

"No! not doubts as to religion; not the slightest injury to that."

He paused. Margaret sighed, as if standing

on the verge of some new horror. He began again, speaking rapidly, as if to get over a set task.

"You could not understand it all, if I told you—my anxiety, for years past, to know whether I had any right to hold my living—my efforts to quench my smouldering doubts by the authority of the Church. Oh! Margaret, how I love the holy Church from which I am to be shut out!" He could not go on for a moment or two. Margaret could not tell what to say; it seemed to her as terribly mysterious as if her father were about to turn Mahometan.

"I have been reading to-day of the two thousand who were ejected from their churches,"—continued Mr. Hale, smiling faintly,—"trying to steal some of their bravery; but it is of no use—no use—I cannot help feeling it acutely."

"But, papa, have you well considered? Oh! it seems so terrible, so shocking," said Margaret, suddenly bursting into tears. The one staid foundation of her home, of her idea of her beloved father, seemed reeling and rocking. What could she say? What was to be done? The sight of her distress made Mr. Hale nerve himself, in order to try and comfort her. He swallowed down the dry choking sobs which had been heaving up from his heart hitherto, and going to his bookcase he took down a volume, which he had often been reading lately, and from which he thought he had derived strength to enter upon the course in which he was now embarked.

"Listen, dear Margaret," said he, putting one arm round her waist. She took his hand in hers and grasped it tight, but she could not lift up her head; nor indeed could she attend to what he read, so great was her internal agitation.

"This is the soliloquy of one who was once a clergyman in a country parish, like me; it was written by a Mr. Oldfield, minister of Carsington, in Derbyshire, a hundred and sixty years ago, or more. His trials are over. He fought the good fight." These last two sentences he spoke low, as if to himself. Then he read aloud,—

"When thou canst no longer continue in thy work without dishonour to God, discredit to religion, foregoing thy integrity, wounding conscience, spoiling thy peace, and hazarding the loss of thy salvation; in a word, when the conditions upon which thou must continue (if thou wilt continue) in thy employments are sinful, and unwarranted by the word of God, thou mayest, yea, thou must believe that God will turn thy very silence, suspension, deprivation, and laying aside, to His glory, and the advancement of the Gospel's interest. When God will not use thee in one kind, yet He will in another. A soul that desires to serve and honour Him shall never want opportunity to do it; nor must thou so limit the Holy One of Israel, as to think He hath but one way in which He can glorify Himself by thee. He can do it by thy silence as well as by thy preaching; thy laying aside as well as thy continuance in thy work. It is not pretence of doing God the greatest service, or performing the weightiest duty, that will excuse the least sin, though that sin capacitated or gave us the opportunity for doing that duty. Thou wilt have little thanks, O my soul! if, when thou art charged with corrupting God's worship, falsifying thy vows, thou pretendest a necessity for it in order to a continuance in the ministry."

As he read this, and glanced at much more which he did not read, he gained resolution for himself, and felt as if he too could be brave and firm in doing what he believed to be right; but as he ceased he heard Margaret's low convulsive sob; and his courage sank down under the keen sense of suffering.

"Margaret, dear!" said he, drawing her closer, "think of the early martyrs; think of the thousands who have suffered."

"But, father," said she, suddenly lifting up her flushed, tear-wet face, "the early martyrs suffered for the truth, while you—oh! dear, dear papa!"

"I suffer for conscience' sake, my child," said he, with a dignity that was only tremulous from the acute sensitiveness of his character; "I must do what my conscience bids. I have borne long with self-reproach that would have roused any mind less torpid and cowardly than mine." He shook his head as he went on. "Your poor mother's fond wish, gratified at last in the mocking way in which over-fond wishes are too often fulfilled—Sodom apples as they are—has brought on this crisis, for which I ought to be, and I hope I am thankful. It is not a month since the bishop offered me another living; if I had accepted it, I should have had to make a fresh declaration of conformity to the Liturgy at my institution. Margaret, I tried to do it; I tried to content myself with simply refusing the additional preferment, and stopping quietly here,—strangling my conscience now, as I had strained it before. God forgive me."

He rose and walked up and down the room, speaking low words of self-reproach and humiliation, of which Margaret was thankful to hear but few. At last he said,

"Margaret, I return to the old sad burden: we must leave Helstone."

"Yes! I see. But when?"

"I have written to the bishop—I dare say I have told you so, but I forget things just now," said Mr. Hale, collapsing into his depressed manner as soon as he came to talk of hard matter-of-fact details, "informing him of my intention to resign this vicarage. He has been most kind; he has used arguments and expostulations, all in vain—in vain. They are but what I have tried upon myself, without avail. I shall have to take my deed of resignation, and wait upon the bishop

myself, to bid him farewell. That will be a trial. But worse, far worse, will be the parting from my dear people. There is a curate appointed to read prayers, a Mr. Brown. He will come to stay with us to-morrow. Next Sunday I preach my farewell sermon."

Was it to be so sudden then? thought Margaret; and yet perhaps it was as well. Lingering would only add stings to the pain; it was better to be stunned into numbness by hearing of all these arrangements, which seemed to be nearly completed before she had been told. "What does mamma say?" asked she, with a deep sigh.

To her surprise, her father began to walk about again before he answered. At length he stopped and replied:

"Margaret, I am a poor coward after all. I cannot bear to give pain. I know so well your mother's married life has not been all she hoped—all she had a right to expect—and this will be such a blow to her, that I have never had the heart, the power to tell her. She must be told though, now," said he, looking wistfully at his daughter. Margaret was almost overpowered with the idea that her mother knew nothing of it all, and yet the affair was so far advanced!

"Yes, indeed she must," said Margaret. "Perhaps, after all, she may not—Oh yes! she will, she must be shocked"—as the force of the blow returned upon her herself in trying to realise how another would take it. "Where are we to go to?" said she at last, struck with a fresh wonder as to their future plans, if plans indeed her father had.

"To Milton-Northern," he answered, with a dull indifference, for he had perceived that, although his daughter's love had made her cling to him, and for a moment strive to soothe him with her love, yet the keenness of the pain was as fresh as ever in her mind.

"Milton-Northern! The manufacturing town in Darkshire?"

"Yes," said he, in the same despondent, indifferent way.

"Why there, papa?" asked she.

"Because there I can earn bread for my family. Because I know no one there, and no one knows Helstone, or can ever talk to me about it."

"Bread for your family! I thought you and mamma had"—and then she stopped, checking her natural interest as to their future life, as she saw the gathering gloom on her father's brow. But he, with his quick intuitive sympathy, read in her face as in a mirror the reflexions of his own moody depression, and turned it off with an effort.

"You shall be told all, Margaret. Only help me to tell your mother. I think I could do anything but that: the idea of her distress turns me sick with dread. If I tell you all, perhaps you could break it to her to-morrow. I am going out for the day, to bid farmer Dobson and the poor people on Bracy Common good-bye. Would you dislike breaking it to her very much, Margaret?"

Margaret did dislike it, did shrink from it more than from anything she had ever had to do in her life before. She could not speak, all at once. Her father said, "You dislike it very much, don't you, Margaret?" Then she conquered herself, and said, with a bright strong look on her face:

"It is a painful thing, but it must be done, and I will do it as well as ever I can. You must have many painful things to do."

Mr. Hale shook his head despondingly: he pressed her hand in token of gratitude. Margaret was nearly upset again into a burst of crying. To turn her thoughts, she said: "Now tell me, papa, what our plans are. You and mamma have some money independent of the income from the living, have not you? Aunt Shaw has, I know."

"Yes. I suppose we have about a hundred and seventy pounds a year of our own. Seventy of that has always gone to Frederick, since he has been abroad. I don't know if he wants it all," he continued in a hesitating manner. "He must have some pay for serving with the Spanish army."

"Frederick must not suffer," said Margaret, decidedly; "in a foreign country; so unjustly treated by his own. A hundred is left. Could not you, and I, and mamma live on a hundred a year in some very cheap—very quiet part of England? Oh! I think we could."

"No!" said Mr. Hale. "That would not answer. I must do something. I must make myself busy to keep off morbid thoughts. Besides, in a country parish I should be so painfully reminded of Helstone, and my duties here. I could not bear it, Margaret. And a hundred a year would go a very little way after the necessary wants of housekeeping are seen after, towards providing your mother with all the comforts she has been accustomed to, and ought to have. No: we must go to Milton. That is settled. I can always decide better by myself, and not influenced by those whom I love," said he, as a half apology for having arranged so much before he had told any one of his family of his intentions. "I cannot stand objections. They make me so undecided."

Margaret resolved to keep silence. After all what did it signify where they went, compared to the one terrible change?

Mr. Hale went on: "A few months ago, when my misery of doubt became more than I could bear, without speaking, I wrote to Mr. Bell—you remember Mr. Bell, Margaret?"

"No; I never saw him, I think. But I know who he is. Frederick's godfather—your old tutor at Oxford, don't you mean?"

"Yes. He is a fellow of Plymouth college there. He is a native of Milton-Northern, I believe. At any rate he has property there, which has very much increased in value since Milton has become such a large manufac-

turing town. Well; I had reason to suspect —to imagine—I had better say nothing about it, too. But I felt sure of sympathy from Mr. Bell. I don't know that he gave me much strength. He has lived an easy life in his college all his days. But he has been as kind as can be. And it is owing to him we are going to Milton."

"How?" said Margaret.

"Why, he has tenants, and houses, and mills there; so, though he dislikes the place —too bustling for one of his habits—he is obliged to keep up some sort of connection; and he tells me that he hears there is a good opening for a private tutor there."

"A private tutor!" said Margaret, looking scornful: "What in the world do manufacturers want to do with the classics, or literature, or the accomplishments of a gentleman?"

"Oh," said her father, "some of them really seem to be fine fellows, conscious of their own deficiencies, which is more than many a man at Oxford is. Some want resolutely to learn, though they have come to man's estate. Some want their children to be better instructed than they themselves have been. At any rate, there is an opening, as I have said, for a private tutor: Mr. Bell has recommended me to a Mr. Thornton, a tenant of his and a very intelligent man, as far as I can judge from his letters. And in Milton, Margaret, I shall find a busy life, if not a happy one, and people and scenes so different that I shall never be reminded of Helstone."

There was the secret motive, as Margaret knew from her own feelings. It would be different. Discordant as it was—with almost a detestation for all she had ever heard of the north of England, the manufacturers, the people, the wild and bleak country—there was yet this one recommendation—it would be different from Helstone, and could never remind them of that beloved place.

"When do we go?" asked Margaret, after a short silence.

"I do not know exactly. I wanted to talk it over with you. You see, your mother knows nothing about it yet: but I think in a fortnight—after my deed of resignation is sent in, I shall have no right to remain."

Margaret was almost stunned.

"In a fortnight!"

"No—no, not exactly to a day. Nothing is fixed," said her father, with anxious hesitation, as he noticed the filmy sorrow that came over her eyes and the sudden change in her complexion. But she recovered herself immediately.

"Yes, papa, it had better be fixed soon and decidedly, as you say. Only mamma to know nothing about it! It is that that is the great perplexity."

"Poor Maria!" replied Mr. Hale tenderly; "Poor, poor Maria! Oh, if I were not married—if I were but myself in the world, how easy it would be! As it is—Margaret, I dare not tell her!"

"No," said Margaret sadly, "I will do it. Give me till to-morrow evening to choose my time. Oh, papa!" cried she with sudden passionate entreaty, "say—tell me it is a nightmare—a horrid dream—not the real waking truth! You cannot mean that you are really going to leave the Church—to give up Helstone—to be for ever separate from me, from mamma—led away by some delusion—some temptation! You do not really mean it!"

Mr. Hale sat in rigid stillness while she spoke. Then he looked her in the face, and said in a slow, hoarse, measured way—"I do mean it, Margaret. You must not deceive yourself into doubting the reality of my words, my fixed intention and resolve." He looked at her in the same steady, stony manner for some moments after he had done speaking. She, too, gazed back with pleading eyes before she would believe that it was irrevocable. Then she arose and went, without another word or look, towards the door. As her fingers were on the handle, he called her back. He was standing by the fireplace, shrunk and stooping; but as she came near he drew himself up to his full height, and, placing his hands on her head, he said, solemnly:

"The blessing of God be upon thee, my child."

"And may He restore you to His Church," responded she, out of the fulness of her heart. The next moment she feared lest this answer to his blessing might be irreverent, wrong—might hurt him as coming from his daughter, and she threw her arms round his neck. He held her to him for a minute or two. She heard him murmur to himself, "The martyrs and confessors have had even more pain to bear—I will not shrink."

"They were startled by hearing Mrs. Hale inquiring for her daughter. They started asunder in the full consciousness of all that was before them. Mr. Hale hurriedly said—"Go, Margaret, go. I shall be out all to-morrow. Before night you will have told your mother."

"Yes," she replied. And she returned to the drawing-room in a stunned and dizzy state.

CORNISH STONE.

If you would study any very very hard stones, go to Cornwall. Whether you will read sermons in the stones depends principally on yourself; but the stones are there. You may classify them as you please into white and coloured, uniform and variegated, metalliferous and non-metalliferous, granular and smooth. At any rate, however you group them, it is noteworthy how many useful purposes they subserve. Take granite and serpentine, for instance; each may be regarded as the type of a class; the one class comprising rough stones em-

ployed for building purposes, and the other consisting of smooth stones applied to ornamental purposes. A day may be worse spent than in following blocks of these stones from the quarry to the workshop. Cornwall, like the north of Scotland, owes much of its wealth to granite. Much of the country consists of stern, bald, bare granite hills, and the people are well entitled to any benefit derivable from quarrying, cutting, polishing, and selling their stone riches.

The Cornish folk, we may be well assured, made good use of granite at home before they began to sell it to their neighbours. We see plenty of granite houses, and posts and pavings, in places where this stone is more plentiful than any other. Besides the huge masses of granite which occupy a large area of the country, there are veins called elvans—stripes of granite which appear to have been protruded into the great masses of rock. These elvans vary from a few inches to two or three hundred feet in width, and the substance of which they are formed is a kind of granite, so soft in some instances as to be used as crucible clay, and so hard in others as to be available for engineering and building purposes. Hence the Cornish people employ both granite and elvans. Their neighbours in Devonshire have also granite quarries upon Dartmoor among the other useful products of that picturesque table land: at Hey Tor, they are sending the granite down to the sea at Teignmouth, and from King Tor they ship it at Plymouth. But Cornwall is far richer in available granite quarries. There are those of the Brown Willy, whence the granite finds its way to the sea at Wadebridge; there are those of the Cheesewring, whence the granite travels by tramway to Liskeard; there are those of the far valley near Lostwithiel, which find an outlet at Par Harbour; there is the Penryn granite, the most abundant and the best known in Cornwall, which is conveyed from Falmouth harbour to various parts of England; and there are quarries in other directions. Something like ten thousand tons of granite per year are exported from the Penryn quarries alone, at prices varying from about two shillings to three shillings per cubic foot. The county altogether furnishes a prodigious amount of this hard and valuable stone for bridges, pavements, rolling-stones, columns, gateposts, and all the useful purposes for which granite can be used. Many of the old churches and mansions in Cornwall have been built of the harder specimens of elvan. If we would examine the appearance and structure of Cornish granite, let us wend our way to London Bridge; or, as that is not exactly the locality for pursuing mineralogical researches, let us rather go to the quieter region of Waterloo Bridge, where the world is not in such a desperate bustle.

If granite be so hard that it requires the attrition of millions of feet during thousands of days to make any perceptible impression on a granite pavement, we may be certain that the quarrying of such a material must be rather formidable work. Such it is, in truth; and yet not uninteresting work either. It is worth looking at; and if any one, being within reach of the Cornish regions, should wish to visit a granite quarry, we would venture to suggest the neighbourhood of Liskeard as a favourable locality. The rambler will, in the first place, not have to go far into Cornwall; and when there he can kill—not merely the traditional number of two birds—but as many as three birds, with one stone. He can visit the Caradon copper mines; he can roam around, and, perchance, scramble up the extraordinary and fantastic Cheesewring; and he can witness the tough labours of the granite quarrymen.

Leaving the quaint old town of Liskeard, and turning our faces towards the north, we speedily come to rising ground, which presents bolder and sterner granitic features as we advance. A tramway meets us, and we may do well to follow the line of this tramway up to the point where the busy operations are carried on. The Granite Company, and the Caradon Mining Companies, have very wisely clubbed their means together, to form a tramway, which may carry down to Liskeard the granite from the one, and the copper ore from the others. At some parts the team-carts are drawn along by horses; at others they are managed by ropes; but they have not yet been dignified by the use of steam locomotives. We ascend the slope of the hills by this tramway, and obtain a commanding view of the strange, hilly, treeless district around. Caradon is the name of a hill; and, as the flanks of this hill are rich in copper ore, there are numerous mines hereabouts: East Caradon, West Caradon, South Caradon, Caradon Wood, Caradon Vale, and so forth. It is pleasant to glance at the aboveground works of some of these mines; to see how busily the boys and girls are employed upon the ore which the miners have brought up from the bosom of the earth; and to see how the ore is prepared for the inspection of the assayers and smelters. But we have nothing to do with the mines here; we are quarry-hunting, and trudge onward until we reach the Cheesewring.

This Cheesewring is a strange, wild, inexplicable object, as many a picture has made manifest to us. We may say either that the hill which bears the heap of stones is the Cheesewring, or that the heap itself is the Cheesewring; we believe the latter to have really first obtained the name. The hill itself is of some considerable elevation, as wild and desolate as a granite hill can well be, and surrounded by other hills as wild and bare as itself. Huge fragments of granite are lying about; and, at the summit

is that strange group which gives a name to the whole. How shall we describe it? Shall we liken it to a number of large cheeses piled upon a number of smaller cheeses? The whole mass is about four and twenty feet in height; there are at the bottom three or four huge flattish stones resting one on another, then one of smaller size, then a monster block twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and then three or four other huge masses to crown the whole. There are such evident lines of separation in nearly horizontal planes, that it is difficult to get rid of the idea that the mass has been formed by separate stones piled one on another. Be sure that in such a place there will be abundance of theories to account for the existence of the Cheesewring. An old quarry-man, with whom we conversed was strenuous in advocacy of the theory that the superposition of these big stones was the work of the Deluge; no arguments could shake him in this view. The archæologists bend rather to the theory that the Cheesewring was a Druid altar, or something of the kind. But the geologists view the matter in a way which meets with more general support. They find that the granite of Cornwall has a great tendency to become fissured, both horizontally and vertically, whereby it becomes virtually separated into huge blocks before the quarrymen have touched it. Air and water enter the crevices thus formed, and gradually disintegrate the stone, wearing away most rapidly those parts of the granite which happen to be softest. In this view of the case, the Cheesewring is not composed of several stones heaped one upon another, but of one mass of rock which has been worn away to its present singular appearance by atmospheric agency. The Druids, or any other guild of ancients, may have made use of the Tors or other isolated rocks of Cornwall as temples or altars, or the Brownies may have converted them into ball-rooms; but these masses were, say the geologists, fashioned by the sun and air, and rain and wind.

On the slopes of the Cheesewring Hill, the granite quarrymen are busily at work; and it is strange to hear the clink of their tools. The region is so silent, so removed from towns and dwellings and people, that any sounds come very sharply upon the ear, and the sound of working in granite is very sharp indeed. The granite is very hard, of beautiful texture, and glitters brightly in the sunshine; thus the eye has something to look at while the ear is attending to the simple music of the quarrying—veritable music—if the quarrymen do their work steadily. Three or four men stand in a row, each provided with a long, sharp-pointed iron pick. With these picks, they make vertical holes in the surface of the granite, an inch or two in depth and a few inches apart. They strike a long-continued series of blows, each man bringing his pick to bear repeatedly upon the same hole. Each blow gives forth a ringing metallic sound; the men strike the blows in exact and regular succession; and as the musical pitch of the emitted sound depends upon the weight of the pick and the force of the man's arm, four or five picks may elicit or emit sounds all varying slightly in pitch, and hence a simple recurrence of musical notes may result. We will not go so far as to call it melody, but it is a humble substitute for music. When many such holes have been made in a long row, strong thick nails or wedges are driven in by the aid of heavy hammers. In a few minutes, by this wedge-like action, a fissure is formed along the line of holes, extending down to the bottom of the layer into which the granite naturally divides—that is, to the level of one of the natural planes of cleavage. By this means a huge block may be severed from the parent rock, and wrought into fitting shape by the patient action of the mallet, and pick, and chisel, and other tools.

Granite was confined to the roughest outdoor uses until it was discovered that the stone was a beautiful as well as a useful material; as fit for adorning the refined and elegant drawing-room, as for making roads and bridges. Being among the hardest things in nature, the difficulty was to cut it in such quantities and into such shapes as may be required; but at length machinery was constructed of power sufficient for that purpose; and so efficient that there have been produced objects varying in size, from an obelisk upwards of twenty-two feet high in a single block of granite, to a tiny desk-seal; and varying in weight from thirty-three tons to the fraction of an ounce. Busts have also been sculptured in granite with some success.

Cornwall has many other hard stones, quarried like granite, and applied like it to building purposes; but we have now to speak of another kind of stony wealth. Cornwall is, in truth, rich in those kinds of hard stone which bear a fine polish, and are available for decorative purposes. There are in the chalk and in the gravel numerous flints, which, when cut and polished, may be worked into snuff-boxes and other trinkets; these become especially beautiful when the spongiform bodies included in the substance of the flint are veined or marked with colour. There is, in the green-sand formation, the beautiful chalcedony often found in pieces large enough to form cups or small vases; while the smaller and finer specimens are frequently cut into seals. Rock-crystal is found in many localities; the choice bits are called Cornish diamonds, and are sufficiently transparent to be cut and set in brooches and seals; indeed, the old Cornish families possess a store of these so-called diamonds among their old-fashioned jewellery. Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, written two centuries and a-half ago, says of these Cornish diamonds—"in blacknesse and in hardnesse

they come behind the right ones; yet I have knowne some of them set on so good a foile as at first sight they might appose a not unskilful lapidarie." Then, again, the lias, when containing amonites, or other organic remains, may be cut and polished into beautiful chimney-pieces and similar objects. Bits of porphyry are occasionally dug up, suitable for fashioning into vases. The hard greenstone and the red jasper which are met with in certain localities are available for ornamental purposes. Marble—white, grey, black, yellow, red—is to be found in the two western counties; and those blocks which are composed almost entirely of fossil-corals variously mingled in the mass, and called madrepore marbles, present a very remarkable appearance when fashioned and polished. The rock which mineralogists designate diallage is, from its great beauty and hardness, well suited for purposes of architectural ornament. When cut and polished, some varieties have a fine purple tint, while others are greenish; and the stone can be obtained in considerable abundance in pieces of large size. Elvan, in the language of the Cornish miners, is a granitic rock, though not a true granite, which occurs in courses or long lines in various parts of the county. Worked up to a bright surface it often presents a beautiful appearance, especially when it contains white crystals of felspar in a reddish or flesh-coloured base. One of the magnates of the county the late Mr. Treffry, the greatest mine-owner in Cornwall, had some beautiful steps, and staircases, and pavements made in elvan for his mansion at Fowey. The stone can be obtained in masses of five or six tons weight.

The lizard and serpentine sound very reptilish; but they are very valuable nevertheless—the lizard as a land-mark, and the serpentine as a beautiful ornamental stone. The Lizard Point is that jutting out peninsula which lies southward of Falmouth and Helston. When viewed from the land side, it is simply a bald and dreary table-land, elevated a considerable height above the level of the sea, and presenting a remarkably level surface. But it is to the mariner, especially when the "stormy winds do blow," and when the arrival at a safe haven is anxiously desired, that this bold headland is most dear. The Lizard Point is the most southerly land in Great Britain, and is that which first generally meets the eye while sailing or steaming from the Atlantic into the English Channel. It is doubly valuable; for it is in itself a landmark, which shows that the old country is near at hand; and it indicates the locality of one of the finest and largest and safest harbours in England—that of Falmouth, which lies immediately to the east of the Lizard peninsula. Such a spot is, of course, an excellent locality for a lighthouse. There are two upon it, elevated at a great height above the sea. Landsmen might think that one would suffice; but when a ship is knocking about in a storm on a dark night, it might be a serious problem whether a light on a headland belonged to one of the Scilly Isles, or to the Lizard, or to Guernsey; and to remove this possible source of embarrassment, the Scilly beacon has one light, the Lizard beacon two, and the Guernsey beacon three.

It is in this sea-bound peninsula that the beautiful stone called serpentine is chiefly found. The name, probably, was given from some supposed resemblance of the rock to the streaks and colours on a serpent's skin. This rock, and another called diallage, constitute nearly half of the Lizard peninsula. Serpentine contains a large percentage of magnesia, and on this account the soil formed by its disintegration is not favourable to vegetation; but for the very same reason a certain chemical value is placed on the stone, for ship-loads of it are, or were, a few years ago, sent to Bristol, to furnish magnesia for the manufacture of carbonate of magnesia. One part of the Lizard coast, Kinance Cove, presents the serpentine under very striking circumstances. A steep descent leads down to the shore among wild and shaggy rocks, which appear as if they had been purposely grouped, with all kinds of fantastic variations of colour; the predominant colour is olive green, but this is diversified by waving lines of red and purple, by seams of white steatite, or soapstone, and by incrustations of yellow lichen; the caves and picturesque hollows have their sides beautifully polished by the action of the waves, and the beach is strewn with pebbles of gorgeous hues.

Regarded geologically, serpentine is believed to have been concerned in some busy changes in a very remote period of the earth's history. The parent rock of the Lizard is what geologists call hornblende, with slate, and mica, and talc, and other hard minerals, intermixed. But, serpentine, has evidently been under the influence of heat. At one spot the serpentine seems to shade off into the hornblende slate in which it is imbedded; at another, the serpentine has every appearance of having been thrust up among the hornblende-slate, twisting and contorting the laminæ adjoining it in directions which induce geologists to think that the serpentine had passed between the laminæ of the hornblende in a state of igneous fusion; in most localities, however, the indications are such as would lead to the supposition that the hornblende-slate at one time formed a basin into which the serpentine flowed in a state of fusion. The serpentine was evidently an interloper, a new-comer, who came in red-hot haste, and poured out his fulness upon and among hard quiet cold rocks of ancient date. Whence the serpentine came, and how it came, and why it was so hot and fluid, are mysteries.

Serpentine has had the good fortune to grow into favour somewhat rapidly. It is one of the youngest of the fashionable family.

When Sir Henry de la Beche wrote his account of the geology of Cornwall and Devon, about sixteen years ago, he spoke of serpentine rather as a substance which ought to be employed for decorative purposes, than as one actually so employed. He said that much of the serpentine of the Lizard, though hitherto most strangely neglected, was extremely beautiful, particularly where veins of red traverse the olive-green ground, mixed with lighter tints. He named Landewednack, Cadgwith, Kennack Cove, and Goosehilly Downs, as four spots in the Lizard district whence beautiful specimens might be obtained. One of the varieties has an olive-green base, striped with greenish-blue steatite veins; another, very hard, has a reddish base studded with crystals of the mineral called diallage, which, when cut through and polished give forth a beautiful metallic-green glitter, heightened still further by the reddish tint of the mass in which it is imbedded. An opinion prevailed at the time when Sir Henry de la Beche wrote his book, that blocks of serpentine of fair size could not be obtained at the Lizard—an opinion which he did not hesitate to oppose, and which has since been found to be wholly incorrect.

The Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one afforded the means of settling the question. It contained specimens of serpentine so beautiful, and made into such elegantly-formed obelisks, fonts, chimney-pieces, vases, and small ornaments, that the material soon worked its way into public favour. Penzance was the town which took hold of the manufacture, some of the inhabitants having purchased the right of quarrying for serpentine over parts of the Lizard district. The work is generally pursued in summer, and of the stone obtained, about one-fourth is fine in quality, while the rest is inferior. The blocks, though generally small, have sometimes been obtained seven feet in length, and four or five tons in weight. The best blocks are worth from five to ten guineas per ton, according to their weight—the larger the size, as in the case of diamonds, the more rapidly does the ratio of value increase. Chemically, the serpentine and the steatite differ little from each other, both being a kind of silicate of magnesia; and as they are quarried in juxtaposition, specimens of both kinds are selected for use, according to the beauty of their appearance; but the serpentine being in general much harder and more richly coloured than the steatite, is appropriated to the larger and more important articles, the steatite being limited in its decorative uses to smaller productions.

It has been found, since serpentine came into favour, that the brackets of two old monuments in Westminster Abbey are of this stone, as also the panel-bordering of the monument erected to the memory of Addison by the Marquis of Halifax. The brackets of one of the chimney-pieces at Hampton Court Palace are also carved out of the same variegated stone. The present condition of these few specimens shows how durable it is.

Serpentine-working has risen now to all the pretensions of steam power. Whoever has occasion to travel towards Penzance, and to wind round the beautiful coast of Mount's Bay, towards the Logan Stone, will meet with a large building, which is the establishment of the Penzance Serpentine Company like a place intended to become important by and by, although it is in its young days yet. A steam-engine works saws and cutters of soft iron; these saws and cutters, moistened with sand and water, sever the blocks into slabs, cylinders, or pieces of any required shape; then, by patience and careful attention, the stone is turned, or carved, or rendered plane and flat, as the case may be, after which, it is ground, and rubbed, and polished until it presents a beautiful glossy surface, variegated as it is glossy, and durable as it is variegated. One reason why marble so soon becomes discoloured in our climate, is, that its chemical composition renders it liable to absorb grease and acids, whereas serpentine seems to be capable of sternly resisting such agencies.

The steatites of the Lizard contain a larger proportion of silica than the serpentines; but are much softer. They are, therefore, better adapted for being made into smaller ornamental objects; not only for that reason, but because the colours are richer and more varied.

Taking these Cornish stones as types of classes—granite of the rough and useful, and serpentine steatites of the smooth and ornamental—they may give us some notion of the worth of the Cornish quarries.

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FACES.

A WRITER in the Athenæum literary journal recently observed, in speaking of the Historical Portrait Gallery at Sydenham, that every century seems to have impressed its peculiar crimes and virtues, and its hopes and struggles on the faces of its great men. Let us enlarge upon this text, which has already been indicated in brief.

The face being the outward index of the passions and sentiments within, the immortal dweller fashions and moulds the plastic substance of its home, and helps to form and to alter the architecture of its house, like the bees and birds. In return, his mind is not seldom influenced by the house itself. Between the head of a Shakespeare or a Bacon, and that of a Newgate murderer, there is as much difference as between a stately palace standing apart and a rotting hovel in a blind alley. The spiritual principle writes its own character on its exterior walls, and chronicles from time to time its upward aspirations or its more complete abasement; for every one must have observed that, even in comparatively mature life, a face may alter for the better or worse—may waver with the wavering mind—may report with terrible fidelity the progress of that inner struggle between the good and evil, darkness and the light. Such a face becomes of itself a drama of profound and pathetic interest—too often a tragedy in its ending, though sometimes a triumph; but in any case a tremendous spectacle; because, in the visage of our human fellow-creature, we behold the battle-ground of the oldest antagonists in the world—a visible incarnation of the Manichæan dream—the ancient mystery of Evil wrestling openly with Good. The features may also be impressed with the character of surrounding influences, and are too often made sordid and earthy by their owners being compelled to live in the midst of squalid and depressing scenes—like the Lady Christabel of Coleridge's beautiful poem, who is obliged involuntarily to imitate the serpent-glances of the witch.

It is moreover generally admitted that the cultivation of particular branches of intellect leads to a distinctive character of physiognomy, and that—perhaps as a consequence of this—all nations have a cast of countenance peculiar to themselves, and not to be mistaken by a thoughtful observer. For instance, the Greeks and the Italians, who in former times were the most artistic people in the world, possess to this day the most ideal heads and faces that are to be met with anywhere; and cannot we see in the melancholy, meditative eyes of the poor Hindoos who sweep our London crossings, the essential characteristics of that ancient race from whom all mythology and all mystical philosophy are derived, and who speculated so long and so profoundly on the grey secrets of birth, death, and resurrection that they became a petrified mass among the living nations of the earth? In families where ancestral portraits are kept, it will often be found that a particular form of countenance reappears in different successive generations, conjoined with a similar tendency of mind or heart. Leigh Hunt remarks in his Autobiography, that there is a famous historical bit of transmission called the Austrian lip; [then there is the pear-shaped face of the Bourbons]; and faces which we consider to be peculiar to individuals are said to be common in whole districts—such as the Boccaccio face in one part of Tuscany, and the Dante face in another. "I myself," he adds, "have seen in the Genoese territory many a face like that of the Bonapartes." William Howitt professes to have discovered a schoolboy at Stratford-upon-Avon, named Shakespeare, by his likeness to the portraits of the poet; but these transmissions are less common in England than elsewhere, on account of the mixed population of our island and the continual influx of fresh foreign blood, which is known to have an influence upon our national physiognomy.

A parity of physical and moral characteristics in different individuals, however, may exist without any relationship. Hazlitt once remarked that the heads of the more brutalised of the Roman emperors were very like our English prizefighters; and the Athenæum writer to whom we have alluded observes that "the depraved women of the imperial times, as Faustina, Agrippina, &c., have the hard, round forehead, and small, weak chin which became the marked features of the Louis Quinze age, or may be traced

in the sleepy-eyed, languid beauties of Lely and of Kneller."

That the face is modified by the passions of its owner, and that the character may, in a great degree, be predicated from its lineaments, has, we know, been universally granted ever since the time of Lavater—nay, was even asserted by the ancient Greeks, among whom a physiognomist gave that memorable character of Socrates, which Socrates himself acknowledged to be just. But what we more especially wish to enforce, and which, we think, has not been sufficiently recognised, is the fact that national physiognomy, though always preserving certain broad and general distinctions, varies in different ages, in accordance with the prevailing moral or intellectual tendency of the time. Most men must have observed, in looking over any collection of portraits of the great men of successive eras, a change in the shape of the head, in the outlines of the features, and in the general expression; and this in the case of individuals belonging to the same nation. The effect is commonly attributed to difference of costume, to a change in the method of arranging the hair, or to the fact of the beard and moustache being worn in some instances and not in others: all of which may be admitted to have an influence in modifying the countenance. But this is not everything; the main distinctions lie deeper. Shave the face of Shakespeare, clapping a powdered wig upon his head, and he would no more look like the men of the Georgian era—even the most intellectual of them—than an Englishman could be made to look like a native of China by being dressed in the costume of that country. It is not merely that there is no man of an equal degree of intellect with Shakespeare; the distinction is in *kind* still more than in amount. The architecture of the palace of the soul has changed, and the soul itself looks through its windows with a different glance.

Let the reader, then, cast back his mind as far as the time of Chaucer, about five hundred years ago; and let him contemplate the portrait of that truly great poet as engraved by Vertue from the rough sketch drawn by the poet's own friend, Occleve. He will here see a face of the noblest kind—a head beautifully built and proportioned, and therefore in perfect harmony with itself in all its component parts; oval, greater in length than breadth, and with the broadest part at the top—that is to say, in the region of the brain; the forehead broad, smooth, and high, the nose straight and sensitive, and the mouth and lower parts of the face neither brutalised into an animal-like thickness, nor starved into an ascetic rigidity which denies its own humanity as completely as it refuses to sympathise with that of others. We have here, in short, the face of a poet and a humanist, which Chaucer emphatically was; but we also have some characteristics which mark the age to which the poet belonged. That era was either military or monkish; and, although Chaucer was a Wickliffite, and fiercely satirised the corruptions of the Roman Catholic church, he had a great deal of the good part of the monkish character in him—the love of cloistered learning and meditative leisure. It is probable, also, that he clung to a belief in saintly miracles; for we find several of those stories in the Canterbury Tales, placed, it is true, in the mouths of ecclesiastics, but told apparently with perfect faith on the part of the author, and not with any under-current of involuntary satiric laughter. At any rate, he had that love of bodily indolence combined with mental activity which distinguished the better order of monks. This is plainly visible in his portrait. The eyes are intensely abstracted; looking physically upon the ground, but spiritually into the wide air of thought.

> What man art thou?
> Thou lookest as thou woldest find an hare;
> For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.
> * * * * *
> He semeth elvish by his countenance;
> For unto no wight doth he daliance.

Thus did Chaucer describe himself. It is true the Host expresses surprise at his appearance; but this probably was because he could not throw off his abstraction even in the midst of company. We cannot but think that the intellectual men of the time of Chaucer must have presented the same air of secluded and dreamy meditation, though doubtless they lacked the poetical element of his face. They were chiefly of the clergy, and a certain meek abstracted set of head and countenance are a part of the education of a Catholic priest to this day.

Unfortunately there are few portraits of Chaucer's period; so that we are constrained to take a solitary instance. The pictures of the kings of the time rest, we believe, upon no good authority; and are so idealised and smoothed down to one level of romantic prettiness, with the uniform crown and sceptre and robes, that it is impossible to deduce any philosophical meaning from them. We will therefore pass on to the time of Elizabeth.

The great men of that era (which, for the sake of conciseness, we will assume as lasting into the reign of Charles the First), exhibit in a marked degree the leading intellectual characteristics which then predominated. The country's mind had changed materially since the days of Chaucer. Popery, as a political power and an undisputed popular belief, was dead. The monastic system of life, and the ecclesiastical tendency of mind, had vanished. Roman Catholicism existed only as a persecuted, ireful sect, fiercely contending with its new foe; and had thus acquired a degree of energy very different from its former languid

diffusion. The great wind of the Reformation had tossed the dead waters into tumultuous life; and the germ of every element of modern England began then for the first time to quicken. It was an age of awakening intellect, of aroused secular life, shaking itself free from the long sleep of priestly domination: an age of healthy physical existence, and of large brain; of intense, warm, sensuous perception of all shades of character and all moods of the rich heart of man; an age, emphatically, of deep human sympathy (we speak of its intellect, not its actions), yet of a sympathy which did not end with man, but mounted, flame-like, towards the heavens; an age that was like a new birth to the world; proud with its young strength; exultant in its great future; yet flushed and gorgeous with the sunset splendour of the past. And all this is reflected in the faces of its poets, philosophers, and statesmen. The oval form of the skull remains; the broad, grand forehead, keeping the lower parts of the face in subjection, yet not insolently domineering over them, is still found; but the monastic element has given place to the secular. These men live in large cities; they trade and manufacture; they write plays and act them; they investigate science; they question Aristotle, as well as beard the Pope; they print books, and colonise distant regions; they have doubts touching the divine right of kings; they send forth navies on voyages of discovery; they have a Royal Exchange for merchants; they are men of wealth and substance, and not vassals. Imagination, dramatic sympathy with life, and independence of intellect, are the distinguishing characteristics of the faces of that age. Spenser's countenance, indeed, had much of the dreamy abstraction of Chaucer's, which was natural in one who dwelt so often in enchanted land; but Shakespeare and his brother dramatists, and Bacon, Sidney, Raleigh, and the other great intellects of the time, have a clear, open, daylight look, combined with profound thought and cautional sensitiveness, which is almost peculiar to the age to which they belonged.

With the Civil Wars of the reign of Charles the First another modification occurred. Glance at the portraits of the chief republican and religious innovators of that magnificent and glorious period, and you will find them either overshadowed with the melancholy which generally attends on the leaders of any great movement in a new direction, or roughened with that bluntness, both of features and expression, which indicates a firm resolution to abide, at all hazards, by a principle; the difference being of course determined by individual temperament. The former character of physiognomy is even found among the royalists; with many of whom, devotion to the sovereign, though carried to a preposterous and criminal extent, arose out of a high religious feeling. Charles himself had a remarkably beautiful and harmonious face; quiet, intellectual, melancholy; a commentary upon his affectionate domesticities, and a strange and painful contradiction to his treacherous and heartless public life. Milton, in his calm, sculptural ideality, almost transcends the limits of classification; but take the portrait of that true-hearted republican soldier and real gentleman, Colonel Hutchinson, and you will see a sort of epitome of the great struggle between king and people in all its heroism, its lofty aspirations, and its sad necessities. It is the face of a man of enthusiasm, of devotedness, of over-mastering conscience; a lover of his kind, yet a stern abider by abstract truth. How touching and noble is the physiognomy of this brave yet gentle soldier, as, attired in full armour, except the helmet, he looks with mournful, prophetic eyes over the sea of blood which he knows is about to cover his green land; ready to sympathise as a human being with every man, of whichever side, who may be slain, yet resolved to face those miseries, and to run the risk of death to himself, for the sake of his country's future! We mean no disparagement to Colonel Hutchinson's appearance, when we say that his portrait comes nearer than anything we have yet seen to our conception of Don Quixote; that beautiful and pathetic ideal of heroic honour and nonselfishness, whom popular misapprehension regards as a mere buffoon. It is not unreasonable to suppose that such faces were common in the stern, sad times of two centuries ago; but who sees them now? You might search through the whole expeditionary army of the East, and find no such thing. Of course, however, there were exceptions in the times we speak of, and even among the men of intellect and the party-writers. Cowley, with his long locks, and somewhat fat face, looks like an indolent, happy man of letters—a wise epicurean, as he was; and Andrew Marvell, the honest politician, caustic satirizer of kingly abuses, and exquisite poet, has the appearance of a handsome young courtier, with a touch of troubadour romance. But he conducts us into the reign of Charles the Second, and into another phase of face.

The levity which followed the Restoration was in a great measure a natural and necessary reaction upon the vicious gloom of Puritanism; and had something of good humour and charitable consideration mixed with it, which rendered the depravity itself not wholly depraved. An excellent exemplification of this may be seen in the handsome, cheerful face of Wycherley, and in those of several other of the wits of that brilliant era. But there is no deep feeling, no profound and heaven-ward intellect; a scintillating brightness rather than a broad and steady light. Men had now advanced, also, into the effeminate region of the totally shaven visage. The beard seems to have vanished

about the time of the Civil Wars; but the moustache held its own until the Restoration, when France (from whom we are now re-deriving the more sensible custom of following nature) dictated to our fashionable bloods the general use of the razor.

A marked change came over our national character, and therefore over our national physiognomy, after the Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight. Then commenced the era of cool, sober sense; of newly-acquired constitutionalism; of the modern spirit of energetic, practical life, and of the preponderance of the mercantile or shop interest. Poetry, enthusiasm, devotedness to grand abstract principles at whatever cost, religious mysticism, and pervading spirituality, had departed from the faces of all men, great or little; and instead thereof was a calm, shrewd cleverness, or a comfortable domesticity. The shape of the head, too, had greatly deteriorated. It was beginning to get round, and its outline was often blurred by the overlapping of flabby integument. Still, the face of this period was a fine face upon the whole, and infinitely superior to that of the next age; but we begin to see the animalising effects of habits of intemperance creeping slowly upwards from the enlarging jaw. Look at the portrait of Dryden. Intellect sits clearly and brightly on the broad brow and penetrating eyes; but the mouth, though full of expression, is thick and pulpy. And this tendency of face, which the airy wit of the period of Anne kept in check, advanced with rapid strides during the debased times of the Georges.

One or two fine heads, belonging to the preceding age still lingered: that of Pope, for instance, is exquisitely formed, full of thought and sensitiveness, and with noble poetic eyes, and only wants the presence of health to be exceedingly handsome. But there were few faces such as his; and the reason may be found in the rapid deterioration of our national intellect and manners. Sensualism, of the grossest and most unsympathetic kind, became the rule of life. Excessive eating and drinking utterly extinguished beneath its dullness the fine flame of spirituality; and intellect itself, with a few exceptions, became hard, bony, and mechanical. The swinishness of our manners fixed its mark upon our features. The shape of the head was an irregular round, larger at the bottom than at the top; the brow thick, low, and sloping backward; the nose coarse and big; the mouth fleshy, lax, ponderous, and earthy. When the countenance was not of this character, it was poor, mean, and sharp. A really fine face was scarcely to be met with. Even the greatest man of that period—Washington—does not come up to any very high standard. The features are humane and intelligent; but they are deficient in grandeur; they have not that individuality by which you at once recognise the man of genius. The countenance is that of some worthy merchant who has made his fortune in the ordinary way: not that of the hero who has emancipated a nation and founded a galaxy of states. It wants largeness, profundity, enthusiasm — the consciousness of a great design to be accomplished in spite of any obstacle, and to fill the world with echoes of undying fame. The wig seems too important a part of it. A somewhat insipid placidity of expression stands in place of the daring and energy which you expected. You do not see that entire devotion to a cause—that absolute self-absorption in one dominant idea—that outlooking into the heaven of some majestic inspiration—which is the characteristic of all men of original conceptions affecting the society in which they move. But the age was not a far-seeing one. It looked only to itself, and laboured no farther than to meet its present requirements. It possessed neither the religious zeal of the Cromwellian period and Cromwellian men, nor the faith in human advancement of our own era. Its spirit was that of the simplest utilitarianism; unconsciously working for the future, it is true (as all ages must), but not sublimated by those ideas of progress and a possible ultimate perfection which agitate the present times, and open before them depth after depth of unfathomable promise.

The degeneration of physiognomy continued until after the outbreak of the French Revolution. The advent of that bloody phantom, walking about in the noonday, startled the minds of all men into a more useful and reverent recognition of the spiritualities of life, and warned them that there was something else in the world besides an easy self-indulgence seasoned with school maxims of conventional morality. From that time men's faces went on improving—that is to say, reverted to the fine standard of the Elizabethan period; and in the present day, our personal appearance is much more like that of the men whom Shakspeare saw, than it was a century, or even sixty years ago. "We believe," remarks the Athenæum writer, "that a better type of physiognomy is beginning to appear; the face grows more oval, the forehead higher and fuller, the lips smaller and firmer, the nose nobler and straighter. Most of our living authors present much more of the Elizabethan type." Should the beard movement prosper (which may Heaven and good sense direct!) this similarity will be still more obvious, although the resemblance goes much farther than an affair of externals.

It may perhaps be laid down as a general rule, that whenever one's observation is mainly, and first of all, attracted towards the lower parts of a face, that face is bad; and whenever the reverse, that the face is good. The mouth has its legitimate part to play, and is a beautiful feature when well formed; but the ethereal principle, which alone makes the human face divine, holds its chief residence

in the forehead and eyes. All other parts should be subsidiary to the ever-informing soul.

DOCTOR PANTOLOGOS.

Doctor Pantologos taught school at Accidentium for thirty years. I would rather not reveal where Accidentium is. Let it be in Blankshire. We don't want, down at Accidentium, the Government Commissioner, or any other commissioner or commission whatsoever. If we have grievances, we can suffer and be strong, as Mr. Longfellow says; or as our homely synonyme has it, we can grin and bear it.

Some years ago, indeed, we should have had far greater cause to deprecate the arrival of any strangers among us, or their inquiries into our affairs; for we had one great, patent, notorious grievance. The school that Doctor Pantologos taught was woefully mismanaged. Not by its master,—he was a model of probity and a monument of learning,—but by Somebody, who might as well have been Nobody, for we never saw him or them; and the Free Grammar School at Accidentium went on from year to year becoming more ruinous without, while it decreased in usefulness within. Somebody, who had no right to anything, received the major portion of the funds; those who ought to have had much got little; and those who were entitled to little got less. There were prebendaries concerned in Accidentium Grammar School, and an Earl of Something, likewise an act of parliament, Sythersett's Charity, and sundry charters, which for anything we ever saw of them might have furnished the old parchment, crabbed hand-writing filled covers to the school lexicons and dictionaries; but for all these influential connections nobody repaired the roof of the school-room, or increased the salary of Doctor Pantologos. Both needed it very much. The vicar talked sometimes of looking into it; but he was poor, and half-blind besides, and died; and his successor, a vellum complexioned young man, bound in black cloth, white lawn edges, and lettered to a frightful degree of archæological lore, had no leisure for anything out of church time, save stone breaking on the roads (with a view to geological improvement), and taking rubbings in heel-ball of the monumental brasses in the church chancel. Moreover, he was supposed to have his own views about a new Grammar School, which he was understood to conceive as a building in the Pointed manner; the boys to wear cassocks and bands, with crosses on their breasts, like buns; to attend church at eight o'clock every morning, and four times a day afterwards; to learn intoning, and the Gregorian choral service generally; and in the curriculum of their humanities to study Homer and Virgil far less than Augustine and Jerome. So the Vicar and Doctor Pantologos fell out, as well on this question as on the broad question of surplices, acolytes, candlesticks, flowers, piscinæ, and wax-candles; and the Doctor said he pitied him; while he (his name was Thurifer), wondered whatever would become of an instructor of youth who smoked a pipe and played at cribbage. Borax, the radical grocer (we had one grocer and one radical in Accidentium), threatened to show the school up; but he took to drinking shortly afterwards, and ran away with Miss Cowdery, after which he was buttoned up (an Accidentium term for financial ruin), and was compelled to fly for shelter to Douglas, Isle of Man.

The little river Dune, which in the adjoining manufacturing counties of Cardingshire, Rollershire and Spindleshire became a broad, sober, gravely flowing stream, refreshingly dirty (in a commercial sense) at Slubberville, and as black as ink at the great town of Drygoodopolis, was at Accidentium a little sparkling, purling, light-hearted thread of water, now enlivening the pebbles as a Norman ménétrier will the village maidens, making them dance willy nilly, now enticing the rushes into liquor, now condescending to act as a looking glass for a bridge, now going out, literally, on the loose, of its own accord, by splitting up into little back waters, rivulets, and streamlets, sparkling through the convolvuli to the delight of the wayfarer, and scampering by cottage doors to the glory of the ducks; but everywhere through the valley of the Dune a jovial, hospitable, earnest little river: the golden cestus of Venus, by day thrown heedlessly athwart the verdant valley, at night gleaming silver bright—

> "As if Diana in her dreams,
> Had dropp'd her silver bow
> Upon the meadows low.

A free-hearted river, crying to hot boys, Come bathe!—and to the thirsty cows, Drink!—and to the maidens of Accidentium, Bring hither your fine linen, and see how white the Dune water will make it!

Close to the river's bank (the water was visible through the old latticed windows of the schoolroom; and, suggesting bathing, was a source of grievous disquiet to the boys in summer time), was Accidentium Grammar School. It was a long, low, old building, not of bricks but of stones so old, that some said they had once formed part of the ancient abbey of Accidentium, and others that they were more ancient still, and came from the famous wall that the Romans built to keep out those troublesome Paul Prys, who always *would* intrude: the Picts and Scots.

The latticed windows, twinkling through the ivy; the low-browed doorway, with its massive, carved iron-clamped portal; the double-benched porch before it, and sculptured slab overhead, showing the dim semblance of an esquire's coat-of-arms, and a long but almost wholly effaced Latin inscription, setting forth the pious injunctions of

Christophero Sythersett, Armiger, relative to the charities he founded—injunctions how observed, oh ye prebendaries and Somebodies!—these were the most remarkable features of the exterior of Accidentium Grammar School. There had once been a garden in front, and a pretty garden, too; but the palings were broken down, and the flowers had disappeared long since, and the weeds had it all their own way. Moreover, a considerable number of the latticed panes were broken; there were great gaps in the stone-masonry; the river frequently got into the garden and wouldn't get out again; the thatch was rotten and the belfry nearly tumbling down; but what was that to anybody. Borax said it was a shame: but so is slavery a shame, and war, and poverty, and the streets by night—all of which nobody we know is accountable for, or in fault about.

The first thing you heard when you entered the long low stone schoolroom, with its grand carved oak roof all covered with cobwebs, and falling down piecemeal through neglect, was a din—a dreadful din. Latin was the chiefest thing learned in Accidentium School, and a Latin noise is considerably more deafening than an English noise. Every boy learnt his lesson out loud—at least every boy who chose to learn,—the rest contenting themselves with shouting out terminations as loud as they could, and rocking themselves backwards and forwards on their forms, after the manner of studious youths, learning very hard indeed. There was a considerable amount of business transacted in the midst of this din, in rabbits, silkworms, hedgehogs, tops, marbles, hardbake, and other saccharine luxuries. Autumnal fruits were freely quoted at easy rates between the moods of the verb Amo and the declensions of nouns and adjectives. One Jack a killer of giants, and seven shameless, swaggering, fire-eating blades, who called themselves champions, and of Christendom, forsooth, together with a genteel youth in complete mail, young Valentine, indeed, with his brother Orson (not yet accustomed to polite society), were often welcome though surreptitious guests at the dogs-eared tables, where none but the grim Vocito, the stern Vocitas, and the redoubtable Vocitavi, or at most the famous chieftains Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo, should have feasted.

After the din, the next thing you heard was the voice of Doctor Pantologos. And it *was* a voice. It rolled like the Vesuvian lava—fierce, impetuous and fiery, at first; and then, still like lava, it grew dry; and then, to say the truth, like lava again, it cracked. Grandiloquent was Doctor Pantologos in diction; redundant in simile, in metaphor, in allegory, irony, diæresis, hyperbole, catachresis, periphrasis, and in all other figures of rhetoric. Rarely did he deal in comparatives—superlatives were his delight. But though his voice rolled and thundered—though he predicted the gallows as the ultimate reward of bad scanning, and the hulks as the inevitable termination of a career commenced by inattention to the As in præsenti; though his expletives were horrible to hear (all in Latin, and ending with issimus); though he threatened often, he punished seldom. His voice was vox et præterea nihil—gentle, and kind, and lamb-like, for all his loud voice and fierce talk; and the birchen rod that lay in the dusty cupboard behind him might have belonged to Doctor Busby, so long had it been in disuse.

Doctor Pantologos was a very learned man. He could not measure lands nor presage tides and storms, nor did the rumour run that he could gauge; but he was as full of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as an egg is popularly said to be full of meat. He was a walking dictionary. A Thesaurus in rusty black. A lexicon with a white neckcloth. Bayle, Erasmus, the Scaligers, Bentley, Salmasius, and the Scholiast upon Everybody, all rolled up together. The trees, clad with leafy garments to meaner mortals, were to him hung only with neat little discs, bearing derivations of words and tenses. The gnarled oaks had no roots to him but Greek roots. He despised the multiplication-table, and sighed for the Abacus back again. He thought Buffon and Cuvier, Audubon and Professor Owen, infinitely inferior, as natural historians, to Pliny. He had read one novel—the Golden Ass of Apuleius; one cookery-book, that of Apicius. Galen, Celsus, Esculapius, and Hippocrates, were the whole of the faculty to him. Politics were his abomination; and he deemed but three subjects worthy of argument—the bull of Phalaris, the birthplace of Homer, and the Æolic Digamma.

On this last subject he had written a work—a mighty work—still in manuscript, from which he frequently read extracts, which nobody could understand, and which Borax the Sceptic declared the Doctor didn't understand himself. Either, said Borax the Ironical, the old Doctor was mad before he began the work, or he would go mad before he finished it. It was a wondrous book. Written on innumerable fragments of paper, from sheets of foolscap to envelopes of letters and backs of washing-bills. The title-page, and some half-dozen sheets besides were fairly copied out and ready for press. A Treatise on the Origin and History of the Æolic Digamma (with strictures upon the Scholiast upon Everybody, of course), by Thoukydides Pantologos, head-master at the Free Grammar School at Accidentium. Thus classically did he write his name: he was of the Grotian creed, and scorned the mean, shuffling, evasive Thucydides nomenclature.

Whenever things went contrariwise with the Doctor, he flew for consolation to the treatise. He made a feint of not employing himself upon it in school-hours; but, almost every afternoon, and frequently in the

morning, he would cry, after many uneasy pinches of snuff: "Boy! go to my domicile and fetch the leathern satchel that lieth on the parlour table." Straightway would the boy addressed, start on his errand; for, though the Doctor's cottage was close by, it oft-times happened that the boy managed to find time for the purchase of cakes and apples —nay, for the spinning of tops and tossing of leathern balls even, and for unlawful chivying round the worn old circular stone steps, surmounted by a stump: all that remains of the old cross of Accidentium. Back would the boy come with the famous leathern satchel gorged with papers. Then Doctor Pantologos would dip his bony arm into it and draw forth a handful of the treatise, and would fall to biting his pen, and clenching his hands, and muttering passages concerning the welfare of the Æolic Digamma, and in a trice he would be happy; forgetting the din and the dust, the ruinous schoolroom, his threadbare coat, the misapplied funds, and his inadequate revenue—forgetting, even, the existence of the three great plagues of his life, his sister Volumnia, his sister Volumnia's children, and the boy Quandoquidem.

Volumnia was the widow of a Mr. Corry O'Lanus, an Irishman and an exciseman who had fallen a victim to his devotion to his official duties, having lost his life in "a difficulty" about an illicit still in the county Tipperary, much whiskey being spilt on the occasion, and some blood. To whom should the widowed Volumnia fly for protection and shelter but to her brother Thoukydides Pantologos? And Thoukydides Pantologos, whose general meekness and lamblikedness would have prompted him to receive the Megatherium with open arms, and acknowledge the Plesiosaurus as a brother-in-law had he been requested so to do, did not only receive, cherish, aid and abet his sister Volumnia, but likewise her five orphaned children — Elagabalus James, Commodus William, Marius Frederick, Drusilla Jane, and Poppæa Caroline. They had all red hair. They all fought, bit, scratched, stole and devoured, like fox-cubs. They tore the Doctor's books; they yelled hideous choruses to distract him as he studied; they made savage forays upon the leathern satchel; they fashioned his pens into pea-shooters, ate his wafers, and poured out his ink as libations to the infernal gods. In a word, they played the very devil with Doctor Pantologos. And Volumnia, whose hair was redder than that of her offspring, and in whose admirable character all the virtues of her children were combined, watched over this young troop with motherly fondness; and very little rest did she let her brother have night or day if the bereaved orphans of Mr. O'Lanus wanted new boots, or socks, or frocks.

Mrs. O'Lanus had no money, no wit, no beauty, no good qualities to speak of, but she had a temper. By means of this said temper she kept the learned Doctor Pantologos in continual fear and trembling. She raised storms about his ears, she scolded him from doors and objurgated him from windows, she put "ratsbane in his porridge and halters in his pew" (figuratively of course), she trumpeted his misdoings all over the village, and was much condoled with for her sufferings (a more harmless and inoffensive man than the doctor did not exist); she spent three fourths of his small income upon herself and her red-haired children; yet Thoukydides Pantologos bore it all with patience, and was willing to believe that Volumnia was a martyr to his interests; that she sacrificed her children to him, and only stayed with him to save him and his house from utter rack and ruin.

Did I ever mention that a great many years before this time, Doctor Pantologos took to himself a wife—a delicate lady who died—called Formosa, and who dying left a little child —a girl, called Pulchrior? I think not,—yet it was so; and at this time this child had grown to be a brown-haired, rosy-cheeked, buxom little lass, some fifteen summers old. It pleased very much Doctor Pantologos to remark that she was not weak, nor delicate, nor ailing, like the poor lady—her mother—who died, and that still she had her mother's eyes, and hair, and cheery laugh. She was a very merry good little girl was Pulchrior, and I am sure I don't know what the poor Doctor would have done without her. Volumnia hated her, of course. She called her "rubbage," a "faggot" and other unclassical names, which I am ashamed the widow of an O'Lanus should have so far forgotten herself as to make use of; poor Pulchrior had to do the hardest work, and wash and dress the five red-headed children, who always fought, bit, scratched, and yelled, during the operation; she had to run errands for Volumnia, notably with missives of a tender nature addressed to Mr. O'Bleak, the squinting apothecary at the corner (Volumnia adored Irishmen); she had to bear all Volumnia's abuse, and all the turmoil of the infants with the red heads, but she did not repine. She had a temper, too, had Pulchrior, and that temper happened to be a very good one; and the more Volumnia scolded, and stormed, and abused her, the more Pulchrior sang and smiled, and (when she could get into a quiet corner by herself) danced.

Luckily, indeed, was it for Doctor Pantologos that Volumnia did not deem it expedient that her red-headed children, the boys at least, should receive their education, as yet, in Accidentium Grammar-School. The fiery-headed scions of the house of O'Lanus passed the hours of study in simple and pastoral recreations, dabbling in the mud in the verdant ditches, making dirt-pies, squirting the pellucid waters of the Dune through syringes at their youthful com-

panions, or casting the genial brickbat at the passing stranger. Ah happy time! Ah happy they! Ah happy, happy Doctor Pantologos!

Happy, at least, in school he might have been, notwithstanding the din, and the boys who could'nt and the boys who would'nt learn—both very numerous classes of boys in Accidentium Grammar School — comparatively happy would the days have passed in the absorption of the treatise upon the Æolic Digamma but for that worst of boys Quandoquidem. Quandoquidem was a big, raw-boned boy of fourteen. He had an impracticable head, incorrigible hands, and irretrievable feet. He was all knuckles — that is, his wrists, elbows, fingers, knees, toes, shoulders, hips, and feet, all seemed to possess the property of "knuckling down," and bending themselves into strange angles. Quandoquidem was a widow's son, and his mother Veturia, who had some little property, dwelt in a cottage just opposite the dwelling of Doctor Pantologos, over against the old stone cross. Quandoquidem either could not or would not learn. He would play at all boyish games with infinite skill and readiness, but he would not say hic, hæc, hoc. He could make pasteboard coaches, and windmills, and models of boats, but he could not decline Musa. He was the bane of the doctor's school life—the plague, the shame, the scandal of the school. He was the most impudent boy. The rudest boy. The noisiest boy. He made paper pellets and discharged them through popguns at the Doctor as he pored over the treatise, or, as oft-times happened, took a quiet doze. He shod cats with walnut-shells and caused them to perambulate the camera studiorum. Doctor Pantologos, mild man, clenched his fist frequently, and looked at him vengefully, muttering something about the proverbs of King Solomon.

I am coming to the catastrophe of Doctor Pantologos. One very hot drowsy summer's afternoon, it so fell out that the boy Quandoquidem, the widow's son, was called upon by Doctor Pantologos to say a certain lesson. Young Quidvetat, the attorney's son, had just said his as glibly as may be, and he, with Quemadmodum, and Tom Delectus, and Bill Spondee, with little Charley Dactyl, his fag and bottle-holder, were all gathered round the doctor's desk, anticipating vast amusement from the performances of the widow's son, who was the acknowledged dunce of the school. Of course, Quandoquidem didn't know his lesson—he never did; but on this summer's afternoon he began to recite it so glibly, and with so much confidence, that his erudite preceptor was about to bestow a large meed of praise upon him, when his suspicions being roused by a titter he saw spreading amongst the boys on the forms near him, he was induced to look over the brow of his magisterial rostrum or desk. The incorrigible Quandoquidem had wafered the page of the book containing his lesson against the Doctor's desk, and was coolly reading it.

Now, it was extremely unlucky for Quandoquidem that the Doctor had been without the treatise all day, and that he had as yet sent no boy for it. If that famous Opus upon the Digamma had been at hand, the perusal of the title-page alone would, no doubt, have softened his resentment; but, he was treatiseless and remorseless, and Quandoquidem read in his eyes that it was all up.

"Varlet," exclaimed the Doctor, in the lava voice, "Bos, Fur, Sus, Carnifex! Furcifer! Mendax! Oh puer nequissimus, sceleratissimus, nocentissimus; unworthy art thou of the lenient cane, the innocuous ferula. Let Thomas Quandoquidem be hoisted. Were he to cry Civis Romanum sum, he should be scourged!"

Thus classically did the Doctor announce his dread design. The rod that might have been in the cupboard since Doctor Busby's time, was brought forth; and Thomas Quandoquidem, the widow's son, suffered in the flesh.

It was a very hot and drowsy summer's afternoon, and the school was dismissed. The afternoon was so hot and drowsy that Doctor Pantologos, who had been hot and drowsy himself since execution had been done upon Quandoquidem, began to nod in his arm chair, and at length, not having the treatise to divert his attention, fell fast asleep. He was not aware when he did so, that one boy had remained behind, sitting in a corner; nor that that boy was Thomas Quandoquidem; nor was he aware that that widow's son was gazing at him with a flushed face and an evil eye, and that he, from time to time, shook his knuckly fist at him.

When the Doctor was fast asleep, Quandoquidem rose and left the school house as softly as possible. He hastened as fast as he could —not to his mother's home, but to the domicile of Doctor Pantologos.

Volumnia was upstairs writing a tender epistle to Mr. O'Bleak. The red-headed children were all in the back garden, socially employed in torturing a cat. When Quandoquidem lifted the latch and entered the keeping-room, he found no one there but the little lass Pulchrior, who was sitting by the window, mending the Doctor's black cotton stockings.

Now, between Thomas Quandoquidem, the widow's son, and Pulchrior Pantologos, the motherless, there had existed, for some period of time, a very curious friendship and alliance. Numberless were the pasteboard coaches, models of boats, and silkworm boxes he had made her. Passing one day while she was laboriously sweeping out the parlour, what did Quandoquidem do but seize the broom from her hand, sweep the parlour, passage, kitchen, and washhouse, with goblin-like rapidity, dust all the furniture (there was not much to dust, truly), give Pulchrior a kiss, and then dart across the road to his mother, the widow's house, shouting triumphantly. Thus it grew to be that

least it would be so if François the gardener, and his long-armed wife, Anatole, and his violent child, Ignace, would not keep knocking at the outer gate which leads into their tool-yard, because they forget either the watering-pot, or the ladder, or the pail. François himself I am content to see arranging my flower-beds, but why I am forced to receive Anatole and her son I cannot comprehend. Ignace, sitting down in his blouse at my open window, puts his muddy sabots inside, beating an opera air with the loose heels on my wainscot, and staring at me with large round black eyes. I pretend not to observe him, when his father suddenly collars him; and, in the midst of cries and struggles, he is hurled into a flower-bed at a distance, with a "gamin!" to him, and a "pardon!" to me. Anatole has now an excuse to speak; and, planting herself among my shrubs, apologises for her son, who, she informs me, though so tall, is only five years of age—therefore, what manners can one expect? Her daughter Seraphine is twelve, and to-morrow she is to make her first communion—an event which she announces with a proud air. She proposes that Seraphine shall visit me in all the finery which neighbours and friends have contributed to render her as smart as all the other young girls who are to walk in the procession of the Fête-Dieu on Sunday. I have no objection, and the young lady accordingly comes. I wonder how she will be dressed, as I know that François has not a large fortune. The papa of Seraphine, in fact, has fifteen pence a day for attending to my garden and that across the way; into which, I was about to say, the two other windows of my salon open. He is also gardener to one of some acres, which is entered at the end of my lane, and where I am permitted to stroll by the propriétaire of both cottage and castle, a retired tradesman of the neighbouring seaport. He comes every evening from town to walk in this garden to see to his statues; for he has placed little wooden figures in every available nook of his rural retreat. There is a hermitage among the pear trees "able to draw men's envy upon man." It is very close, and dark, and damp, at all seasons, as most hermitages are. It is fitted up with rickety chairs and tables, and has very narrow dirty windows, almost eclipsed with thick foliage. A honeysuckle embowers the door, which insists on overpowering the heavy masses of dark ivy that nearly cover the thatched roof. A triumph of art of M. Poigné-Bandel, for so is my propriétaire named, appears at the door of this retreat. He has sculptured, and painted in the colours of life, a troubadour playing the guitar, and a damsel holding a black bottle and a glass. The pair stand on pedestals, and peep out from the honeysuckle invitingly. There are times when the perfume of the flowers is scarcely to be distinguished for the odour of cigars within the holy anchorite's cell, when M. Poigné-Bandel and ses amis repair to this spot to forget the cares of commerce on Sabbath eves. I observe in an empty green-house two white figures propped up awaiting the enlivening brush of Monsieur P.-B. They will, when painted, be stuck amongst the trees. One is an undraped nymph, who is to have blue eyes, a high colour, and black hair, to judge by the beginnings. The other is the figure-head of a vessel, bought at a sale. It represents a fine, gay, bold-faced villain of a pirate, with pistols in his belt: his costume will be very showy when he is ready. In a zigzag walk, which runs up the hill on which this garden is arranged, stands, under an apple-tree, a finely delineated figure of a priest reading intently in his prayer-book, solemnly surrounded by fir, box, and cypress trees. I am fond of this walk. Nothing can be more ingenious than the way all the paths are cut, so as to vary the pleasure of the stroll; and the profusion of flowers and fruit-trees, curiously intermixed, is quite amazing.

There are four terraces: the highest is sombre and severe, with fir-trees on one side and hornbeam on the other; the next lower down runs between gooseberry-bushes and cabbages; interspersed with blue-bells and pinks, and a sprinkling of sweet-william, London-pride, bachelor's-buttons; with stocks and rhododendrons at intervals. Then a warm retired walk, where the bee-hives are—and here I pause, for I have lately heard some very odd stories of bees. They are swarming for the second time, and François does not go home to dinner, as he must watch them.

I wonder if François knows that it is necessary, when the master of a house dies, to go to the hive, knock against it with a door-key and tell the bees—if you do not they will all be found dead next day. I wonder if he has observed that bees always swarm on Christmas-eve, exactly as if it were Midsummer? I wonder, too, if he knows that, if one plants a hop and a bean at the foot of the same pole, one will persist in twining one way and the other the reverse, do what you will to guide them both in the same path. I have asked him about the bees, and he confirms my belief, for it happened in his own family when his father died. "Every one," said he, "was in confusion, and no one thought of going to tell the bees,—they were all dead next morning! But you will soon see," he added, "something curious, for they have swarmed in the neuvaine of the Holy Sacrament, and it invariably happens, when that is the case, that they make a beautiful chapel in the hive, with a dome exactly such as is made in the church on the fête day. Oh they are very good and pious animals, and can't bear noise or quarrelling." He went on to tell me that if any one quarrels in a family,

to which they belong, the bees are very angry and the whole hive is in commotion, and if any one swears or disputes near them they get dreadfully excited, and fly upon the person and "are ready to strangle him."

After conversation of this kind with François, who is a philosopher, I return to the chaumière with him. François begs to know, in reference to the question of the inferior animals having souls, how can we account for the conduct of M. le Curé's dog? The Curé's saucepan wanted mending: he gave it to his dog to carry to the tinman's; which he did. Soon after he was told to fetch it back; he obeyed. His master filled it with water to see if it leaked, and, finding that it did, he ordered the dog to take it back again, giving him several blows with a stick—for the good curé is choleric. In an angry tone he commanded the animal not to bring it again if it leaked. What does the dog do? he takes it to the tinker, fetches it again, and, to ascertain if it leaks still, he carries it to a fountain, dips it in, watches whether any water escapes, and, finding all right, runs triumphantly to his master and lays it at his feet.

M. le Curé's theory is that animals are devils, condemned to inhabit these bodies and deprived of speech, but cognisant of all things and subject to man, whom one of their body originally injured. François does not like this theory, and feels sure that birds, at least, are not devils; they are much too charming to belong to such a fraternity: but I scarcely go so far as François, for he believes that plants have souls, and is quite a Darwin. He told me, the other day, the legend of Sainte Thérèse as one proof of the fact. It appears that every morning when the saint passed along the walks of the convent garden, the great trees, which were most of them old, bowed down before her, not only their leaves and branches, but even their trunks, making most reverend salutations in her honour. "Some say," he continued, "that trees have devils hid in them sometimes, as all the world knows happened to Sainte Rose, for they got into the convent avenue and began to bow to her as those others did, out of piety, to Sainte Thérèse. Sainte Rose was naturally proud, and they thought by doing this they should deceive her and make her their prey; but, by means of prayer, she got every one of the devils out of the trees, which bent themselves to the very ground to thank her; and she easily saw the difference by the respectful manner in which they did it.

Plants, according to my friend, are just like animals in their feelings: "If you tread on one and crush it, does it not faint away and lose its strength in a moment?" says he: "it is true that they do not utter sounds, nor can they gambol about you like a dog, but they send forth a perfume if you touch them, and they caress you in this manner, the same as they walk, only they do it upwards, towards the sky, instead of along the ground, like animals." François has probably never studied Descartes, but I am sure he would not agree with him that animals are mere machines, only formed for the use of man. M. Poigné-Bandel, who is not very tender in his nature, is an admirer of the Descartes philosophy, and insists that man has a right to do what he likes to animals, for they feel nothing; and, if they cry when beaten, it is only because a sudden blow deranges part of their mechanism.

Being invited to spend the day of the Fête-Dieu at M. Poigné-Bandel's town house, I soon found out—amongst the young priestesses who were deputed to hold long ends of ribbon depending from a golden shrine borne by a priest—my little friend, Seraphine, in all the dripping finery which it had taken weeks to get together: her white muslin dress was limp and splashed, her net veil hung wofully close to her sides, the garland of blue and white flowers was full of rain drops, and her white satin shoes!—it was distressing to behold Seraphine in the pouring rain.

But I have not yet quite come to the end of my rambling description of the garden of my chaumière: having left the east terrace walk as a bonne-bouche of description. How sensible it is of M. Poigné-Bandel to have bought this charming piece of ground, and created such a paradise for himself! He can walk on this broad terrace in winter or summer, and it is always dry and pleasant, and affords him a magnificent view over the cultivated fields below, the pretty clear river, and its pleasure boats: most of them, by the by, English. The downs beyond, and, at a distance, the town standing on a height, surrounded by fortifications and boulevards, with its antique castle and elevated cathedral towering above all. It is a charming prospect on the whole; and if Mr. Joseph Smith would lop his trees a little more, I should be able to see it better; however, he has not done what the last two English people who lodged in the castle and the cottage did when they quarrelled, after having one evening sworn eternal friendship over a glass of what the French call "gzogs." One, out of spite, threw some rubbish into the little garden before his neighbour's window, now my delight; on which the other, regardless of expense, purchased some thick planks and raised a high barrier between them, that shut out the view which the friends were mutually and fraternally enjoying, when the "gzogs," too potent, changed the course of their true love. I should regret this, but that the planks have long since been entirely covered with climbing plants; and, as the view is the same from the terrace, I would rather see Mr. Joseph Smith's beautiful and luxuriant rose bush peering over my wall than the twenty eyes of the ten little and big Master

the little lass, Pulchrior, thought a good deal of Quandoquidem in her girlish way, and did trifles of sewing for him, and blushed very prettily whenever she saw him.

"Miss Pulchrior, please," said Quandoquidem, in a strange hard voice, as he entered the keeping-room, "the Doctor's not coming home yet awhile, and he's sent me for his leathern satchel."

He looked so hot and flushed, his brow was so lowering and ill-boding, that the Doctor's little daughter was frightened. She could not help suspecting, though she knew not what to suspect.

"And did papa send you?" she began, falteringly

"Miss Pulchrior," interjected Quandoquidem, as if offended, "do you think I would tell you a story?"

Pulchrior slowly advanced to the table, and took up the leathern bag containing the magnum opus of her father, Pantologos the erudite. She handed it to Quandoquidem, looking timidly in his face, but the eyes of the widow's son were averted. His hand shook as he received the parcel; but he hurriedly thanked her, and, a moment afterwards, was gone. Had Pulchrior followed him to the door, she would have seen that the widow's son did not take the road towards the grammar school; but that, like a fox harbouring evil designs towards a henroost, he slunk furtively round a corner and watching his opportunity, crept round the stone steps, across the narrow street, and so into his mother's cottage.

Pulchrior was not aware of this, because she did not follow the guilty Thomas: and she did not follow him because it occurred to her to sit down on a lowly stool and have a good cry. She cried she knew not why; only Tom (she called him Tom) was so different from his wonted state, and at the bottom of her heart there was a vague supicion and terror of she knew not what. But, at the termination of the good cry she recovered her spirits; and, when the kettle began to sing for tea, she was singing too; albeit the insulting tongue of Volumnia upon the topic of buttered toast was enough to spoil the temper of Robin Goodfellow himself.

Doctor Pantologos slept in the great arm chair so long and so soundly, that the old woman with a broom, who came to give the cobwebs change of air, from the roof to the floor (she would as soon have thought of burning the schoolroom down, as sweeping them away altogether), had to stir him up with the handle of her household implement before she could awaken him. Then Doctor Pantologos arose shaking himself and yawning mightily, and went home to tea.

That repast was not quite ready when he made his appearance; for the red-headed children having tortured the cat until it was mad and they were hungry, had made a raid upon the buttered toast, and had eaten it up. Then Volumnia had to abuse Pulchrior for this, which took some time, and fresh toast had to be made, which took more; so, the Doctor was informed that he would have to wait a quarter of an hour.

"Very well, Sister Volumnia," said the meek Doctor. "I hanker not so much after the fleshpots of Egypt, but that I can wait. Ad interim, I will take a pipe of tobacco, and correct my seventy-seventh chapter. Pulchrior, my child, the leathern satchel!"

"The satchel, papa!" cried his daughter; "why, you sent Tom—I mean Master Quandoquidem—for it."

"*I* sent—Satchel—Quandoquidem!" gasped the Doctor.

"Yes, and I gave it him an hour ago."

The Doctor turned with wild eyes to his luckless child. He clasped his forehead with his hands, and staggered towards the door. His hand was on the latch, when a burst of derisive laughter fell upon his ear like red-hot pitch. He looked through the open window of his chamber, through the screen of ivy, and woodbine, and honeysuckle, and eglantine—he could have looked through the old cross had it been standing, but it had been laid low, hundreds of years. He looked across its platform, right through the open window of the widow Venturia's cottage; and there he saw a red glare as of fire burning, and the boy Quandoquidem standing beside it with a leathern satchel in his hand, and his form reddened by the reflection like an imp of Hades.

Doctor Pantologos tried to move but he could not. Atlas was tied to one foot, and Olympus to the other: Pelion sat upon Ossa a-top of his burning head.

The boy Quandoquidem drew a large sheet of paper from the satchel, and brandished it aloft. Had it been a thousand miles off, the Doctor could have read it. It was the title page of his darling treatise. The horrible boy thrust it into the fire, and then another and another sheet, and finally the satchel itself.

"So much for the Digamma, old Pan!" he cried with a ferocious laugh, as he stirred the burning mass with a poker.

"Miserere Domine!" said Doctor Pantologos, and he fell down in a dead faint.

Volumnia and Pulchrior came to his assistance; and, while the former severely bade him not to take on about a lot of rubbishing old paper, the latter administered more effectual assistance in the shape of restoratives. The red-headed children made a successful descent upon the fresh buttered toast, and ate it up with astonishing rapidity.

When Doctor Pantologos came to himself he began to weep.

"My treatise! my treatise!" he cried. "The pride, the hope, the joy, of my life! My son and my grandson, my mother and my wife! Poverty I have borne, and scorn, and the ignorance of youth, and the neglect of the

wealthy, and the insolence of this woman, and the ferocity of these whelps. Oh, my treatise! Let me die now, for I have no treatise!"

He could say nothing, poor man, but "treatise," and "Quandoquidem," and "Digamma," weeping pitiably. They were fain to put him to bed; and Volumnia, reserving for a more suitable occasion the expression of her sentiments relative to being called "a woman," and her children "whelps," went for Mr. O'Bleak the apothecary. But, Pulchrior, somewhat mistrusting the skill of that squint-eyed practitioner, sent off for Doctor Integer, who was wont to smoke pipes and play cribbage with her papa.

During the next fortnight, Doctor Pantologos drank a great deal of apple tea, and felt very hot, and talked much nonsense. He woke up one morning quite sensible, but with no hair on the top of his head—which was attributable to his having had his head shaved. He was very languid, and they told him he had had a brain fever.

Doctor Integer stood at the bottom of the bed, smiling and snuffing as was his wont. Pulchrior was standing on one side of the bed, smiling and crying at the same time, to see her father so well and so ill. On the opposite side, there stood a lad with a pale face, a guilty face, but a penitent face. He held in his hand a bundle of papers.

"I only burnt the title-page," he said in a low voice. "All the rest is as safe as the Bank."

"He has nursed you all through your illness," faltered Pulchrior.

"He has kept the school together," said Doctor Integer.

"Bonus puer!" said Doctor Pantologos, laying his hand on the head of Quandoquidem.

What they all said was true. Thomas the knuckly, had never intended to destroy the Doctor's treatise, and was grievously shocked and shamed when he saw how well his ruse had succeeded. Thomas Quandoquidem was a good lad for all his deficiencies in hic, hæc, hoc, and sedulously endeavoured to repair the evil he had done.

The Vicar, abandoning stone-breaking and heel-balling for a season, had undertaken to teach school during the Doctor's illness; and Quandoquidem, the erst dunce, truant, and idler, had become his active and efficient monitor, awing the little boys, shaming the bigger ones into good order and application, and introducing a state of discipline that Accidentium Grammar School had not known for years. No sooner was school over, every day, than he hastened to the bedside of the sick Doctor. And there was no kinder, patienter, abler, usefuller nurse than Thomas Quandoquidem.

And where was the voluminous Volumnia. Alas! the Doctor's fever was not a week old when she ungratefully abandoned him, and eloped with Mr. O'Bleak—red-haired children and all. Mr. O'Bleak forgot to settle his little debts in Accidentium and Volumnia remembered to take, but forgot to return, sundry articles of jewellery and clothing belonging to the late Mrs. Pantologos. I said alas! when I chronicled Volumnia's elopement; but I don't think, setting aside the scandal of the thing, that her relatives grieved very much, or that the Doctor was with difficulty consoled, when she and her rubicund progeny took their departure.

Doctor Pantologos is now a white-headed patriarch, very busy still on the treatise, and very happy in the unremitting tenderness and care of his children. I say children, for he has a son and a daughter; the daughter Pulchrior, whom you know; the son, her husband, whom you know, too, though you would scarcely recognise the knuckly boy who could not say hic, hæc, hoc, in Thomas Quandoquidem, Esq., B.A., who went to Cambridge, and took honours there, and was appointed master of the Free Grammar School at Accidentium on the retirement of Doctor Pantologos. Thomas has written no treatises, but he is an excellent master; and, in addition, succeeded in stirring up an earl somewhere, who had twenty thousand a year and the gout, who stirred up some prebendaries somewhere, who stirred up a chapter somewhere, and they do say that the Free Grammar School at Accidentium has a sound roof now, and that its master has a larger salary, and that the boys are better taught and cared for.

Pleasant fancies! Thick-coming fancies! Fancies hallowed by memory which a dog's-eared Latin grammar on this bookstall—the inside of its calf-skin cover scrawled over with school-boy names and dates—can awaken. But, the bookstall keeper is very anxious to know whether I will purchase "that vollum," and I am not prepared to purchase it, and the shadows melt into the iron business day again.

THE POIGNÉ-BANDEL PROPERTY.

The chaumière in which I am passing the summer, stands next to a very oddly shaped house which the French call a castle. It is not at all like a castle: but, when the large family of Mr. Joseph Smith who occupy it, write home, it looks well to date from so dignified a domicile. I do not think my chaumière (I prefer the French word to saying cottage in plain English) a bit less dignified than the castle in appearance, for I have almost as many gable ends and projecting windows on my roof; and, as for my front door, it is infinitely better, even though I have not two enormous stone lions lying one at each side of the entrance. You enter at once without awe or alarm into my little hall, and thence into my salon, which has one window opening to a small garden, exclusively my own; at

had told me his doubts at the first I could have nipped them in the bud."

Mistaken as Margaret felt her father's conduct to have been, she could not bear to hear it blamed by her mother. She knew that his very reserve had originated in a tenderness for her, that might be cowardly, but was not unfeeling.

"I almost hoped you might have been glad to leave Helstone, mamma," said she, after a pause. "You have never been well in this air, you know."

"You can't think the smoky air of a manufacturing town, all chimneys and dirt like Milton-Northern, would be better than this air, which is pure and sweet, if it is too soft and relaxing. Fancy living in the middle of factories, and factory people! Though, of course, if your father leaves the Church, we shall not be admitted into society anywhere. It will be such a disgrace to us! Poor dear Sir John! It is well he is not alive to see what your father has come to! Every day after dinner, when I was a girl, living with your Aunt Shaw, at Beresford Court, Sir John used to give for the first toast—'Church and King, and down with the Rump.'"

Margaret was glad that her mother's thoughts were turned away from the fact of her husband's silence to her on the point which must have been so near his heart. Next to the serious vital anxiety as to the nature of her father's doubts, this was the one circumstance of the case that gave Margaret the most pain.

"You know, we have very little society here, mamma. The Gormans, who are our nearest neighbours (to call society—and we hardly ever see them), have been in trade just as much as these Milton-Northern people."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale, almost indignantly, "but, at any rate, the Gormans made carriages for half the gentry of the county, and were brought into some kind of intercourse with them; but these factory people, who on earth wears cotton that can afford linen?"

"Well, mamma, I give up the cotton-spinners; I am not standing up for them, any more than for any other trades-people. Only we shall have little enough to do with them."

"Why on earth has your father fixed on Milton-Northern to live in?"

"Partly," said Margaret, sighing, "because it is so very different from Helstone—partly because Mr. Bell says there is an opening there for a private tutor."

"Private tutor in Milton! Why can't he go to Oxford, and be a tutor to gentlemen?"

"You forget, mamma! He is leaving the Church on account of his opinions — his doubts would do him no good at Oxford."

Mrs. Hale was silent for some time, quietly crying. At last she said:—

"And the furniture—How in the world are we to manage the removal? I never removed in my life, and only a fortnight to think about it."

Margaret was inexpressibly relieved to find that her mother's anxiety and distress was lowered to this point, so insignificant to her, and on which she could do so much to help. She planned and promised, and led her mother on to arrange fully as much as could be fixed before they knew somewhat more definitively what Mr. Hale intended to do. All through the day Margaret never left her mother; bending her whole soul to sympathise in all the various turns her feelings took; towards evening especially, as she became more and more anxious that her father should find a soothing welcome home awaiting him after his return from his day of fatigue and distress. She dwelt upon what he must have borne in secret for long; her mother only replied coldly that he ought to have told her, and then that at any rate he would have had an adviser to give him counsel; and Margaret turned faint at heart when she heard her father's step in the hall. She dared not go to meet him, and tell him what she had done all day, for fear of her mother's jealous annoyance. She heard him linger as if awaiting her, or some sign of her; and she dared not stir; she saw by her mother's twitching lips, and changing colour that she too was aware that her husband had returned. Presently he opened the room door, and stood there uncertain whether to come in. His face was grey and pale; he had a timid, fearful look in his eyes; something almost pitiful to see in a man's face; but that look of despondent uncertainty, of mental and bodily languor, touched his wife's heart. She went to him, and threw herself on his breast, crying out:—

"Oh! Richard, Richard, you should have told me sooner!"

And then, in tears, Margaret left her, as she rushed up stairs to throw herself on her bed, and hide her face in the pillows to stifle the hysteric sobs that would force their way at last, after the rigid self-control of the whole day.

How long she lay thus she could not tell. She heard no noise, though the housemaid came in to arrange the room. The affrighted girl stole out again on tip toe, and went and told Mrs. Dixon that Miss Hale was crying as if her heart would break; she was sure she would make herself deadly ill if she went on at that rate. In consequence of this Margaret felt herself touched, and started up into a sitting posture; she saw the accustomed room, the figure of Dixon in shadow, as the latter stood holding the candle a little behind her, for fear of the effect on Miss Hale's startled eyes, swollen and blinded as they were.

"Oh, Dixon! I did not hear you come into the room!" said Margaret, resuming her trembling self-restraint. "Is it very late?" continued she, lifting herself languidly off

the bed, yet letting her feet touch the ground without fairly standing down, as she shaded her wet ruffled hair off her face, and tried to look as though nothing were the matter; as if she had only been asleep.

"I hardly can tell what time it is," replied Dixon, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "Since your mamma told me this terrible news, when I dressed her for tea, I have lost all count of time. I am sure I don't know what is to become of us all. When Charlotte told me just now you were sobbing, Miss Hale, I thought, no wonder, poor thing! And master thinking of turning Dissenter at his time of life, when, if it is not to be said he's done well in the Church, he's not done badly after all. I had a cousin, miss, who turned Methodist preacher after he was fifty years of age, and a tailor all his life; but then he had never been able to make a pair of trousers to fit, for as long as he had been in the trade, so it was no wonder; but for master! as I said to missus, "What would poor Sir John have said? he never liked your marrying Mr. Hale, but if he could have known it would have come to this, he would have sworn worse oaths than ever, if that was possible!"

Dixon had been so much accustomed to comment upon Mr. Hale's proceedings to her mistress (who listened to her, or not, as she was in the humour), that she never noticed Margaret's flashing eye and dilating nostril. To hear her father talked of in this way by a servant to her face!

"Dixon," she said, in the low tone she always used when much excited, which had a sound in it as of some distant turmoil, or threatening storm breaking far away. "Dixon! you forget to whom you are speaking." She stood upright and firm on her feet now, confronting the waiting-maid, and fixing her with her steady discerning eye. "I am Mr. Hale's daughter. Go! You have made a strange mistake, and one that I am sure your own good feeling will make you sorry for when you think about it."

Dixon hung irresolutely about the room for a minute or two. Margaret repeated, "You may leave me, Dixon. I wish you to go." Dixon did not know whether to resent these decided words or to cry; either course would have done with her mistress: but, as she said to herself, "Miss Margaret has a touch of the old gentleman about her, as well as poor Master Frederick; I wonder where they get it from?" and she who would have resented such words from any one less haughty and determined in manner, was subdued enough to say, in a half humble, half injured tone:

"Mayn't I unfasten your gown, miss, and do your hair?"

"No! not to-night, thank you." And Margaret gravely lighted her out of the room, and bolted the door. From henceforth Dixon obeyed and admired Margaret. She said it was because she was so like poor Master Frederick; but the truth was, that Dixon, as do many others, liked to feel herself ruled by a powerful and decided nature.

Margaret needed all Dixon's help in action, and silence in words; for, for some time, the latter thought it her duty to show her sense of affront in saying as little as possible to her young lady; so the energy came out in doing rather than in speaking. A fortnight was a very short time to make arrangements for so serious a removal; as Dixon said, "Any one but a gentleman — indeed almost any other gentleman—" but catching a look at Margaret's straight, stern brow just here, she coughed the remainder of the sentence away, and meekly took the horehound drop that Margaret offered her, to stop the "little tickling at my chest, miss." But almost any one but Mr. Hale would have had practical knowledge enough to know that in so short a time it would be difficult to fix on any house in Milton-Northern, or indeed elsewhere, to which they could remove the furniture that had of necessity to be taken out of Helstone vicarage.

Mrs. Hale, overpowered by all the troubles and necessities for immediate household decisions that seemed to come upon her at once, became really ill, and Margaret almost felt it as a relief when her mother fairly took to her bed, and left the management of affairs to her. Dixon, true to her post of body-guard, attended most faithfully to her mistress, and only emerged from Mrs. Hale's bedroom to shake her head, and murmur to herself in a manner which Margaret did not choose to hear. For the one thing clear and straight before her, was the necessity for leaving Helstone. Mr. Hale's successor in the living was appointed; and, at any rate, after her father's decision, there must be no lingering now, for his sake, as well as for every other consideration. For he came home every evening more and more depressed after the necessary leave-taking which he had resolved to have with every individual parishioner. Margaret, inexperienced as she was in all the necessary matter-of-fact business to be got through, did not know to whom to apply for advice. The cook and Charlotte worked away with willing arms and stout hearts at all the moving and packing; and as far as that went, Margaret's admirable sense enabled her to see what was best, and to direct how it should be done. But where were they to go to? In a week they must be gone. Straight to Milton, or where? So many arrangements depended on this decision that Margaret resolved to ask her father one evening, in spite of his evident fatigue and low spirits. He answered:

"My dear! I have really had too much to think about to settle this. What does your mother say? What does she wish? Poor Maria!"

He met with an echo even louder than his sigh. Dixon had just come into the room for another cup of tea for Mrs. Hale, and catching

and Miss Smiths which would probably be, otherwise, directed into my garden, to disturb my reveries.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MARGARET made a good listener to all her mother's little plans for adding some small comforts to the lot of the poorer parishioners. She could not help listening, though each new project was a stab to her heart. By the time the frost had set in they should be far away from Helstone; old Simon's rheumatism might be bad and his eyesight worse; there would be no one to go and read to him, and comfort him with little porringers of broth and good red flannel: or if there was, it would be a stranger, and the old man would watch in vain for her. Mary Domville's little crippled boy would crawl in vain to the door and look for her coming through the forest. These poor friends would never understand why she had forsaken them; and there were many others besides: "Papa has always spent the income he derived from his living in the parish. I am, perhaps, encroaching upon the next dues, but the winter is likely to be severe, and our poor old people must be helped."

"Oh, mamma, let us do all we can," said Margaret eagerly, not seeing the prudential side of the question, only grasping at the idea that they were rendering such help for the last time; "we may not be here long."

"Do you feel ill, my darling?" asked Mrs. Hale, anxiously, misunderstanding Margaret's hint of the uncertainty of their stay at Helstone. "You look pale and tired. It is this soft, damp, unhealthy air."

"No—no, mamma, it is not that: it is delicious air. It smells of the freshest, purest fragrance, after the smokiness of Harley Street. But I am tired: it surely must be near bedtime."

"Not far off—it is half-past nine. You had better go to bed at once, dear. Ask Dixon for some gruel. I will come and see you as soon as you are in bed. I am afraid you have taken cold; or the bad air from some of the stagnant ponds——"

"Oh, mamma," said Margaret, faintly smiling as she kissed her mother, "I am quite well—don't alarm yourself about me; I am only tired."

Margaret went upstairs. To soothe her mother's anxiety she submitted to a basin of gruel. She was lying languidly in bed when Mrs. Hale came up to make some last inquiries and to kiss her before going to her own room for the night. But the instant she heard her mother's door locked, she sprang out of bed, and throwing her dressing-gown on, she began to pace up and down the room, until the creaking of one of the old boards reminded her that she must make no noise. She went and curled herself up on the window-seat in the small, deeply-recessed window. That morning when she had looked out, her heart had danced at seeing the bright clear lights on the church tower, which foretold a fine and sunny day. This evening—sixteen hours at most had past by—she sat down, too full of sorrow to cry, but with a dull, cold pain, which seemed to have pressed the youth and buoyancy out of her heart, never to return. Mr. Henry Lennox's visit—his offer—was like a dream, a thing beside her actual life. The hard reality was, that her father had so admitted tempting doubts into his mind as to become a schismatic—an outcast; all the changes consequent upon this grouped themselves around that one great blighting fact.

She looked out upon the dark-gray lines of the church tower, square and straight in the centre of the view, cutting against the deep blue transparent depths beyond, into which she gazed, and felt that she might gaze for ever, seeing at every moment some farther distance, and yet no sign of God! It seemed to her at the moment as if the earth was more utterly desolate than if girt in by an iron dome, behind which there might be the ineffaceable peace and glory of the Almighty: those never-ending depths of space, in their still serenity, were more mocking to her than any material bounds could be—shutting in the cries of earth's sufferers, which now might ascend into that infinite splendour of vastness and be lost—lost for ever, before they reached His throne. In this mood her father came in unheard. The moonlight was strong enough to let him see his daughter in her unusual place and attitude. He came to her and touched her shoulder before she was aware that he was there.

"Margaret, I heard you were up. I could not help coming in to ask you to pray with me—to say the Lord's Prayer; that will do good to both of us."

Mr. Hale and Margaret knelt by the window-seat—he looking up, she bowed down in humble shame. God was there, close around them, hearing her father's whispered words. Her father might be a heretic; but had not she, in her despairing doubts not five minutes before, shown herself a far more utter sceptic? She spoke not a word, but stole to bed after her father had left her, like a child ashamed of its fault. If the world was full of perplexing problems she would trust, and only ask to see the one step needful for the hour. Mr. Lennox—his visit, his proposal—the remembrance of which had been so rudely pushed aside by the subsequent events of the day—haunted her dreams that night. He was climbing up some tree of fabulous height to reach the branch whereon

was slung her bonnet: he was falling, and she was struggling to save him, but held back by some invisible powerful hand. He was dead. And yet, with a shifting of the scene, she was once more in the Harley Street drawing-room, talking to him as of old, and still with a consciousness all the time that she had seen him killed by that terrible fall.

Miserable, unresting night! Ill preparation for the coming day! She awoke with a start, unrefreshed, and conscious of some reality worse even than her feverish dreams. It all came back upon her; not merely the sorrow, but the terrible discord in the sorrow. Where, to what distance apart, had her father wandered, led by doubts which were to her temptations of the Evil One? She longed to ask, and yet would not have heard for all the world.

The fine crisp morning made her mother feel particularly well and happy at breakfast-time. She talked on, planning village kindnesses, unheeding the silence of her husband and the monosyllabic answers of Margaret. Before the things were cleared away, Mr. Hale got up; he leaned one hand on the table, as if to support himself:

"I shall not be at home till evening. I am going to Bracy Common, and will ask Farmer Dobson to give me something for dinner. I shall be back to tea at seven."

He did not look at either of them, but Margaret knew what he meant. By seven the announcement must be made to her mother. Mr. Hale would have delayed making it till half-past six, but Margaret was of different stuff. She could not bear the impending weight on her mind all the day long: better get the worst over; the day would be too short to comfort her mother. But while she stood by the window, thinking how to begin, and waiting for the servant to have left the room, her mother had gone upstairs to put on her things to go to the school. She came down ready equipped, in a brisker mood than usual.

"Mother, come round the garden with me this morning; just one turn," said Margaret, putting her arm round Mrs. Hale's waist.

They passed through the open window. Mrs. Hale spoke—said something—Margaret could not tell what. Her eye caught on a bee entering a deep-belled flower: when that bee flew forth with his spoil she would begin—that should be the sign. Out he came.

"Mamma! Papa is going to leave Helstone!" she blurted forth. "He is going to leave the Church, and live in Milton-Northern." There were the three hard facts, hardly spoken.

"What makes you say so?" asked Mrs. Hale, in a surprised incredulous voice. "Who has been telling you such nonsense?"

"Papa himself," said Margaret, longing to say something gentle and consoling, but literally not knowing how. They were close to a garden-bench. Mrs. Hale sat down, and began to cry.

"I don't understand you," she said. "Either you have made some great mistake, or I don't quite understand you."

"No, mother, I have made no mistake. Papa has written to the bishop, saying that he has such doubts that he cannot conscientiously remain a priest of the Church of England, and that he must give up Helstone. He has also consulted Mr. Bell, Frederick's godfather, you know, mamma; and it is arranged that we go to live in Milton-Northern." Mrs. Hale looked up in Margaret's face all the time she was speaking these words: the shadow on her countenance told that she, at least, believed in the truth of what she said.

"I don't think it can be true," said Mrs. Hale, at length. "He would surely have told me before it came to this."

It came strongly upon Margaret's mind that her mother ought to have been told; that whatever her faults of discontent and repining might have been, it was an error in her father to have left her to learn his change of opinion, and his approaching change of life from her better-informed child. Margaret sat down by her mother, and took her unresisting head on her breast, bending her own soft cheeks down caressingly to touch her face.

"Dear, darling mamma! we were so afraid of giving you pain. Papa felt so acutely—you know you are not strong, and there must have been such terrible suspense to go through."

"When did he tell you, Margaret?"

"Yesterday, only yesterday," replied Margaret, detecting the jealousy which prompted the inquiry. "Poor papa,"—trying to divert her mother's thoughts into compassionate sympathy for all her father had gone through. Mrs. Hale raised her head.

"What does he mean by having doubts?" she asked. "Surely, he does not mean that he thinks differently—that he knows better than the Church."

Margaret shook her head, and the tears came into her eyes, as her mother touched the bare nerve of her own regret.

"Can't the bishop set him right?" asked Mrs. Hale, half impatiently.

"I'm afraid not," said Margaret. "But I did not ask. I could not bear to hear what he might answer. It is all settled at any rate. He is going to leave Helstone in a fortnight. I am not sure if he did not say he had sent in his deed of resignation."

"In a fortnight!" exclaimed Mrs. Hale. "I do think this is very strange—not at all right. I call it very unfeeling" said she, beginning to take relief in tears. "He has doubts, you say, and gives up his living, and all without consulting me. I dare say if he

Mr. Hale's last words, and protected by his presence from Margaret's upbraiding eyes, made bold to say, "My poor mistress!"

"You don't think her worse to-day," said Mr. Hale, turning hastily.

"I am sure I can't say, sir. It is not for me to judge. The illness seems so much more on the mind than on the body."

Mr. Hale looked infinitely distressed.

"You had better take mamma her tea while it is hot, Dixon," said Margaret, in a tone of quiet authority.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, miss! My thoughts was otherwise occupied in thinking of my poor——of Mrs. Hale."

"Papa!" said Margaret, "it is this suspense that is bad for you both. Of course, mamma must feel your change of opinions: we can't help that," she continued, softly; "but now the course is clear, at least to a certain point. And I think, papa, that I could get mamma to help me in planning if you could tell me what to plan for. She has never expressed any wish in any way, and only thinks of what can't be helped. Are we to go straight to Milton? Have you taken a house there?"

"No," he replied. "I suppose we must go into lodgings, and look about for a house."

"And pack up the furniture so that it can be left at the railway station till we have met with one?"

"I suppose so. Do what you think best. Only remember we shall have much less money to spend."

They had never had much superfluity, as Margaret knew. She felt that it was a great weight suddenly thrown upon her shoulders. Four months ago all the decisions she needed to make were what dress she would wear for dinner, and to help Edith to make out the lists of who should take down whom in the dinner parties at home. Nor was the household in which she lived one that called for much decision. Except in the one grand case of Captain Lennox's offer, everything went on with the regularity of clockwork. Once a year there was a long discussion between her aunt and Edith as to whether they should go to the Isle of Wight, abroad, or to Scotland? but at such times Margaret herself was secure of drifting, without any exertion of her own, into the quiet harbour of home. Now, since that day when Mr. Lennox came, and startled her into a decision, every day brought some question, momentous to her, and to those whom she loved, to be settled.

Her father went up after tea to sit with his wife. Margaret remained alone in the drawing-room. Suddenly she took a candle and went into her father's study for a great atlas, and lugging it back into the drawing-room, she began to pore over the map of England. She was ready to look up brightly when her father came down stairs.

"Papa, I have hit upon such a beautiful plan. Look here, in Darkshire, hardly the breadth of my finger from Milton, is Heston, which I have often heard of from people living in the north as such a pleasant little bathing-place. Now, don't you think we could get mamma there with Dixon, while you and I go and look at houses, and get one all ready for her in Milton? She would get a breath of sea air to set her up for the winter, and be spared all the fatigue, and Dixon would enjoy taking care of her."

"Is Dixon to go with us?" asked Mr. Hale, in a kind of helpless dismay.

"Oh, yes!" said Margaret. "Dixon quite intends it, and I don't know what mamma would do without her."

"But we shall have to put up with a very different way of living, I am afraid. Everything is so much dearer in a town. I doubt if Dixon can make herself comfortable. To tell you the truth, Margaret, I sometimes feel as if that woman gave herself airs."

"To be sure she does, papa," replied Margaret; "and if she has to put up with a different style of living, we shall have to put up with her airs, which will be worse. But she really loves us all, and would be miserable to leave us, I am sure, especially in this change; so, for mamma's sake, and for the sake of her faithfulness, I do think she must go."

"Very well, my dear. Go on. I am resigned. How far is Heston from Milton? The breadth of one of your fingers does not give me a very clear idea of distance."

"Well, then, I suppose it is thirty miles; that is not much!"

"Not in distance, but in—. Never mind! If you really think it will do your mother good, let it be fixed so."

This was a great step. Now Margaret could work, and act, and plan in good earnest. And now Mrs. Hale could rouse herself from her languor, and forget her real suffering in thinking of the pleasure and the delight of going to the sea-side. Her only regret was that Mr. Hale could not be with her all the fortnight she was to be there, as he had been for a whole fortnight once, when they were engaged, and she was staying with Sir John and Lady Beresford at Torquay.

BEEF, MUTTON, AND BREAD.

A COUNCIL composed of noble and gentle amateurs; a sprinkling of real farmers; a library of books on agriculture which few read; models of implements which few examine; and samples of seeds for which few inquire—these are the components of the Royal Agricultural Society as it exists in a dingy mansion of Hanover Square, London. For eleven months of the year its only sign of life is an occasional discussion, from which reporters for the public press are inflexibly excluded; but, on the twelfth there follows, thanks to railroads, a July fortnight of real agricultural work. Then the whole agricultural element of the

district chosen for the annual show is set fermenting by the presence of the most agricultural members of the society, and a general invitation to all England to come forward and compete for prizes with their agricultural implements and live stock. This year the great agricultural holiday was held at Lincoln;—once the nucleus of Roman roads; now in the centre of one of the finest farming districts in the country, and connected by railways with every county between Plymouth and Aberdeen.

Eighty-four years ago, Arthur Young, one of the most far-seeing and graphic writers on English agriculture, made the journey from Peterborough to Lincoln on horseback, occupying twice as many days as a railway train takes hours; following ancient ways; partly of Roman construction, and passing over causeways through seas of fresh water, which now, thanks to the Cornish steam-engines, have been drained into fat pastures, where, on every acre, an ox or cow, bred far north, can be fattened for the London market.

As I approached Lincoln to be present at the fourteen days' show the evidences of the Past and Present met me on either hand. Of the present, in the shape of solemn but amiable-looking bulls, carefully clothed in slices of Brussels carpet hemmed and edged with tape; heifers of equally pure blood, and Leicester and South Down sheep, all riding comfortably in railway trucks. A real monument of the Past rose on Dunston Heath:—Dunston Tower, erected in the last century as a lighthouse to guide travellers across the black moor between Spilsby and Lincoln,—a waste then, but now the centre of farming as fine as any in Europe: at least so I was told by a tall, rosy, wiry, pleasant-faced farmer, in a full suit of shepherd's plaid. And here I must note that the real John Bull farmer, whom artists of a waning school depict in top-boots, seated before a foaming jug of nut-brown ale, and beside the portrait of a prize ox, seems to have been improved out of the country. My closest researches at Lincoln did not discover a single specimen.

There was no mistake about the character of the meeting: it did not require top-boots to indicate that it was not scientific, nor antiquarian, nor literary, nor military, nor commercial; but, that it was simply and solely agricultural. The whole multitude of strangers who crowded the street,—studying the Latin motto of "Floreat Lindum" inscribed in red letters upon white calico, on the arch of evergreens, or holding conversations round the steps of the hotels—had a breezy out-of-door, healthy, tallyhoish appearance. Black, bay, and gray horses, of huge proportions, gaily adorned with ribbons (the unmistakable sires of London dray-horses), were led carefully along towards the show-ground by the only top-boots extant. Roan Short-horns, red Devons, and white-faced Hereford bulls; cows with interesting calves; and plump heifers, paced along with a deliberation and placidity worthy of their high breeding. It is only young Highland kyloes and Scotch runts that played wild tricks, and scampered, as Leigh Hunt said of certain pigs, down all manner of streets. Anon came a select pen of ewes, or a ram, conducted with the sort of care we can imagine the sultan's guard to bestow on an importation of plump Circassian beauties.

Guided out of sight of the bovine and ovine procession by the shrill squeal of discontented Yorkshire pigs nearly as large as, and much heavier than, Alderney cows; across the bridge over that Witham stream through which Romans, and Danes, and Saxons, and Normans, successively rowed on their way to Peterborough; along a gay and dusty road, where stood those wonderful works of art dear to my childhood's dreams;— Wombwellian wild beasts painted on acres of canvass, in the most exciting situations; at length I reached the show yard. The parallelogram of some four acres contained an epitome of the materials and tools which make modern British agriculture what it is. There were instruments for cultivating all sorts of soils; and live stock which can be sent to the butcher's in one fourth the time that our ancestors found indispensable for producing fat meat. In natural course the implements come before the stock which they have helped to bring to perfection.

The first operation for bringing our food into a condition fit for the butcher or the baker is to turn over the soil; for which, the best implement that has yet been invented is a plough. In the Lincoln yard there were not less than thirty-nine sorts of iron ploughs, for every degree of work, from scratching the turf to turning up the earth twenty inches deep. Those who have seen the rude ploughs still in use in the south of France and Italy (where the team is often composed of a dwarf milch cow, a donkey, and a wife; the husband holding the one stilt) will be surprised to learn that in seventeen hundred and thirty a plough was made at Rotherham which was better than those even now in use in the worst-cultivated counties of England and Wales; and that, so far back as sixteen hundred and seventy-seven, subsoiling or loosening the earth very deep so as to let water fall through and fibres of roots to penetrate—one of the most valuable improvements of modern agriculture, which we now owe to Smith of Deanston—was practised by a young man of Kent. But in agriculture, above all other useful arts, improvements and inventions not only travel slowly, but are often despised during the lifetime of the inventor; and, after him, are forgotten.

The frame of the most approved ploughs is

made of wrought, the share of cast iron, case hardened; the coulter, or cutting-knife, being of iron and steel. They are provided with wheels. It requires three or four ploughs of different construction to do the work of a single farm thoroughly.

After the ground has been ploughed, it requires to be broken into as fine a condition as possible, to receive seed. For this purpose, on the continent and in Australia, a thick bush is often used, such as Gervase Markham, writing in sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, recommends in his Farewell to Husbandry. "Get," saith he, "a pretty big whitethorn tree, and make sure it be wonderful thick, bushy, and rough grown." The bushy tree was thrown aside for a harrow of wooden spikes; which has since been superseded by instruments of iron, such as harrows and scufflers, or scarifiers, by which the soil is cleaned, stirred, and broken up to a due degree of fineness. Of these several sorts of earth-torturers there were thirty-five exhibitors at Lincoln. With such a choice there is no difficulty in selecting implements which, whatever the quality of the soil, will pulverise the clods left by the plough, clear away the weeds and roots, and cover with earth the seeds sown over the surface.

Next in order come a set of machines invented in consequence of the introduction of such portable manures as guano, nitrate of soda, soot, salt, superphosphate, &c., which it may be advisable to distribute broad-cast or in a liquid state. A few years ago the farmer was entirely dependent on farm-yard manure; which, still valuable, is bulky, expensive to move, and even when dug in, not sufficiently stimulating for certain crops. It is advantageous, for instance, to force forward turnips with great rapidity, in order to place them beyond the ravages of the fly. To this end chemistry is always at work to find or to compound new manures. Bones were a great discovery in their day; but now, fossil bones of antediluvian beasts are, with sulphuric acid, made useful for growing roots to feed Christmas bullocks. Bones were the earliest portable manure used for turnips,—first nearly whole; then crushed; next, on the suggestion of a great chemist, dissolved in sulphuric acid; and now distributed over the land in a water-drill. Portable manures are expensive, and machine distribution is more regular and economical than hand-casting. At Lincoln, mechanical invention was found keeping pace with chemical discoveries. Ten sorts of machines were there for distributing portable manures in a dry state, the last and best being the invention of a young Norfolk farmer, and constructed by a village blacksmith.

The ground manured, is ready for seed. In certain cases both are put in at the same time. The ancient sower—whose race is not wholly extinct—fastened the seed round his waist and shoulder with a sheet, and dexterously cast the grain right and left as he traversed the field; but, in seventeen hundred and thirty-three Jethro Tull, who nearly touched without actually grasping, some of the greatest improvements in agriculture, invented a corn and turnip-drill and a horse-hoe for ridging up and clearing weeds away; an operation only to be done by hand-labour after broad-cast sowing. But in this he was before his time. Yet his contrivance has since been adopted and improved upon sufficiently to yield samples at Lincoln, from thirty exhibitors. Among them were three liquid manure or water drills, which were invented about ten years ago, and pushed into notice within three. These are now making rapid way among the turnip sowers in light, level, dry districts.

The horse-hoe naturally follows the drill, whether to scuffle up weeds or to embank earth along the sides of roots. Formerly the great obstacle to the use of implements which enable farm work to be done by mechanism, was a state of society and a system of poor-laws which gave the farmer no choice between paying poor-rates or wages for labourers he was better without; but farmers in eighteen hundred and fifty-four have no fear of surplus labour or of overwhelming poor-rates; consequently, specimens of twenty horse-hoes of every degree of ingenuity were scrutinized at Lincoln, and largely purchased. The latest invention was a rotatory hoe, invented last year by a Norfolk farmer, which thins out turnips with marvellous swiftness and exactness; thus promising to supersede the degrading hand labour of the Norfolk gangs of boys and girls.

After crops are fairly sown, hoed, and weeded, the next operation is gathering: this brings us to carts and waggons; the wheels of which are made by machinery, at some of the large implement factories, at the rate of thousands per annum. Twenty-one horse carts were shown; and it is to be hoped that by degrees the lumbering, ill-balanced vehicles seen in too many English and Irish counties will be superseded by the light Scotch cart.

But before carting comes mowing, and reaping, and haymaking. In grass-mowing no machine has yet superseded the scythe. But every year spreads more widely the use of the haymaking machine, a revolving cylinder with prongs, which, driven by a horse, lightly tosses the grass, and saves half the work of the haymaker. Four such machines by different makers were shown; the best were ordered in greater number than the makers could execute. This machine, like the horse-rake (of which a dozen were displayed in the Lincoln yard), is one of the simple implements that every farmer short of his usual supply of Irish labourers (now better employed in tilling the backwoods of America) should

use; for it can be kept in order without the help of a skilled mechanic.

The history of the reaping-machine, from the days of Pliny to the contrivance of the Scotch minister, Bell, is too large and interesting to be dismissed in a paragraph. It must for the present be enough to say that in the field-trials at Lincoln there was nothing more exciting or comical than the straggling competition between the machine reapers, when they charged into the standing corn, and cut and laid it down ready for the binders at the rate of at least two acres per hour. But some other time the story of the reaper—a real romance—must be told.

Passing now from the field to the rick-yard, the rick-stand must not be overlooked. It is a pillar and mushroom cap of stone or iron, to lift the rick from the ground; and to cheat—as we learnt at the late Durham Assizes—rats and mice of no less than forty per cent of the grain per annum; yet hundreds of farmers will not spend a few shillings on rick-stands.

From the rick the next step is to the barn machinery; and what a step!—from the clay thrashing-floor, and the flail stupifying the thrasher and wasting the corn; and the rude winnowing-machine dependent on a breezy day, to the beautiful steam-driven thrashing-machines, by which corn is thrashed, winnowed, sacked and weighed, while the straw is hoisted to the straw-loft, to be there, if needful, by the same steam power, and by one operation, cut into chaff for cattle. At Lincoln there were upwards of twenty-five thrashing-machines exhibited, the greater number of which would thrash corn at about ninepence a quarter, or less than half the cost of hand-labour. Yet it is only within the last five years that this machine driven by steam-power has invaded some of the best corn-growing counties in England.

Last in the list come steam-engines; which steam food, cut chaff, pulp roots, thrash grain, raise loads, pump water, and drive liquid manure through pipes, at an insignificant expense; permitting a farmer to be always ready to send his crops to market at short notice. Without pretending to examine those bewildering conjunctions of cranks and wheels, the mere fact of five-and-twenty steam-engines entered for agricultural use, at prices beginning at one hundred pounds, shows the road the British farmer is now marching. Ten years ago, half-a-dozen agricultural steam-engines, consuming double the quantity of fuel now required, were gazed upon—in England, though not in Scotland—as curiosities. Now it pays twenty-five makers to send these weighty specimens as showcards to farmers whenever and wherever the Royal Agricultural Society holds its meetings.

The criticism of the practical men who travelled from all parts of the kingdom to review the implement show at Lincoln, proved that a large number of farmers had fully discovered the value of coal and iron—that coal and iron are as effectual in producing motive power for agricultural operations, as for driving spinning jennies, and propelling steam vessels. There is still at least one hundred years of darkness and prejudice between the districts where such sentiments are held, and where the wooden wheelless plough, the clumsy harrow, broadcast sowing, hand-hoeing, flail-thrashing, undrained land, and ill-housed stock, are the rule. Not that any number of implements, or the study of any number of books, will make a farmer. Science, to be useful, must be sown on a practical and fruitful soil. The keenest steel axe must be wielded by a practised hand.

Having raised our crops by a good use of the implements in the Lincoln yard, we must now turn to the live-stock.

The short-horns—arranged in order, bulls, cows with calves, and heifers, in the rich variety of colour peculiar to the aristocracy of the ox tribe—come first in view. Some strawberry roan, some red and white, some milk-white; but all so much alike in form and face, that to the uninitiated, the roan bulls might be all brothers, and the white cows all sisters. Short legs, vast round carcases, flat backs; not an angle nor a point, except at the muzzle and the horns—are the characteristics of the descendants of Collings' Durhams. A little farther on, the bulls, quite as large, are the Herefords, red, with white faces, and here and there white bellies; the cows smaller, with less of a dairy look than the short-horns. Third in order appear the Devons, in colour one deep red, with deer-like heads; plump but delicate and small in stature. These three breeds, of which a hundred and seventy one specimens were sent, represent the best beef that England, after about a hundred years of pains and experiment, can raise. All English herds of cattle maintained on first-rate farms are one of these three breeds—short-horns, Herefords, or Devons. Scotland has breeds of its own. The Argyle ox, in his improved shape, is one of the legacies of Duke Archibald, Jeannie Deans's friend, bred on the hills and vales of the Highlands, and which, fattened in the private yards of Lincoln, Norfolk, and Bedford, produces beef second to none. The Ayrshire cow is unrivalled for dairy use. But, as these are not bred in England, they do not come into competition in a show of English breeding stock.

The sheep shown for prizes are subject to as few divisions as the cattle. There are pure Leicesters (once called the New Leicesters; but the old have all died out); the long-wools, not being Leicesters, of which the prime victors are all Cotswolds; and the short-wools, or South Downs, a class under which rivals from Wiltshire and Norfolk compete with Sussex, the cradle of the improved breed. As for pigs, they are divided into

large and small only, although known by many names.

Considering how much of our domestic happiness and public prosperity is dependent on a supply of prime beef in steaks, sirloins, and rounds; on chops, legs, and saddles of mutton; on streaky rashers, and Yorkshire and Cumberland hams, it will not be time wasted to explain how it comes to pass that in every county of the kingdom there are to be found not only wealthy amateurs, but practical farmers, who devote their whole time to producing prime animals of pure blood, not always at a profit; and how the country gains from stock so plump, cubical, and unpicturesque; for it is not to be gainsaid that the wild cattle of the Roman Campagna or the Andalusian pastures are more suited to figure as models for the painter than under the knife of the carver. A Yorkshire farmer remarked, when shown the Toro Farnese, that "there couldn't be many prime cuts sliced out of *him*."

By the exertions of only a few zealous agriculturists, during the last hundred years, good meat has been placed within the reach of the people at large. The roast beef of Old England, which some fancy to have been the ordinary fare of our ancestors in the days of Queen Bess, was really and truly the tough and tasteless produce of lean, black, worn-out draught oxen, or leathery old cows, and that only procurable fresh for four months in the year. Those who have travelled in the south of Europe or on the Rhine, have seen the greyhound-like pigs, the lean gaunt sheep, the angular and active cows unincumbered with sirloins and almost destitute of lungs, which pick up a miserable existence on the roadsides. A hundred years ago, with a few rare exceptions, the ordinary breeds of live stock in Great Britain were just as lean, ill-shaped, and slow-growing. And to those who inquire what we have gained by the enthusiasm with which noblemen and gentlemen have followed cattle-breeding, it can be answered, that the ox, which used to be with difficulty fattened at six years old, is now presentible in superlative condition upon the Christmas board at three years old. The sheep which formerly fed in summer and starved in winter, until five years old, are now fit for the butcher in twenty months, with a better and more even fleece. And the pig which formerly ran races until two years had passed, is now fit for the knife after eating and sleeping comfortably and cleanly as a gentleman should, for nine months only.

This change has been brought about partly by the improvement of our agriculture, a closer study of the habits of animals, and an increased supply of food placed within our reach by extended commerce, and a rational system of customs duties; and partly by discoveries in the art of breeding. Formerly our cattle and sheep were entirely dependent on natural herbage for their food. In summer they grew fat, in winter they starved and grew thin; having nothing to depend on but such hay as could be saved. The first great step, therefore, towards the improvement of cattle was the employment of the turnip and other roots which could be stored in winter. An experienced farmer calculates that with roots, oxen improve nearly one fourth more than those fed on hay alone. The use of turnips enabled sheep to be fed where nothing but gorse or rushes grew before. Neal, the mechanic, stepped in with a chaff-cutter, prepared hay and straw to mix with roots, and, with a turnip cutter, saved six months in getting sheep ready for the kitchen.

The use of a dry, palatable, nutritious food, called oil-cake, which could be carried into the field to sheep to help out a short crop, followed; and further studies proved the use of peas, and beans, and foreign pulse in giving lambs bone and muscle. It was found, too, by experiment, that warm feeding yards saved food; that, in short, the best way of getting stock into prime condition was to feed them well, to attend to their health, and never, from their earliest days, to allow them to get thin.

But before these discoveries had been made, the breeds of English live-stock were in regular course of improvement. No kind of food can make an ill-bred, ill-shaped beast fat in time to be profitable. Just as some men are more inclined to get fat than others, so are some animals; and, by selecting individuals of proper shape with this tendency, certain breeds have been stereotyped into a never-failing type: that type in an ox and sheep is one which presents the largest extent of prime meat and least amount of offal; or, as a South Down breeder expressed it—"a perfect sheep should be, as nearly as possible, all legs and loins of mutton."

To make this improvement, required a certain talent, enthusiasm, and years of patience. Breeders of pure stock, like mechanical inventors, do not, on an average, make money. On the contrary, for the pleasure of the pursuit and the hope of success, they expend large fortunes; while a few win great prizes. But the country gains enormously in result; for now, the same space of ground will feed more than twice the quantity of beef and mutton that it would fifty years ago. The animals not only come to maturity in half the time; but, fed partly in yards or stalls, they spoil less ground with treading, and return to the soil highly concentrated and productive manure.

The first man who made stock-breeding a fashionable pursuit—and that is a great thing in a country where fashion rules too much—was Robert Bakewell, of Dishley, in Leicestershire, the son and grandson of farmers; but, if we mistake not, himself a barrister. With horned cattle he aimed at the cardinal

improvements which are now universally established and admitted in this country where the growth of meat—less than the dairy, as in Holland and Switzerland—is the principal object. He tried to produce a large cylindrical body, small head, small neck, small extremities, and small bone. He said that all was useless that was not beef; and sought, by choosing and pairing the best specimens, to make the shoulders comparatively small, and the hind quarters large, which is exactly the reverse of animals allowed to breed freely, and to gallop at liberty over wide pastures. Even the cattle of Australia bred from pure specimens, after running wild for a few generations, begin to lose the fine sirloins of their English ancestors, growing tough and stringy for the spit in proportion as they become active.

In sheep, Mr. Bakewell declared that his object was mutton, not wool; and, disregarding mere size which is a vulgar test of merit, he chose animals which had that external form which is a sign of producing the most muscle and fat, and the least bone; and, by careful selection and breeding, he stamped a form on the Leicester sheep which it retains to this day.

The South Downs, doubtless an indigenous breed, feed on the bare pasture of the southern coast, produce a fine quality of meat, and a close short wool. It was the turnip that rendered feeding the South Down while young possible. The great improvement began with John Ellman of Glynde, near Lewes, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty. He preserved the form of the original breed, but corrected the too great height of the fore-quarters, widened the chest, made the back broader, the ribs more curved, and the trunk more symmetrical and compact. The ancestors of the present race were rarely killed until the third or fourth year. They are now sent to execution at two years, and sometimes even at fifteen months old. They have since spread far; superseding the breeds of Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, crossing and altering the Shropshire, extending into Dorsetshire, Surrey, Norfolk, Devonshire, Herefordshire, Wales, and even toward Westmoreland and Cumberland, and have improved all the breeds of blackfaced heath sheep.

The crowning events in the history of beef and mutton bring us back to agricultural shows; which were established by James Duke of Bedford at Woburn, and by Mr. Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, at Holkham. At these "sheepshearings" the great houses were thrown open to agriculturists of all countries and counties. Stock were displayed, implements were tried, prizes were distributed, and gentlemen of rank and fortune, of all opinions and politics, threw themselves with enthusiasm into agricultural discussions, and enjoyed the excitement of hospitality, competition, and applause. For instance, in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, we find in the Gentleman's Magazine, in an account of a Woburn sheepshearing, held on the twenty-first of June, names since become classical in connection with pure breeds: Coke of Norfolk; Quartley, from Devonshire; Parsons, from Somersetshire; Ellman, from Sussex; worthy successors, in the cattle-breeding art, of Bakewell, the brothers Collings, Tompkins, Lord Somerville, and several others. "From one hundred to a hundred and ninety sat down to dinner for five days successively. Premiums for cattle, sheep, and ploughing were distributed, and his Grace let above seventy South Down and new Leicester rams for one thousand pounds. The conversation was entirely agricultural, and the question was discussed whether the new Leicester or the South Down were the better breed of sheep."

THE TURKS' CELLAR.

I ENTER the old town of Vienna from Leopolstadt by the Ferdinand Bridge; and, walking for a few minutes parallel with the river, come into a hollow called the Tiefer Grund; passing next under a broad arch which itself supports a street spanning the gulley, I find on the left hand a rising-ground which must be climbed in order to reach a certain open space of a triangular form, walled in by lofty houses, called "Die Freiung," the Deliverance. In it there is an old wine-house, the Turks' Cellar, and there belongs to this spot one of the legends of Vienna.

In the autumn of the year sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, when the city was so closely invested by the Turks, that the people were half famished, there stood in the place now called "Freiung," or thereabouts, the military bakery for that portion of the garrison which had its quarters in the neighbourhood. The bakery had to supply not only the soldiers; but bread was made in it to be doled out to destitute civilians by the municipal authorities; and, as the number of the destitute was great, the bakers there employed had little rest. Once in the dead of the night while some of the apprentices were getting their dough ready for the early morning batch, they were alarmed by a hollow ghostly sound as of spirits knocking in the earth. The blows were regular and quite distinct, and without cessation until cockcrow. The next night these awful sounds were again heard, and seemed to become louder and more urgent as the day drew near; but, with the first scent of morning air, they suddenly ceased. The apprentices gave information to the town authorities; a military watch was set, and the cause of the strange noises in the earth was very soon discovered. The enemy was under ground; the Turks, from their camp on the Leopoldsberg, were carrying a mine under the city; and, not

knowing the levels, had approached so nearly to the surface that there was but a mere crust between them and the bakehouse floor.

What was to be done? The danger was imminent—the remedy must be prompt and decisive. A narrow arm of the Danube ran within a hundred yards of the place: pick and spade were vigorously plied, and in a short time a canal was cut between the river and the bakery. Little knew the Turks of the cold water that could then at any time be thrown upon their undertaking. All was still. The Viennese say that the hostile troops already filled the mine, armed to the teeth, and awaiting only a concerted signal to tell them that a proposed midnight attack on the walls had diverted the attention of the citizens. Then they were to rush up out of the earth and surprise the town. But the besieged, forewarned and forearmed, suddenly threw the flood-gates open and broke a way for the water through the new canal under the bakehouse floor; down it went bubbling, hissing, and gurgling into the dark cavern, where it swept the Mussulmans before it, and destroyed them to a man.

This was the origin of the Turks' Cellar; and although the title is perhaps unjustly appropriated by the winehouse I have mentioned, yet there is no doubt that the tale is true, and that the house at any rate is near the spot from which its name is taken. Grave citizens even believe that the underground passage still exists, walled and roofed over with stone, and that it leads directly to the Turks' camp, at the foot of the Leopoldsberg. They even know the size of it, namely, that it is of such dimensions as to admit the marching through it of six men abreast. Of this I know nothing; but I know from the testimony of a venerable old lady—who is not the oldest in Vienna—that the baker's apprentices were formerly allowed special privileges in consideration of the service once rendered by some of their body to the state. Indeed, the procession of the bakers, on every returning anniversary of the swamping of the Turks, when they marched horse and foot from the Freiung, with banners, emblems, and music, through the heart of the city to the grass-grown camp outside the city walls, was one of the spectacles that made the deepest impression on this chatty old lady in her childhood.

The Turks' Cellar is still famous. It is noted now, not for its bread or its canal-water, but for its white-wine, its baked veal, and its savoury chickens. Descend into its depths (for it is truly a cellar and nothing else) late in the evening, when citizens have time and money at their disposal, and you find it full of jolly company. As well as the tobacco-smoke will permit you to see what the place resembles, you would say that it is like nothing so much as the after cabin of a Gravesend steamer on a summer Sunday afternoon. There is just such a row of tables on each side; just such a low roof; just such a thick palpable air, uncertain light, and noisy, steamy crowd of occupants. The place is intolerable in itself, but fall-to upon the steaming block of baked veal which is set before you; clear your throat of the tobacco-smoke by mighty draughts of the pale yellow wine which is its proper accompaniment; finally, fill a deep-bowled meerschaum with Three Kings tobacco, creating for yourself your own private and exclusive atmosphere, and you begin to feel the situation. The temperature of mine host's cellar aids imagination greatly in recalling the idea of the old bakehouse, and there comes over you, after a while, a sense of stifling that mixes with the nightmare usually constituting in this place an after-supper nap. In the waking lethargy that succeeds, you feel as if jostled in dark vaults by a mob of frantic Turks, labouring heavily to get breath, and sucking in foul water for air.

Possibly when fully awakened you begin to consider that the Turks' Cellar is not the most healthful place of recreation to be in; and, cleaving the dense smoke, you ascend into sunlight. Perhaps you stroll to some place where the air is better, but which may still have a story quite as exciting as the catastrophe of the imperial bakehouse: perhaps to Bertholdsdorf; a pretty little market town with a tall-steepled church, and a half ruined battlement, situated on the hill slope about six miles to the south of Vienna. It forms a pretty summer day's ramble. Its chronicler is the worthy Marktrichter, or Town-justice, Jacob Trinksgeld; and his unvarnished story, freely translated, runs thus:—

"When the Turkish army, two hundred thousand strong without their allies, raised the siege of Raab, the retreating host of rebels and Tartars were sent to overrun the whole of Austria below the Enns on this side of the Danube, and to waste it with fire and sword. This was done. On the ninth of July, detached troops of Spahis and Tartars appeared before the walls of Bertholdsdorf, but were beaten back by our armed citizens. These attacks were repeated on the tenth and twelfth, and also repulsed; but as at this time the enemy met with a determined resistance from the city of Vienna, which they had invested, they gathered in increased force about our devoted town, and on the fifteenth of July attacked us with such fury on every side, that, seeing it was no longer possible to hold out against them, partly from their great numbers, and partly from our failing of powder; and moreover, seeing that they had already set fire to the town in several places, we were compelled to seek shelter with our goods and chattels in the church and fortress, neither of which were as yet touched by the flames.

"On the sixteenth, the town itself being then in ashes, there came a soldier dressed in the

Turkish costume, save that he wore the leather jerkin of a German horseman, into the high-street, and waving a white cloth, he called out in the Hungarian language, to those of us who were in the fortress, that if we would ask for grace, both we and ours should be protected, and a safe conduct (salva quartia) given to us that should be our future defence. Thereupon we held honest council together, citizens and neighbours then present, and in the meantime gave reply, translated also into Hungarian, that if we should agree thereto, we would set up a white flag upon the tower as a sign of our submission. Early on the morning of the nineteenth of July, there came a Pacha from the camp at Vienna, at the head of a great army, and with him the same Turk who had on the previous day made the proposal to us. And the Pacha sat himself down upon a red carpet spread on the bare ground, close by the house of Herr Streninger, till we should agree to his terms. It was five o'clock in the morning before we could make up our minds.

"Then, when we were all willing to surrender, our enemies demanded, in the first place, that two of our men should march out of the fortress as hostages, and that two Turks should take their places with us; and that a maiden, with loose streaming hair, and a wreath upon her forehead, should bring forth the key of the town, seeing that this place had never till then been taken by an enemy. Further, they demanded six thousand florins ransom from us, which, however, we bated to four thousand, handing to them two thousand florins at once, upon three dishes, with the request that the remainder should be allowed to stand over till the forthcoming day of John the Baptist. As soon as this money had been paid over to them, the Pacha called such of our faithful garrison as were in the church to come out and arrange themselves in the square, that he might see how many safe-conducts were required; but, as each armed man came to the door, his musket was torn out of his hand, and such as resisted were dragged by the hair of the head into the square by the Turks, and told that they would need no weapons, seeing that to those who sought for mercy, the passes would be sufficient protection. And thus were our arms carried away from us.

"As soon as the whole garrison, thus utterly defenceless, were collected in the public square, there sprung fifty Turks from their horses, and with great rudeness began searching every one of them for money or other valuables; and the citizens began already to see that they were betrayed into a surrender, and some of them tried to make their escape—among others, Herr Streninger, the town-justice; but he was struck down immediately, and he was the first man murdered. Upon this, the Pacha stood up, and began to call out with a loud, clear voice to his troops, and as they heard his words, they fell upon the unarmed men in the market-place, and hewed them down with their scimetars without pity or remorse—sparing none in their eagerness for the butchery, and which, in spite of their haste, was not ended till between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. Of all our citizens, only two escaped the slaughter, and they contrived to hide themselves in the tower, but those who fled out of the town were captured by the Tartars, and instantly dispatched. Then, having committed this cruel barbarism, they seized the women and children who had been left for safety in the church, and carried them away into slavery, taking care to burn and utterly destroy the fortress ere they departed. And when Vienna was relieved, and the good people there came among the ruins of Bertholdsdorf, they gathered together the headless and mangled remains of our murdered citizens to the number of three thousand five hundred, and buried them all in one grave."

In "eternal remembrance" of this catastrophe, the worthy town-justice, Trinksgeld, in seventeen hundred ordered a painting to be executed, representing the fearful scene described. It occupies the whole of one side of the Town-hall, and in its quaint minuteness of detail, and defiance of perspective—depicting, not merely the slaughter of the betrayed Bertholdsdorfers, but the concealment of the two who were fortunate enough to escape, and who are helplessly apparent behind some loose timber—would be ludicrous, were it not for the sacred gravity of the subject.

As it is, we quit the romantic little town with a sigh, and turning our faces towards Vienna, wonder what the Young Turks of eighteen hundred and fifty-four may possibly think of the Old Turks of one hundred and thirty years ago.

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LEGAL AND EQUITABLE JOKES.

I AM what Sydney Smith called that favourite animal of Whig governments, a barrister of seven years standing. If I were to say of seventeen years standing, I should not go beyond the mark; if I were even to say of seven-and-twenty, I might not go beyond the mark. But, I am not bound to commit myself, and therefore on this point I say no more.

Of course I, as a barrister of the rightful amount of standing, mourn over the decline of the profession. How have I seen it wither and decay! Within my time, John Doe and Richard Roe themselves, have fallen victims to the prejudice and ignorance of mere laymen. In my time, the cheerful evening sittings at the Old Bailey in the city of London have been discontinued; those merry meetings, after dinners where I do not hesitate to say I have seen more wine drunk in two or three hours, and have heard better things said, than at any other convivial assemblies of which it has been my good fortune to make one. Lord bless me! When I think of the jolly Ordinary mixing his famous salads, the Judges discussing vintages with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the leading humorists of the Old Bailey bar delighting the Aldermen and visitors, and the whole party going socially back again into court, to try a fellow creature, perhaps for his or her life, in the genial glow produced by such an entertainment—I say when I think of these departed glories, and the commonplace stupidity into which we have fallen, I do not, and I cannot, wonder that England is going to ruin.

As my name is not appended to this paper, and therefore I can hardly be suspected by the public of egotism, I will remark that I have always had a pretty turn for humour. I have a keen enjoyment of a joke. Like those excellent witnesses, the officers of the forty-sixth regiment (better witnesses I never saw, even in a horse-dealer's case,—yet the public, in these degenerate days, has no sympathy with them), I don't at all object to its being practical. I like a joke to be legal or equitable, because my tastes are in that direction; but I like it none the worse for being practical. And indeed the best legal and equitable jokes remaining, are all of a practical nature.

I use the word remaining, inasmuch as the levelling spirit of the times has destroyed some of the finest practical jokes connected with the profession. I look upon the examination of the parties in a cause, for instance, as a death-blow given to humour. Nothing *can* be more humorous than to make a solemn pretence of inquiring into the truth, and exclude the two people who in nine cases out of ten know most about it. Yet this is now a custom of the past, and so are a hundred other whimsical drolleries in which the fathers and grandfathers of the bar delighted.

But, I am going on to present within a short compass a little collection of existing practical jokes—mere samples of many others happily still left us in law and equity for our innocent amusement. As I never (though I set up for a humorist) tell another man's story as my own, I will name my authority before I conclude.

The great expense of the simplest suit in equity, and the droll laws which force all English subjects into a court of equity for their sole redress, in an immense number of cases, lead, at this present day, to a very entertaining class of practical joke. I mean that ludicrous class in which the joke consists of a man's taking and keeping possession of money or other property to which he even pretends to have no shadow of right, but which he seizes because he knows that the whole will be swallowed up in costs if the rightful owner should seek to assert his claim. I will relate a few stories of this kind.

JOKE OF A WITTY TRUSTEE.

A wag, being left trustee under a will by which the testator left a small freehold property to be sold for charitable purposes, sold it, and discovered the trust to be illegal. As the fund was too small in amount to bear a suit in equity (being not above sixty pounds), he laughed very heartily at the next of kin, pocketed it himself, spent it, and died.

JOKE OF A MEDICAL CHOICE SPIRIT.

A country surgeon got a maundering old lady to appoint him sole executor of her will, by which she left the bulk of her small

property to her brother and sister. What does this pleasant surgeon, on the death of the maundering old lady, but prove the will, get in the property, make out a bill for professional attendance to the tune of two or three hundred pounds, which absorbs it all; cry to the brother and sister, "Boh! Chancery! Catch me if you can!" and live happy ever afterwards.

JOKE AGAINST SOME UNLUCKY CREDITORS.

Certain creditors being left altogether without mention in the will of their deceased debtor, brought a suit in equity for a decree to sell his property. The decree was obtained. But, the property realising seven hundred pounds, and the suit costing seven hundred and fifty, these creditors brought their pigs to a fine market, and made much amusement for the Chancery Bar.

JOKES UPON INFANTS.

An application to the Court of Chancery, in a friendly suit where nobody contested anything, to authorise trustees to advance a thousand pounds out of an estate, to educate some infants, cost a hundred and three pounds, fourteen, and sixpence; a similar application for the same authority, to the same trustees, under the same will, in behalf of some other infants, costs the same; twenty similar applications, under the same will, for similar power to the same trustees, in behalf of twenty other infants, or sets of infants, as their wants arise, will cost, each the same.

A poor national schoolmaster insured his life for two hundred pounds, and made a will, giving discretionary power to his executors to apply the money for the benefit of his two children while under age, and then to divide it between them. One of the executors doubted whether under this will, after payment of debts and duty, he could appropriate the principal (that word not being used in the instrument) to buying the two small children into an orphan asylum. The sanction of the Court of Chancery would cost at least half the fund; so nothing can be done, and the two small children are to be educated and brought up, on four pounds ten a year between them.

JOKE AGAINST MRS. HARRIS.

Mrs. Harris is left the dividends on three thousand pounds stock, for her life; the capital on her decease to be divided among legatees. Mr. Spodger is trustee under the will which so provides for Mrs. Harris. Mr. Spodger one day dies intestate. To Mr. Spodger's effects Mr. B. Spodger and Miss Spodger, his brother and sister, administer. Miss Spodger takes it into her head that nothing shall ever induce her to have anything to do with Mrs. Harris's trust-stock. Mrs. Harris, consequently unable to receive her dividends, petitions Court of Equity. Court of Equity delivers judgment that it can only order payment of dividends *actually due when Mrs. Harris petitions;* that, as fresh dividends keep on coming due, Mrs. Harris must keep on freshly petitioning; and that, Mrs. Harris must, according to her Catechism, "walk in the same all the days of her life." So Mrs. Harris walks, at the present time; paying for every such application eighteen pounds, two, and eightpence; or thirty per cent on her unfortunate income.

I am of opinion that it would be hard to invent better practical jokes than these, over which I have laughed until my sides were sore. They are neatly and pointedly related by Mr. GRAHAM WILLMORE, queen's counsel and a county court judge, in his evidence, given in May of the present year, before a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state and practice of the county courts. But, I am pained to add, nevertheless, that my learned friend Willmore has not the slightest sense of humour, and is perfectly destitute of any true perception of a joke.

For, what does he recommend in this same evidence of his? Why, says he, these cases involve "an absolute denial of justice;" and, if you would give the county court judges a limited jurisdiction in Equity, these things could not possibly occur; for, then, such cases as the Witty Trustee's, and the Medical Choice Spirit's, would be determined on their merits, for a few pounds: while such applications as those in behalf of the Infants would be disposed of for a few shillings. But, what, I ask my learned friend, would become of the cream of the jokes? Are we to have no jokes? Would he make law and equity a dull, dreary transaction of plain right and wrong? I shall hear, next, of proposals to take our wigs off, and make us like common men. A few pounds too! And a few shillings! Has my learned friend no idea that hundreds of pounds are far more respectable—not to say profitable—than a few pounds and a few shillings? He may buy sundry pairs of boots for a few pounds, or divers pairs of stockings for a few shillings. Is not Equity more precious than boots? Or Law than stockings?

I am further of opinion that my learned friend Willmore falls into all his numerous mistakes before this committee, by reason of this one curious incapacity in his constitution to enjoy a joke. For instance, he relates the following excellent morsel:

JEST CONCERNING A SEA-CAPTAIN.

A sea-captain ejected from his ship a noisy drunken man, who misconducted himself; and at the same time turned out certain pot-companions of the drunken man, who were as troublesome as he. BIBO (so to call the drunken man) bringeth an action against the captain for assault and battery; to which the captain pleadeth in justification that he removed the plaintiff "and certain persons unknown," from his ship, for that they did misbehave themselves. "Aye," quoth the learned counsel for Bibo, at the trial, "but

there be seventeen objections to that plea, whereof the main one is that it appeareth that the certain persons are *known* and not *unknown*, as by thee set forth." "Marry," crieth the court, "but that is fatal, Gentlemen of the Jury!" Verdict accordingly, with leave unto the sea-captain to move the Court of Queen's Bench in solemn argument. This being done with great delay and expense, the sea-captain (all the facts being perfectly plain from the first) at length got judgment in his favor. But, no man to this hour hath been able to make him comprehend how he got it, or why; or wherefore the suit was not decided on the merits when first tried. Which this wooden-headed seaman, staring straight before him with all his might, unceasingly maintains that it ought to have been.

Now, this surely is, in all respects, an admirable story, representing the density, obstinacy, and confusion of the sea-captain in a richly absurd light. Does my learned friend Willmore relish it? Not in the least. His dull remark upon it is: That in the county court the case would have been adjudicated on its merits, for less than a hundredth part of the costs incurred: and that he would so alter the law of the land as to deprive a plaintiff suing in a superior court in such an action (which we call an action of tort) and recovering less than twenty pounds, of all claim to costs, unless the judge should certify it to be a fit case to be tried in that superior court, rather than to have been taken to the county court at a small expense, and at once decided.

Precisely the same obtuseness pervades the very next suggestion of my learned friend. It has always appeared to me a good joke that county courts having a jurisdiction in cases of contract up to fifty pounds, should not also have a jurisdiction in cases of tort up to the same amount. As usual, my learned friend Willmore cannot perceive the joke. He says, in his commonplace way, "I think it is the general desire that the jurisdiction should be given;" and puts as an illustration —"Suppose a gentleman's carriage is run against. The damages may be fifty pounds. In the case of a costermonger's donkey-cart, they may be fifty pence; the facts being identically the same." Now, this, I am of opinion, is prosaic in the last degree.

Passing over my learned friend's inclinings towards giving the county courts jurisdiction in matters of bankruptcy; and also in criminal cases now disposed of, not much to anybody's satisfaction he seems to consider at Quarter Sessions—where, by the by, I have known admirable practical jokes played off from the Bench; and towards making a Court of Appeal of a selection from county court judges; I will come to his crowning suggestion. He is not happier in this than in his other points, for it strikes at the heart of the excellent joke of putting the public in this dilemma, "If you WILL have law cheap, you shall have an inferior article."

Without the least tenderness for this jest—which is unctuous, surprising, inconsequential, practical, overflowing with all the characteristics of a wild and rollicking humour—my learned friend knocks the soul out of it with a commonplace sledge-hammer. I hold, says he, that you should have, for county court judges who deal with an immense variety of intricate and important questions, the very best men. "I think there is great mischief in the assumption that when a man is made a county court judge, he never can be anything else. I think if the reverse were assumed—if the appointment as county court judge were not considered a bar to a man's professional advancement, you would have better men candidates for the office. You would have the whole body of talent in the profession willing to go through the previous state of probation, as it would then be, of a county court judgeship. You must not expect a permanent succession of able, conscientious men, competently trained and educated for such an appointment, if it is to be a final one at the present pay. The county court judge, especially in the provinces, is placed in a painful and false position. He is made a magistrate, and must associate with his brother justices. If he lives at all as they do, he perhaps spends more than he can afford; he certainly can lay up nothing for his family. If he does not, he probably meet with slights and disparagement, to which, I think, he ought not to be subjected, and which impair his efficiency." He believes also that if the Court of Appeal were established, and the other county court judges were, as vacancies occurred, to be appointed members of it, according to circumstances, "the public would derive another advantage in not being obliged to take, as a judge of the superior courts, a purely untried man. They would have a man exercised both in Nisi Prius and in banc work, and exercised in the face of the public and the profession, instead of having a man taken because he has a certain standing as an advocate, or because he has certain political recommendations. I think it would be a much more certain mode of testing the merits of a man previous to his appointment as a judge in the superior courts."

So, for the good old joke of fobbing the public off, when it is perverse in its demands, with half a second-rate loaf, instead of enough of the best bread; for the joke of putting an educated and trained gentleman, in a public station and discharging most important social functions, at a social disadvantage among a class not the least stiff-necked and purse-proud of all classes known between the British Channel and Abyssinia; for the joke, in short, of systematically overpaying the national Shows and underpaying the national Substances; my learned friend Willmore has not the slightest

tenderness! I am of opinion that he does not see it at all. He winds up his evidence with the following extraordinarily flat remark:

"I think that the public attention ought to be very pointedly directed to the fact, that while in the rich man's superior courts the suitors pay nothing towards the salaries of judges, officers, &c., yet in the poor man's county courts the suitors are taxed to pay for all these, and something extra, by which the state is mean enough to make a small profit. I cannot understand how any one, except, perhaps, a very timid Chancellor of the Exchequer, could justify or even tolerate an injustice so gross, palpable, and cruel."

On the whole, therefore, it appears to me, and I am of opinion: That, if many such men as my learned friend Willmore were to secure a hearing, the vast and highly-entertaining collection of our legal and equitable jokes would be speedily brought to a close for ever. That, the object of such dull persons clearly is, to make Law and Equity intelligible and useful, and to cause them both to do justice and to be respected. Finally, that to clear out lumber, sweep away dust, bring down cobwebs, and destroy a vast amount of expensive practical joking, is no joke, but quite the reverse, and never will be considered humorous in any court in Westminster Hall.

THE BETROTHED CHILDREN.

It is not uncommon in Egypt, both among Christians and Mohammedans, when children of opposite sexes are born to friends near about the same time, for the parents to betroth them, either by a verbal promise or by binding ceremonies. From that time forth they are looked upon by all the world as belonging to one another, almost as part of the same being; and the female marriage-brokers, the professional match-makers of the East, never feel any interest in the beauty of the girl or the accomplishments of the boy. The maiden, however, is esteemed to be especially fortunate. The probabilities of the future are in her favour. At any rate, she is protected from the chance of being sold to some man five or six times her age. She has a reasonable expectation that what happiness can be secured by parity of years and conformity of education it is in her power to enjoy. There are plenty of chances of misery left.

Ideas of this kind formed the staple of the conversation of Zacharias and Mathias, two Levantine merchants established in Cairo, when they resolved, as they smoked a friendly pipe together, that Yazir, who had been born about a year previously, and Lulu, who was then only a month old, should in process of time be united. The proposal came from Zacharias, the father of the boy. He was a widower, and could therefore venture to form an energetic resolution, and carry it into effect, without crossing his threshold in the interval. Mathias was not so free; but his companion's eloquence persuaded him into giving a sacred promise in the name of Lulu, the Pearl. It is true that in his own mind he said, "If my wife has any reason to urge against this, and abuses me, I can retract and lay the sin of falsehood at her door."

He returned home in a timid mood. The gate of his courtyard was shut, and it was only by battering it with a stone, and making a great noise, that he succeeded in obtaining admission. He found his wife sitting in the courtyard in company with an ill-looking woman. A black girl, squatting near, held Lulu on her knees, and sometimes put her lips to its cheek. The heart of Mathias swelled with delight; and, lifting up his great moustaches with both hands, he stooped to kiss it.

"Verily, O my lord," said his wife, looking pleased, "thou hast reason to be proud of thy offspring."

"She is indeed beauteous as a pearl, and will resemble thee."

"That is not it," quoth the mother, who was occupied with other thoughts. "There are many beautiful children; but few are destined, like ours, to be won in marriage by a prince—a ruler of many lands and of much people."

Mathias glanced from his wife to the ill-looking woman, and from the ill-looking woman to his child, and back again to his wife; and, being of confined intellect, remained puzzled.

"Thou must learn," quoth the mother, "that this woman is one who knows things, who can dive into the mysteries of the past and of the future, who can see what is invisible, and sound what is fathomless."

The merchant made a sort of curtesy of respect towards the learned lady; but an ironical suppleness about his knees displeased her.

"Yes, unbeliever," she exclaimed, "all these things and much more am I able to accomplish; and I have foreseen that the child Lulu will, within fifteen summers, become the wife of a powerful sultan."

"Then what shall I say to my friend Zacharias, to whose son Yazir I have this day betrothed her?"

The ambitious mother became pale with rage; and, not having the prudence of her western sisters, did not content herself with uttering sharp words, that pierce so deep and sting so sharply, but took off her slipper, and threw it in Mathias's face. Then she began using all the descriptive epithets that were disparaging with which her memory was stored; so that the young slave girl, who had only just come from the uncivilised parts of Africa, opened her mouth so wide that she might almost have swallowed the object of dispute. Perhaps because she thought she would do it, the mother seized Lulu,

and, running to a well in the corner of the courtyard, held her babe over it, and declared that if Mathias did not promise instantly to go, quarrel with his friend, and break off the arrangement——her gestures expressed the consequence. The worthy man promised anything.

He was quite right, say those who tell this story, to get the child out of the angry mother's hands at any cost; for, although at first there was only a threat, there is no knowing how far she might have been provoked by contradiction. A tolerable number of "I will's" and "You shan't's" rapidly interchanged (for they are expressions as current in Arabic as in English), may irritate a passionate woman to murder. But when Zara had taken the child out of reach, up-stairs, and was stilling its cries by putting her great black thumb in its mouth, why did not Mathias seize a stout palm branch, and administer a little wholesome correction? That is what the narrators want to know; because, if he had, a great deal of misfortune might have been averted.

As it was, Mathias went another way to work. He approached his wife, and fondled her, and repeated his promise, and took a great many unnecessary oaths, in hearing of the ill-looking woman, and went out again to find Zacharias, at first with the resolution of explaining the whole matter to him, and begging his indulgence. However, he could not make up his mind to admit his weakness in so straightforward a manner. Weak people never can do such a thing; otherwise, indeed, they would be strong.

"Zacharias," said he, entering his friend's warehouse, "I come to repeat my promise and hear you repeat yours; but I have remembered a foolish prophecy that I once heard, namely, that if ever I betrothed a child before the age of ten years it would surely die. This is nonsense; but were my wife to learn what has happened she would be unhappy. Let us agree, therefore, to keep it to ourselves; or, if thou hast mentioned it to anybody already, thou must deny it. I ask this for the sake of our friendship."

Zacharias looked very hard at his friend; and, seeing him blush, suspected that he was not telling the truth. However, not having attached much importance to the betrothal, and being occupied with matters of business, he easily agreed to what was required of him. Mathias went away delighted, saying to himself, "In ten years who knows what may happen? Perhaps my wife may be in Paradise."

Time passed away, and every year the Pearl became more beautiful; so that when she had reached the age of nine, already the marriage-brokers, from whom the betrothal had been kept a secret, began to come to the house and compliment the mother, and suggest that foresight was a great virtue, and that it would be well to look round for a good match. They had seen the child at the bath, and had turned the heads of five old gentlemen, three wealthy merchants, and a good many youths, with descriptions of her charms. In three years more, they said, she would be worthy to be the bride of a prince.

When they repeated these compliments to the mother, that ambitious woman smiled proudly. They were not accustomed to this, and redoubled their efforts to open negotiations. One of them especially came almost every day on behalf of Sidi Yusuf, who was said to be the richest, and was certainly the oldest, merchant in all Egypt. But all was in vain. The wife of Mathias waited patiently for the appearance of a prince.

Meanwhile, Yazir also grew, and became the pride of his parent. Before he was ten years of age he could read like an Effendi, and was capable in accounts. One day in the bazaar, during the absence of his father, he concluded a bargain for a bale of goods as if he had been a merchant all his life. The excellent Zacharias was never weary of boasting of Yazir's cleverness and beauty. He still remained desirous of uniting him to the daughter of his friend; and, when he heard much talk of Lulu's perfections among his fellow merchants, some of whom openly, and others secretly, had determined to ask her in marriage, he smiled to think how certain their disappointment was. Occasionally he reminded Mathias on the subject, to that worthy man's extreme annoyance; for there was no sign that the mother of the Pearl had for the present any longing to be admitted into Paradise, and no hope that the coming prince would be forgotten.

When the ten years were fulfilled Zacharias, taking his son by the hand, went to Mathias and said before witnesses, "There is no longer need of concealment. It is fitting that the ceremony of betrothal between my boy and thy daughter should now publicly take place."

The bystanders opened their eyes till they became as round as the eyes of owls; and exclaimed "Yeh!" in token of astonishment. Mathias stammered, and turned red and pale, and twitched his cloak with his hands. There was no escaping. So, making up his mind to be courageous, he frankly confessed that his wife would not betroth Lulu to any one, because she destined her to be the bride of a prince. When he had told all, the auditors laughed heartily from various causes. Some of them had been paying a marriage broker for years, to plead their cause with the mother of Lulu, and they laughed to hide their vexation. Others were delighted to observe the angry face of Zacharias, and the deprecating posture of Mathias; and all were amused at the idea of a Christian prince coming from some unknown kingdom in search of this Pearl. The fact is, as they knew, that there is no princely family exist-

ing whose theological tenets do not distinctly differ from those of their people; so that, as they could not conceive the possibility of Lulu taking a husband from another race, the whole affair appeared to them infinitely comic. These Levantines intermarry until it is a wonder they retain any respectable qualities, mental or physical.

A good sturdy quarrel, perhaps a little beard-pulling, seemed likely to take place; but suddenly Yazir, who, though only eleven years of age, fancied he had some right to an opinion in this matter, stepped boldly forward and said, "O my father, what is there in this Lulu that we should be unhappy on her account? Let her wait until her prince comes to ask for her. Perhaps the sun may one day rise and shine upon her in beggar's rags. Then she will fall at my feet, and ask me to have pity on her."

"And then—what then?" said an old man with a long white beard, who had watched the scene with interest.

"I will say, 'Sister, thy misfortune is not thy fault.' I will clothe her, and feed her; and perhaps God may reward me."

Few noticed these childish words, except as an evidence of amiability; but they served to prevent any further dispute between Mathias and Zacharias. The old man with the white beard patted the boy on the head, and muttered a prediction of good fortune. In the East the words of the aged are believed to be prophetic. The verge of the grave is there regarded as the verge of all future time—the point at which the mists of life begin to thin away, and let in the beams of eternity. All the bystanders, therefore, were satisfied that whether Yazir ultimately possessed the Pearl or not, he was destined to happiness.

As the prediction was founded on an evidence of goodness, perhaps this confidence of theirs was not altogether ill-founded. It is a common thing to say that the strokes of ill-fortune fall with impartiality upon the evil and the virtuous. But this is not quite true; for many mishaps are the consequence of our own bad passions, which have their origin within and not without. The Orientals firmly believe that all disasters that have merely external causes are compensated even in this life.

The two merchants did not trouble themselves much about what the old man in the white beard said. They were both angry, although the child's words put a stop to further conflict. Zacharias went away resolved to look out for a bride for his son, if possible, fifty times more beautiful than Lulu; and Mathias returned home to quarrel with his wife, and then to humble himself before her. Age had rendered her more fierce than ever, and more confirmed in her superstitious belief.

Retribution, however, soon came. Not many days afterwards, news was brought to Mathias, that a caravan which he had dispatched to Syria laden with precious merchandise, had been attacked by the Bedowins, and robbed. This was a heavy blow, for he had not only embarked all his disposable capital in the venture, but had borrowed money to speculate on a grand scale. It is true that he expected one or two more caravans to return about this time; their arrival would have enabled him to meet all the demands that would be made upon him. But no news of them came; and Mathias began to fear that Providence had determined to punish him by utter ruin. At another time he would have gone to his friend Zacharias, certain of assistance; but now he knew that he would be repulsed with derision.

The news of his disaster spread through the city; and the shroffs or bankers who had lent money to him began to press for payment. He begged them to wait until the arrival of his caravan from Soudan, which was expected every day; but the more he prayed for time, the more fierce they grew, and menaced at last to cite him before the Shah Bander, and send him to prison.

That was an uncomfortable season for the wife of Mathias. Even had he been unable to trace his misfortune to her, it is probable that she would have still borne the chief brunt of his ill-humour. We often profess to envy women because they are exempt from all pecuniary cares; but in truth there is not a loss nor a disappointment of any kind which men suffer, that does not embitter some hour of family life. When the Eastern merchant has failed in a speculation he generally finds the meat ill done, and the house out of order. Mathias felt that he could reproach his wife without injustice; and of course he made the most of the opportunity. The poor woman's sin after all, was merely misplaced anxiety for her daughter's welfare; but this had led her to disregard her husband's honour, to diminish his respect, to separate him from his friends, and to endanger the fortune of Lulu herself,—for the little girl had been brought up with ambitious notions. Already she began to talk with contempt of her companions, and even of her parents, saying, "I am born to be a princess, and this is sufficient for the happiness of all those who belong to me. It is necessary that my wishes should be satisfied. I must have finer dresses than any one else—even than my mother."

Mathias, therefore, had much to say, and the fame of his domestic dissensions spread abroad. The poor women of the neighbourhood, whose husbands brought them home a few piastres daily, and contented them, were not sorry to talk of the fine lady who never went out except on the back of a high ass, with two slaves to attend her,—one to clear the way with a whip, the other with his hand on the saddle, to prevent her falling,—and

who now, it was rumoured, passed her days in weeping and wailing. It soon became known, indeed, that Mathias, when too late, had asserted his right of authority; and had become master of his own house, just as he was about to abandon it. The creditors were eager; and there remained salvation only in flight. One day, therefore, Mathias collected some household property, sold it to a broker, made a parcel of a few valuables, and when sunset came, started with his wife and daughter, leaving Cairo by the iron gate. He intended to take boat for Damietta, and that way escape to Syria, where he had some relations.

He had not gone far before a rapid step was heard behind; and a soft voice called his name. He pressed on hastily; but soon Yazir came running up out of breath. The wife of Mathias recognized him, and began to curse him; but the boy said: "Be not angry, O mother. This is a misfortune which cannot be avoided. But behold, father Mathias, thou shalt not go forth without assistance. My father has heard of thy departure, and sends this purse for thy expenses on the way."

So saying he placed a leathern purse in the hands of the merchant, who stooped down towards him and kissed him. All hearts beat high. The mother of Lulu felt the tears run down her cheeks; and Lulu herself, wayward girl as she was, came to Yazir, and taking his hand, put it to her lips, and said:

"O prince,—may happiness encircle thee as the halo encircleth the moon!"

Her parents felt that this was a renewal of the betrothal; but they said nothing, and presently were pursuing their flight, whilst Yazir remained standing by the road-side.

The boy was now nearly twelve years of age, tall, strong, and handsome; and more intelligent and knowing than lads are at fifteen in western countries. He had already acquired all the instruments of knowledge necessary in the East. He could read, and write, and was capable at accounts. He already understood business, and his father had confidence in him. But the words of Lulu entered his mind. They had talked so much in his presence of the betrothal that he understood something of his father's wishes, though he knew not their importance. It seemed to him that his life had an object, which was the possession of Lulu; and he was too young to debate much on the means. If he had spoken to Zacharias he would have learned that circumstances had altered; that he had now no longer any desire to promote this marriage, which had seemed so appropriate at a different time. But a certain shamefacedness withheld the boy; who, moreover, misinterpreted the import of his father's generosity on the night of Mathias's departure. A bias was given to his mind and increased every day.

Time passed; and the thoughts of Yazir dwelt always on the absent Lulu. At first he was influenced by filial affection. If he saw his father sad, he said to himself, "It is because I am not the husband of Lulu." If he were urged to become wise and rich, he thought, "It is that I may be worthy of Lulu." His soul ever aspired in one direction towards Lulu.

The time came, when everything in this outward world began from some mysterious cause to appear more beautiful in his eyes; when the majesty of the heavens at night, with all its throbbing stars, was revealed to him; when the breeze at eventide that had formerly been voiceless seemed full of magic eloquence; when the trill of birds and the hum of insects in the pomegranate and mulberry groves filled him with strange sensations; when the prattle of children smote his heart, and the glances of women pierced his brain like gleams of sunshine. Then it was that Lulu ceased to be a mere name, and was changed into a lovely form never absent from his dreams.

Zacharias, from whom propriety had not departed, seldom spoke of his absent friend; but talked frequently of finding a peerless bride for Yazir. This would have been easy; for all mothers noticed the youth in the street, and wished that their daughters might have the good fortune to please him. But the merchant was now in no hurry. If any one spoke to him on the subject he said, "There is a time for all things." The truth was, that time, which destroys all passions—even love—had in him destroyed anger. Besides, it is no rare thing for the aged, when they feel life slipping from them, to return to some caprice they formerly cherished, which reminds them of younger days, and allows them, in fancy at least, to step back from the inevitable doom.

Zacharias had written recently to Syria, endeavouring to learn some tidings of Mathias; but his correspondents told him that they had searched in vain. Mathias had indeed arrived safely in Beyrout; but, after remaining there a year, had disappeared. Some speculations in which he had engaged had utterly failed; and it was believed that he had gone away in absolute poverty. This intelligence made Zacharias sick at heart; but there was no remedy, and he devoured his chagrin in secret.

One day Yazir, now a fine handsome youth, came to his father and said that a caravan was about soon to start for Bassora, by way of Damascus, and that he wished to take this opportunity to travel and see the world; for without experience of many countries what merchant can prosper? Zacharias was now old, and heard this wish with a deep-drawn sigh: but he knew it to be reasonable, and gave his consent, and collected a large amount of merchandise, and bought camels, and selected the most trustworthy servants, and made a present to the chief of

the caravan. The old man with the white beard who had prophesied happiness to Yazir gave him fresh encouragement, and furnished him with a rule of conduct which he saw might be of use to him: "Never be astonished —neither at danger nor good fortune."

Yazir parted with his father after both had wept, and went forth into the desert. In the recesses of his own mind there still lingered a hope that he might be one day united to Lulu; and it was to endeavour to ascertain her fate that he had wished to go by way of Damascus. On arriving in that city, instead of endeavouring to dispose of his merchandise, he occupied all his time in fruitless inquiries. After a stay of three months he departed for Bassora: but when the caravan had travelled for twenty days a cloud of Bedowins, mounted on camels and horses surrounded them and attacked them, slaying those who resisted and making prisoners of the rest. Yazir, remembering the advice that had been given him, and seeing that successful defence was impossible, sat down quietly and waited until the Bedowins came to him, and ordered him to follow them. They seemed surprised at the tranquillity of his demeanour; especially when they learned that he was one of the richest merchants of the company; and treated him far more favourably than the rest, abstaining from tying his hands, and promising to keep him well until such time as he could get friends to come with a ransom.

As he was left at liberty Yazir found no difficulty, after spending two or three days in the Bedowin encampment, in selecting the best horse belonging to the tribe, and in riding away one night at full speed. From words that he had heard, he knew that the city of Ardesh was at no great distance, and he felt confident of being able to reach it. He rode all night, and expected to see palm-trees and green pastures by the morning. But a plain of sand stretched on every side. He had mistaken the direction, and entered a boundless desert, which even the Bedowins do not traverse. He did not know whether to advance or retreat, so he allowed the horse to gallop whither he would. Thus he proceeded all day, until at length, just as he was about to give himself up to despair, he came in sight of a splendid city, built according to a style of architecture wholly unknown to him. He rode forward and entered the cultivated country that surrounded it. The roads were full of people, seemingly waiting for some arrival. When he approached they advanced with drawn swords and brandished spears, shouting:

"Wilt thou be king over us?"

Believing he had to do with a company of madmen, and remembering the advice that had been given him, he replied calmly:

"Certainly. I came with that intention."

Upon this, there was a huge sound of human voices, and trampling of feet, and clanging of gongs; and Yazir was conducted into the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace. He was installed in a splendid palace, and requested to dispense justice, and execute the laws.

He soon learned that it was the custom in that city when a king died, for the population to sally forth in the direction of the desert, and to wait for the first wanderer who, separated from some caravan, had lost his way, and was expecting nought but death. According to their notion, a king raised to the throne from the extremity of despair would not be likely soon to acquire pride and ferocity. Sometimes they had found themselves mistaken; but they had a remedy in their hands. It was their practice to test the courage of the newcomers by running at them, as they did at Yazir, shouting and brandishing their weapons; and they continued for some time playing the same trick. If a monarch, therefore, showed a bad character, they soon contrived that an accident should happen; the throne became vacant, and the population went out again to the borders of the desert.

Yazir, though he would have preferred continuing his journey to Bassora, or returning to Cairo, consented to rule over this strange people; whose manners he found to be in many respects harsh and repulsive. When not in want of a king, they received all strangers roughly, and compelled them by ill-treatment to depart from their territory very quickly. Yazir, by an edict, ordered that this should no longer be, and contrived to instil hospitable views into the people of Gorân, for such was the name of the place. He made it a custom that all strangers who arrived should be led into a certain room of his palace, and kindly received and fed; and he used to go and look at them through a veiled window. All people celebrated his goodness; and the fame thereof spreading, travellers for the first time began to arrive at the city of Gorân.

One day it was told to Yazir that three persons, a man and two women, apparently beggars, had been taken to his reception-room. The strangers were no other than the merchant Mathias, his wife, and his daughter Lulu, reduced to the extreme of poverty. Lulu, ripened into perfect womanhood, was more beautiful than ever. Yazir gazed at them with tears falling from his eyes. They were evidently worn with travel and suffering, and ate as if they had been long famished. When they were somewhat recovered, he called them before him, revealed his name and his condition; and before, from very wonder, they could find time to answer, he turned to Lulu, and said:

"O fair one, wilt thou have a prince for thy husband?"

Mathias hung his head; and his wife threw herself at Yazir's feet. But, Lulu ran to his side, and seized her mother's hand, and

commanded her, in the tone of a queen, not to humble herself. The marriage was soon celebrated; and all the people were glad for three weeks.

Then, certain great families, who had hoped to raise one of their daughters to the throne, began to stir up dissatisfaction. A revolt was imminent. So, the prince making his preparations secretly, stole away one night, with his wife and Mathias, and the wife of Mathias, and they hastened in the direction of Ardesh: leaving the people of Gorân once more without a sovereign. On their way they met a cobbler escaping from his creditors, and informed him of the good fortune that awaited him if he arrived in time at Gorân. Whether he succeeded to the throne they never knew; for they hastened with all speed back to Damascus, and thence to Egypt, and gladdened the heart of Zacharias: who lived long to witness the happiness of his son, who had been a prince, and of his new daughter who had been a beggar.

PILCHARDS.

THE peninsula which juts out sharply into the Atlantic at the south-western extremity of our island has a fringe of little fishes, like other portions of the coast. They may be herrings, or mackerel, or what not; but we mean to attend here only to the little fishes called pilchards, because they are more important to Cornishmen than any other fish; and because very few of our other counties know anything about them. They belong especially, to the land of the logan, the land of cromlechs and tors, the land of Land's Ends, the land of bold coasts, rocky stones, rich mines, Celtic remains, bold fishers. If you mount the tower of Buryan church, between Penzance and the Logan Stone, and look around you, you master three quarters of a circle of sea view; and this comprises many a spot where the pilchard fishery is carried on; but not all. There are eastern bays, and creeks, and nooks, beyond the range of lofty Buryan.

The pilchard is a very kind friend to the Cornishmen. It not only supplies them with one of their articles of food, but benefits them in other ways. Cornwall, we must remember, is a granite country, a copper country, a tin country, a hard stern country, in many of its natural features. Its western half has so many of these bits of sternness, that there are not arable fields enough to grow corn, and not rich grass enough to fatten cattle. Corn and meat are, consequently, likely to be scanty and dear in comparison with those of many other counties; and thus the Cornishman of low degree is driven to his own resources. The fisheries become of great value to him, and the pilchard perhaps more than any other fish.

Many a Londoner would not know a pilchard if he met with it in his dish; he might perchance mistake it for a herring, which it somewhat resembles in size; but the pilchard is fatter, the scales are larger and adhere more closely than in the herring, which it resembles in taste, but which is stronger. The pilchard is indeed sometimes called the gipsy herring, in right of a certain amount of family resemblance. Its average length is probably nine inches. As to the natural home of the pilchard, inquirers seem to be somewhat puzzled. A few pilchards make their appearance occasionally, in the Forth, about October; a shoal, once now and then, appears on the Devonshire coast; a lucky day in eighteen hundred and thirty-four sent so many pilchards into Poole that they were sold there at a penny a dozen. A fishery of pilchards is carried on to a small extent at Bantry Bay; a few are caught occasionally near Dublin and Belfast; a few likewise find their way into the herring-nets off Yarmouth; and Mr. Yarrell records, as a notable achievement, that he once caught a pilchard in the Thames. But, the coast of Cornwall is, beyond any other locality, that in which the pilchard is most met with. They are found at all seasons of the year; but it is only from June to September that the fishery is carried on to any considerable extent. The vast shoals appear in three principal localities—between Start Point and the Lizard, between the Lizard and the Land's End, and about St. Ives on the north coast of the county. The shoals divide and subdivide, and rejoin and divide again. The reasons for these movements are not well ascertained: it is possible that, having eaten up all the young shrimps and other small crustaceous animals (their principal food) in one part of the sea, they separate to seek pastures new.

The Cornishmen having reason to look anxiously to the maintenance of the fisheries, every little cove, bay, or creek which promises a tolerable haul, is well fished by them. There may not be a regular fishing community, but several poor families may have a fishing-boat among them, by the aid of which a small supply may be obtained for their own food, and perhaps a little salted or dried for their future use, and another portion sold to their neighbours. If there should be many weeks of continuous stormy weather, which is not unlikely in moist Cornwall, the poor people on the coast may be driven to hard shifts. The pilchard, however, is not fished merely in this humble way; it is fished on a large scale, and returns fair profits to the capitalists who can provide boats, and nets, and other tackle, in a sufficiently ample manner. It is not in one part alone of the Cornish coast that this branch of productive employment is carried on. It centres at St. Ives in the north, and at Mevagissy and Looe and Fowey in the south-east, and at St. Mawes and Falmouth

and Penzance in the south-west, as well as in numerous small places at various points of the coast. Not only may one season be less favourable than another, but one fishing-place may have a bad year when another has a good year; and hence there is much of the lottery uncertainty about it, which doubtless increases the zest of the adventurers.

Let us make believe that we are out with a party of pilchard fishers—say at St. Ives. Let us suppose that our companions have the wherewithal to conduct the fishing properly; that the fish are tolerably numerous, and in the right spots; that they do not show any unreasonable shyness or prejudice against being caught; and that the weather is moderately favourable.

First, then, for the materials—or working tools. The pilchard is caught with that sort of net which fishers call a seine. This seine is from two to three hundred fathoms long—say fourteen hundred feet, or somewhat over a quarter of a mile; and it is from seventy to eighty feet wide. Both edges are fastened to stout ropes; and four strong ropes, or warps, about three hundred feet long, are fastened to the four corners. One of the edges is rendered buoyant by corks; while the other, on the contrary, is rendered heavy by leaden weights: the object of this arrangement being that when the seine is immersed in the water, it may assume a vertical position, like a perforated wall: the corked edge being of course uppermost, and the leaded edge undermost. The fishing-boat is generally about forty feet long, eight tons burden, and manned by eight or nine men. There is a tarpaulin to cover the seine while in the boat.

There is a second or assistant boat, called the volyer, which carries another net, called the tuck-seine; and there is a third boat, called the lurker, or cock-boat, somewhat smaller than the others. Ropes, anchors, grapnels, and all such stores, are supplied in sufficient number.

The tuck-seine, in the volyer or following boat, is shorter and broader than the stop-seine, carried in the principal or seine-boat; it is of a different shape too; it is wider in the middle than at the ends, and the middle is formed into a hollow or bunt. These two boats are about equal in size; but the lurker or cock-boat is smaller, and carries no seine or net. The three boats together require a crew of eighteen men, and one or two boys.

The crews of the three boats have all their respective duties to perform; but there is an important auxiliary of theirs, called the huer or crier, apparently so named from a French word. His office is a very remarkable one, unlike any that is commonly known in the more general and extensive of the British fisheries. He is a watcher, a look-out, a spy, a discoverer, a sharp-sighted and long-sighted fellow, who knows something of fish-life in general, and of pilchard-life in particular. He looks out for the pilchard, and telegraphs the boatmen concerning the same. In the earliest and greyest dawn, it may be long before the sun makes his appearance, the huer ascends some sea-cliff—sufficiently high for his purpose, and yet sufficiently near the fishers for him to be seen. He looks out far and wide on the sea, in search of some spot, which presents a certain peculiarity of view. He detects such a spot. It is a huge black patch often to be measured in square miles; he looks again and again, more and more keenly, until he becomes convinced that it marks a shoal of pilchards, whose oil has a tendency to give a kind of smoothness to the ripples of the sea, and whose number even affects the reflected appearance of the water. Then, when the sun shines, he will see a flash now and then sparkle above the surface, and will know it to be a gamesome young pilchard leaping out of the water for pure fun, and turning up the dazzling scales of its white belly to glisten in the sun. He looks and scans narrowly until quite convinced that a shoal of pilchards is really within view, and then he begins to work his telegraph. He has two large boughs, one in each hand, wherewith he can make signals, which, though not quite so scientific as those of Wheatstone, or Steinheil, or Brett, are yet sufficient for his purpose. There is a watcher below, attentive to his movements. The watcher sees the huer in a state of pleasurable excitement; he signals a shoal; and the watcher speedily makes the fact known to all whom it may concern. All the three boats belonging to each party, if not yet on the bosom of the water, are speedily manned and pushed off; while smaller boats are brought into a state of readiness to land the fish which are destined to be caught.

Thus far, then, the huer has found out the pilchards; it rests with the fishers to capture them. The gold of the piscine California has been discovered, and the diggers must now get the nuggets as skilfully as they can. It is a part of the principle of fishing adopted, that the stop-seine shall form a kind of circular wall, within which the unlucky pilchards may be imprisoned, and that the lower edge of the net shall touch the ground, in order that the fish may not escape underneath. Hence the pilchard fishery is best carried on at such a distance from the shore as will give a depth of about seventy feet of water, equal (or thereabouts) to the width or depth of the seine. The seine is carried in the largest boat, carefully folded, so that it may be opened and thrown out without entanglement. Two men hold themselves in readiness to manage the net, five or six tug manfully at the oars, while the bow-oarsman keeps his eye upon the huer, who not only signals the approach of the shoal, but telegraphs his instructions as to the best mode in which it may be approached. The huer—keen,

cool, patient, calculating, experienced—forms a judgment concerning the best mode of proceeding; he decides where it is best for the two larger boats to anchor, and how the cock-boat may best go out to reconnoitre the enemy. The men in the boats obey the signals of the huer, as the captains in the Baltic fleet would those given forth by Sir Charles Napier from the Duke of Wellington; they know it is to their interest, having a good general, to attend to his behests.

It is an anxious moment when this state of things has arrived, for the pilchards, like other people, will give their oppressors the slip if they can; and the huer has to so manage that the shoal may be intercepted just at the right time and place—a feat which calls forth all his keenness and judgment, and implicit obedience on the part of the men in the boats. It is a momentous period, too, for the numerous watchers on the beach; since their cupboards and their pockets are likely to be influenced by the result. The huer has seen the shoal, and has made his calculations as to time and space; he gives a signal for the boatmen to weigh anchor, and to remove the tarpaulin which covers the seine; he signals again, and overboard goes the seine: the light edge being managed by one man, and the heavy edge by another. The warps at two corners of the seine have previously been fastened to a buoy; and as the position of the seine at one end is thus determined, the boat rows along to carry out the other end; some of them pull, while two others throw the seine overboard, as fast as the boat progresses; and the bow-oarsman directs their movements in accordance with the signals made by the huer. The object is, of course, to oppose a barrier to the farther progress of the shoal; to aid in this object, the men in the cock-boat take up a position between the seine and the buoy, and beat the water with their oars, to frighten the fish, and prevent them from passing by the edge of the seine,—a crafty mode of driving the poor little fish from sham danger into real. The movements are so managed that the seine is brought round in a curved line, until the two ends meet, and thus enclose the shoal—the whole being imprisoned in a circular net-like wall; for, the leaded edge rests upon the sandy bottom of the bay, and the cock-boat holds sentry over the only possible point of escape—the junction of the two ends of the seine.

The pilchards are arrested in their course, perhaps to the extent of thousands of hogsheads, and the men give three jolly cheers to announce their luck. Then comes the next task—the lifting of the pilchards out of the water. This is effected by the aid of the tuck-seine. As low tide approaches, boats congregate around in great numbers, and the men prepare. The volyer, or following boat, goes within the circle formed by the stop-seine, and lays the tuck-seine round within the circle. The two ends of the tuck-seine are then drawn together in such a way as to tuck or coop up the poor pilchards in a narrower and narrower space, and to raise them from the bottom. The fish are terribly frightened, and jump and flout about: but fruitlessly; they become collected in the hollow bunt of the tuck-seine. They are raised gradually and cautiously to the surface; they are laded out by the men with flaskets, and are thrown in a silvery shower into the boats which crowd around. The number enclosed within the stop-seine may be so large that the tuck-seine could not hold them, or the boats could not hold them, or the persons on shore could not salt and cure them. In such case, the tuck-seine brings up only a portion at a time; and some of the pilchards may remain a week or more in their prison. They do not necessarily suffer from this, however, as they are floating about in their own native element. Sometimes, meanwhile, there is a busy throng of small boats surrounding the seine, each ready to take its load to the beach; and the scene is then not a little striking and animated.

But, the seine method is not the only one adopted: many of the fishers find it more convenient to employ the drift method. Here, we may remark that while some learned pundits use the words seine and shoal, others say sean and schull: we shall adhere to our own usage, without pretending to say which is the better of the two. In the drift method, fifteen or twenty drift-nets are fastened end to end; and as they are upwards of a hundred feet long, the whole may extend nearly half a mile, and in some cases three-quarters. The nets are about forty feet deep. The string of nets has a corked rope running along the top, and a strengthening rope running along the middle, but no leaded rope at the bottom. The nets are carried in fishing-boats, each having four men and a boy. A line from one end of the head-rope is fastened over the quarter of the boat; and the nets, being turned overboard, are left to float with the tide. The corks and the buoys are so managed that the upper edge of the nets is twelve or fifteen feet below the surface of the water; so that ships may pass over the nets without injuring them. The men shoot the nets a little before sunset and again as dawn approaches: making two hauls, and sometimes two good captures, in a night.

Mr. Yarrell, a great authority in piscatorial lore, states that, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when the parliamentary bounty began to be withdrawn, the men and capital employed in the Cornish pilchard-fishery were as follows. There were rather more than three hundred seines; there were about four thousand three hundred men employed afloat, and six thousand three hundred employed on shore, making ten thousand six

hundred persons directly employed in catching and curing the fish; while the whole outlay for boats, seines, curing-cellars, &c., was estimated at nearly half a million sterling. A seine, with its boat complete, costs as much as seven or eight hundred pounds. There is a curious mode adopted of dividing the produce. Supposing the exact value of the capture to be ascertained, this is divided into eight equal parts; one part goes for the boat, or is reckoned as interest on its original cost; three other parts go for the seine, as interest in like manner; and the remaining four parts as wages or earnings for the men. There is an attendant boy, who renders sundry bits of service, for which he is rewarded in an intercalary sort of way: he is entitled to the pilchards which happen to fall into the sea as the nets are drawn; and to secure them he is furnished with a bag-net, fixed to the end of a rod. When the take is large, the men's share may amount to something respectable. Sometimes, the shoals have been enormous. Mr. Yarrell speaks of one particular occasion when twenty-two hundred hogsheads of pilchards were caught in one seine at one time; and Borlase, in earlier times, recorded a haul of three thousand hogsheads. Estimates vary from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred as the number that would fill a hogshead. Taking a medium between these two numbers we arrive at the astounding total of nine millions of pilchards as having been taken at one haul. An instance has been known of ten thousand hogsheads having been taken in one single grab in one day—a mighty increase, certainly, in the available food for the catchers or for those to whom the catchers sold; for although a pilchard is but a humble affair, thirty millions of pilchards become in the aggregate rather a substantial fact.

Then comes the curing—a rare busy scene. The boats row speedily to land, and deposit their cargoes. The fish, such as are not wanted for immediate consumption in the fresh state, are taken to the curing cellars. Here they are arranged in rows, with salt between: eight bushels of salt to the hogshead. The pilchards thus remain a month; after which time they are packed in casks, in regular layers, and pressed down closely; the pressing is continued until the casks are quite full, and then the cask-heads are fastened down. The oil of the pilchard is by this time, to a considerable extent, pressed out. Much of the salt can be used a second time; and after this it forms a capital manure. The pressure upon the fish in the hogshead is produced by a weighted lever acting upon a block or stone placed upon a circular board on the fish. A hogshead of pilchards pressed and packed in this way will weigh somewhat under five hundred pounds; and there will be three or four gallons of oil pressed from them, worth four or five shillings. This oil is no great treasure; still it will always find a market, and it assists in rendering the pilchard fishery profitable. The oil is used in the manufacture of cart-grease, and for many purposes similar to those wherein the commonest whale oil is employed. Attempts have been made to purify it, and render it serviceable to curry leather; but, the attempts have not met with much success.

The Cornishmen having caught their pilchards; eaten some; disposed of others in a fresh state to their neighbours; squeezed the rest; sold the oil obtained by the squeezing; and prepared their filled hogsheads in a proper way; what becomes of the hogsheads and their contents? Pilchards, like prophets, gain little honour in their own country. They are sent abroad, and have been so sent at least since the time of Queen Elizabeth; for an act passed in her reign states that "No stranger shall transport beyond seas any pilchard or other fish in cask, unless he doe bring into the realme, for every six tunnes, two hundred of clap-boord fit to make cask, and so rateably, upon paine of forfeiting the said pilchard or fish." This clause was probably introduced on account of the great scarcity of timber in Cornwall. The two best customers for salted and barrelled pilchards are: first, the slave-owners of the new continent, and the free blacks, among whom the pilchards are eaten in considerable quantities; secondly, the Roman Catholic countries in the Mediterranean, where pilchards may be eaten on fast days without danger to the soul.

REMEDY.

I was drooping, I was grieving,
O'er life's ills, a hideous train;
All, I said, is but bereaving;
All is loss without a gain!

There is not one stable blessing
For our weak and sinful clay:
In the moment of possessing
Every joy is snatched away!

Suddenly there came a splendour
Richly gushing from the skies;
As a Maiden, bright yet tender,
Streamed upon my wondering eyes.

"Cease," she said, "thy strain of sorrow!
Mortal, turn thy looks on me!
I am daughter of To-morrow,
And my name is Remedy!

"Nothing is, that is without me;
I was present at the birth
Of the Universe about me;
Mine is Heaven; mine is Earth!"

"Sphere," I cried, "sublime of action!
Yet a doubt suspends my breath:
For disgrace, despair, distraction,
What thy cure?" She answered, "Death!"

"That," I cried, with bitter feeling,
"Is from woe to woe to flee.
Say, for death itself what healing?"
She replied—"Eternity!"

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

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CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE last day came, the house was full of packing-cases, which were being carted off at the front door, to the nearest railway station. Even the pretty lawn at the side of the house was made unsightly and untidy by the straw that had been wafted upon it through the open door and windows. The rooms had a strange echoing sound in them,—and the light came harshly and strongly in through the uncurtained windows,—seeming already unfamiliar and strange. Mrs. Hale's dressing-room was left untouched to the last; and there she and Dixon were packing up clothes, and interrupting each other every now and then to exclaim at, and turn over with fond regard, some forgotten treasure in the shape of some relic of the children while they were yet little. They did not make much progress with their work. Down-stairs, Margaret stood calm and collected, ready to counsel or advise the men who had been called in to help the cook and Charlotte. These two last, crying between whiles, wondered how the young lady could keep up so this last day, and settled it between them that she was not likely to care much for Helstone, having been so long in London. There she stood, very pale and quiet, with her large grave eyes observing everything,—up to every present circumstance however small. They could not understand how her heart was aching all the time, with a heavy pressure that no sighs could lift off or relieve, and how constant exertion for her perceptive faculties was the only way to keep herself from crying out with pain. Moreover, if she gave way, who was to act? Her father was examining papers, books, registers, what not, in the vestry with the clerk; and when he came in there were his own books to pack up, which no one but himself could do to his satisfaction. Besides, was Margaret one to give way before strange men, or even household friends like the cook and Charlotte! Not she. But at last the four packers went into the kitchen to their tea; and Margaret moved stiffly and slowly away from the place in the hall where she had been standing so long, out through the bare echoing drawing-room into the twilight of an early November evening. There was a filmy veil of soft dull mist obscuring, but not hiding, all objects, giving them a lilac hue, for the sun had not yet fully set; a robin was singing,—perhaps, Margaret thought, the very robin that her father had so often talked of as his winter pet, and for which he had made, with his own hands, a kind of robin-house by his study window. The leaves were more gorgeous than ever; the first touch of frost would lay them all low on the ground. Already one or two kept constantly floating down, amber and golden in the low slanting sun-rays.

Margaret went along the walk under the pear-tree wall. She had never been along it since she paced it at Henry Lennox's side. Here, at this bed of thyme he began to speak of what she must not think of now. Her eyes were on that late-blowing rose as she was trying to speak; and she had caught the idea of the vivid beauty of the feathery leaves of the carrots in the very middle of his last sentence. Only a fortnight ago! And all so changed! Where was he now? In London,—going through the old round; dining with the old Harley Street set, or with gayer young friends of his own. Even now, while she walked sadly through that damp and drear garden in the dusk, with everything falling and fading, and turning to decay around her, he might be gladly putting away his law-books after a day of satisfactory toil, and freshening himself up, as he had told her he often did, by a run in the Temple Gardens, taking in the while the grand inarticulate mighty roar of tens of thousands of busy men, nigh at hand, but not seen, and catching, ever at his quick turns, glimpses of the lights of the city coming up out of the depths of the river. He had often spoken to Margaret of these hasty walks, snatched in the intervals between study and dinner. At his best times and in his best moods had he spoken of them; and the thought of them had struck upon her fancy. Here there was no sound. The robin had gone away into the vast stillness of night. Now and then a cottage door in the distance was opened and shut, as if to admit the tired labourer to his home; but that sounded very far away. A stealthy, creeping, crunching sound among the crisp fallen leaves of the forest beyond the garden seemed almost close at hand. Margaret knew it was some poacher. Sitting up in her bedroom this past autumn, with the light of her candle extinguished, and purely revelling in the solemn beauty of the heavens and the earth, she had many a time seen the light noiseless leap of the poachers over the garden-fence, their quick tramp across the dewy moonlit lawn, their disappearance in the black still shadow beyond. The wild adventurous freedom of their life had taken her fancy; she felt inclined to wish them success; she had no fear of them. But to-night she was afraid, she knew not why. She heard Charlotte shutting the windows, and fastening up for the night, unconscious that any one had gone out into the garden. A small branch—it might be of rotten wood, or it might be broken by force—came heavily down in the nearest part of the forest; Margaret ran, swift as Camilla, down to the window, and rapped at it with a

hurried tremulousness which startled Charlotte within.

'Let me in! Let me in! It is only me, Charlotte!" Her heart did not still its fluttering till she was safe in the drawing-room, with the windows fastened and bolted, and the familiar walls hemming her round, and shutting her in. She had sate down upon a packing-case; cheerless, chill was the dreary and dismantled room—no fire, nor other light, but Charlotte's long unsnuffed candle. Charlotte looked at Margaret with surprise; and Margaret, feeling it rather than seeing it, rose up.

"I was afraid you were shutting me out altogether, Charlotte," said she, half-smiling. "And then you would never have heard me in the kitchen, and the doors into the lane and churchyard are locked long ago."

"Oh, miss, I should have been sure to have missed you soon. The men would have wanted you to tell them how to go on. And I have put tea in master's study, as being the most comfortable room, so to speak."

"Thank you, Charlotte. You are a kind girl. I shall be sorry to leave you. You must try and write to me, if I can ever give you any little help or good advice. I shall always be glad to get a letter from Helstone, you know. I shall be sure and send you my address when I know it."

The study was all ready for tea. There was a good blazing fire, and unlighted candles on the table. Margaret sat down on the rug, partly to warm herself, for the dampness of the evening hung about her dress, and overfatigue had made her chilly. She kept herself balanced by clasping her hands together round her knees; her head drooped a little towards her chest; the attitude was one of despondency, whatever her frame of mind might be. But when she heard her father's step on the gravel outside, she started up, and hastily shaking her heavy black hair back, and wiping a few tears away that had come on her cheeks she knew not how, she went out to open the door for him. He showed far more depression than she did. She could hardly get him to talk, although she tried to speak on subjects that would interest him, at the cost of an effort every time which she thought would be her last.

"Have you been a very long walk to-day?" asked she, on seeing his refusal to touch food of any kind.

"As far as Fordham Beeches. I went to see Widow Maltby; she is sadly grieved at not having wished you good-bye. She says little Susan has kept watch down the lane for days past.—Nay, Margaret, what is the matter, dear?" The thought of the little child watching for her, and continually disappointed—from no forgetfulness on her part, but from sheer inability to leave home—was the last drop in poor Margaret's cup, and she was sobbing away as if her heart would break. Mr. Hale was distressingly perplexed. He rose, and walked nervously up and down the room. Margaret tried to check herself, but would not speak until she could do so with firmness. She heard him talking, as if to himself.

"I cannot bear it. I cannot bear to see the sufferings of others. I think I could go through my own with patience. Oh, is there no going back?"

"No, father," said Margaret, looking straight at him, and speaking low and steadily. "It is bad to believe you in error. It would be infinitely worse to have known you a hypocrite." She dropped her voice at the last few words, as if entertaining the idea of hypocrisy for a moment in connection with her father savoured of irreverence.

"Besides," she went on, "it is only that I am tired to-night; don't think that I am suffering from what you have done, dear papa. We can't either of us talk about it to-night, I believe," said she, finding that tears and sobs would come in spite of herself. "I had better go and take mamma up this cup of tea. She had hers very early, when I was too busy to go to her, and I am sure she will be glad of another now."

Railroad time inexorably wrenched them away from lovely, beloved Helstone, the next morning. They were gone; they had seen the last of the long low parsonage home, half-covered with China-roses and pyracanthus—more homelike than ever in the morning sun that glittered on its windows, each belonging to some well-loved room. Almost before they had settled themselves into the car, sent from Southampton to fetch them to the station, they were gone away to return no more. A sting at Margaret's heart made her strive to look out to catch the last glimpse of the old church tower where she knew it might be seen above a wave of the forest trees; but her father remembered this too, and she silently acknowledged his greater right to the one window from which it could be seen. She leant back and shut her eyes, and the tears welled forth, and hung glittering for an instant on the shadowing eyelashes before rolling slowly down her cheeks, and dropping, unheeded, on her dress.

They were to stop in London all night at some quiet hotel. Poor Mrs. Hale had cried in her way nearly all day long; and Dixon showed her sorrow by extreme crossness, and a continual irritable attempt to keep her petticoats from even touching the unconscious Mr. Hale, whom she regarded as the origin of all this suffering.

They went through the well-known streets, past houses which they had often visited, past shops in which she had lounged, impatient, by her aunt's side, while that lady was making some important and interminable decision—nay, absolutely past acquaintances in the streets; for though the morning had been of an incalculable length to them, and they felt as if it ought long ago to have closed

in for the repose of darkness, it was the very busiest time of a London afternoon in November when they arrived there. It was long since Mrs. Hale had been in London; and she roused up, almost like a child, to look about her at the different streets, and to gaze after and exclaim at the shops and carriages.

"Oh, there's Harrison's, where I bought so many of my wedding-things. Dear! how altered! They've got immense plate-glass windows, larger than Crawford's in Southampton. Oh, and there, I declare—no, it is not—yes, it is—Margaret, we have just passed Mr. Henry Lennox. Where can he be going, among all these shops?"

Margaret started forwards, and as quickly fell back, half-smiling at herself for the sudden motion. They were a hundred yards away by this time; but he seemed like a relic of Helstone—he was associated with a bright morning, an eventful day, and she should have liked to have seen him, without his seeing her,—without the chance of their speaking.

The evening, without employment, passed in a room high up in an hotel, was long and heavy. Mr. Hale went out to his bookseller's, and to call on a friend or two. Every one they saw, either in the house or out in the streets, appeared hurrying to some appointment, expected by, or expecting, somebody. They alone seemed strange, and friendless, and desolate. Yet within a mile Margaret knew of house after house, where she for her own sake, and her mother for her aunt Shaw's, would be welcomed if they came in gladness, or even in peace of mind. If they came sorrowing, and wanting sympathy in a complicated trouble like the present, then they would be felt as a shadow in all these houses of intimate acquaintances, not friends. London life is too whirling and full to admit of even an hour of that deep silence of feeling which the friends of Job showed, when "they sat with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

The next afternoon, about twenty miles from Milton-Northern, they entered on the little branch railway that led to Heston. Heston itself was one long straggling street, running parallel to the seashore. It had a character of its own, as different from the little bathing-places in the south of England as they again from those of the continent. To use a Scotch word, everything looked more "purpose-like." The country carts had more iron, and less wood and leather about the horse-gear; the people in the streets, although on pleasure bent, had yet a busy mind. The colours looked grayer—more enduring, not so gay and pretty. There were no smock-frocks, even among the country folk; they retarded motion, and were apt to catch on machinery, and so the habit of wearing them had died out. In such towns in the south of England, Margaret had seen the shopmen, when not employed in their business, lounging a little at their doors, enjoying the fresh air, and the look up and down the street. Here, if they had any leisure from customers, they made themselves business in the shop—even, Margaret fancied, to the unnecessary unrolling and re-rolling of ribbons. All these differences struck upon her mind, as she and her mother went out next morning to look for lodgings.

Their two nights at hotels had cost more than Mr. Hale had anticipated, and they were glad to take the first clean, cheerful rooms they met with that were at liberty to receive them. There, for the first time for many days, did Margaret feel at rest. There was a dreaminess in the rest, too, which made it still more perfect and luxurious to repose in. The distant sea, lapping the sandy shore with measured sound; the nearer cries of the donkey-boys; the unusual scenes moving before her like pictures, which she cared not in her laziness to have fully explained before they passed away; the stroll down to the beach to breathe the sea-air, soft and warm on that sandy shore even to the end of November; the great long misty sea-line touching the tender-coloured sky; the white sail of a distant boat turning silver in some pale sunbeam: it seemed as if she could dream her life away in such luxury of pensiveness in which she made her present all in all, from not daring to think of the past, or wishing to contemplate the future.

But the future must be met, however stern and iron it be. One evening it was arranged that Margaret and her father should go the next day to Milton-Northern, and look out for a house. Mr. Hale had received several letters from Mr. Bell, and one or two from Mr. Thornton, and he was anxious to ascertain at once a good many particulars respecting his position and chances of success there, which he could only do by an interview with the latter gentleman. Margaret knew that they ought to be removing; but she had a repugnance to the idea of a manufacturing town, and believed that her mother was receiving benefit from Heston air, so she would willingly have deferred the expedition to Milton.

For many miles before they reached Milton, they saw a deep lead-coloured cloud hanging over the horizon in the direction in which it lay. It was all the darker from contrast with the pale gray-blue of the wintry sky; for in Heston there had been the earliest signs of frost. Nearer to the town the air had a faint taste and smell of smoke; perhaps, after all, more a loss of the fragrance of grass and herbage than any positive taste or smell. Quick they were whirled over long, straight, hopeless streets of regularly-built houses, all small and of brick. Here and there a great oblong

many-windowed factory stood up like a hen among her chickens, puffing out black "unparliamentary" smoke, and sufficiently accounting for the cloud which Margaret had taken to foretell rain. As they drove through the larger and wider streets, from the station to the hotel, they had to stop constantly; great loaded lurries blocked up the not overwide thoroughfares. Margaret had now and then been into the city in her drives with her aunt. But there the heavy lumbering vehicles seemed various in their purposes and intent; here every van, every waggon and truck, bore cotton, either in the raw shape in bags, or the woven shape in bales of calico. People thronged the footpaths, most of them well-dressed as regarded the material, but with a slovenly looseness about them which struck Margaret as different from the shabby, threadbare smartness of a similar class in London.

"New Street," said Mr. Hale. "This, I believe, is the principal street in Milton. Bell has often spoken to me about it. It was the opening of this street from a lane into a great thoroughfare, thirty years ago, which has caused his property to rise so much in value. Mr. Thornton's mill must be somewhere not very far off, for he is Mr. Bell's tenant. But I fancy he dates from his warehouse."

"Where is our hotel, papa?"

"Close to the end of this street, I believe. Shall we have lunch before or after we have looked at the houses we marked in the Milton Times?"

"Oh, let us get our work done first."

"Very well. Then I will only see if there is any note or letter for me from Mr. Thornton, who said he would let me know anything he might hear about these houses, and then we will set off. We will keep the cab; it will be safer than losing ourselves, and being too late for the train this afternoon."

There were no letters awaiting him. They set out on their house-hunting. Thirty pounds a-year was all they could afford to give, but in Hampshire they could have met with a roomy house and pleasant garden for the money. Here, even the necessary accommodation of two sitting-rooms and four bedrooms seemed unattainable. They went through their list, rejecting each as they visited it. Then they looked at each other in dismay.

"We must go back to the second, I think. That one,—in Crampton, don't they call the suburb? There were three sitting-rooms; don't you remember how we laughed at the number compared with the three bedrooms? But I have planned it all. The front room down stairs is to be your study and our dining-room (poor papa!), for, you know, we settled mamma is to have as cheerful a sitting-room as we can get; and that front room up-stairs, with the atrocious blue and pink paper and heavy cornice, had really a pretty view over the plain, with a great bend of river, or canal, or whatever it is, down below. Then I could have the little bedroom behind, in that projection at the head of the first flight of stairs—over the kitchen, you know—and you and mamma the room behind the drawing-room, and that closet in the roof will make you a splendid dressing-room."

"But Dixon, and the girl we are to have to help?"

"Oh, wait a minute. I am overpowered by the discovery of my own genius for management. Dixon is to have—let me see, I had it once—the back sitting-room. I think she will like that. She grumbles so much about the stairs at Heston; and the girl is to have that sloping attic over your room and mamma's. Won't that do?"

"I dare say it will. But the papers! What taste! And the overloading such a house with colour and such heavy cornices!"

"Never mind, papa. Surely, you can charm the landlord into re-papering one or two of the rooms—the drawing-room and your bedroom—for mamma will come most in contact with them; and your bookshelves will hide a great deal of that gaudy pattern in the dining-room."

"Then you think it the best? If so, I had better go at once and call on this Mr. Donkin, to whom the advertisement refers me. I will take you back to the hotel, where you can order lunch, and rest, and by the time it is ready I shall be with you. I hope I shall be able to get new papers."

Margaret hoped so too, though she said nothing. She had never come fairly in contact with the taste that loves ornament, however bad, more than the plainness and simplicity which are of themselves the framework of elegance.

Her father took her through the entrance of the hotel, and leaving her at the foot of the staircase, went to the address of the landlord of the house they had fixed upon. Just as Margaret had her hand on the door of their sitting-room, she was followed by a quick-stepping waiter.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. The gentleman was gone so quickly, I had no time to tell him. Mr. Thornton called almost directly after you left; and, as I understood from what the gentleman said, you would be back in a hour, I told him so, and he came again about five minutes ago, and said he would wait for Mr. Hale. He is in your room now, ma'am."

"Thank you. My father will return soon, and then you can tell him."

Margaret opened the door and went in with the straight, fearless, dignified presence habitual to her. She felt no awkwardness; she had too much the habits of society for that. Here was a person come on business to her father; and, as he was one who had shown himself obliging, she was disposed to treat him with a full measure of civility. Mr. Thornton was a good deal more surprised

and discomfited than she. Instead of a quiet, middle-aged clergyman, a young lady came forward with frank dignity,—a young lady of a different type to most of those he was in the habit of seeing. Her dress was very plain: a close straw bonnet of the best material and shape, trimmed with white ribbon; a dark silk gown without any trimming or flounce; a large Indian shawl which hung about her in long heavy folds, and which she wore as an empress wears her drapery. He did not understand who she was, as he caught the simple, straight, unabashed look which showed that his being there was of no concern to the beautiful countenance, and called up no flush of surprise to the pale ivory of the complexion. He had heard that Mr. Hale had a daughter, but he had imagined that she was a little girl.

"Mr. Thornton, I believe!" said Margaret, after a half-instant's pause, during which his unready words would not come. "Will you sit down. My father brought me to the door, not a minute ago, but unfortunately he was not told that you were here, and has gone away on some business. But he will come back almost directly. I am sorry you have had the trouble of calling twice."

Mr. Thornton was in habits of authority himself, but she seemed to assume some kind of rule over him at once. He had been getting impatient at the loss of his time on a market-day, the moment before she appeared, yet now he calmly took a seat at her bidding.

"Do you know where it is that Mr. Hale has gone to? Perhaps I might be able to find him."

"He has gone to a Mr. Donkin's in Canute Street. He is the landlord of the house my father wishes to take in Crampton."

Mr. Thornton knew the house. He had seen the advertisement, and been to look at it, in compliance with a request of Mr. Bell's that he would assist Mr. Hale to the best of his power: and also instigated by his own interest in the case of a clergyman who had given up his living under circumstances such as those of Mr. Hale. Mr. Thornton had thought that the house in Crampton was really just the thing; but now that he saw Margaret with her superb ways of moving and looking, he began to feel ashamed of having imagined that it would do very well for the Hales in spite of a certain vulgarity in it which had struck him at the time of his looking it over.

Margaret could not help her looks; but the short curled upper lip, the round, massive up-turned chin, the manner of carrying her head, her movements, full of a soft feminine defiance, always gave strangers the impression of haughtiness. She was tired now, and would rather have remained silent, and taken the rest her father had planned for her; but, of course, she owed it to herself to be a gentlewoman, and to speak courteously from time to time to this stranger; not over-brushed, nor over-polished, it must be confessed, after his rough encounter with Milton streets and crowds. She wished that he would go, as he had once spoken of doing, instead of sitting there, answering with curt sentences all the remarks she made. She had taken off her shawl, and hung it over the back of her chair. She sat facing him and facing the light; her full beauty met his eye; her round white flexile throat rising out of the full, yet lithe figure; her lips, moving so slightly as she spoke, not breaking the cold serene look of her face with any variation from the one lovely haughty curve; her eyes, with their soft gloom, meeting his with quiet maiden freedom. He almost said to himself that he did not like her before their conversation ended; he tried so to compensate himself for the mortified feeling, that while he looked upon her with an admiration he could not repress, she looked at him with proud indifference, taking him, he thought, for what, in his irritation, he told himself he was—a great rough fellow, with not a grace or a refinement about him. Her quiet coldness of demeanour he interpreted into contemptuousness, and resented it in his heart to the pitch of almost inclining him to get up and go away, and have nothing more to do with these Hales, and their superciliousness.

Just as Margaret had exhausted her last subject of conversation—and yet conversation that could hardly be called which consisted of so few and such short speeches—her father came in, and with his pleasant gentlemanly courteousness of apology, reinstated his name and family in Mr. Thornton's good opinion.

Mr. Hale and his visitor had a good deal to say respecting their mutual friend, Mr. Bell; and Margaret, glad that her part of entertaining the visitor was over, went to the window to try and make herself more familiar with the strange aspect of the street. She got so much absorbed in watching what was going on outside that she hardly heard her father when he spoke to her, and he had to repeat what he said:

"Margaret! the landlord will persist in admiring that hideous paper, and I am afraid we must let it remain."

"Oh dear! I am sorry!" she replied, and began to turn over in her mind the possibility of hiding part of it at least, by some of her sketches, but gave up the idea at last, as likely only to make bad worse. Her father, meanwhile, with his kindly country hospitality was pressing Mr. Thornton to stay to luncheon with them. It would have been very inconvenient to him to do so, yet he felt that he should have yielded, if Margaret by word or look had seconded her father's invitation; he was glad she did not, and yet he was irritated at her for not doing it. She gave him a low, grave bow when he left, and he felt more awkward and self-

conscious in every limb than he had ever done in all his life before.

"Well, Margaret, now to luncheon, as fast as we can. Have you ordered it?"

"No, papa; that man was here when I came home, and I have never had an opportunity."

"Then we must take anything we can get. He must have been waiting a long time, I'm afraid."

"It seemed exceedingly long to me. I was just at the last gasp when you came in. He never went on with any subject, but gave little, short, abrupt answers."

"Very much to the point though, I should think. He is a clear-headed fellow. He said (did you hear?) that Crampton is on gravelly soil, and by far the most healthy suburb in the neighbourhood of Milton."

When they returned to Heston, there was the day's account to be given to Mrs. Hale, who was full of questions which they answered in the intervals of tea-drinking.

"And what is your correspondent, Mr. Thornton, like?"

"Ask Margaret," said her husband. "She and he had a long attempt at conversation, while I was away speaking to the landlord."

"Oh! I hardly know what he is like," said Margaret, lazily; too tired to tax her powers of description much. And then rousing herself, she said, "He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, about—how old, papa?"

"I should guess about thirty."

"About thirty—with a face that is neither exactly plain, nor yet handsome, nothing remarkable—not quite a gentleman; but that was hardly to be expected."

"Not vulgar, or common though," put in her father, rather jealous of any disparagement of the sole friend he had in Milton.

"Oh no!" said Margaret. "With such an expression of resolution and power, no face, however plain in feature, could be either vulgar or common. I should not like to have to bargain with him; he looks very inflexible. Altogether a man who seems made for his niche, mamma, sagacious, and strong as becomes a great tradesman."

"Don't call the Milton manufacturers tradesmen, Margaret," said her father. "They are very different."

"Are they? I apply the word to all who have something tangible to sell; but if you think the term is not correct, papa, I won't use it. But, oh mamma! speaking of vulgarity and commonness, you must prepare yourself for our drawing-room paper. Pink and blue roses, with yellow leaves! And such a heavy cornice round the room!"

But when they removed to their new house in Milton, the obnoxious papers were gone. The landlord received their thanks very composedly; and let them think, if they liked, that he had relented from his expressed determination not to repaper. There was no particular need to tell them that what he did not care to do for a Reverend Mr. Hale, unknown in Milton, he was only too glad to do at the one short sharp remonstrance of Mr. Thornton, the wealthy manufacturer.

CHIP.

COLOURING.

To ladies who make cunning use of colour—not by painting their faces, but by a deep and subtle study of costume; to artists, house-furnishers, ornamental gardeners, and others, there have been officially delivered at Paris and Lyons, during the last quarter of a century, sundry lectures by M. Chevreul, upon the practical effect of certain laws connected with the contrast of colours; and these lectures, which were formed by him into a book fifteen years ago, have been lately translated into English. Having read the translation, we write what follows.

Monsieur Chevreul, learned in the law of colours, was appointed long ago to superintend the dyeing department of the manufactory of the Gobelin tapestries. One of the first questions asked of him was, Why are the black tints bad that are employed as shadows in blue draperies? He answered that the black was of course spoiled by contrast. M. Chevreul followed up his hint by arranging together various masses of coloured wool taken from the warehouse, observed how colours put side by side mutually affected one another; and, from that point, carried on his researches in various ways to maturity. We state some of the results, chiefly having in mind the uses to which ladies may put them.

First must be set down two very plain rules. One concerns the setting side by side of two different shades of the same colour. Put side by side squares tinted with Indian ink, each square having one uniform tint, but no two squares of the same intensity. Arrange them in a row, according to a regular scale, beginning with the lightest and ending with the darkest. Then every square will be seen to be modified by those on either side of it; the border next a darker square will be lightened in effect,—the border next a light square will be darkened in effect. The whole row of tinted squares, seen from a little distance, will be made in this way to appear not flat, but fluted. Such is the effect of tints upon each other.

The effect of hues, or contrasting colours, may be expressed in the second main rule—Contrasting or complementary colours are such as when blended together give rise to the perception of whiteness. The most perfect of these relations is that existing between blue, yellow and red; for, mix those three colours, and they produce white; consequently a colour complementary to each of these is made by blending the other two. Because blue with yellow creates green, green is the

complement of red; because red and yellow create orange, orange is the complement of blue; because red and blue create violet, violet is the complement of yellow. The eye itself can perform these changes; look upon a blue and a yellow, and in a little while both will appear to be green. Again, take a square coloured red, and observe it. Take also a square coloured blue, and observe it. Place them side by side. The red square where it is near the blue will have a yellower tinge than the rest; and into the blue on the other border some little shade of green will enter. That is because every colour tends to suggest its opposite (or complement) around its borders, and, as we have explained, the opposite of red is green—the opposite of blue, orange.

It is also to be remembered that the eye, fatigued with looking at one colour, is disposed to receive the impression of its complement. Let us suppose, for example, that a lady in a draper's shop is looking at red stuffs; and, after having seen five or six pieces, begins to complain of the bad colour of those subsequently shown to her. The colour is not bad; but her eye, weary of red, no longer receives the impression of it vividly, or as a source of pleasure. Let the prudent tradesman not allow ten or eleven red stuffs to be looked at in succession; but, after about the fifth, contrive to submit for inspection something green. A very good green it is sure to seem if it be only of a tolerable colour; and, after dwelling on it for a little time, the customer may go on looking at the reds, and will be sure to see them to the best advantage.

Accustomed to a little application of these principles, and knowing pretty well how colours stand related to each other, any person may avoid gross errors of taste in house-furnishing, in dressing, in the arrangement of a nosegay, and in all such matters. The main relations of colour to be borne in mind are these: Green is the opposite, and complement, to red; green, therefore, reddens adjacent hues, and red adds a green tinge to them; but green and red set off each other to the best advantage when placed side by side—the green looking greener, the red redder,—and this is, of course, most thoroughly the effect when the two colours are alike in depth of tone. What green is to red, yellow is to violet, and blue to orange. In the same way it may be said that the yellow tints of green suggest their complements and opposites, the violet- reds; the yellow-oranges contrast with violet-blues, and the orange-reds with the blue-greens.

Thus the pink of the complexion is brought out by a green setting in dress or bonnet; and any lady who has a fair complexion, that admits of having its rose tint a little heightened, may make effective use of the green colour, but it should be a delicate green, since it is of importance to preserve harmony of tone. When there is in the face a tint of orange mixed with brown, a brick-red hue will result from the use of green; if any green at all be used in such a case it should be dark.

But for the orange complexion of a brunette there is no colour superior to yellow. This imparts violet to a fair skin, and injures its effect. A skin more yellow than orange has its yellow neutralised by the suggestion of the complement, and a dull white effect imparted. The orange skin, however, has the yellow neutralised and the red left; so that the freshness of complexion is increased in black-haired beauties.

As the complement of violet is yellow, which no lady desires to see added to the colour of her skin, it follows that violet is only suitable for dress when it is very deep in tone, and worn by those who wish to have the complexion whitened by contrast.

Blue imparts orange, which enriches white complexions and light flesh tints; it also of course improves the yellow hair of blondes. Blue, therefore, is the standard colour for a blonde, as yellow is for a brunette. But the brunette who has already too much orange in her face must avoid setting it in blue.

Orange suits nobody. It whitens a brunette, but that is scarcely a desirable effect, and it is ugly. Red, unless when it is of a dark hue, to increase the effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is rarely suitable in any close neighbourhood to a lady's skin. Rose-red destroys the freshness of a good complexion; it suggests green. For this reason it ought not to be chosen for the lining and hangings of the boxes of a theatre, if ladies who frequent it are to look well in their evening toilettes. Rose-red, wine-red, and light crimson boxes give a green tint to the ladies in them; if they would rather have the best made of all natural rose in their faces, the hangings they should wish for ought to be light green. But they would suit best pale or fair complexions, just as the amber hangings at the opera house in the Haymarket used to be best suited, and, in fact, only suited, for brunettes. The dark crimson of the draperies adopted at the rival house were more impartial, since they tended by contrast to the whitening of all faces to which they served as background.

Enough has been said now to display some principles that may be carried into application in a thousand ways. The painter upon canvass knows that if he places certain colours side by side, though they be as pure as tube can hold, yet they may look dirty because they spoil each other by the complements that they suggest. He knows that in painting from the model, wherever there is much contrast of colour in small compass, he must not directly imitate each colour that he copies with a stroke of the same colour from his brush; he is compelled to use false tints to get the true ones. Upon the same plan must a lady go to work in the compounding of a nosegay

or the trimming of a bonnet, keeping apart those colours that cannot come together without quarreling. Thus she would do well to trim a yellow bonnet with violet or blue, and a green bonnet with rose, red, or white flowers, and to follow the same general idea in grouping the colours of a dress.

Contrast of rich colour is familiar to us in the dress of soldiers, and it has an economic use. The soldier in his bright uniform of green and yellow, blue and scarlet, or whatever else it be, will seem to be well clothed when all the seams of his coat, perhaps, are white, and he is really threadbare; for if the colours be but well contrasted they will set each other off and remain to the last intensified. Just in the same way a civilian may wear in the summer a black coat that is not new, and over white trowsers it will be made to look by contrast excellent as to its colour. But let him buy in the winter a new pair of black trowsers and put them on: the old coat causes them to seem fearfully black and glossy, and is made by them in return to look really much older and whiter than it is.

The same ideas M. Chevreul carries into the business of house-furnishing. Dark paper-hangings he proscribes, as absorbing too much light, red and violet as damaging the colour of the skin, orange as tiresome by reason of intensity. He recommends only yellow and light tones of green and blue. Yellow combines well with mahogany furniture, but spoils the look of gilding. Light green suits well both with mahogany and gilding. Light blue suits with mahogany fairly, and with gilding admirably: it also combines better than blue with yellow and orange woods—is therefore good for drawing-rooms. A grey pattern on a white ground—pattern and ground being balanced pretty evenly—is, however, very strongly recommended. As a general rule, says M. Chevreul, the colour of the covering of the chairs should be complementary to the prevailing colour of the paper-hanging. The window curtains should be of the colour of the chairs, having fringes of the colour of the paper-hanging. The carpet should be chosen by the same rule, to give distinctness to the effect of the furniture; green and black being better dominant colours under mahogany than red, scarlet, or orange. To mahogany chairs green covers are good when uniformity is not desired. In small rooms a harmony should be sought by carrying throughout an analogy of colour—the contrast should be of tones and hues of the same colour: it is only in large rooms that the contrast of colour can be thoroughly well carried out.

It is not worth while to multiply examples of this theory. We have desired only to amuse ourselves and at least one section of our readers. Whoever means to be a student in these matters must read M. Chevreul's book, or look for wiser counsellors. We are, for our own parts, not sufficiently under the influence of the colour-sergeant, to care much whether we sit upon a black chair or a green one—whether it is a white hat or a black one that best suits the colour of our hair.

MADAME GRONDET'S.

THE institution of the Dames Grondet was—and I dare say still is—a ladies' school, in a part of Paris known as the Quartier Plantin, which lies just within the boundary of the metropolis, at the extreme end of the Elysian Fields. The houses in this district lie shrouded from sight, each by its own surrounding trees or ivy-covered walls: or they are grouped into half-built, grassy streets, along which every footstep echoes. There is a good deal of waste ground in the Quartier Plantin, to be let on building leases; but not many people see the noble sites thus offered to capitalists, for except residents on the spot, girls and boys, and the friends of girls and boys, who come to the many schools there situated—and, of course, the butcher and the baker—few human beings pass the iron gates by which at all main outlets this quarter of Paris is defended.

As for the schools of the district, we of Madame Grondet's knew of two other institutions for young ladies near us; and the very next house to ours—we could not see it, but a corner of its grounds came near the kitchen of our sanctuary—this very next house was a boy's school. We never saw a boy or heard a boy, but our imaginations were quite certain that it was a most extensive boys' school. There was a legend among us also concerning a Grondet pupil who in former times had eloped with a youth belonging to that school, the lady escaping through a door that had once existed in our garden wall. The door had consequently been bricked up. The spot so immortalised was often pointed out to me; but always with a vague wave of the hand that indicated the entire length of the wall, because the door had been bricked up so cunningly that no trace was allowed to remain of its existence. There, however, was the wall, and there was the story, and there wasn't the door. No evidence could be more satisfactory.

There were about a hundred and twenty of us—pupils of all ages, between six years old and thirty. Ten or twelve elder girls were English, and a few others were foreigners, but the French girls formed the ocean in which we were only drops. We were divided into five classes, more according to age than to attainment, and each class had a room to itself on the ground floor, and a mistress to take care of it while there, to lead it to the lecture-room when masters came, and to superintend the preparation of its lessons. The five classes were five distinct school-worlds. Even the garden was divided into a part for the elders, and a part for the juniors.

Only at meals we were together in a long room called the refectory, where we sat on each side of a long marble table, with which the walls were lined. We met there at half-past eight to breakfast on thin soup, or milk, or coffee which the girls called chicory; or, in the case of the English girls, upon straw-coloured warm water, which was tea. We met there, at half-past twelve for a luncheon, which included meat—except on Wednesdays and Fridays—and plenty of jams to eat with our bread. At three, each had a piece of bread, and at half-past six we met again in the refectory for dinner, which was a luncheon with weak soup added that nobody would take, and with vegetables added for which everybody scrambled. They were taken as they came by the first who could seize them, and in two minutes devoured. For meat nobody cared except the English girls, by whom it was preferred to everything. Pudding was never seen. After dinner nothing more was to be eaten, and there was nothing to be drunk except cold water.

But, the time after dinner was our own, always excepting a few solemn minutes which were employed by Madame Grondet in the review of her young troops. We were collected at a certain time every evening in silent state to receive Madame Grondet, who then went from room to room, and heard the report of our good or evil deeds during the day proclaimed in her presence. It was the season of reward and punishment. Madame Grondet then walked into the midst, accompanied by the lady superintendent; and taking her seat on the class mistress's platform—fat, good-natured old soul as she was—laboured to look severe for two minutes together. She had some notion of the telling effect of Napoleon's attitudes, and thrust one hand behind her back, or crossed her arms. When she had awed us enough by her dignity, she would make an imperial inclination with her head, and in a terrible voice of power (or what she meant to be that), bade us be seated. Then we heard our faults or merits read out in a very loud voice, very distinct in the midst of the great stillness; but Madame Grondet did not visit us with much extravagance of praise or censure. To a girl who had done well she commonly said only, "That is well done, my daughter." But to a girl who had done ill she said, "What is this that I hear?" When all was over, she remained a few minutes to talk with us, and, in departing, kissed those who presented their lips or their cheeks for the honour.

But, Madame Grondet had more solemn exhortations in reserve for great offenders. It will be observed, that although ours was the institution of the Dames Grondet, implying by its title more mistresses than one, yet Madame Grondet was sole empress and lawgiver. She had been left in sole possession ever since the marriage of her daughter at the close of the last century. It happened, then, sometimes, that Madame Grondet summoned to her private room certain offenders; generally this was for faults committed on a Sunday. The culprit would be ordered to go for rebuke to Madame Grondet's room at nine o'clock on Monday morning. There she was generally found in bed, with a silk handkerchief, instead of nightcap, tied in a free-and-easy style about her head, and with her favourite little dog Mie-mie (a vixenish cur) sharing a seat on her knees with a dish of soup. Madame would give a spoonful of her soup to Mie-mie, then take some herself, then intersperse grave admonition to the offender with amusing words of endearment to the dog. The end of the interview was usually hastened by Mie-mie, who snapping at his mistress's nose or ears, and otherwise generally exciting himself, tumbled at last into the soup; whereupon Madame would say, "Poor little pet!" as he leapt to the ground shaking his coat, and would drink off the soup that was left with great composure. Then she would say, "My daughter will you have the kindness to place my cup on the table. Thank you, my child; you may go." And so the ceremony ended.

We all dressed alike at Madame Grondet's, and never walked beyond our own garden grounds. The girls whose parents lived in Paris, went home once a fortnight on the Saturday, to stay away till Monday. I was one of that happy number; and wondrous tales we all brought home once a fortnight of the things that were to be seen and done in the great world. It was a real punishment, sometimes inflicted, to forbid one of these homeward journeys. The next worst penal sentence was confinement in a small but very cheerful room, and the cutting off for twenty-four hours of verbal communication with companions. Any girl so confined was not allowed to attend the lessons of the professors; and it was thought worth while, sometimes, to be dreadfully wicked, and to get one's self shut up, to avoid the greater disgrace of grieving some gentlemanly man by a too dreadfully imperfect lesson.

Which of our young ladies, for example, could have supported the awkwardness of her position in appearing to have been inattentive to the words of Monsieur de Lamière? He was the hero of many tales, the idol of all our imaginations. He was a tall, thin, pale, unwholesome-looking man, who smiled in a most grievous and heartrending way, and leaned upon a gold-handled cane. He had long white hands and very pink nails. The first thing every one saw who looked at him was, that he had long pink nails. He carried pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered and trimmed with lace, and he made also much use of a bonbon box, which, as the French girls said, he handed with an infinite grace to any one of us who coughed. Half those French girls professed to be in love with him; and whenever it was nearly time to go and attend his lesson, there was a universal bustle, a

smoothing of hair with little pocket-brushes that had looking-glasses in their backs, and a tying on of bits of ribbon under the plain white collars common to us all. One girl was being treated medically for a pain at the heart, which we discussed in our own conclaves, and traced very distinctly to Monsieur de Lamière.

M. de Lamière, by the by, was our instructor in the art of literary composition; and he set us such graceful themes for essays — If I were a bird—A cross on the billows,—and such topics—to promote the sprouting of our early sentiment! Indeed, few of the young French ladies did not profess some sort of heartache caused by the last gentil petit blond that had looked at them. Make love to them nobody did till a week or two before they were married. The prettiest remained at school till sixteen or seventeen; and then, some day they were sent for, shown their intended husbands, courted, and married at a fortnight's notice. They desired no more. Two or three soft words turned their heads. Let the man be gentil and the trousseau magnifique; let them be able to declare them so to all their schoolfellows, when they came in their most gorgeous bridal array among distinguished visitors on the occasion of the next breaking-up of the half year at Madame Grondet's, and then all was well, all was divine.

However, let me go back to our professors. There was clever, kind old Monsieur Juton, who taught reading, and read Esther, Athalie, or Phèdre (with the part of Phèdre omitted, by desire), with all genial enthusiasm, until long after he ought to have left off. His was an evening lesson; and the pleasant hum of his voice used to transgress, and we were glad when it did transgress beyond the borders of our bed-time.

Our dancing master was Monsieur Petitpieds, a large man with a small fiddle. He could never have shrunk into his boots, for he allowed himself only a thimbleful of leather to six slippersful of feet. He believed that the whole duty of man was fulfilled by himself, and that the whole duty of woman was to move as he moved. Upon this subject his feelings were acutely sensitive, and we girls appeared to use our arms and feet only for the purpose of putting him to constant and excruciating torture. When we danced out of time he declared himself to be in a state of desperation; when we rested one leg by shifting our whole weight to the other, he said that we took him off his hinges; when we turned in our toes, he groaned and hit himself on the head in a frantic manner with his fiddle.

In the few moments of pleased excitement that fell to his lot, he called us his little cats. We had always on entering to make him our most fascinating bow, which he always returned with imposing dignity. We had also at times to curtsey to a row of chairs, which were supposed to be Queen Marie Amélie, and three or four other persons of distinction; the great stove, the black board, the benches, and the lamp, standing about as an admiring throng. On these occasions Monsieur Petitpieds would whisper his instructions, as if afraid lest the stove or one of the chairs would hear his prompting: "Softly, softly," he would say, with the greatest excitement in his manner. "Gracefully! Now then, my little cat.—Oh! oh! oh!—Oh! you are killing me!"

Of the whole system of education, I need only say that it was oral, aided by the black board and chalk, by our note-taking, and by three or four thin books of dates and names. Music was well taught by ladies well qualified to teach, and charged at an extra rate when taught by masters. France was, of course, regarded as the only country which afforded subject-matter for the study of geography, the other countries deserving no more than a passing-glance. Among them, England was particularly execrated by the French girls, for containing such unpronouncable towns as Portsmouse and Plymouse. Scotland fared worse; but the subject of Ireland was exhausted by whomsoever learnt that Dublin was its capital. Six slips of paper found at the beginning of the half year fastened in each girl's desk, mapped out her routine of work for each of the six days of the week. We worked cheerfully enough, and there were three competitions every year for prizes. Upon such topics I need say no more.

I have touched upon the way in which many of us regarded Monsieur de Lamière. A little more must be said of that unwholesome feeling which, so far as my experience goes—happy as I was under the care of Madame Grondet—I must pronounce to be the most striking feature of a Parisian school. We talked absurdly of love, and suicide, and husbands; gentil little blonds, as lovers, were regarded by the French girls as the natural perquisites of those who should marry; and they even acted among themselves, as an every-day sport, the details and scandals that may belong to courtship, marriage, and intrigue. If two girls among us made up their minds to be one, they announced to the class, before it broke up for meals, that the marriage ceremony would take place on such a day, at such an hour, in such a part of the garden,—all being invited to assist.

At the appointed time, a mock altar was set up, and the representative of a bridegroom put her black-bodied apron on over her shoulders, so that it should resemble, after some sort, a gentleman's coat. A mock priest made a ridiculous sermon, and the pair were declared man and wife. A week or two afterwards, perhaps, the wife found her husband's temper unendurable; quarrels arose in which, now and then, the whole class, or whole school took interest; lovers appeared, divorces were agreed upon, and fresh marriages were made.

ppened to retain a love-letter addressed
rl who was supposed to be married to
nte de Parcaire, by a loving Comte de
ès—who was a girl, aged fourteen
nd a half. "Urgent!" was written
the address, and thus it runs:—"My
nder Cousin,—I have just read your
and many tears have wetted my visage
king of what you endure." (At the
of course, of her husband). "Oh, yes,
orable friend, I feel but too sharply
your ains,—I weep over them with you.
ituation is very distressing to me I
you, but detained here by indispensable duties. Oh, why, why cannot I fly to your side" . . . and so on, it runs on to become a very fervid declaration of love, and ends thus — "Adieu, most charming of women. Believe in the love, constant and sincere, of him who lives and breathes but for you. Your devoted servant and unworthy slave, De Villeprès."

There was one character in our school which never will be found wanting in any French establishment of the same kind: namely, the spy. She was a little, thin, red-nosed woman, troubled all through the year with chilblains, a miserable-looking creature, literally one of the creeping things of the earth. I think of her now with pity; I thought of her at school with loathing. She was not mistress and not servant,—as we supposed, a poor relation of Madame Grondet. She it was who admonished us of hours that we would gladly have forgotten. She it was who sent us to our practising; who carried the big keys,—not hanging in a bunch, lest they might rattle and let us know that she was stepping by, but in her hands where they were noiseless. She it was who had the power of the keys to lock us up. She it was who saw the girl, husband, wife, or lover, slipping notes under doors, and picked them from under such doors and read them. She it was who rapped at the window if a young lady took up her geography when she ought to have been practising her scales. She it was who glided from behind trees in the garden, if any girl indulged, by chance, in special execration of Madame Grondet, the priest, or the music-master—she, Mademoiselle Partange de Merville, walking leisurely within earshot, with her hands behind her, holding open, over the small of her back, a manual of prayers.

Her tongue was against us all, and all our tongues were against her; and French girls when they suspect eavesdropping can sting the listener with biting, cruel words,—for they are quick girls—only too quick, and clever, and amusing. They are not often to be led to see the earnest side of anything that has a trivial side. They have mercy upon nothing and upon nobody except their parents. Father and mother they regard universally, I think, with strong and reverent affection. And yet they are very religious; their ideas of what they are taught to regard as religious right and wrong are sharply defined; of moral right and wrong, their notions always seemed to me to be extremely vague.

Friday was the religious instruction day at Madame Grondet's. The priest then came for an hour and a half to teach the French girls their prayers and their duties. At the same time the English mistress was supposed to be engaged in the same way with us Protestants; but she preferred generally to repeat to us from memory some novels. She was, for that reason, highly popular among those over whom she was set in charge. There were never any arguments about religion between Protestants and Catholics, beyond an occasional light sneer hazarded. Once, I remember, on the question having been put to M. Juton whether Shakspeare was equal to Racine, he, merely out of kindness to the weaker party, answered, "Yes, he was." One of the girls turned to me and said, "Well, then, Protestants were not Christians"—as if that settled the question for ever in Racine's favour—but this was all. The other girls were content, some with expressing detestation of the English, and others with declaring that there were no cows and no eggs in England. The Catholic girls were more scrupulous than the Protestants in their devotions. They repeated long prayers every evening with immense rapidity. They confessed, and received the sacrament three or four times in the year; and with them this is a ceremony of the greatest moment. I used sometimes to see them writing their confessions. When this duty was to be done, they were all collected in their class-rooms, with the doors closed. A prayer having been read, they sat some time in deep meditation, with their faces buried in their hands; after that, they commenced a wild scribbling and scratching of pens. I could easily have looked over any one of them writing if I had been impertinently curious, although they were all fortified with walls of books set up on edge around them. Their character was to be gathered in ten minutes. One girl would whisper to another, "Louise, Louise, do you remember when I told Madame that lie about my writing-book?" Another would then ask, perhaps, "Marie, when was it I threw the soup under the table?" And another would cry aloud, "Adéle, can you tell me when it was that I tried to dance the can-can?"

Everything was recorded, even to all the words of ridicule (and they were many) which had been uttered against the very priest to whom they were repeated. He must have been mightily amused sometimes. I was told that he did not care half so much about untruth as about absence from mass; and, indeed, falsehoods were told in the school with the perfect indifference that belongs to one's doing of all matters of

course. The girls were, at the same time, always very careful to go regularly to chapel, and that not through any motive of fear, because they certainly had no very hard penances imposed on them for anything. I used to see them on a certain number of evenings after confession-days kneeling before the table in the dormitory, with their prayer-books, repeating penance portions—such as the Ave Maria or Credo—so many times over, as fast as possible; then they would jump up, and perhaps contradict something that had been said by somebody a long time before, while they were repeating. They thought us English girls all very greedy, because on Good Friday, instead of breakfasting as they did on dry bread and cold water, we had our usual milk and toast, and moreover some hot-cross-buns: which Madame Grondet, thinking them part of the Protestant religion, was at great pains to procure.

When any of the French girls were to receive the first communion, they were separated from the rest of us for a month or so before; and were constantly in the chapel, constantly praying, constantly employed upon religious things—except when they very naturally thought and talked about the dress they should wear on the great occasion, and about the beautiful rosaries blessed by the pope, which they expected as gifts from their friends. During a week before the great event, they lived altogether apart from us, except when they came to bed, and then they spoke to none of us. On the last night, when all their preparations were completed, when they had been absolved for all their sins from childhood to that hour, and with excited imaginations were expecting to be consecrated in the morning, they were always in bed before we went up, in order that they might avoid all intercourse with us which might lead them into any petty sin and make a fresh absolution necessary.

I heard one of these girls whisper from her bed to her friend, "Ah, Léone! If I could but die to-night, while I am sure to go to heaven!" In a minute or two there followed from the same lips another whisper, "Have you seen my new dress?"

Next morning, none of the communicants would wash their teeth, lest they should breakfast by swallowing a drop of water. Nothing was to be taken by them on that day, until they had joined the communion. It was very pretty to see these innocent young girls start off to church, all dressed in white, and veiled, with their books and rosaries in their hands, and with their simple, sincere, and profound faith shining in their young eyes. When they returned, their parents and many of their friends came with them, and our garden was given up to their exclusive use. We then saw no more of them that night.

Their Sundays were spent much less solemnly. After mass, many of them would work for seven hours practising their music; sometimes all our twenty pianos were at work together. Others spent the day in the garden, getting through their needlework and telling tales, or reading. Madame Grondet used to lend to the elder girls translations of Scott's novels. Once, she lent the Apocalypse; but I am not sure that the borrower had not been condemned to read it as a penance for her sins. Bible reading was imputed to us English girls as a crime by our schoolfellows, and was always thrown in our teeth when a reproach was wanted. I have often wondered since, what my French sisterhood can have thought the Bible contained.

The English daughters of Madame Grondet spent Sunday together, in a room assigned to them for that purpose. We went with our mistress twice to church, and in the evening had tea together, instead of dancing with the French girls in the salon. Our Protestant governess on that occasion reaped the benefit of her lax discipline, for we generously suffered her to take her second cup before we proceeded to the emptying of the kettle into the teapot and milk-jug, which was our way of prolonging the repast.

Sometimes, in the summer, on those alternate Sundays which we all spent at the school, one or two of us English girls were allowed to take an evening walk out of doors with our governess. We went to the Parc Monceau, or to Passy, and looked down on the river and the Champ de Mars. It was in the course of one of these expeditions that we saw Monsieur de Lamière sitting under a tree with a young lady, eating cherries out of a marvellously common cotton pocket-handkerchief. The report instantly spread in the school, and it was said that he was going to be married; which indeed he was. The increase in the number of heart-aches thus occasioned was enormous.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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SUNDAY TEA-GARDENS.

I HAVE been over, in my time (and it has not been so extended a one, either) a good many "works." Works for making gas, and cotton sheetings, and lump sugar, and ladies' bonnet ribbons, and gutta percha tubing, and biscuits for the use of Her Majesty's navy. I have seen innumerable jennies, cranks, chucks (excentric and otherwise), lathes, screws, and endless straps. I have heard, at the Polytechnic and the Panopticon, learned professors explain multifarious varieties of machinery in motion, and have come away—I am ashamed to confess it—not much wiser for the explanation. Yet I have learnt one thing, although the extent of my mechanical knowledge is very limited. Wherever I have seen machinery in motion; wherever there was a snorting, jarring, oscillating, whizzing, buzzing, screaming, groaning, whistling noise of wheels and levers, cranks and piston-rods, I have always remarked a very strong, warm, oleaginous smell, variating between that of a cookshop and a tallow manufactory. I have learnt that this fatty odour arises from the grease with which the machinery is lubricated, and that the wheels, the cranks, the whole machine cannot go on comfortably or safely at all, without this unctuous relief. I suppose it is the same with the axle-boxes of the railway carriages, which swallow up the yellow compound administered to them by railway-porters so greedily; I suppose it is the same with the I-don't-know-how-many-horse-power engines on board Waterman Number Four, which cry out for grease so continually, and make the engineer so shiny in appearance and powerful in smell; I suppose it is the same with the obstinate lock of my parlour door, which in its rebellious rustiness sets up its tumblers to every ward of every key in the picklock's huge bunch, until one drop of oil being gently insinuated into its cavities on the top of a goose-quill, it yields to the magical power of grease in a moment, and becomes as easy as a glove immediately.

This human machine, which goes on the whole with so much regularity, and turns out so large a quantity of work, material and intellectual, with such satisfaction to society, requires a little grease, too, sometimes. That cunning engineer, Nature, has of herself provided a natural spontaneous oil for the lubrication of the joints of the body, else would the muscles grow rigid and the sinews crack. But the joints of the mind: do not *they* require to be greased occasionally? Is that machinery which works in cellular tissues, and beneath mucous membranes, and in a network of so many thousand exquisitely delicate meshes, so easily broken, so hardly repaired, in no need of relief? Is the brain not in some danger of growing rusty, and out of order, of stopping altogether for lack of oil, or, through ceaseless and intolerable friction, of going (which is worse) to all sorts of blazes of discontent, hatred, and angry madness, if a drop of oil on a goose-quill be not tenderly administered now and then? When that big ship the Royal Albert was launched at Woolwich the other day, unnumbered pounds of tallow were employed to grease her false keel, and the ways down which she slid. Else would she have stuck in the slip till this day, and forty-thousand dogshores might have been knocked away in vain. The ship of life will stick in the mud too, if a little grease be not judiciously employed to get her off.

The elders of this nation, until very lately, would not seem to have had much faith in the efficacy of any lubricant for the well-going of the machine public. They barely acknowledge, even now, that grease may be a good thing: leaving the public to supply its own grease (if it can) according to its own imaginations. Thus one citizen has mixed his lubricant with scented bear's grease, another with brandy and water, another with raw gin, a fourth with vinegar, a fifth with gall and wormwood. Another and a far more numerous class, who cannot always help or choose for themselves, and do require a little help sometimes, have taken any grease that came to hand just as they could get it, and have got on as well as they could—running off the road and coming into dangerous collision now and then, to the great astonishment and indignation of the aforesaid elders.

The few can grease their wheels any day in the week, and all day long, if they like. The many have only the one day, Sunday,

and but a few hours of that, to clean off the accumulating rust which the social wheels will gather from se'nnight to se'nnight. I cursorily traced, lately, some of the street features of a Sunday out. Let me devote these present lines to Sunday on the river and in the tea-gardens.

Waterman Number One Hundred, in which I start from Hungerford Pier, is very full. So crowded is it when we start, that I should be inclined to give a flat contradiction to anybody who told me it could possibly hold any more; yet we seem to take in and find room for a few dozen more at every pier. We are (and I am delighted to see it) a mixed assembly: swells of the most solemn description quite barricaded from the vulgar view by all-round collars, and elevated above meaner mortals towards their native ether by the highest of heeled boots, being in close proximity to horny-handed mechanics and their families. Soldiers, working young fellows and their sweethearts, and boys, who have been clubbing among themselves for cheroots and half-pint bottles of stout, together with that intoxicating viand, the Abernethy biscuit, and who are bent on seeing life. I am pleased to observe, too, that a very large proportion of the passengers have provided themselves with copies of the cheap periodicals sold on the steamboat piers. I am not disposed, seeing them read, to be quite so critical as to the character of the literature they are reading, as a newspaper commissioner, or Cardinal Wiseman. I am afraid there is but little about St. Alphonso Liguori, or Doctor Lardner on the Steam-Engine, or Anonymous on the Measurement of the Parabola, in these publications. I see a good many humorous woodcuts, and observe sundry grins of the broadest description pervading the countenances of the purchasers as they read. This is bad. It is better though, or so it appears to me, that they should be studying a nonsensical broadsheet of fun, with one hundred comic cuts for one penny, or even that they should be absorbed by the last police-case, or elopement in high life, than they should be beguiling their passage down the river by shouting scurrilities to the passengers by other boats. The Sunday travellers had no better amusement than that, in the polished days of Mr. Ned Ward. People were given to it even in the soberer days when it pleased Doctor Johnson to take a pair of sculls at the Temple Stairs with Mr. Boswell.

We paddle down the river in the golden evening. The very smoke of London turns crimson in honour of the Sunday sun, and wraps round the blue dome of the master-church like a king's mantle. The white shirt-sleeves of the rowers that shoot past us; the thousand and one masts in the pool, dressed out with Sunday flags; the thronged Gravesend boats, full of light bonnets and summer muslins; the tuneful bands, the dancing, rippling, sparkling water, looking as though it would never have the heart to drown a man—all these make my soul merry within me, and give great glory to Grease. More than this, I have picked up a genial companion on board. "Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est." A merry travelling companion is as good as a coach, says old Tully, and my travelling friend is indeed the representative of a coach—I have seen him upon a coach often, I fancy; a long coach, painted black, with much velvet and fringe upon it, drawn by long-tailed, long-maned horses, also black; and on the roof of which my friend with some half-dozen others sit with their legs swinging, and holding on by the ornamented pegs, to which the black ostrich plumes are affixed. He has those plumes in a bag beside him now, on board Waterman One Hundred; and, having a red nose, a rusty black suit, a frayed white neckcloth, and a most humourous countenance, is—of course—an undertaker's man. I like him much, though that never-failing odour of mingled mouldiness and recently consumed spirits which distinguishes his profession, pervades him. He is full of humour, shrewd observation, caustic comment, and good-humoured satire. He takes the cheeriest view of things mundane. I should like him to bury me.—Bump!

This last ejaculation, I humbly beg to observe, does not in the least relate to the mirthful philosophy of the man who does black work. It is Waterman Number One Hundred that bumps, not the undertaker. I had observed for a considerable time that our gallant craft was moving through the water rather slowly, and made very little way, and that we were on this side of the Tunnel Pier, when we ought to have been at Blackwall. I had half, in my carelessness, and desire to impute the best motives to everybody, assumed that the Waterman's captain desired to give us the best possible view of the river prospect, and therefore steamed along gently; but the bump scatters that theory to the winds. Have we run aground? Have we sprung a leak? Are we to go down as when Kempenfeldt's sword was in the sheath, when his fingers held the pen, the Royal George went down with twice four hundred men? An immediate rush is made forward, and a counter-rush aft. The engine begins to give forth strange noises, and to emit steam from strange places. The ladies begin to scream and threaten fainting; and a considerable section vehemently express their wish and determination to "get out," which, there being no boat near, is ridiculous. There is "something the matter" with the engines. I think there is something the matter with the engineer, whose greasy trunk, accumbent between the deck and the engine-room skylight, is now visible, and who looks wrathfully, and, I am afraid a little rumfully, at the captain. The

call-boy has disappeared altogether. Has he mutinied? Is he traitor? Can he have sold himself for Russian gold? The captain seems puzzled. He sweeps the horizon with his eagle glance, but the glance comes back as if it were not at all satisfied with the excursion. He looks down at the engineer's wrathful trunk, and into the coaly engine-room, as if this last were the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and he didn't know what to make of him. A gentleman on board (he turned a little pale at the bump, and assured his lady companion rather tremulously, that there was no danger), wishing to be facetious under difficulties, asks the captain "what his little game is?" to which the commander answers, like an oracle of Delphos, "to get to Woolwich as fast as he can;" but, oracle-like, does not explain how he intends to accomplish the feat. A great many people have gathered amidships, and are examining the engines with that fixed, absorbed vacuity of curiosity with which people look at the moon, or a fallen cabhorse, or an omnibus with the wheel off, or a gentleman having his boots cleaned by one of the brigade. Several people say "it's a shame," and the juvenile portion of the passengers generally vote the accident "a lark;" one gloomy man (there is always one person at least in every public conveyance, whose name is Misanthropos, and who hates mankind) prophesies fatal consequences, and audibly expresses his conviction that the directors of the company are liable to be indicted for manslaughter, and that the stoker is drunk; one individual in a light brown paletot, publicly gives out his determination to write to the Times, and probably retiring within himself to concoct that epistle, mentally, is thenceforth dumb. Meanwhile, the steamer continues motionless. After a great deal of hammering and rumbling, and a colloquy between the captain and the engineer, which is rather more personal than pleasant, the paddle-wheels make a feeble revolution or two, and then stop again. Worse than this, the anchor won't hold the ground, and we drift miserably into the middle of the stream, like a log as we are, passed by crowded steamboats that laugh at our disaster, and heavy sluggish lighters and hay-barges, whose fantailed-hatted commanders openly deride us. I am not going to stand this any longer. A wherry approaches. I jump in it; and if the officers of the company want to collect the sky-blue ticket which is available for this day only, and from the pier from which it is issued, they must come and fetch it. Thus, I leave Waterman Number One Hundred to her fate. I should have liked to take the man who does black work with me, but he sticks to the ship—probably with an eye to business. Off goes the wherry, and whether the Waterman steamer went to Woolwich, or Wales, or the World's end that day, I don't know.

Of all havens on the shores of the earth I am landed at Rotherhithe. I do not object to paying the somewhat exorbitant fare which my conductor demands of me, because he grounds his extortion upon the very logical position that "steamers don't break down every day." Happily, they don't. But, I think when I have advanced a few hundred paces inland, that I might just as well have been set ashore on Juan Fernandez, or on the inhospitable shores of Patagonia, as at Rotherhithe. It is dreadfully barbarous. I know the Commercial Docks must be close by, for I wander over bridges and among locks, and am beset by yards of ships at every step. But I can find no houses, no edifices save ropeyard H and sailyard X; I can see nothing in the distance but windmills, tall chimneys, and more masts of ships. I know that Deptford and Greenwich must be some two or three miles further on, but I can find no one to put me in the direct road thereto. I meet four men in fur caps and red flannel shirts. I ask them; but the spokesman (if he indeed could be called a spokesman who spoke not), answers with a guttural grunt, like a benighted Dutchman as he is, and walks away. I ask an educational man, in black, with a white neckcloth, but he, pulling a dial from his poke (like the philosopher in As You Like It, that Jaques met), tells me very wisely that it is half-past six o'clock, and that Shiloh Chapel is close by. I come at last to a dreary canal, a most melancholy artificial estuary like a river that has seen the vanity of the world's ways, and has determined to live by line and rule in future. Here, I meet a little boy in corduroy who looks intelligent. I ask him the nearest way to Greenwich. He stares at me; scratches his head, and calls "Tom!"

Tom, a little bigger and in fustian, comes up, and saying, feebly, "Rotherhithe,"—runs away as hard as ever his legs can carry him. So, at last, finding nobody to tell me the way to Greenwich, I am fain to find it out myself. Knowing that it must be down the river, somewhere, I keep close to the river, and keep on walking stoutly:—not making much way, but hopeful of getting to my journey's end, eventually.

If I am nearly an hour walking to Deptford, and an hour more walking to Greenwich, my journey is amply repaid by the discoveries I make. I fall upon a whole riverside, full of tea-gardens. Perhaps, with more propriety they might be called bottled beer-gardens; cold rum and water gardens, tobacco-pipe gardens; but tea, bread and butter, and shrimps, prevail to a great extent, notwithstanding. Oozy meadows run down to the river's bank; sedgy little summer-houses hang over the brink; and in some instances the house itself overlooks the water: and its balconies, perched high and dry above the tide, its windows, its very roof, are crowded with Sunday faces. Here you may

see the public wheels greased in the most primitive fashion; for, the aristocracy does not frequent these Sunday tea-gardens; the wealthy tradesman scarcely knows of their existence; the most elevated personages who are aware of them are the licensing magistrates. Here come, emphatically, the public; the working, toiling, sweating, patient, legislatively-silent, and neither monster petitioning nor monstrously petitioning, public; hither they bring the wives of their bosoms, and the children of their hopes and poverty; and though Heaven knows the air from the Isle of Dogs is not the balmiest, or most odoriferous in the world—though the gardens and summer-houses are of the shabbiest and darkest—here they sit in the summer evenings, and smoke, drink, and enjoy themselves.

Yes. They *will* smoke the strongest of tobacco; they will call for a pot of mild ale, and a seedy biscuit; Mrs. Opus will quench her thirst, and the boys will take a drink, and even young two years old will have a sup, and John Opus, the bread-winner, will take a mighty pull. And it is my firm belief that if all the palace gardens, parks, picture-galleries, museums, conservatories, and aviaries, in all England, were to be opened on Sunday from morn till dusk, directly; as soon as the public had sensibly enjoyed a sufficient quantity of art-instruction, and was approaching within sight of the distant confines of art-botheration, John Opus, the working man, would say to Rebecca his wife, "Now, Becky, I just feel comfortable for a pipe and a glass of ale, and I am sure you must be thirsty, so come along." And they will go and partake of these unlawful things; and I am sorry that the world is so depraved: but grease there must be—or things you little dream of will take fire from over-friction—and though you lay on the genuine Pharisee paint an inch thick, to this complexion you must come.

SICK BODY, SICK BRAIN.

Occasional illustrations of the superstition of the middle ages led us to remark, some time ago, on the great prevalence of insanity, caused in the good old times by the mixture of horrible thoughts and lumps of diseased fancy with the ideas common among the people.* Of the wretched position of unhappy lunatics, persecuted, maimed, tortured, and burnt by neighbours and magistrates, who accepted as facts all their delusions, and convicted them by the testimony of their own wild words, some illustrations have been given. The region of superstition that remains yet to be sketched is very rich in produce of this kind. I do not mean to pass into that region now, because it was not by superstition only, or only by that and the oppressive forms of a debased church system, that the minds of men were broken down, powerful agencies as they both were. These moral pestilences acted upon brains that had been first weakened by the physical plagues to which bodies were subject.

We are not free from such afflictions yet. We are at this hour shrinking from the breath of cholera. It comes home to the poor. It comes home to the minister of state. He may sacrifice sanitary legislation to the first comer who attempts to sneer it down, and journey home to find the grateful plague sitting in his own hall ready with the only thanks that it can offer. At this we sincerely grieve, and perhaps tremble; but we know nothing of the terror of a plague as it was terrible in the old times of famine among the poor, wrong living and bad housing among the rich, of townships altogether drainless, of filth, ignorance, and horrible neglect. The ravages made formerly in Europe by the small-pox or measles, the dreadful spread of leprosy, the devastation on the path of the black death and the sweating sickness, have no parallel in our day. Extreme as are the sufferings of our poor in the hungry winter season, we understand but faintly the intensity and extent of the distress which the old poet had often seen who wrote—

> Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
> Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
> Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
> And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
> From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.

I particularly wish to show how in the good old times men's bodies were wasted, and how there was produced out of such wasting a weakening and wasting of their minds. The treatises of a learned German Doctor Hecker, on the Epidemics of the Middle Ages (which have been translated for our Sydenham Society by Doctor Babington) will provide an ample fund on which to draw for information. We cannot study rightly sickness of the mind without bringing sickness of the body into question. It is necessary to begin with that.

There was one disease called the black death, the black plague, or the great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Six others had made themselves famous during the preceding eight and forty years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north, occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking

* See vol. ix., pp. 170, 410.

filthy streets, as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense and morals were debased; little control was set upon the passions. To such men came the pestilence, which was said to have slain thirteen millions of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. Those were exaggerated statements, but they were credited, and terrified the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews drifted about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded.

In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many committed suicide in frenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasure to the churches and the monasteries; where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over their walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about livid as the dead. Houses quitted by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in Avignon, was forced, because all the churchyards were full, to consecrate as a burial-place the river Rhone, and assure to the faithful an interment, if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carted out of towns for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living, every one knows: it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death, which began towards the close of the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight to ravage England; and of which Antony Wood says extravagantly, that, at the close of it, scarcely a tenth part of the people of this country remained living.

Churches were shunned as places of infection, but enriched with mad donations and bequests; what little instruction had before been imparted ceased; covetousness increased, and when health returned men were amazed to observe how largely the proportion of lawyers to the rest of the community had been augmented. So many sudden deaths had begotten endless disputes about inheritance. Brothers deserted brothers; even parents fled from their children, leaving them to die untended. The sick were nursed, when they were nursed at all, by greedy hirelings at enormous charge. The wealthy lady, noble of birth, trained in the best refinement of her time, as pure and modest perhaps as she was beautiful, could sometimes hire no better nurse than a street ruffian to minister to her in her mortal sickness. It appears most probable that this pestilence, which historians often dismiss in a paragraph, destroyed a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe. The curious fact follows, which accords with one of the most mysterious of all the certain laws of nature, that the numbers of the people were in some degree replenished by a very marked increase in the fruitfulness of marriage. We know how the poor, lodged in places dangerous to life, surround themselves with little families, and how births multiply deaths increase among them. To this natural law the attention of men was strongly forced, even at the time of the black plague.

But lesser local pestilences arose incessantly and the bodies of multitudes who were not slain were weakened by the influences that destroyed so many, while, at the same time, few minds escaped the influence of superstitious dread, arising out of such calamities. The best physicians ascribed the black plague to the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign of Aquarius, which took place about Lady-day, in the year thirteen hundred and forty-five. Such conjunctions always foreboded horrors to men, and every plague was in this way connected with the stars. Many a deed that proved the dignity and beauty of man's nature was done quietly during those days of trial; bands of Sisters of Charity at Paris perished in the work of mercy to the sick, and were supplied with unfailing troops of new recruits; but bigotry and folly had the loudest voices, and took possession of the public ear.

Then arose in Hungary, and afterwards in Germany, the Brotherhood of the Flagellants —men and even women and children of all ranks entering the order, marched about towns in procession, each flagellant with a red cross on the breast, back, and cap, and carrying a triple scourge, and all recommended to attention by the pomp of tapers and superb banners of velvet and cloth of gold. They multiplied so fast, and claimed rights so independent—for they even absolved each other — that they came to be regarded by the church as dangerous. They were put down at last by persecution, the enthusiasm of the populace in their behalf being converted into a relentless rage against them.

The rage of the populace was felt most severely by the Jews. Pestilence was ascribed usually in those days to poisoned wells, and the wells, it was said commonly, were poisoned by the Jews. So it was at the time of the black plague. The persecution of the Jews began in those days at Chillon, and spread from Switzerland through Europe. Tortured and

maddened, many poor Jews confessed all that men would have had confessed by them, and told horrible tales of powdered basilisk, and of the bags of poison sent among the faithful of Israel from the great Rabbi at Toledo. All the Jews in Basle were shut up in a wooden building and therein smothered and burnt alive. The same fate happened to the Jews at Freyburg. In acquiescence with the popular idea, wells had been bricked over and buckets removed. If, therefore, in any town, a man rose to plead for the unhappy children of Israel, the populace asked why it was, if they were not guilty, that the authorities had covered up the wells. But there was not wanting other evidence: poison-bags, which Christians had thrown there, were found in springs. At Spires, the Jews withdrew into their houses and, setting fire to them, burnt themselves and all they had with their own hands. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial ground—those who, in frantic terror broke their bonds and fled, being pursued and murdered in the street. Only in Lithuania this afflicted people found a place of safety. There they were protected by King Casimir the Great, who loved a Jewish Esther, and the Lithuanian Jews still form a large body of men who have lived in much seclusion, and retained many of the manners of the middle ages.

It was among people weakened physically and mentally by desperate afflictions and emotions that there arose certain dancing manias, which formed a fresh disease, affecting both the body and the mind. The same generation that had seen the terrors of the black death, saw, some twenty years afterwards, men and women dancing in a ring; shrieking, and calling wildly on St. John the Baptist; and at last, as if seized with an epileptic fit, tumbling on the ground, where they desired to be trodden upon and kicked, and were most cheerfully and freely trodden upon and kicked by the bystanders. Their wild ways infected others with diseased bodies and minds, and the disease called St. John's dance, which was supposed to be a form of demoniacal possession, spread over the Netherlands. The St. John's dancers were exorcised and made wonderful confessions. If they had not put themselves under the patronage of St. John (to whose festival pagan rites and dances had been transferred by the Germans) they would have been racked and burnt. Their number increased so fast that men were afraid of them; they communicated to each other morbid fancies; such as a furious hatred of the red colour, with the bull's desire to tear every red cloth to rags, and a detestation of pointed shoes, against which, and other matters of fashion, the priests had declaimed often from their pulpits. The St. John's dancers became so numerous and so violent that, in Liége, the authorities were intimidated; and, in deference to the prejudices of the dancers, an ordinance was issued to the effect that no one should wear any but squaretoed shoes. This madness appeared also at Metz, and Cologne, and extended through the cities of the Rhine.

A similar lunacy broke out some time afterwards at Strasburg, where the dancers were cared for by the town council, and conducted to the chapel of St. Vitus, a youthful saint, martyred in the time of Diocletian. For this saint, because little was known of him, a legend could be made suited to the emergency, in evidence that he, and he alone, was able to cure the dancing plague. The plague, however, spread; and, as the physicians regarded it as a purely spiritual question, it was left to the care of the Church, and even a century later, on St. Vitus's day, women went to the chapel of St. Vitus to dance off the fever that had accumulated in them during the past twelvemonth. But at that time the lunacy was near its end, for I need not say that it had little in common with the disease known as St. Vitus's dance by the physicians of the present day. In its first years it attacked violently people of all ranks, especially those leading sedentary lives, and impelled them to dance even to death sometimes, to dash their brains out against walls, or to plunge into rivers.

Everyone has heard of a madness of this kind that arose in Apulia, among people who had been, or fancied that they had been bitten by a ground spider, called the tarantula. Those who were bitten were said to have become melancholy, very open to the influence of music, given to wild joyous fits of dancing, or to miserable fits of weeping, morbid longings, and fatal paroxysms either of laughter or of sobs. At the close of the fifteenth century the fear of this malady had spread beyond Apulia. The poison of the tarantula, it was believed, could only be worked off by those in whom it begot a violent energy of dancing,—it passed out then with the perspiration; but if any lingered in the blood, the disorder became chronic or intermittent; and the afflicted person would be liable to suffering and melancholy, which, whenever it reached a certain height would be relieved by dancing. The tarantati, or persons bitten by the tarantula, had various whims, and they also had violent preferences for and antipathies to colours. Most of them were wild in love of red, many were excited by green objects, and so forth. They could only dance to music, and to the music of certain tunes which were called tarantellas, and one man's tarantella would not always suit another. Some needed a quick tune, others a melancholy measure, others a suggestion of green fields in the music as well as in the words that always went with it. Nearly all tarantati required some reference to water, were mad in longing for the sea, and would be ecstatic at the sight of water in a pan.

Some even would dance with a cup of water in their hands, or plunge their heads after dancing in a tub of water, set for them, and trimmed with rushes. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the cure of the tarantati was attempted on a grand scale. Bands of musicians went among the villages, playing tarantellas; and the women were so especially interested in this way of bringing relief to the afflicted, that the period of tarantella-playing was called "the women's little carnival." The good creatures saved up their spare money to pay for the dances, and deserted their household duties to assist at them. One rich lady, Mita Lupa, spent her whole fortune on these works of charity.

A direction was often given by this little carnival to the thoughts of hysterical women. They sickened as it approached, danced, and were for a season whole; but the tarantati included quite as many men as women. Even the sceptic could not shake off the influence of general credulity. Gianbatista Quinzato, Bishop of Foligno, suffered himself, in bravado, to be bitten by a tarantula; but to the shame of his episcopal gravity, he could obtain a cure only by dancing.

When bodies are ill-housed or ill-nourished, or by late sickness or other cause depressed, as most men's bodies were in the middle ages, minds are apt to receive morbid impressions. The examples just given show how rapidly across such tinder the fire of a lunatic fancy spreads. People abounded who were even glad to persuade themselves that they were changed into wolves every night, that they were witches, or that they were possessed by demons.

About fifty years ago, a young woman of strong frame, visited a friend in one of the Berlin hospitals. On entering a ward she fell down in strong convulsion. Six female patients who saw her became at once convulsed in the same way; and, by degrees, eight others passed into the same condition for four months; during which time two of the nurses followed their example. They were all between sixteen and twenty-five years old.

In a Methodist chapel at Redruth a man cried suddenly, "What shall I do to be saved?" and made contortions expressive of severe distress. Other members of the congregation very shortly afterwards uttered the same words, and seemed to suffer excruciating pain. The occurrence having excited curiosity, the new complaint spread through all the adjacent towns of Camborne, Penzance, Truro, Helstone, Falmouth, and the intervening villages. It was an epidemic confined to Methodist chapels, and people of the lowest class; it consisted always in the utterance of the same words, followed by convulsions. Within no very long time, four thousand people had become affected by the malady. A somewhat similar disorder has prevailed for a long time in the Shetland Islands.

Other madnesses of this kind, will occur to the minds of many readers. There is not necessarily deceit or hypocrisy in such outbreaks: they are contemporary illustrations, each on a small scale, of a kind of mental disorder which was one of the most universal of the sorrows of the middle ages. Men were liable in masses to delusions so absurd, and so sincere, that it is impossible to exclude from a fair study of the social life of our forefathers a constant reference to such unsound conditions of their minds.

AN EXCURSION TRAIN, BEFORE STEAM.

ADVERTISEMENTS of steamboat trips and railway excursions crowd whole columns of our newspapers, stare upon us from many-coloured placards from every wall, and it is pleasant to look back upon the quiet, cosy doings of our great grandfathers; with whom a journey of twenty miles into the country was an event to be talked about for the rest of the year. A family tour of some three hundred miles in our own land was a more serious undertaking than a tour through France and Italy would be in the present day. No wonder that the worthy gentleman, who, with his brother and sister-in-law, cousin Sam, and three friends, determined thus to ruralise, a hundred and six years ago, should keep a diary of each passing event, and write the whole, on his return, fairly out with a crow-quill pen in the little book discoloured with age which is now before us.

What has speed to do with holiday-making? A landau and four with an equestrian escort could travel quite fast enough for pleasure. Wherefore make haste to the end of the journey, when the journey itself was the chief pleasure? Thus thought the excursionists, whose proceedings we are about to describe. There were no planning over-night, and setting out the next morning in the sober days of George the Second. Even the traveller by the Wonder or the Dispatch took his place, and paid for it, a week beforehand. Much more was deliberation necessary when there was a stout landau to be provided, and a careful driver, and horses warranted to carry well for the three equestrians. And, what a stock of London comforts had to be provided for the solace of travellers bound almost to the foot of the Welch mountains! There was arquebusade, and Hungary water, and cardamom comfits for the ladies; a bottle of genuine Cognac, and cordial waters, for the gentlemen, and a stock of rappee snuff for both. The gunpowder tea, and the loaf of double-refined sugar—most acceptable presents to country cousins—and the road-book to point out all the places worth seeing, and the pocket perspective-glass to see them with. Adroit packing had to be employed to get the stout lutestring and brocade mantuas, buckram-med and whaleboned as they were,

into the huge trunks. Ruffles and lappets demanded the most gingerly handling, that they might not be crushed in the little bandbox. The gentlemen had their share of these troubles; for the best suit, with its buckrammed long skirts and huge-pocketed waistcoats, was almost as intractable as the lady's mantua, while the wig—frizzled, pomatumed, powdered—was packed in its appropriated huge box, as carefully as if each particular hair were endowed with feeling and would protest against anything but the gentlest usage. They made little preparation for rain, save in the thickness of the gentlemen's shoes. There was the scarlet rocquelaure, indeed; and, if the shower came very fast they unlooped the three corners of their cocked hats: but the ladies, with only the silk hood and the huge green fan—their only substitute for a parasol—how anxiously must they have watched the changes of the weather!

It happened however that the July of seventeen hundred and forty-eight was clear, warm, and sunny. All the trunks being arranged, and all the indispensable et ceteras duly provided "at eight o'clock in the morning, on the fourth, the two ladies, Mr. J., and myself in the landau and four, and brother Valentine and cousin Sam and his friend each on horse-back, we set forth."

Cousin Sam was a valuable assistant. An experienced traveller, a merry companion, and moreover

> A train-band captain eke was he
> Of famous London town.

To him was committed the guidance of the party, together with the equally important office of superintending the commissariat. Who cannot see the cavalcade setting out? The lumbering landau; the ladies in mohair dresses and hoods and cardinals, green fans, with arquebusade-bottle in hand; the two gentlemen in sad-coloured suits, wigs, undress cravat and ruffles; while the equestrians, in their riding bob-wigs, buckskins, and huge top-boots, trotting quietly by the side; cousin Sam sometimes riding forward to reconnoitre, sometimes riding back to consult "The Roads through England Delineated, revised, improved, and reduced to a size portable for the pocket, by John Senex," the which, purchased for this very journey at the Black Horse in Cornhill, is very carefully turned over by the narrator of the journey.

They have passed Hyde Park and Kensington: they are actually in the country, past Brentford, and approaching Hounslow Heath. That dreaded heath is safe enough provided you keep along the high road and beneath a noontide sun. But we can well imagine the solemn looks cast around, and how the ladies' arquebusade is put in requisition as the tall gibbets come in sight. One-mile heath, two-mile heath, three-mile heath—so says the guide-book cruelly enough, as if to emphasise the probable danger of the way. But all three miles are past, the road to Salt Hill is taken; and here, at the Windmill, they dine; all of them quite cheerfully, having had a good day so far. Nor did they hurry on; for a pleasant ride to Henley completed their day's journey.

Another fine morning rose upon them, and they proceeded to Dorchester, where they viewed the antiquities of the place, especially an ancient altar. No antiquities were thought worthy of notice then except Roman antiquities; and then they went on to Oxford. "Here we dressed, and after dinner congratulated each other on the palpable amendment of our looks." Truly, a journey to Oxford was something for stay-at-home people to brag of; so no wonder it was matter of congratulation that their health had not failed them. Oxford presented many notable things; the printing-office, at which the ladies greatly marvelled; and where doubtless they had their names, and the date of their visit, printed within a curious border of eylet-holes and little bolt-upright flowers, after the manner of printing-houses a hundred years ago. Then they went to the lecture-theatre, to Dr. Radcliffe's new library, and the solemn Bodleian, which doubtless they found very dull and gothic; all affording matter for a variety of speculations. The speculations of our worthy diarist were, however, not altogether favourable to Oxford. As a determined whig, patronising the Daily Courant and the Amsterdam Coffee-house, he looked with little pleasure upon colleges where the Pretender's health had been furtively toasted, and whence, not three years before, the progress of the Jacobite army had been watched with undisguised satisfaction. Indeed, so inveterate were the Stuart tendencies of Oxford, that only in the preceding February, a Jacobite manifestation had been got up by the gownsmen of so serious a character that the heads of houses were compelled to pass a vote of censure, and to put some of the leaders into confinement.

Without reluctance, therefore, on the following morning, after visiting the Physic Garden (where the sensitive plants excited their wondering admiration), the party left this beautiful city, its best associations and fine architecture unappreciated in that formal age; and bent their way to the more grateful shades of Woodstock, where stood the Mecca of the whig partisan, Blenheim. After a good dinner—a shoulder of lamb and cauliflower, a couple of chickens and a dish of tarts—they repaired to "this large, sumptuous building, the noble monument of a nation's gratitude to a man so famous in his day, and viewed with much delight the incomparable paintings and hangings, although," adds the writer, "the remembrance of the ungrateful treatment he afterwards received,

and the inglorious peace, made after so many great victories, cast such a damp on my mind that nothing could wholly efface." The whig partisan of that day was as completely deceived as to the merits of his idol as the hottest tory. The hero of Blenheim, Corporal John, the darling of the common soldier whom he cheated and starved, added to all the duplicity of the Stuart race, a miserly rapacity which they would have scorned.

A pleasant drive to Euston chased away all unpleasant reflections, and the ladies, in a little hermitage, or sort of grotto of natural rock-work—grottos were quite the vogue then—were entertained with small cascades, and an artificial bird, which began singing in the midst of the streams. This, although artificial enough, seems to have been much admired by gentlemen as well as ladies, who doubtless thought that birds singing in the midst of waterfalls was quite rural. Onward they proceeded to Chipping Norton, where a good supper concluded the day. Rendered sentimental by the ruralities of Euston and its grotto, the married gentlemen began to urge upon cousin Sam the propriety of his taking a wife, having afforded him every facility, by recommending a certain Miss E——; but he replied that he liked her, but does not care to marry! A note of admiration is put after this provoking reply; and we can easily imagine the lectures cousin Sam had from the gentlemen, and the angry raps of the fan from the ladies, at this discourteous confession. But it would not do to affront cousin Sam: he was their guide and commissary general; so they all merrily drank to his speedy change of mind in a glass of old mountain, and then retired to rest.

Up betimes the following morning—seventeen miles to go before breakfast. The reader is not to suppose, however, that our friends set out fasting. No, they took tea first, and then, on arriving at Broadway, made their breakfast on tea and coffee. And here, from the vantage ground of Broadway hills, our journalist becomes quite poetical. The lofty mountains and pleasant vales, distant villages, and richly laden fields, must indeed have delighted the Londoners; but alas! here were no London roads. So the heavy landau jolted onward, swaying from side to side, now almost overturned in a deep rut, and now sinking into quagmires, but happily without endangering life or limb. Breakfast ended—the road was more rugged than ever, and the occupants of the landau were half jolted to pieces. Yet, this was on the main road from London to Worcester, and in the finest summer weather! They dined at Evesham, however, and then cousin Sam, cruelly taking advantage of the wearied company, determined to give them his opinion—which was anything but complimentary—of the fair sex and matrimony. The ladies bore it very patiently, the narrator adds, which was much to their credit, for certainly the would-be wits of that age had furnished the anti-marrying portion of their sex with plenty of sarcasm both in prose and verse. Cousin Sam took care not to offend the ladies beyond hope of pardon; for we find that they all proceeded pleasantly to Pershore to tea; and thence, by slow stages, arrived at Worcester a little before nine, not a little tired with the length of this day's journey—forty-three miles.

The fatigues of the preceding day rendering more rest necessary, here they stayed until the afternoon, seeing the lions of the place, and dining comfortably on eels and Severn salmon, and the other et ceteras of a good dinner. Here they were gratified too by the appearance of cousin John, who had come over from Ludlow on purpose to be their guide; through the perils of the coming way. So forth they set; and, though the landau sometimes stuck fast in the clay, and sometimes was threatened to be buried in the sand, they came at length safely to Bewdley. Next morning, not without discouraging apprehensions, they again set out, very soon finding the unsuitableness of the road to the landau; which in the space of two hours and a half, performed a distance of scarcely eight miles. They now dined, better than they expected, on hind quarter of lamb, salad, and ducks; but, alas! London ale and porter were unattainable, and they were obliged to be contented with mere cider.

And now came the last stage of this eventful journey of one hundred and thirty-six miles, performed in five days. Ere long, the landau stuck fast, and the equestrians had to help it out; then they were puzzled as to the best road, and had to seek a guide. Again the landau stuck fast; and this time, fearing lest it should be irretrievably imbedded, the four occupants agreed to quit it and walk; while the landau dragged its slow length along, uselessly enough, behind them. The road, however, as they approached Ludlow became more traversable, ladies and gentlemen resumed their seats, and, in due form the party from London arrived at the residence of their country cousins.

Ludlow is a fine town, both from situation and associations. Extensive views are girdled in by the distant blue of the Welsh mountains, or stretch out to the vale of the Severn. Vivid associations of the past are also connected with Ludlow, from the time when the stern towers of the castle were reared to overawe the Welsh marches and the Lords' Marchers dwelt in feudal state, to the day when the Earl of Bridgewater held court there, and Milton's inimitable Comus was performed by his children during the Christmas festival.

The London visitants remained with their hosts nearly a fortnight; but we much doubt whether one single thought of these past days ever crossed their minds,—one sweet fancy of the maiden wandering through the riot-

haunted wood in unblenched purity, or Sabrina fair,—

> In twisted braids of lilies knitting
> The loose train of her amber-dropping hair.

How great was the loss of our forefathers during the last century, when all the glorious poetry of our elder bards was cast aside for formal essays in heroic verse, and namby-pamby songs about Corydon and Phillis, and Damon and Chloe! Well educated people of those days quoted Mr. Pope, and patronised the Gentleman's Magazine, and some of them, we know, had the poems of the celebrated John Milton,—but who read him? As for our excursionists, they took pleasant walks, all by the river's side, or down in the meadows —perhaps wondering they did not find shepherdesses in flowered brocade, and marvelling greatly at the un-Corydon-like looks of the shepherds and swains.

Meanwhile the writer of the journal, who was of a philosophic turn of mind, amused himself with visiting a paper-mill and an iron-foundry in the neighbourhood. With great minuteness he details the whole progress of the iron manufacture, and much wonder is expressed at the water-power, which turns a large wheel employed to keep the huge bellows continually blowing. What would he have said of the mighty power of the same element in vapour? but steam was as yet confined to its cradle, the tea-kettle.

After a pleasant sojourn at Ludlow our good company prepared to depart. Again the lumbering landau and four made its appearance, attended by the three equestrians, together with cousins John and Walter, as guides, and thus they proceeded to Leominster. The landau was overturned by the way; but happily in such a gentle manner that no inconvenience was sustained beyond the fright. After dinner, having got into a turnpike road, they traversed Dinmore hill with safety —something worth recording in seventeen hundred and forty-eight—and arrived at Hereford, which completed the day's journey. Hereford cathedral having been visited, they took leave of cousins John and Walter, and set out for Ross; but, coming to a place where three roads met, and not having taken sufficient directions, they chose the wrong road. Soon after, meeting a traveller, he directed them to turn back. Again they set out, but the road was narrow, and here they met a loaded waggon; so they were compelled to draw the landau up a steep bank, to the evident risk of overturning, and then the waggon, having passed, they resumed their progress and arrived at Ross.

Although Ludlow, as we have seen, afforded no associations to them, it was very different with Ross. This town had been celebrated, our diarist remarks, by the greatest poet of the age; so they visited the church, and surveyed the prospects, "which are so fine and beautiful that we all acknowledge the poet had sufficient matter to work upon." Having dined agreeably, they again set forth, but again to encounter all manner of travelling annoyances. Twice the linchpin of the off fore-wheel flew off; then there was jolting along roads that seem to have rivalled the Canadian corduroy; and lastly, a scuffle with a waggoner who refused to turn back, and whom, therefore, cousin Sam had to bring to reason by the unanswerable argument of his riding whip. The fellow was drunk, it is remarked, and probably to this circumstance cousin Sam owed his triumph over the burly Herefordshire waggoner. But we cannot help fancying the distress of the ladies at so un-Arcadian a scene, and their admiration of the bravery of the train-band captain, who, not with his sword—for that was left at home, hanging by its sword-knot a trophy in the best room —but with a mere riding-whip, had won the victory. They now journeyed on, and soon came to Gloucester, where a couple of roast chickens, lamb, peas, and tarts solaced them after the annoyances of the day.

In the morning the lions of Gloucester were visited; and the rich tracery of the choir of the cathedral excited a passing tribute of admiration, even from one brought up to consider nothing worthy of notice either in literature or art that was not classical. But the party visited with more interest the bishop's palace; for this had been fitted up in the newest style, and one room was hung with blue silk mohair, which alone cost one hundred pounds, and another with yellow silk damask, while the private chapel was wainscoted with cedar. Doctor Benson was the then bishop, — a prelate who really deserves a passing notice, since being unmarried he spent the greater portion of his income in repairs of the cathedral and the palace, and, strange to relate, declared on his election to the see, that he would never accept farther preferment; what is stranger still, he actually kept his word. After a good dinner, the party set off for Newport, full of gloomy apprehensions about the road. In this case they were agreeably disappointed; for, with only a few joltings, they got safely to their destination. Here, however, a new trouble awaited them; a gentleman, with an equipage and five servants, had arrived previously, and monopolised the best accommodation. "We were excluded from the best rooms, had indifferent lodging, and worse food, while, as the climax, the gentleman's servants occupied the parlour, and left us none for ourselves." Those of our readers who are acquainted with the popular literature of this period, will remember the offensive insolence that characterised gentlemen's servants, and acknowledge this was a real annoyance.

They departed early in the morning, therefore, breakfastless, and along a good road soon forgot their vexation, and a rural "tread was unexpectedly provided for us; for, being sufficiently hungry, we alighted at a

small village, where, for want of room, we breakfasted in the porch, upon tea, brown-bread, and white bread, new milk, fresh whey, and curds, a most sweet, innocent, and quite rural, and agreeable refreshment." We think we can see the whole party sitting à la Watteau, beneath the flowery porch, and enjoying, with London zest—new milk and fresh curds and whey—those seldom attainable dainties. But even shepherds and shepherdesses could not always linger in Arcadia; so the flowery porch was quitted, and by noon the party had reached Bristol; where, from the windows of their inn, they looked out on a narrow street and dirty causeway in the process of being cleansed by the pouring rain.

The weather during their three days' sojourn was most unfavourable. However, they visited all the notabilities of Bristol and Clifton hot-wells, and then set out for Bath.

How different was the Bath of seventeen hundred and forty-eight, to Bath in the present day, let our last century literature attest. The city was then in the height of its splendour, the queen of the fashionable world, giving laws to milliners, and mantua-makers, periwig-makers, and tailors; presiding over the ball-room, and the card-table, and passing sentence, as the high court of fashion, on all matters of etiquette, through her prime minister, Beau Nash, without appeal. Beau Nash was a Brummel, but with more brains, and who, more fortunately than he, found a fitting sphere. An Oxford student, an adventurer in the army, a pert Templar—profligate, and extravagant—through all these phases, in seventeen hundred and ten he went to Bath, became assistant to Captain Webster, the then Master of the Ceremonies, and henceforth continued its presiding genius. Great energy characterised his rule of fifty years. He superintended all the improvements of the city, built the Assembly-rooms, arranged every public amusement, ruled dukes and duchesses with an iron rod, and compelled even the polished Chesterfield to bend to his sway. It is whimsically suggestive to read of the honour done to his obsequies. Charity children singing hymns, the band performing solemn music, six aldermen holding the pall, and all the clergy of the city in duteous attendance. Seldom truly have the benefactors of their race received the honours that were so lavishly paid to "Folly at full length."

This is a digression indulged in while our friends are taking their tea, and doubtless enjoying the hot-rolls, soaked in butter, which were just then coming into vogue—those hot-rolls which some twenty or thirty years ago were the boast of our suburban tea-gardens. Now they have set forth to the pump-room; not—having the dread of Beau Nash before their eyes—in soiled travelling attire; but the ladies in silk mantuas, fans, and fly caps, and the gentlemen in their best suits and wigs, with their cocked hats, not on their heads—(who wear hats at Bath save the chairmen?)—but daintily dangling between the finger and thumb. They pace along two and two in solemn procession, the ladies with their two attendant gentlemen, and the two younger gentlemen following; while cousin Sam, quite dégagé, bustles hither and thither, bowing to the ladies, offering a pinch of snuff to the gentlemen, like a brisk young bachelor, as he boasts himself. They find their promenade vastly pleasant, to use the newest coined phrase which Bath has put into circulation; the Assembly Rooms, with the ladies at loo and quadrille, and the parade, "where two ladies of quality engaged our attention by their uncommon dress, enormous size of their hoops, and a motion in their walk savouring of levity at least: they excited the most ardent admiration." Doubtless these were two ladies fresh from Versailles, who had imported the Pompadour walk, together with that respectable lady's fashion in dress.

Well pleased they proceeded the following day to Devizes, where they slept; having in contemplation a journey on Salisbury Plain, which is represented as a barren desolate place for twenty miles. Happily they traversed this formidable district without danger; but O lovers of hoar antiquity, members of Archæological Institutes, how shall we confess to you that their object was simply to enjoy a picnic at Stonehenge! Yes, and here are the details. "At last we came to that noted place called Stonehenge, where we alighted, and took out our provisions. Our table was one of the great stones, and such seats as we could get, our food two cold roasted chickens, two tongues, a loaf, and three rolls, and our drink some wine and beer. Our knives were cousin Sam's hanger (for a carving-knife we suppose), and one or two pocket ones, with which having cut up our chickens, and sliced the tongues, we eat, with a peculiar relish, and so, after this unusual but sweet repast, we proceeded to Salisbury." After such a profanation of wild and mysterious Stonehenge, we feel it would have been but just, had the landau been upset, and the picnic party, without injury to their bones, had been treated to a fright and a roll in the dirt. But looking back at such an instance of want of poetic feeling, can we wonder these relics of the past are so few? Is it not a marvel rather that Stonehenge itself had not been broken up long ago for milestones, and road mending, than that it still stands?

"Salisbury, so celebrated for its spires and windows," was duly lionised, and then the party went to Wilton, where they seem to have been almost bewildered with the fine paintings and other curiosities. A severe jolting on their return, so took away the appetite of the sight-seers, and rendered one

of their number so ill, that we are told they all made a very bad dinner. On their arrival at Romsey in the evening, we are, however, happy to find that they made a good supper on eels, boiled chickens, and a couple of lobsters, together with good wine. Having carefully inquired of Johnson, the excellent landlord, the way they should take from Romsey to Gosport, and moreover having engaged a guide, they set out; but parting with the latter too soon, "we came to a large common, where we mistook our road, and wandered about." How curious these repeated engagements of guides, and mistakes as to the way, seem to us! In the Gentleman's Magazine only a month or two after this tour was made, we find a short journal of a visit to the lakes, when the travellers, after visiting the notabilities of Derbyshire, breakfasted the next morning at Manchester, dined at Wigan, and, "passing through Preston, we were led out of the way by the guide, till it was quite dark, and we wandered about all night, and over many strange places, and had several disagreeable falls with our horses, but at last arrived safe at Lancaster by the dawn of day."

Not quite so bewildered were our excursion train on the wilds of Hampshire. Some country folk at length put them in the right way, and they reached Wickham with appetites remarkably keen. Happily, there was a good dinner at hand to satisfy them; and then, with only two or three chances of overturning, they arrived at Gosport.

It is amusing to perceive the distaste of these worthy people to sea-port towns. According to their experience, the inns were indifferent, the cooking bad; neither would the streets permit the stately procession of ladies and gentlemen two and two, like the Parade at Bath. Indeed, notwithstanding the popularity of the navy and of brave Admiral Vernon, and our invincible Hawke, and the comparative unpopularity of the land service in the reign of George the Second, it is amusing to perceive how, after all, the sea, and the shipping, and the gallant tar, were alike looked upon as something unpleasantly out of the common. Gentle zephyrs were the fashion then, not rude Boreas; equipages drawn by four or six long-tailed horses, not the light barque. How could powdered, periwiged, stiff-skirted, high-heeled gentlemen, whose very walk was regulated by the stop-watch, feel aught of sympathy with the sailor, wild as the breezes, and rough as the shingles of his chosen element? Thus, although the bad cooking had certainly some share, we find our pleasure party—after visiting the sights of Gosport and Portsmouth—after marvelling at the batteries, and surveying doubtless with no slight wonder Admiral Warren's flagship, the Invincible—yet preparing to depart on their homeward journey with little regret.

Petersfield, Lippock, Cobham, and lastly Richmond, where a number of London friends and relatives had been invited to meet them, were the last stages of this memorable journey, and occupied two days—a joyful meeting; for "we dined together with great pleasure, recounted some of the incidents of our travels, and inquired into the state of our absent friends, who were, thank God, all well; so, after tea, we set out for our respective places of abode in this great city."

Here, on the morrow, the unpacking being completed, the ladies received the visits and congratulations of their neighbours on their safe return, after the perils of their long journey; while the gentlemen, at the Amsterdam Coffee-house, received the welcomes of their friends, and, deep in discussion of the Pelham administration and the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, almost forgot that they had been ruralising for five long weeks, as members of a family little excursion train.

Two, however, did not forget their journey; cousin Sam, who became sober and sentimental, and soon after took a wife; and the writer, who pleasantly amused his leisure the following week by detailing at length this Family Excursion in Seventeen Hundred and Forty-eight.

WHAT MAY BE OURS.

Thou that dost pine, indeed,
For wealth more precious than rich gems or gold,
Learn how to seek it ere thy heart grows cold;
And take this for thy creed;—
Not who love us, but whom we love are ours.
So shalt thou know thy yet undreamed-of powers.
Be thine no doubting mind;
More than thine eager hands can grasp,
More than thine outstretched arms can clasp,
Thou needest, and shalt find.
Thy treasure shall be countless and unknown;
For, all it loves, the heart doth make its own.

Thou shalt break off the chains
That bind thee to the present; for, though Time,
Between us and his elder-born, uprears,
Like a huge bulwark, days and months and years,
The bond of brotherhood remains;
And o'er that towering wall we, if we will, can climb.
Thus, more than those who share
With thee the gentle air,
Shall yield to the strong magic of the spell
That lies in love, and in thy heart shall dwell.

And distance shall not limit thy deep love,
If from the human flowers that flourish there
Some wanderer chance, like Noah's gentle dove,
To thee a token of their bloom to bear.
Far-off their home may be,
Beneath the glory of an eastern sky,
Or where bright isles amid blue waters lie
And thou may'st never see
The forms that are their spirits' earthly shrine;
But oh! if thou canst love them, they are thine.
Yes! thine to joy in, thine to prize,
To weep for—if dark years
Should dim the light that on them lies—
But they are worth thy tears!

And as within thy heart thy treasure grows,
Think whence all good, all truth, all beauty flows;
For Love, th' adoptive spirit, was not given
To find all wealth on earth, and seek for none in heaven.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

—♦—

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

It needed the pretty light papering of the rooms to reconcile them to Milton. It needed more—more that could not be had. The thick yellow November fogs had come on; and the view of the plain in the valley made by the sweeping bend of the river, was all shut out when Mrs. Hale arrived at her new home.

Margaret and Dixon had been at work for two days, unpacking and arranging, but everything inside the house still looked in disorder; and outside a thick fog crept up to the very windows, and was driven in to every open door in choking white wreaths of unwholesome mist.

"Oh, Margaret! are we to live here?" asked Mrs. Hale in blank dismay.

Margaret's heart echoed the dreariness of the tone in which this question was put. She could scarcely command herself enough to say, "Oh, the fogs in London are sometimes far worse!"

"But then you knew that London itself, and friends lay behind it. Here—well! we are desolate. Oh Dixon, what a place this is!"

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm sure it will be your death before long, and then I know who'll—stay! Miss Hale that's far too heavy for you to lift."

"Not at all, thank you, Dixon," replied Margaret, coldly. "The best thing we can do for mamma is to get her room quite ready for her to go to bed, while I go and bring her a cup of coffee."

Mr. Hale was equally out of spirits, and equally came upon Margaret for sympathy.

"Margaret, I do believe this is an unhealthy place. Only suppose that your mother's health or yours should suffer. I wish I had gone into some country place in Wales; this is really terrible," said he, going up to the window.

There was no comfort to be given. They were settled in Milton, and must endure smoke and fogs for a season; indeed, all other life seemed shut out from them by as thick a fog of circumstance. Only the day before Mr. Hale had been reckoning up with dismay how much their removal and fortnight at Heston had cost, and he found it had absorbed nearly all his little stock of ready money. No! here they were, and here they must remain.

At night when Margaret realised this, she felt inclined to sit down in a stupor of despair. The heavy smoky air hung about her bedroom, which occupied the long narrow projection at the back of the house. The window placed at the side of the oblong looked to the blank wall of a similar projection, not above ten feet distant. It loomed through the fog like a great barrier to hope. Inside the room everything was in confusion. All their efforts had been directed to make her mother's room comfortable. Margaret sat down on a box, the direction card upon which struck her as having been written at Helstone—beautiful, beloved Helstone! She lost herself in dismal thought: but at last she determined to take her mind away from the present; and suddenly remembered that she had a letter from Edith which she had only half read in the bustle of the morning. It was to tell of their arrival at Corfu; their voyage along the Mediterranean—their music, and dancing on board ship; the gay new life opening upon her; her house with its trellised balcony, and its views over white cliffs and deep blue sea.

Edith wrote fluently and well, if not graphically. She could not only seize the salient and characteristic points of a scene, but she could enumerate enough of indiscriminate particulars for Margaret to make it out for herself. Captain Lennox and another lately married officer shared a villa, high up on the beautiful precipitous rocks overhanging the sea. Their days, late as it was in the year, seemed spent in boating or land pic-nics; all out-of-doors — pleasure-seeking and glad, Edith's life seemed like the deep vault of blue sky above her, free—utterly free from fleck or cloud. Her husband had to attend drill, and she, the most musical officer's wife there, had to copy the new and popular tunes out of the most recent English music, for the benefit of the bandmaster; those seemed their most severe and arduous duties. She expressed an affectionate hope that if the regiment stopped another year at Corfu, Margaret might come out and pay her a long visit. She asked Margaret if she remembered the day twelvemonth on which she, Edith, wrote—how it rained all day long in Harley Street; and how she would not put on her new gown to go to a stupid dinner, and get it all wet and splashed in going to the carriage; and how at that very dinner they had first met Captain Lennox.

Yes! Margaret remembered it well. Edith and Mrs. Shaw had gone to dinner. Margaret had joined the party in the evening. The recollection of the plentiful luxury of all the arrangements, the stately handsomeness of the furniture, the size of the house, the peaceful untroubled ease of the visitors—all came vividly before her in strange contrast to the present time. The smooth sea of that old life closed up without a mark left to tell where they had all been. The habitual dinners, the calls, the shopping, the dancing evenings, were

all going on, going on for ever, though her Aunt Shaw and Edith were no longer there; and she, of course, was even less missed. She doubted if any one of that old set ever thought of her, except Henry Lennox. He too, she knew, would strive to forget her, because of the pain she had caused him. She had heard him often boast of his power of putting any disagreeable thought far away from him. Then she penetrated farther into what might have been. If she had cared for him as a lover, and had accepted him, and this change in her father's opinions and consequent station had taken place, she could not doubt but that it would have been impatiently received by Mr. Lennox. It was a bitter mortification to her in one sense; but she could bear it patiently, because she knew her father's purity of purpose, and that strengthened her to endure his errors, grave and serious though in her estimation they were. But the fact of the world esteeming her father degraded, in its rough wholesale judgment, would have oppressed and irritated Mr. Lennox. As she realised what might have been, she grew to be thankful for what was. They were at the lowest now; they could not be worse. Edith's astonishment and her Aunt Shaw's dismay would have to be met bravely, when their letters came. So Margaret rose up, and began slowly to undress herself, feeling the full luxury of acting leisurely, late as it was, after all the past hurry of the day. She fell asleep, hoping for some brightness, either internal or external. But if she had known how long it would be before the brightness came, her heart would have sunk low down. The time of the year was most unpropitious to health as well as to spirits. Her mother caught a severe cold, and Dixon herself was evidently not well, although Margaret could not insult her more than by trying to save her, or by taking any care of her. They could hear of no girl to assist her; all were at work in the factories; at least those who applied were well scolded by Dixon for thinking that such as they could ever be trusted to work in a gentleman's house. So they had to keep a charwoman in almost constant employ. Margaret longed to send for Charlotte; but besides the objection of her being a better servant than they could now afford to keep, the distance was too great.

Mr. Hale met with several pupils, recommended to him by Mr. Bell, or by the more immediate influence of Mr. Thornton. They were mostly of the age when many boys would be still at school, but, according to the prevalent and apparently well-founded notions of Milton, to make a lad into a good tradesman he must be caught young, and acclimated to the life of the mill, or office, or warehouse. If he were sent to even the Scotch universities he came back unsettled for commercial pursuits; how much more so if he went to Oxford or Cambridge, where he could not be entered till he was eighteen? So most of the manufacturers placed their sons in sucking situations at fourteen or fifteen years of age, unsparingly cutting away all off-shoots in the direction of literature or high mental cultivation, in hopes of throwing all the strength and vigour of the plant into commerce. Still there were some wiser parents; and some young men, who had sense enough to perceive their own deficiencies, and strive to remedy them. Nay, there were a few no longer youths, but men in the prime of life, who had the stern wisdom to acknowledge their own ignorance, and to learn late what they should have learnt early. Mr. Thornton was perhaps the oldest of Mr. Hale's pupils. He was certainly the favourite. Mr. Hale got into the habit of quoting his opinions so frequently, and with such regard that it became a little domestic joke to wonder what time during the hour appointed for instruction could be given to absolute learning, so much of it appeared to have been spent in conversation.

Margaret rather encouraged this light merry way of viewing her father's acquaintance with Mr. Thornton, because she felt that her mother was inclined to look upon this new friendship of her husband's with jealous eyes. As long as his time had been solely occupied with his books and his parishioners, as at Helstone, she had appeared to care little if she saw much of him or not; but now that he looked eagerly forward to each renewal of his intercourse with Mr. Thornton, she seemed hurt and annoyed, as if he were slighting her companionship for the first time. Mr. Hale's over-praise had the usual effect of over-praise upon his auditors; they were a little inclined to rebel against Aristides being always called the Just.

After a quiet life in a country parsonage for more than twenty years, there was something dazzling to Mr. Hale in the energy which conquered immense difficulties with ease; the power of the machinery of Milton, the power of the men of Milton, impressed him with a sense of grandeur, which he yielded to without caring to inquire into the details of its exercise. But Margaret went less abroad, among machinery and men; saw less of power in its public effect, and, as it happened, she was thrown with one or two of those who, in all measures affecting masses of people, must be acute sufferers for the good of many. The question always is, Has everything been done to make the suffering of these exceptions as small as possible? Or, in the triumph of the crowded procession, have the helpless been trampled on, instead of being gently lifted aside out of the roadway of the conqueror, whom they have no power to accompany on his march?

It so happened that it fell to Margaret's share to have to look out for a servant to assist Dixon, who had at first undertaken to find just the person she wanted to do all the rough work of the house. But Dixon's ideas of helpful

girls were founded on the recollection of tidy elder scholars at Helstone school who were only too proud to be allowed to come to the parsonage on a busy day, and treated Mrs. Dixon with all the respect, and a good deal more of fright, than they paid to Mr. and Mrs. Hale. Dixon was not unconscious of this awed reverence which was given to her; nor did she dislike it; it flattered her much as Louis the Fourteenth was flattered by his courtiers shading their eyes from the dazzling light of his presence. But nothing short of her faithful love for Mrs. Hale could have made her endure the rough independent way in which all the Milton girls who made application for the servant's place replied to her inquiries respecting their qualifications. They even went the length of questioning her back again; having doubts and fears of their own as to the solvency of a family who lived in a house of thirty pounds a-year, and yet gave themselves airs, and kept two servants, one of them so very high and mighty. Mr. Hale was no longer looked upon as vicar of Helstone, but as a man who only spent at a certain rate. Margaret was weary and impatient of the accounts which Dixon perpetually brought to Mrs. Hale of the behaviour of these would-be servants. Not but what Margaret was repelled by the rough uncourteous manners of these people; not but what she shrunk with fastidious pride from their hail-fellow accost, and severely resented their unconcealed curiosity as to the means and position of any family who lived in Milton, and yet were not engaged in trade of some kind. But the more Margaret felt impertinence, the more likely she was to be silent on the subject; and, at any rate, if she took upon herself to make inquiry for a servant, she could spare her mother the recital of all her disappointments and fancied or real insults.

Margaret accordingly went up and down to butchers and grocers, seeking for a nonpareil of a girl; and lowering her hopes and expectations every week, as she found the difficulty of meeting with any one in a manufacturing town who did not prefer the better wages and greater independence of working in a mill. It was something of a trial to Margaret to go out by herself in this busy bustling place. Mrs. Shaw's ideas of propriety and her own helpless dependence on others, had always made her insist that a footman should accompany Edith and Margaret if they went beyond Harley Street or the immediate neighbourhood. The limits by which this rule of her aunt's had circumscribed Margaret's independence had been silently rebelled against at the time: and she had doubly enjoyed the free walks and rambles of her forest life, from the contrast which they presented. She went along there with a bounding fearless step, that occasionally broke out into a run, if she were in a hurry, and occasionally was stilled into perfect repose, as she stood listening to, or watching any of the wild creatures who sang in the leafy courts, or glanced out with their keen bright eyes from the low brushwood or tangled furze. It was a trial to come down from such motion or such stillness, only guided by her own sweet will, to the even and decorous pace necessary in streets. But she could have laughed at herself for minding this change, if it had not been accompanied by what was a more serious annoyance.

The side of the town on which Crampton lay was especially a thoroughfare for the factory people. In the back streets around them there were many mills, out of which poured streams of men and women two or three times a day. Until Margaret had learnt the times of their ingress and egress she was very unfortunate in constantly falling in with them. They came rushing along, with bold fearless faces, and loud laughs and jests, particularly aimed at all those who appeared to be above them in rank or station. The tones of their unrestrained voices, and their carelessness of all common rules of street politeness, frightened Margaret a little at first. The girls, with their rough but not unfriendly freedom, would comment on her dress, even touch her shawl or gown to ascertain the exact material; nay, once or twice she was asked questions relative to some article which they particularly admired. There was such a simple reliance on her womanly sympathy with their love of dress, and on her kindliness, that she gladly replied to these inquiries as soon as she understood them; and half-smiled back at their remarks. She did not mind meeting any number of girls, loud-spoken and boisterous though they might be. But she alternately dreaded and fired up against the workmen, who commented not on her dress, but on her looks, in the same open fearless manner. She, who had hitherto felt that even the most refined remark on her personal appearance was an impertinence, had to endure undisguised admiration from these out-spoken men. But the very out-spokenness marked their innocence of any intention to hurt her delicacy, as she would have perceived if she had been less frightened by the disorderly tumult. Out of her fright came a flash of indignation which made her face scarlet, and her dark eyes gather flame, as she heard some of their speeches. Yet there were other sayings of theirs, which, when she reached the quiet safety of home, amused her even while they irritated her.

For instance, one day, after she had passed a number of men, several of whom had paid her the not unusual compliment of wishing she was their sweetheart, one of the lingerers added, "Your bonny face, my lass, makes the day look brighter." And another day, as she was unconsciously smiling at some passing thought, she was addressed by a poorly-

dressed, middle-aged workman, with "You may well smile, my lass; many a one would smile to have such a bonny face." This man looked so care-worn that Margaret could not help giving him an answering smile, glad to think that her looks, such as they were, should have had the power to call up a pleasant thought. He seemed to understand her acknowledging glance, and a silent recognition was established between them whenever the chances of the day brought them across each other's paths. They had never exchanged a word; nothing had been said but that first compliment; yet somehow Margaret looked upon this man with more interest than upon any one else in Milton. Once or twice, on Sundays, she saw him walking with a girl, evidently his daughter, and, if possible, still more unhealthy than he was himself.

One day Margaret and her father had been as far as the fields that lay around the town; it was early spring, and she had gathered some of the hedge and ditch flowers, dog-violets, lesser celandines, and the like, with an unspoken lament in her heart for the sweet profusion of the South. Her father had left her to go into Milton on some business; and on the road home she met her humble friends. The girl looked wistfully at the flowers, and, acting on a sudden impulse, Margaret offered them to her. Her pale blue eyes lightened up as she took them, and her father spoke for her.

"Thank yo, Miss. Betsy 'll think a deal o' them flowers; that hoo will; and I shall think a deal o' yor kindness. Yo're not of this country, I reckon?"

"No!" said Margaret, half sighing. "I come from the South—from Hampshire," she continued, a little afraid of wounding his consciousness of ignorance if she used a name which he did not understand.

"That's beyond London, I reckon? And I come fra' Burnley-ways, and forty mile to th' north. And yet, yo see, North and South has both met and made kind o' friends in this big smoky place."

Margaret had slackened her pace to walk alongside of the man and his daughter, whose steps were regulated by the feebleness of the latter. She now spoke to the girl, and there was a sound of tender pity in the tone of her voice as she did so that went right to the heart of the father.

"I am afraid you are not very strong."

"No," said the girl, "nor never will be."

"Spring is coming," said Margaret, as if to suggest pleasant hopeful thoughts.

"Spring nor summer will do me good," said the girl quietly.

Margaret looked up at the man, almost expecting some contradiction from him, or at least some remark that would modify his daughter's utter hopelessness. But, instead, he added—

"I'm afeared hoo speaks truth. I'm afeared hoo's too far gone in a waste."

"I shall have a spring where I'm borne to, and flowers, and amaranths, and shining robes besides."

"Poor lass, poor lass!" said her father in a low tone. "I'm none so sure o' that; but it's a comfort to thee, poor lass, poor lass. Poor father! it'll be soon."

Margaret was shocked by his words—shocked but not repelled; rather attracted and interested.

"Where do you live? I think we must be neighbours, we meet so often on this road."

"We put up at nine, Frances Street, second turn to th' left at after yo've past th' Goulden Dragon."

"And your name? I must not forget that."

"I'm none ashamed of my name. It's Nicholas Higgins. Hoo's called Bessy Higgins. Whatten yo' asking for?"

Margaret was surprised at this last question, for at Helstone it would have been an understood thing, after the inquiries she had made, that she intended to come and call upon any poor neighbour whose name and habitation she had asked for.

"I thought—I meant to come and see you.' She suddenly felt rather shy of offering the visit, without having any reason to give for her wish to make it, beyond a kindly interest in a stranger. It seemed all at once to take the shape of an impertinence on her part; she read this meaning too in the man's eyes.

"I'm none so fond of having strange folk in my house." But then relenting, as he saw her heightened colour, he added, "Yo're a foreigner, as one may say, and maybe don't know many folk here, and yo've given my wench here flowers out of yo'r own hand;—yo may come if yo like."

Margaret was half-amused, half-nettled at this answer. She was not sure if she would go where permission was given so like a favour conferred. But when they came to the town into Frances Street, the girl stopped a minute, and said,

"Yo'll not forget yo're to come and see us."

"Aye, aye," said the father, impatiently, "hoo'll come. Hoo's a bit set up now, because hoo thinks I might ha' spoken more civilly; but hoo'll think better on it, and come. I can read her proud bonny face like a book. Come along, Bess; there's the mill bell ringing."

Margaret went home, wondering at her new friends, and smiling at the man's insight into what had been passing in her mind. From that day Milton became a brighter place to her. It was not the long, bleak sunny days of spring, nor yet was it that time was reconciling her to the town of her habitation. It was that in it she had found a human interest.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE day after this meeting with Higgins and his daughter, Mr. Hale came upstairs into the little drawing-room at an unusual

hour. He went up to different objects in the room, as if examining them, but Margaret saw that it was merely a nervous trick—a way of putting off something he wished, yet feared to say. Out it came at last—

"My dear! I've asked Mr. Thornton to come to tea to-night."

Mrs. Hale was leaning back in her easy chair, with her eyes shut, and an expression of pain on her face which had become habitual to her of late. But she roused up into querulousness at this speech of her husband's.

"Mr. Thornton!—and to-night! What in the world does the man want to come here for? And Dixon is washing my muslins and laces, and there is no soft water with these horrid east winds, which I suppose we shall have all the year round in Milton."

"The wind is veering round, my dear," said Mr. Hale, looking out at the smoke, which drifted right from the east, only he did not yet understand the points of the compass, and rather arranged them ad libitum, according to circumstances.

"Don't tell me!" said Mrs. Hale, shuddering up, and wrapping her shawl about her still more closely. "But, east or west wind, I suppose this man comes."

"Oh, mamma, that shows you never saw Mr. Thornton. He looks like a person who would enjoy battling with every adverse thing he could meet with—enemies, winds, or circumstances. The more it rains and blows, the more certain we are to have him. But I will go and help Dixon. I am getting to be a famous clear-starcher. And he won't want any amusement beyond talking to papa. Papa, I am really longing to see the Pythias to your Damon. You know I never saw him but once, and then we were so puzzled to know what to say to each other that we did not get on particularly well."

"I don't know that you would ever like him, or think him agreeable, Margaret. He is not a lady's man."

Margaret wreathed her throat in a scornful curve.

"I don't particularly admire ladies' men, papa. But Mr. Thornton comes here as your friend—as one who has appreciated you—"

"The only person in Milton," said Mrs. Hale.

"So we will give him a welcome, and some cocoa-nut cakes. Dixon will be flattered if we ask her to make some; and I will undertake to iron your caps, mamma."

Many a time that morning did Margaret wish Mr. Thornton far enough away. She had planned other employments for herself: a letter to Edith, a good piece of Dante, a visit to the Higginses. But, instead, she ironed away, listening to Dixon's complaints, and only hoping that by an excess of sympathy she might prevent her from carrying the recital of her sorrows to Mrs. Hale. Every now and then Margaret had to remind herself of her father's regard for Mr. Thornton to subdue the irritation of weariness that was stealing over her, and bringing on one of the bad headaches to which she had lately become liable. She could hardly speak when she sat down at last, and told her mother that she was no longer Peggy the laundry-maid, but Margaret Hale, the lady. She meant this speech for a little joke, and was vexed enough with her busy tongue when she found her mother taking it seriously.

"Yes! if any one had told me, when I was Miss Beresford, and one of the belles of the county, that a child of mine would have to stand half a day, in a little poky kitchen, working away like any servant, that we might prepare properly for the reception of a tradesman, and that this tradesman should be the only—"

"Oh, mamma!" said Margaret, lifting herself up, "don't punish me so for a careless speech. I don't mind ironing, or any kind of work, for you and papa. I am myself a born and bred lady through it all, even though it comes to scouring a floor, or washing dishes. I am tired now, just for a little while; but in half an hour I shall be ready to do the same over again. And as to Mr. Thornton's being in trade, why he can't help that now, poor fellow. I don't suppose his education would fit him for much else." Margaret lifted herself slowly up, and went to her own room; for just now she could not bear much more.

In Mr. Thornton's house, at this very same time a similar, yet different, scene was going on. A large-boned lady, long past middle age, sat at work in a grim handsomely-furnished dining-room. Her features, like her frame, were strong and massive, rather than heavy. Her face moved slowly from one decided expression to another equally decided. There was no great variety in her countenance; but those who looked at it once, generally looked at it again; even the passers-by in the street, half-turned their heads to gaze an instant longer at the firm, severe, dignified woman, who never gave way in street-courtesy, or paused in her straight-onward course to the clearly defined end which she proposed to herself.

She was handsomely dressed in stout black silk, of which not a thread was worn or discoloured. She was mending a large, long table-cloth of the finest texture, holding it up against the light occasionally to discover thin places, which required her delicate care. There was not a book about in the room, with the exception of Matthew Henry's Bible Commentaries, six volumes of which lay in the centre of the massive side-board, flanked by a tea-urn on one side, a lamp on the other. In some remote apartment, there was exercise upon the piano going on. Some one was practising up a morçeau de salon, playing it very rapidly, every third note, on an average, being either indistinct, or wholly

missed out, and the loud chords at the end being half of them false, but not the less satisfactory to the performer. Mrs. Thornton heard a step, like her own in its decisive character, pass the dining-room door.

"John! Is that you?"

Her son opened the door, and showed himself.

"What has brought you home so early? I thought you were going to tea with that friend of Mr. Bell's; that Mr. Hale."

"So I am, mother. I am come home to

"Dress! humph! When I was a girl, young men were satisfied with dressing once in a day. Why should you dress to go and take a cup of tea with an old parson?"

"Mr. Hale is a gentleman, and his wife and daughter are ladies."

"Wife and daughter! Do they teach too? What do they do? You have never mentioned them."

"No! mother, because I have never seen Mrs. Hale; I have only seen Miss Hale for half an hour."

"Take care you don't get caught by a penniless girl, John."

"I am not easily caught, mother, as I think you know. But I must not have Miss Hale spoken of in that way, which, you know, is offensive to me. I never was aware of any young lady trying to catch me yet, nor do I believe that any one has ever given themselves that useless trouble."

Mrs. Thornton did not choose to yield the point to her son; or else she had, in general, pride enough for her sex.

"Well! I only say, take care. Perhaps our Milton girls have too much spirit and good feeling to go angling after husbands; but this Miss Hale comes out of the aristocratic counties, where, if all tales be true, rich husbands are reckoned prizes."

Mr. Thornton's brow contracted, and he came a step forward into the room.

"Mother" (with a short scornful laugh), "you will make me confess. The only time I saw Miss Hale, she treated me with a haughty civility which had a strong flavour of contempt in it. She held herself aloof from me as if she had been a queen, and I her humble, unwashed vassal. Be easy, mother."

"No! I am not easy, nor content either. What business had she, a renegade clergyman's daughter, to turn up her nose at you! I would dress for none of them—a saucy set! if I were you." As he was leaving the room he said:—

"Mr. Hale is good, and gentle, and learned. He is not saucy. As for Mrs. Hale, I will tell you what she is like to-night, if you care to hear." He shut the door, and was gone.

"Despise my son! treat him as her vassal, indeed! Humph! I should like to know where she could find such another! Boy and man, he's the noblest stoutest heart I ever knew. I don't care if I am his mother; I can see what's what, and not be blind. I know what Fanny is; and I know what John is. Despise him! I hate her!"

NOTES FROM THE LEBANON.

Views of Eastern life by an Eastern must needs be very different from what we read in ordinary books of travels, though not necessarily more true. The art of observation requires to be cultivated like all other arts; otherwise it gives but a series of impressions as different from reality and from one another as the thistle from the cedar. This comparison is suggested by the title of a book which has told us many pleasant things about the Lebanon country,—a country which always has, and always will interest everybody—even if its associations come to be forgotten. Its beauty will outlast most empires, and so indeed seem to do some of its cedars, for we are bound to believe that some of the trees which shade its green swards budded green through the earth when the first stone of the Temple of Jerusalem was laid. Mr. Risk Allah, at any rate, informs us so, on what seemed to him good authority.

It is curious to read an autobiographical narrative written expressly for English readers by an Eastern. Mr. Risk's good faith cannot be doubted, so it is worth going back with him to the fountain of his recollections at Shuayfât, a village situated in one of the upper valleys of the Lebanon. His uncle is katib or clerk to the famous Emir Beshir; his father only comes there during the warm months. The favourite place of resort is the top of a hill, where the family indulges in reading the Bible, with the accompaniment of smoking. Fancy the Sheikh Faris Biridi sitting pipe in hand, on an old stone, with his nephew and servants around him, now closing his eyes in attention to what he heard, now gazing over a scene than which few are more beautiful even in that beautiful land, listening to the Kital Mukaddas, and taking especial delight in the hundred and fourth Psalm! We are reminded of the patriarchs, who, however, knew neither coffee nor tobacco. This is Shuay-fât, with its neat cottages buried in mulberry, orange, lemon, apricot, and olive-trees, with vines trailing everywhere, and a columnar poplar rising at intervals. People are moving about looking small and close under, as from the Monument. Mr. Risk whistles, and the dogs wag their tails in recognition, and bark. The mountains take up the echo, and it dies away over the plains beyond, where the cattle and sheep are grazing, and where streams of water springing cool from embowered glens go glancing in the sunlight. The meadows are bespangled with blue and crimson flowers; and beyond them is the blue sea, with here and there a patch of deeper blue

where the breeze sportively ruffles the waters.

Such is the land where Risk Allah began his life of thought. He is fond of it, and praises it even for what it does not possess. He is a genuine Oriental, and has travelled only to learn the inestimable superiority of his own country, except in matters of faith. He does not say as much, but we feel this tone everywhere, and it makes his book more agreeable to read. How he expatiates on the delights of Syrian cookery! Here comes the large iron cauldron filled with ruzz mafalfal or peppered rice; the food is ladled out in portions, enough to each, and no waste. Then there is a dish of stewed meat and vegetables; or of the egg vegetable, or vegetable marrow, sliced and fried in oil, with cucumbers, lettuces, radishes, and young onions. A servant stands at the door to invite any wayfarer who may pass, to enter and partake. The national dish of kabbeh sometimes supersedes everything for supper. Delicious, exclaims Mr. Risk; odious, say most travellers. We side with the latter; but tastes differ; and may every Syrian continue to enjoy his mixture of dried boiled wheat, suet, meat, pepper, salt, and red chilies, and fancy it unequalled in the world!

But, people do not spend all their lives eating kabbeh in the mountains of Lebanon. Business calls them to Beyrout sometimes. Risk Allah is there with his father one night, when a tumult arises,—shrieks and lamentations, mixed with the startling sound of firearms. A Greek pirate vessel has landed its crew for the purpose of slaughter and pillage; and the whole timid population, without a thought of resistance, begins to fly away by the Bale Yacoob. No one pauses to inquire the cause of the alarm. All the people huddle on the summit of one of the neighbouring hills until dawn, and then disperse throughout the country. For the next few weeks, the Lebanon district is inundated by the scared refugees from Beyrout. The pirates plundered and murdered to their hearts' content, and on leaving fired the town in several places.

These matters are soon forgotten in the East, where there are no newspapers to take the government to task for leaving so important a town in so defenceless a position. Trade soon revived, and young Risk Allah was sent to Damascus in search of a profession or employment. The Eastern mercantile classes are essentially a nation of travellers. In the course of the early part of their lives they generally manage to see more than one country, and several capital cities. The Moslems go as far as Arabia; the least enterprising of the Christians make excursions to Damascus and Aleppo. To the former city young Risk went, and of that city he declares no pen can give an adequate idea. What matter its dark, narrow, and intricate streets, its confused crowd of people, camels, mules, and donkeys perpetually moving to and fro! What matter the first few hours of disappointment. Open one of those rough and unpolished wooden doors, and your admiration will be great. Wealth hides itself in the East behind dirty walls. Here is a spacious quadrangle paved with marble—a splashing fountain in the midst, alive with gold fish, and bordered by pretty flowers. An arcade surrounded by elegant columns runs round three sides; on the fourth are the lower apartments of the house. The cornice is ornamented with Arabic inscriptions—texts from Scripture or the Koran; for the manners of the Christian inhabitants, except in so far as their religion directly influences them, are a direct copy of those of the Moslems. In most court-yards grow orange and lemon-trees, with roses and dwarf geraniums round their roots in little beds edged with marble.

Let us enter the Mistaba. Two trellised windows overlook a spacious fruit-garden behind the house. The floor is of marble, but hid by a carpet; the divan is covered with velvet; pretty ornaments are disposed here and there. Everything invites you to recline and sip a cup of coffee, or lazily taste one of their saucers of perfumed and candied sweetmeats. There is a bubbling sound in the adjoining room. Some one learned in the enjoyments of life is slowly inhaling a narghileh. The fragrance fills the air. You are allured thither, and having refreshed your mouth by a glass of lemonade, you dream away, and luxuriously acknowledge that Damascus is indeed a delightful place.

The ladies are ungraceful enough in the streets, too, as they are all over the East, but if they deign to lay aside the izar, and the odious black handkerchief,—Mashallah, how lovely! Beautiful dark eyes; eyelashes, eyebrows, hair, all black; Grecian noses; red, but slightly pouting lips, dimpled chin, oval face, rosy complexion, all the elements of an Eastern houri are there. The figure, almost always good, is admirably set off by the costume adopted. On the head, the maiden wears a small red cap, encircled by a handsomely flowered handkerchief, over which strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In the centre of the red cap is a diamond crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord, with a blue silk band, usually ornamented with pearls. The vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer, this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold lace; in winter, of cloth edged with fur. Over the vest, is worn a short gray jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid. Then, there is the elegant shawl with the long lappets, and the large loose trowsers. No wonder that Mr. Risk was enchanted, and remained disposed rather to exalt the costume of Eastern

women as compared with that of their Western sisters. In another page it is true he no longer exalts the advantages of the veil, and speaks of its abandonment as a sign of civilisation; but this is evidently a concession to our prejudices. He has remained an Eastern in heart; and exerts all his cleverness to justify his preference. He even tries to persuade us that love-marriages do occur: the opportunity for their occurrence being that up to the age of ten or eleven, girls are visible by their future husbands.

The story of the Jinn and the Scolding Wife is worth telling. Yusuf of Aleppo married Ankafir for her beauty, and found her to be a very shrew. They fell to quarreling at once, and to fighting as a matter of course. The husband generally got the worst of it; and at length was obliged to call a council of sage friends to deliberate what was to be done. They shook their beards and scratched their noses, and decided that parting was the only remedy. The oracle had the character of the enigma; but Yusuf enlightened by misery, understood that the largest body of water in the neighbourhood was the Euphrates. So he invited his darling gently to take a row over that fine river, and unmoved by her unusual graciousness, seized the first opportunity, tipped over the boat, sent her to the bottom, and leaped on shore, feeling a better because a happier man. He walked looking calmly at the silver tide, and pondering how many omers of mud had been necessary to stop Ankafir's mouth for ever. Suddenly a damp-looking old customer appeared coming up the river looking very grumpy. "Salam Alaykam!" quoth Yusuf. "Hold thy tongue, son of a ram," said the stranger. "What did you send her down there for?" Yusuf felt uncomfortable. He knew now that this was the Jinn, or spirit of the water, who had come to complain of having had such a vixen sent into his country. The Jinn offered Yusuf the choice of three modes of death as a punishment—hanging, tearing to pieces, or impalement. "Great sir," said Yusuf, humbly, "if you who are possessed of so much power cannot keep her quiet, how can a miserable mortal such as I, your slave?" This remark even made the Jinn smile; he determined to keep out of his own dominions, to join fortunes with Yusuf, and to take him by magic to Bagdad. What was resolved was done. On arriving at the great city the Jinn heard that the caliph had a daughter as beautiful as the morning star; so he carelessly said to his new friend: "Would you like to have her for a wife?" Yusuf was obliged, but knew not how the matter could be accomplished. The Jinn showed him it was easy. "You pass yourself off for a great hakeem," said he. "I will coil myself round the girl's neck in the shape of a most venomous snake with two heads. No one shall be able to approach but you. Burn this bit of written paper, and throw it into the fire. As it is gradually consumed, so will I gradually disappear. To gratitude trust the rest; but remember never after to cross me in my wishes." The feat was accomplished, and, with Eastern rapidity, Yusuf became the son-in-law of the caliph. Some time afterwards the Jinn took it into his head to fall in love with the daughter of the vizier, and, to keep her all to himself, wound round her neck in shape of a viper. Yusuf was sent for, and ordered to exert his curative powers, stimulated by the promise of sharp lashes if he failed. Yusuf appeared trembling in sight of the Jinn, believing that in one way or other his destruction was certain. Suddenly, however, a thought struck him. Stooping forward, he whispered in the viper's ear: 'She is here looking for you." "Who?" "Ankafir." 'Then I'm off!" So saying, the viper unwound and disappeared, leaving Yusuf with a greater reputation than before, and perfectly happy.

It will be seen from this story that shrews have made themselves well-appreciated in the East; and we may add that no Katerina that we can imagine approaches by a hundred miles to the Syrian virago. Their abuse of every object of hatred is appalling, not only in language, but in gesture; and, if well worked up, they rarely fail to proceed to violent extremities. Mr. Risk is too patriotic to remember all this. He dilates with enormous pleasure on the delights of female society. There is a Farah, or feast toward. The courtyard is swept, the fountains are cleaned out, the flowers are renewed; the furniture is dusted; preparations for smoking and sherbet drinking, and sweetmeat eating occupy the attention of the mistress of the establishment. When all is ready, the music strikes up and announces to the nearest invited neighbours that they may come. In they drop, the men clad in long, loose silken robes, the women enveloped in their white izars, which, after a little pressing are thrown aside.

Music and singing open the amusements; but dancing, or rather pantomimic performances succeed. The nature of these is well known, except that it is perhaps true that in these family and friendly meetings Oriental ideas of decorum are better complied with than we are apt to suspect. At length the dancers get tired, and a game of forfeits takes its place; then comes a song; then a story; the perfumed smoke goes up all the while, and sweet drinks nicely cooled are handed round; whilst at intervals solid refreshments are handed round. After all, it is no unpleasant thing to be present at these same Farahs, even although the young ladies themselves occasionally take a whiff of tobacco under pretence of lighting your pipe; and seem to enjoy it too. It is true that when they have presented you with a cup of coffee they enchant your heart by politely kissing your hand, which you have no time to withdraw.

It is good sometimes to transport ourselves thus, whether in body or in spirit, into the midst of another kind of civilisation, without too closely examining whether it be inferior or superior to ours. All societies have good features, and it is useful to know what they are; but, the chief lesson to be learned from an enlarged view of the manners of the various peoples of the earth is, that to all men, in whatever position they may be placed, are given the materials of happiness, and that few would exchange with ourselves, or indeed with any one.

DEMETRIUS THE DIVER.

THERE are no bygones that have greater need to be bygones than those of wickedness, violence, and cruelty. The blood and dust that besmear some pages of history might glue the leaves together for ever. Yet from time to time necessities will concur that leave us no choice but to open the old grave; to turn to the old dark register; to unlock the old dark, grim skeleton closet; to turn the retrospective glass towards the bad bold days that are gone.

We are at present the allies—and worthily so—of the Turks. A brave people, patient, high-minded, slow to anger, terrible yet magnanimous in their wrath. Yet, while we acknowledge and respect all the good qualities possessed by this valiant nation, it is impossible to forget that the Turk has not always been the complacent Pacha in a European frock-coat and a sealing-wax cap with a blue tassel, who writes sensible, straightforward state papers, reviews European troops, does not object to a quiet glass of champagne, and regales English newspaper correspondents with coffee and pipes. Nor is he always the sententious, phlegmatic, taciturn, apathetic Osmanli, who, shawled and turbaned, sits cross-legged upon the divan of meditation, smoking the pipe of reflectiveness; who counts his beads and says his prayers five times a-day, and enjoys his kef; and who, as to wars and rumours of wars, fire, famine, pestilence, and slaughter, says but: "Allah akbar"—God is great.

There are men in London whom we may meet and converse with in our daily walks, who can remember the horrible massacre of Scio, in the year of salvation eighteen hundred and twenty-two. We had just begun, through the edifying cobweb-spinning of diplomacy, the passionate poetry of Lord Byron and the crude " se badly-informed) intelligence of the English press, to understand that there was something between the Greeks and the Turks in the Morea, the Peloponnesus, and the Archipelago, and that the former were not, on the whole, quite rightly used. We were just going to see about forming an opinion on these and other matters when the news of the massacre of Scio burst upon us like a thunder-clap. Gloomily and succinctly the frightful news was told us how the terrible Kara Ali—or the Black—Pacha had appeared with a fleet and an army in the harbour of Scio, then one of the fairest, peacefullest, most prosperous, most densely-populated islands in the Græco-Turkish Archipelago, and that all—peaceful rayahs, gold and purple harvest, university, commerce, wealth—had in three days disappeared. The story of the massacre of Scio has never been fully told in England; and only in so far as it affects my story am I called upon to advert to it here. Besides, no tongue could tell, no pen could describe, in Household language, a tithe of the atrocities perpetrated in the defenceless island by order of the Black Pacha. Suffice it to say that for three days Scio was drowned in blood; that the dwellings of the European consuls were no asylum; that the swords of the infuriated Osmanlis murdered alike the white-headed patriarch, the priest of the family, the nursing mother, the bride of yesterday, the bride of that to-morrow which was never to come to her, the tender suckling and the child that was unborn. Upwards of eighteen thousand persons were massacred in cold blood; and the blackened ruins of Scio became a habitation for bats and dragons, howling dogs, and wheeling birds of prey.

Some few miserable souls escaped the vengeance of Karali Pacha. There is a Greek ecclesiastic now in London, who was hidden by his mother in a cave during the massacre, and brought away unhurt. When the fury of the invaders began, through lassitude, to cool, they selected such boys and young girls as they could find alive, and sent them to be sold in the slave market at Constantinople. Then, when they had left the wretched island to itself, half-famished wretches began to crawl out of holes and thickets and ditches, where they had hidden themselves. They saw the charred and smouldering remnants of what had been Scio; but they abode not by them. In an agony of fear lest the murderers should return, they made the best of their way across the seas to other islands—to inaccessible haunts on the main-land. Those who had the means took refuge on the French and Italian shores of the Mediterranean.

There is a sultry city which, if you were minded to go to it over land, you could have reached in those days by diligence, as you can reach it in these, by a commodious railway from Paris; but, to attain which by sea you must cross the stormy Bay of Biscay and pass the rocky Straits of Gibraltar, and coast along the tideless sea in sight of the shores of Africa. To this great mart of southern commerce, with its deep blue sky, its slack-baked houses, its orange trees, black-eyed, brown-skinned children, and crowded port, where floats the strangest medley of ships, and on the quays of which walk the most astonishing variety of costumes that ever

you saw—to the city of Marseilles in France, came many of these refugee Greeks, some from Scio, some from the Morea, some from Candia, many from the Faual or Fanar of Constantinople—which had also had its massacre—some from the interior of Anatolia and Roumelia. There were Greek gentlemen and their families who could never congratulate themselves sufficiently on having saved their heads and their piastres; there were merchants quite stripped and bankrupt, who nevertheless, in the true Grecian manner began afresh, trading and making money with admirable assiduity and perseverance. And above all there were poor rayahs, who had been caikjees, coffee-house waiters, portefaix, at home—who had lost their little all, and had nothing but their manual labour to depend upon, and who were glad to carry burdens, and run messages, and help to load and unload the ships upon the port of Marseilles.

Among these, was one Demetri Omeros. None knew much about him, save that he was a Sciote, and had escaped after the massacre; that he was quite alone, and very poor. He was fortunate enough to possess a somewhat rare accomplishment, which made his earnings, although precarious, considerably more remunerative than those of his fellow-countrymen occupying the station to which he appeared to belong. Demetri Omeros was a most expert swimmer and diver. Had Demetri-Omeros lived in our days he would have been a professor to a certainty; the walls would have been covered with posting bills and woodcuts pourtraying his achievements; and he would have had a convenient exhibition-room, and a sliding-scale of prices for his Entertainment. In eighteen twenty-three he contented himself with the exhibition of his talents in the open port of Marseilles, and was satisfied with the stray francs, half-francs, copper sous, and liards, flung to him when he emerged from the water, all soaked and dripping like a Newfoundland dog. He thus managed to lead a sufficiently easy, lounging, idle life; splashing, swimming, and diving sometimes for sheer amusement; at others, basking in the genial sun with such profound indolence that had you not known him to be a Sciote you would have taken him for a genuine lazzarone of the Quai Santa Lucia. Demetri was some thirty years old, tall, magnificently proportioned, with a bronzed countenance, wavy black hair and sparkling black eyes. His attire was exceedingly simple, being ordinarily limited to a shirt, red and white striped trowsers secured round the waist by a silken sash, and a small Greek tarbouch on his head, ornamented with a tarnished gold tassel. Shoes and stockings he despised as effeminate luxuries. He was perfectly contented with his modest fare of grapes, melons, brown bread, garlic, and sour wine. House rent cost him nothing, as one of the Greek merchants settled at Marseilles allowed him to sleep in his warehouse, like a species of watch-dog. When the weather was fine, he swam and dived and dried himself in the sun: when it was foul, he coiled himself into a ball and went to sleep.

In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four it occurred to the Turkish government considerably to strengthen their navy. There was an arsenal and a dockyard at Constantinople then, as there is now; but the Ottomans did not know much about ship-building, and in the absence of any material guarantee for the safety of their heads, European artisans were rather chary of enlisting in the service of the Padishah. So, as the shipwrights wouldn't go to Sultan Mahmoud, Sultan Mahmoud condescended to go to the shipwrights; that is to say, he sent an Effendi attached to the department of Marine, to Marseilles, with full powers to have constructed four frigates by the shipbuilders of that port. As the French government had not begun to interest itself one way or other in the Eastern question, and as the shipbuilders of Marseilles did not care one copper centime whether the Turks beat the Greeks or the Greeks the Turks, and, more than all this, as the Effendi from Stamboul had carte-blanche in the money department, and paid for each frigate in advance, they set about building the four frigates with a hearty good will, and by the spring of eighteen hundred and twenty-five, two of them were ready for launching.

It was observed by the French workmen that Demetrius the Diver appeared to take very great interest in the process of ship-building. Day after day he would come into the slip where the frigates were being constructed, and, sitting upon a pile of planks, would remain there for hours. Other Greeks would come occasionally, and launch forth into fierce invectives against the Turks, and against the French too, for lending their hands to the construction of ships which were to be employed by infidels against Christians. In these tirades Demetrius the Diver seldom, if ever, joined. He was a man of few words, and he sat upon the planks, and looked at the workmen, their tools, and their work. Nobody took much notice of him, except to throw him a few sous occasionally, or to say what a lazy, skulking fellow he was.

At length the day arrived which was fixed for the launch of the first frigate, the Sultani Bahri. Half Marseilles was present. The sub-prefect was there—not officially, but officiously (whatever that subtle distinction may be). Crowds of beautiful ladies, as beautifully dressed, were in the tribunes round the sides of the slip; the Sultani Bahri was dressed out with flags, and aboard her were the great Effendi himself, with his secretary, his interpreter, his pipe-bearer, and the armateur, or shipbuilder.

The sight of a ship-launch is to the full as exciting as any race. The heart beats time to the clinking of the hammers that are knocking the last impediments away, and

when the mighty mass begins to move, the spectator is in a tremor of doubt, and hope, and fear. When the ship rights herself, and indeed walks the waters like a thing of life, the excitement is tremendous; he *must* shout, he *must* congratulate himself, his next neighbour, everybody, upon the successful completion of the work.

Now, everything had been looked to, thought of, prepared for, the triumphant launch of the Sultani Bahri. The only obstacles between her and the waters were certain pieces of wood technically called in England (I know not what their French name may be) dogshores, and these were being knocked away by the master shipwright. This operation, I may remark, was formerly considered so dangerous that in the royal dockyards it was undertaken by convicts, who obtained their liberty if they accomplished the task without accident. Just as the first stroke of the hammer became audible, Demetrius the Diver, who had hitherto been concealed among the crowd, plunged into the water, and swam right across the track that the frigate would probably take on its release from the slip. A cry of horror burst from the crowd as he swam directly towards the ship's stem; for the vessel had begun to move, and every one expected the rash diver to be crushed or drowned. But, when he was within a few feet of the frigate, Demetrius the Diver threw up his arms, held them aloft for a moment in a menacing manner, then quietly subsided on to his back, and floated away with the tide. The Sultani Bahri slid down her ways to a considerable extent, she was even partially in the water, but she walked it by no means like a thing of life, for her stern began to settle down, and, if the truth must be told, the new frigate of his Imperial Highness the Sultan—stuck in the mud.

They tried to screw her off, to weight her off, to float her off, but in vain. When a ship sticks in launching, there is frequently no resource but to pull her to pieces where she sticks, and this seemed to be the most probable fate in store for the Sultani Bahri. The Effendi was in a fury. The shipbuilder was desolated; but the Frenchman only ascribed the misadventure to the clumsiness of his shipwright, whereas the Moslem, superstitious like the majority of his co-religionists, vowed that the failure was solely owing to the evil eye of the Giaour diver, Demetrius Omeros. Had the Effendi been in his own land, a very short and summary process would have preserved all future ship-launches from the troublesome presence of Demetri Omeros and his evil eye; but at Marseilles, in the department of the Bouches du Rhône, the decapitation, bowstringing, or drowning, of even a rayah, was not to be thought of. So, the Effendi was obliged to be satisfied with giving the strictest orders for Demetri's exclusion from the shipbuilder's yard in future; and after a delay of some months, the second frigate (the first was rotting in the mud) was ready for launching.

Anxiety was depicted on the Effendi's face as he broke a bottle of sherbet over the bows of the frigate, and named her the Achmedié. Immediately afterwards a cry burst from the crowd of "Demetri! Demetri the Diver!" and, rushing along the platform which ran round the vessel, the Effendi could descry the accursed diver holding up his arms as before, and doubtless blighting the onward progress of the Achmedié with his evil eye.

Evil or not, a precisely similar disaster overtook the second frigate, and the launch was a lamentable failure. The shipbuilder was in despair. The Effendi went home to his hotel, cursing, and was about administering the bastinado to his whole household as a relief to his feelings, when his interpreter, a shrewd Greek, one Yanni, ventured to pour the balm of advice into the ear of indignation.

"Effendi," he said, "this rayah that dives is doubtless a cunning man, a magician, and by his spells and incantations has arrested the ships of my lord the Padishah, whom Allah preserve, in their progress! But he is a rayah and a Greek, and a rogue of course. Let my lord the Effendi bribe him, and he will remove his spells."

"You are all dogs and sons of dogs," answered the Effendi, graciously, "but out of your mouth devoted to the slipper, O Yanni, comes much wisdom. Send for this issue of a mangy pig, this diver with the evil eye."

Demetri was sent for, and in due time made his appearance, not so much as salaming to the Effendi, or even removing his hat. The envoy of the Sultan was sorely tempted to begin the interview by addressing himself through the intermediation of a bamboo to the soles of the diver's feet; but, fear of the sub-prefect and his gendarmes, and, indeed, of the magical powers of the diver himself, prevented him.

"Dog and slave!" he said, politely, "dog, that would eat garbage out of the shop of a Jew butcher, wherefore hast thou bewitched the ships of our lord and Caliph the Sultan Mahmoud?"

"I am not come here to swallow dirt," answered the diver, coolly, "and if your words are for dogs, open the window and throw them out. If you want anything with a man who, in Frangistan, is as good as an Effendi, state your wishes."

"The ships, slave, the ships!"

"The first two stuck in the mud," said the Greek; "and the third, with the blessing of Heaven and St. George of Cappadocia, will no more float than a cannon-ball."

"You lie, dog, you lie!" said the Effendi.

"'Tis you who lie, Effendi," answered Demetrius the Diver; "and, moreover, if you give me the lie again—by St. Luke I will break your unbelieving jaw!"

As the Effendi happened to be alone with Demetrius (for he had dismissed his interpreter), and as there was somewhat exceedingly menacing in the stalwart frame and clenched teeth of the Greek, his interlocutor judged it expedient to lower his tone.

"Can you remove the spells you have laid on the ships?" he asked.

"Those that are launched, are past praying for."

"Will the next float?"

"If I choose."

"And the next?"

"If I choose."

"Name your own reward, then," said the Effendi, immensely relieved. "How many piastres do you require? Will ten thousand do?"

"I want much more than that," answered Demetrius the Diver, with a grim smile.

"More! What rogues you Greeks are! How much more?"

"I want," pursued the Diver, "my wife Katinka back from Stamboul. She was torn away from Scio, and is in the harem of the capitan-pacha. I want my three children, my boy Andon, my boy Yorghi, and my girl Eudocia. When I have all these, here at Massalian (Marseilles), and twenty thousand piastres to boot, your frigates shall be launched in safety."

"All well and good," said the Effendi; "I will write to Stamboul to-night, and you shall have all your brood and the piastres as well, within two months. But what security have I that you will perform your part of the contract? The word of a Greek is not worth a para."

"You shall have a bond for double the amount which you will hand over to me, from two merchants of Marseilles. You cannot give me *all* I should like," concluded the Diver, with a vengeful frown. "You cannot give me back my aged father's life, my sister's, my youngest child's; you cannot give me the heart's blood of the Albanian wolf who slew them."

Within a quarter of a year, Demetrius the Diver was restored to his family. He insisted upon receiving the stipulated reward in advance, probably holding as poor an opinion of the word of a Turk as the Effendi did of the word of a Greek. The momentous day arrived when the third frigate was to be launched; a larger crowd than ever was collected; everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. Demetrius the Diver, who, during the past three months had had free access to the ship-builders' yard, was on board. The dogshores were knocked away, the frigate slid down her ways, and took the water in splendid style. The launch was completely successful. The Effendi was in raptures, and believed more firmly in the power of the evil eye than ever. A few days afterwards the fourth frigate was launched with equal success.

Marvellous man!" cried the envoy of the Sublime Porte; "by what potent spells wert thou enabled to bewitch the first two frigates?"

"Simply by these," answered Demetrius the Diver, in presence of a large company assembled at a banquet held in honour of the two successful launches. "Five years ago, my father was one of the most extensive shipbuilders at Scio, and I was bred to the business from my youth. We were rich, we were prosperous, until we were ruined by the Turkish atrocities at Scio. I arrived in Marseilles, alone, beggared, my father murdered, my wife and children in captivity. How I lived, you all know. While the first two frigates were being built, I watched every stage of their construction. I detected several points of detail which I was certain would prevent their being successfully launched. When, however, I had entered into my contract with this noble Effendi, I conferred with the shipwrights; I pointed out to them what was wrong; I convinced them, by argument and illustration, what was necessary to be done. They did it. They altered, they improved. Behold the ships are launched, and the evil eye had no more to do with the matter than the amber mouthpiece of his excellency the Effendi's chibouque! I have done."

The Effendi, it is said, looked rather foolish at the conclusion of this explanation, and waddled away, muttering that all Greeks were thieves. Demetrius, however, kept his piastres, gave up diving for a livelihood, and, commencing business on his own account as a boat-builder, prospered exceedingly with Katinka his wife, and Andon, Yorghi, and Eudocia, his children. As to the two frigates, they were equipped for sea in good time, and were, I believe, knocked to pieces by the allied fleets at the battle of Navarino.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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TO WORKING MEN.

IT behoves every journalist, at this time when the memory of an awful pestilence is fresh among us, and its traces are visible at every turn in various affecting aspects of poverty and desolation, which any of us can see who are not purposely blind, to warn his readers, whatsoever be their ranks and conditions, that unless they set themselves in earnest to improve the towns in which they live, and to amend the dwellings of the poor, they are guilty, before GOD, of wholesale murder.

The best of our journals have so well remembered their responsibility in this respect, and have so powerfully presented the truth to the general conscience, that little remains to be written on the urgent subject. But we would carry a forcible appeal made by our contemporary The Times to the working people of England a little further, and implore them — with a view to their future avoidance of a fatal old mistake —to beware of being led astray from their dearest interests, by high political authorities on the one hand, no less than by sharking mountebanks on the other. The noble lord, and the right honorable baronet, and the honorable gentleman, and the honorable and learned gentleman, and the honorable and gallant gentleman, and the whole of the honorable circle, have, in their contests for place, power, and patronage, loaves and fishes, distracted the working man's attention from his first necessities, quite as much as the broken creature—once a popular Misleader

systematically tried to turn Fiction to the good account of showing the preventible wretchedness and misery in which the mass of the people dwell, and of expressing again and again the conviction, founded upon observation, that the reform of their habitations must precede all other reforms; and that without it, all other reforms must fail. Neither Religion nor Education will make any way, in this nineteenth century of Christianity, until a Christian government shall have discharged its first obligation, and secured to the people Homes, instead of polluted dens.

Now, any working man of common intelligence knows perfectly well, that one session of parliament zealously devoted to this object would secure its attainment. If he do not also know perfectly well that a government or a parliament will of itself originate nothing to save his life, he may know it by instituting a very little inquiry. Let him inquire what either power has done to better his social condition, since the last great outbreak of disease five years ago. Let him inquire what amount of attention from government, and what amount of attendance in parliament, the question of that condition has ever attracted, until one night in this last August, when it became a personal question and a facetious question, and when LORD SEYMOUR, the member for Totnes, exhibited his fitness for ever having been placed at the head of a great public department by cutting jokes, which were received with laughter, on the subject of the pestilence then raging. If

may offer in lieu of substances, it is now the first duty of The People to be resolutely blind and deaf; firmly insisting, above all things, on their and their children's right to every means of life and health that Providence has afforded for all, and firmly refusing to allow their name to be taken in vain for any purpose, by any party, until their homes are purified and the amplest means of cleanliness and decency are secured to them.

We may venture to remark that this most momentous of all earthly questions is one we are not now urging for the first time. Long before this Journal came into existence, we

left to struggle at unnatural odds with disease and death; then let him bestir himself to set so monstrous a wrong right, and let him—for the time at least—dismiss from his mind all other public questions, as straws in the balance. The glorious right of voting for Lord This (say Seymour, for instance) or Sir John That; the intellectual state of Abyssinia; the endowment of the College of Maynooth; the paper duty; the newspaper duty; the five per cent; the twenty-five per cent; the ten thousand hobby-horses that are exercised before him, scattering so much dust in his eyes that he cannot see his own

hearth, until the cloud is suddenly fanned away by the wings of the Angel of Death: all these distractions let him put aside, holding steadily to one truth—"Waking and sleeping, I and mine are slowly poisoned. Imperfect development and premature decay are the lot of those who are dear to me as my life. I bring children into the world to suffer unnaturally, and to die when my Merciful Father would have them live. The beauty of infancy is blotted out from my sight, and in its stead sickliness and pain look at me from the wan mother's knee. Shameful deprivation of the commonest appliances, distinguishing the lives of human beings from the lives of beasts, is my inheritance. My family is one of tens of thousands of families who are set aside as food for pestilence." And let him then, being made in the form of man, resolve, "I will not bear it, and it shall not be!"

If working men will be thus true to themselves and one another, there never was a time when they had so much just sympathy and so much ready help at hand. The whole powerful middle-class of this country, newly smitten with a sense of self-reproach—far more potent with it, we fully believe, than the lower motives of self-defence and fear—is ready to join them. The utmost power of the press is eager to assist them. But the movement, to be irresistible, must originate with themselves, the suffering many. Let *them* take the initiative, and call the middle-class to unite with them: which they will do, heart and soul! Let the working people, in the metropolis, in any one great town, but turn their intelligence, their energy, their numbers, their power of union, their patience, their perseverance, in this straight direction in earnest—and by Christmas, they shall find a government in Downing-street and a House of Commons within hail of it, possessing not the faintest family resemblance to the Indifferents and Incapables last heard of in that slumberous neighbourhood.

It is only through a government so acted upon and so forced to acquit itself of its first responsibility, that the intolerable ills arising from the present nature of the dwellings of the poor can be remedied. A Board of Health can do much, but not near enough. Funds are wanted, and great powers are wanted; powers to over-ride little interests for the general good; powers to coerce the ignorant, obstinate, and slothful, and to punish all who, by any infraction of necessary laws, imperil the public health. The working people and the middle class thoroughly resolved to have such laws, there is no more choice left to all the Red Tape in Britain as to the form in which it shall tie itself next, than there is option in the barrel of a barrel-organ what tune it shall play.

But, though it is easily foreseen that such an alliance must soon incalculably mitigate, and in the end annihilate, the dark list of calamities resulting from sinful and cruel neglect which the late visitation has—unhappily not for the first time—unveiled; it is impossible to set limits to the happy issues that would flow from it. A better understanding between the two great divisions of society, a habit of kinder and nearer approach, an increased respect and trustfulness on both sides, a gently corrected method in each of considering the views of the other, would lead to such blessed improvements and interchanges among us, that even our narrow wisdom might within the compass of a short time learn to bless the sickly year in which so much good blossomed out of evil.

In the plainest sincerity, in affectionate sympathy, in the ardent desire of our heart to do them some service, and to see them take their place in the system which should bind us all together, and bring home, to us all, the happiness of which our necessarily varied conditions are all susceptible, we submit these few words to the working men. The time is ripe for every one of them to raise himself and those who are dear to him, at no man's cost, with no violence or injustice, with cheerful help and support, with lasting benefit to the whole community. Even the many among them at whose firesides there will be vacant seats this winter, we address with hope. However hard the trial and heavy the bereavement, there is a far higher consolation in striving for the life that is left, than in brooding with sullen eyes beside the grave.

THE GHOST OF PIT POND.

In the days when stage-coaches flourished, there was no better house on the Bath road, for the traveller to stop at, than "The Castle" at Marlborough. No disparagement to Mr. Botham's celebrated inn at Salt Hill, but that was a place for lovers, and lovers only; you might breakfast there, it is true, but if you were not newly married, it was scarcely advisable to trespass longer than the promised twenty minutes—practically ten—which the coachman allowed for the consumption of that meal. A single man sojourning at Salt Hill, was a fish completely out of water: he excited no curiosity on the part of the chambermaids; the waiters were inattentive and careless, for what was a bachelor's gratuity compared with a bridegroom's; he gave the young lady at the bar no opportunity for displaying the fluttering sympathy which a bridal party always awakens; and to the landlord he was objectionable, because he occupied space that might be more profitably filled, and besides, when his little bill was sent in, the bachelor looked at the items before paying it, a proceeding which no true Benedick ever dreamt of. You see, therefore, that the only course for the solitary traveller was to resume his seat on the box, and push on. There was nothing to delay him at Reading, but when he had tra-

versed Marlborough forest, and pulled up at "The Castle," where dinner was always ready, to stay there for the night, if he were not pressed for time, was as sensible a thing as he could possibly do. Several motives might induce him: First—if he were imaginative—the immense size of the building, with its multitudinous rooms and long galleries, extending from wing to wing, suggested, or recalled all kinds of inn-adventures: it was impossible that such a house of entertainment could stand there without furnishing forth some record of the events of the road—the runaway match, the broken-down post-chaise, the stoppage by highwaymen, the mail-coach passengers dug out of the snow, or the duel across the supper-table. Next—if he were only matter of fact—the pleasant aspect of the jovial host and bustling attendants, the glimpse of the larder, and the more transitory visions of pretty faces in caps and ribbons, testified to creature comforts in the most unmistakable manner. He might be bored by his stage-coach companions, or fatigued by the journey, or desirous of a new sensation, or eager for that warmest welcome which Shenstone has told us, with a sigh, is only to be found at an inn. At all events, there being no particular reason to the contrary, he could not be very far wrong if he had his portmanteau taken out of the boot of the coach, and ordered a bed at "The Castle." I did so under one or other of the circumstances alluded to, some twenty years ago—before the inn was converted into a cottage—and had no cause to repent the act.

On all the great high roads of England there is some house that was famous for something. At Hartley Row it used to be stewed carp; at Godalming, a spatchcock; at Sittingbourne, veal cutlets; trout at St. Alban's; the sauce to eat it with—good, also, for rumpsteaks—at Bedfont; mutton and chickens—marred, however, by too much matrimony—at Burford Bridge; eels at Watford; spiced beef at Grantham; and so on of the rest. "The Castle," at Marlborough, was celebrated, I soon found, for what you seldom get in perfection anywhere out of Normandy: a roast capon. The rearing of capons appears to have been practised time out of mind, at Marlborough, for Camden tells us that every freeman on his admission to the guild was bound to present the Mayor with "a couple of greyhounds, two white capons, and a white bull."

I found my quarters extremely comfortable, and decided upon remaining till I got tired of them. My visit to the country had chiefly been for change of scene and relaxation from work, and I was as well off on the Wiltshire downs as anywhere else. No better exercise could be had than these steep hills afforded, and the Roman encampments scattered over them supplied numerous objects of interest. How delicious the feeling was, I can well remember, with which after climbing the lofty ridge that runs parallel with the high road, and threw myself down on the short thymy grass and bared my breast to the soft western breeze, drinking in the air that seemed to give me new life! What a glorious view was spread before me! I know nothing of the locality, but a shepherd, whom I questioned as he passed, told me that a certain gray line which cut the horizon to the south was the spire of Salisbury cathedral, distant, as he said, "ever so fur,"—a definition which to his thinking, conveyed an idea of infinite space, and was, probably, as the crow flies, about five and twenty miles.

"But," continued my informant, "they do say them that's out at sea, mariners and such like, can see the very place we're standin' on; leastways, the white house you, top of Martin's hill, where the soldiers' graves are."

"What soldiers?" I asked. He could'nt tell. Some that were buried ever so long ago; there must have been a hundred or more, the bones were so plenty, besides bricks and queer things that he did'nt know the names of. Gentlefolks often come into these parts to dig 'em up. Some said there was treasures to be found, and his father had told him how people that he knew had dug down on Wick farm for a gold table. They was'nt to speak till they'd got it up, but as soon as they saw it they cried out, 'Here it is!' and it sunk out of sight, and they never could get a look at it again! "No!" he added, with an air of complete conviction, "'two'nt be seen for another hundred years!" I observed that I saw signs of encampments in various directions: had they all been explored? Mostly, he thought; he had been at the opening of several, but did'nt fancy any good ever come of it; indeed, 'twarn't likely, if—as folks said—the devil had any hand in making 'em. I inquired how that personage came to be associated with these antiquities. "Well, it was what people believed down in those parts. There's Wansditch," he added, pointing to an embankment that ran along the crest of the hill; "the devil built that on a Wensday,—that's why they give it that name."

My pastoral friend proving communicative, I encouraged the traditional vein in which he seemed willing to indulge, and learnt from him many particulars chiefly turning upon subjects of popular belief. Not, as may be supposed, all at once; but at intervals, when I became better known on the hill-side. A shepherd has many idle moments, and it was a novelty for him to meet with some one to talk to while his flock were quietly browsing. From St. Martin's Hill, the locality which he principally affected, all the places were visible which in his eyes had any interest. There was Pewsey-hill, about five miles off, "where the cat ate the bacon," a legend he was unable to explain further than "it was what folks said

about it." There was Draycot Farm, below Hewish, "where old Harry Pike used to live —him as strangled himself in his garters; they buried him down there where you see that round-topped bush, just at the cross-roads; his coffin was nothing but a few boards with no top to it; they drove a blackthorn stake through his body—that's the very bush you're looking at—its grow'd to almost a tree, and bears hedge-speakes (sloes) now, but few people eat 'em except boys that don't know the story—not but what boys will eat anything—I used to myself when I was one. They tell a queer story about old Harry Pike. You see, the reason why he killed himself was, they say, because he had wronged his brother's widow out of a lot of money—poor Tom Pike was in the waggon line between Melksham and Frome, and down away there by Wells, and he and Harry was partners. She got a lawyer from Bath—I forget his name—and he took it into court, but they never could prove nothing agin old Harry, whatever they thought: and after the trial, one Sunday afternoon, as he was adrinking at the White Horse—that's the public-house, at Wotton-Rivers, the village down there by the church—a man as I know—one Jem Taylor—put it to old Harry about his brother's widow; and he and some more went on ever so long, and at last 'old Harry he fell on his knees, right in the middle of the parlour, down on the sandy floor, and prayed that his soul might never quit his body if he'd ever taken a shilling of his brother's money, alive or dead; and he looked so white and awful when he got up agin that Jem Taylor, nor none of 'em, didn't like to say no more to him. Well, after that, he seemed to be a miserable man; nothin' didn't go right with him, and he got worse and worse; and one day—that was on a Sunday afternoon too—just three year afterward, he was found strangled in the back kitchen of his house, sitten in a cheer, with one of his own garters twisted tight round his neck, and his face as black as one of them yoes. Nobody had done it but himself, for the door was locked inside, and nothing was touched. Well, they buried him, as I told you, but it wasn't much use buryin' *him* after the false oath he had took, for then the truth come out. You perhaps will hardly believe it, sir, but though the stake was driv right through his body, they couldn't keep him down in his grave; he was always a turnin' and heavin', and every day for weeks and weeks the mould was turned up as fresh as if you'd done it with a spade. Harry Pike's soul hadn't quitted his body! When the blackthorn came to grow, then the ground lay still, but whether that tree will ever die or no nobody knows: if it does, it must die of itself, for folks hereabouts always calls it Harry Pike's tree, and never goes no nigher to it than they can help.

"Ah! many queer things has happened in that valley, even in my time, let alone afore then. You've heard tell of Jack-o'-lantern, perhaps? Well, he's been scores of times in the mash there, this side of the Kennet and Avon canal. I once saw him myself about a mile off; he'd a lantern in his hand as plain to be seen, as your face, or mine. No! I could'nt make *him* out exactly, and whether he's like a man, or no, I won't venture to say, but when once you get 'tangled with Jack there's no gettin' rid of him till daylight, unless you lay yourself flat down on your face. There was William Bullock, he's dead now, but when he was young, he went one night to court his sweetheart, Mary Moore, at Wotton Rivers—she's living, and tells the story, so we know it to be true. Well, this young man, after parting with Mary Moore, 'twixt nine and ten at night—our country folks always goes to bed about that time—he took his way home agin; it was in June, one of them hot foggy evenings we have hereabouts, and just as he was coming nigh the Goblin's Hole—that's where the bank moulders away both sides of the road, in the hollow—there Jack 'tangled him. He hadn't the sense to lay down, and first Jack dragged him through the brith-hedge (quickset) by the toll-path, then he got him into the canal, after that into the long copse, then over the canal agin, into the mash, and so up by the woods, right under Martin's Hill, what we're on now; and when he got home in the morning, his face and hands was scratched all over—if he'd been fighting all night with cats, they couldn't have marked him worse, his clothes was pretty nigh torn off his back, and he was so bad altogether he kept his bed for a week. He always said 'twas Jack done it, and so Mary Moore says to this day."

But dismal tales were more the staple commodity of the narrator, than light—or ludicrous incidents, and one of that description—in all probability, it was his cheval de bataille—he gave, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:—

"If you look away to the right, from where you're sitten, keeping your eye along the road, till you come to the end of that plantation—the Fiddle Plantation we calls it, because it's shaped like one—you'll see the chimbleys and part of the gable-end of a farm-house, built of dark red brick. It's a low-built house, with wings to it that juts out in front, but the trees hides 'em from here. That's called Hewish Farm. It stands by itself like, though there's only two meadows betwixt it and Hewish. Hewish was a large city once, but it's only a poor village now; you may count the houses, there ain't above twenty, and not a public-house among 'em, so that the farm is a lonely kind of place after all; perhaps if the house was smaller it wouldn't seem so. About fifty years ago, when I was quite a boy, one Mr. Reeve used to live at Hewish Farm. He was a sort of gentleman-farmer; that's to say, his relations wasn't poor people, and he'd no call to look after the farm himself, if

he hadn't been minded to. But he took a liking to it as soon as he was his own master, and so he went on, till he got to be thirty year old, never thinking of nothing, but sowing the land, and getting the crops, and breeding sheep, and such like. He was a well-looking man, and people thought it a pity he didn't get a wife, and make himself a comfortable home; not but what Hewish was comfortable enough, only he was alone in it. There was plenty of young women in Marlbro', respectable tradesmen's daughters, and what not, would only have been glad enough to have him if he'd asked 'em. But that wasn't to be.

"One summer's evening,—I've heard my father tell the story so often it seems how as if I'd been there myself,—one summer's evening Mr. Reeve had been round the farm, and was going home to his supper, when he saw my father—he worked there—just finishing something he had in hand, hoeing turnips I think it was—and so he stopped to speak to him. While they was talking, mostly about the weather and harvest prospects, they hears a sharp, rattling noise like a horse's hoofs galloping very hard. The field they stood in was close to the road, and both of 'em runs to the hedge to see what was coming. Sure enough it was a horse and a lady upon it, galloping down Hewish hill as if she was riding a race. How the horse kept his legs down that steep pitch was a wonder, but how the lady kept her seat was a greater; she seemed, my father said, to have been born in a saddle, and perhaps he warn't far wrong. But twas'nt for pleasure she rode down Hewish hill at that rate, good rider as she was. Her horse had runned away with her, and so she come, whether she would or no. It was bad enough for the hill to be so steep, but there was something worse than that—a chalk-pit that stood at the turn of the road, about half-way down. 'If that creetur,' says my father, 'don't catch sight of the pit, it's all up.' On they come, howsever, straight on end; there warn't no time for the horse to turn if he'd been ever so minded to, the coomb you see being so steep, and he so much way on him. But if the horse did'nt see the pit, the lady did. And what do you think she does? Instead of throwing of herself off, or screaming, or pulling at the rein, she gives her horse's head a lift, lays into him with her whip as hard as she can cut, and away they flies right into the middle of the air. Dashed to pieces among the flints at the bottom of the pit was all my father and Mr. Reeve ever looked for, but there must have been a good spring in that horse—a bright bay he was, my father said,—for he landed clear on the lower side of the pit, right away among some peggall bushes (whitethorn) that grow'd at the edge: it was full five and twenty foot that jump, if it was an inch—to say nothing of the drop. But that warn't all: there the lady set; if she'd been a stattoo cut out of stone along with the horse she could'nt have set steadier. 'A good leap that!' was all she said; and then she made a queer kind of laugh, and stared round, and her hands begun to tremble. But her courage come back agin when the bay horse begun to struggle to get out of the bushes, though by that time my father and Mr. Reeve was over the hedge and close alongside her, and Mr. Reeve he caught hold of the bridle to keep the horse from backing into the pit, as he might have done; and so amongst them the lady got safe out. The first thing as Mr. Reeve asked her was, how she felt herself? Thirsty, she said she was, and wanted a glass of water. Well, there warn't no water to be had no nigher than Mr. Reeve's pond—Pit Pond we calls it—just below his house, so the least he could do was to ask the lady to step in to the farm, and take some refreshment there. She did'nt make no difficulty, being so dry; but though he offered her ale and cyder, and even wine, nothing but water would she touch, and my father he run out with a jug and filled it out of Pit Pond—a clear, bright pool it was then, like a fountain, you could count every flint that lay at the bottom,—and just as he was bringing of it in he saw somebody else come riding down Hewish hill, shouting with all his might. So when he'd set the jug down he run out into the road and met a gentleman on horseback, looking very wild and fiery, who asked him in a thick sort of voice if he'd seen a lady ride by. My father then told him what had happened, and how the lady was inside of Mr. Reeve's house at that moment; on which the gentleman jumps off his horse, and, without so much as telling my father to hold him, rushes in too, calling out 'Emily! Emily!' 'My dear John!' she cries as soon as she sees him, and she falls into his arms, all but fainting.

"When she'd recovered herself a bit, the gentleman begins to thank Mr. Reeve for his hospitality to his sister;—he, Mr. Reeve, said afterwards to my father, it made his heart jump like to hear the lady was only his sister; he'd never felt anything of the sort before, and could'nt keep his eyes off her, and a beautiful creature she was, not more than nineteen year old, with such lovely eyes, and the sweetest voice that ever was heard."

To abridge the shepherd's story, which lasted a live-long hour, it appeared that the gentleman and lady had only just arrived in that part of the country, and were staying at the Castle inn at Marlborough. They had brought their horses with them, and being out for an evening ride, the lady's horse had run away and taken the road to Hewish. Having witnessed what had happened, and being so near, Mr. Reeve rode over the next morning to Marlborough to pay his respects and ask after the lady. He found her quite well, but alone, her brother having been obliged to go to London on some pressing business.

Mr. Reeve's heart had not leapt in his bosom without cause; he was already deeply in love, and his passion grew with every hour. Nor did it seem to him that his case was hopeless; for, during the absence of the lady's brother, he was admitted whenever he called, and allowed to join Miss Emily—she was known by no other name—in the exercise of which she was so fond, and knowing the country for miles round, he proved an excellent guide. He used generally to manage to bring her home by Hewish, and the last day on which they rode out together, she dismounted to see his garden and homestead, and all the plenishing of the farm and while they walked by the brink of Pit Pond he made her an offer of marriage. It was never known exactly in what way the offer was received. Some said it was at once rejected in an angry manner; others that Miss Emily cried a great deal, and said it was impossible; but Mrs. Barlow, who lived at Hewish farm as Mr. Reeve's housekeeper, and is reported to have seen something of what took place, always declared that whatever Miss Emily might have replied, she was sure Mr. Reeve kissed her more than once and called her his own; after which, without coming into the house again, they mounted their horses and rode away. Whether this were true or not, at all events Mr. Reeve did not accompany her into Marlborough, but must have taken leave of her somewhere on the road, for she was alone when she got down at the door of the Castle inn. What became of him afterwards for several hours is a mystery, since he did not return till past midnight, long after Mrs. Barlow had gone to bed, but she heard him stable his horse and afterwards go up to his own room, where he walked to and fro, she said, till sunrise. All that day, and the next, and the next after that, and so on for several more, he looked very pale and ill, and didn't ride out or go over the farm, but sat near the window, making as if he was reading, though, as Mrs. Barlow added, "his eye was on the road all the time, and every five minutes he went to the gate to see if the postman was in sight," for it seemed he expected a letter. He got one at last, but matters were not at all mended by it: on the contrary, he got paler and thinner, and used to shut himself up in his room, and write by the hour together. Whom he wrote to nobody knew; for he never entrusted his letters to any one, but rode off with them himself, without leaving word where he was gone to or when he should be back.

After about two months had gone by in this manner, another letter came for him. It was charged with a heavy postage, and Jacob Stride, the postman, said it came from abroad. The next day Mr. Reeve told his housekeeper he was going away for some time: he left money with her to pay all necessary expenses from that time till Christmas, and then set out. He took the coach to London, but where he went afterwards nobody at Hewish ever heard.

It was not till New Year's eve that he returned, and when he did so, those who knew him best could scarcely have sworn that he was the same person who, six months before, had been such a quiet, contented, happy-looking young man. Deep lines were in his face now, his hair had grown gray, his frame was meagre; there was restlessness in his eye, and impatience on his lips, as if he struggled with mental more than with bodily pain. His manner, too, was as much altered as his person: formerly he had a kind word for every one—now, he spoke seldom, and always harshly. He seemed to take no pleasure in anything, unless it were to stand for hours at a time on the brink of Pit Pond, looking down into the water.

Let me give the rest of this tale as the shepherd told it:

'After not seeming to care much what had become of the farm while he was away, or to take any pride in it when he got back, one morning in February—it was Candlemas day—Mr. Reeve got up early, just as he used to do aforetime, and went round to my father and said, as it was lambing time, and the snow was on the ground, he'd like him to look well after the young lambs as soon as they was dropped, and keep 'em nice and warm; and my father said he'd be sure to, for he was glad to see his master take an interest in the poor dumb things; he fancied it a good sign. He little thought what was going to happen. Breakfast time come, but Mr. Reeve was wanting, and Mrs. Barlow she waited an hour or more, wondering where he was. At last she sent out to look for him, and the first person the girl met was the cowboy, who told her he'd seen his master, an hour before, walking round and round Pit Pond, but stopping every now and then, and saying something to himself. What it was, the boy was too far off to hear, but he thought he heard the name of 'Em'ly' twice repeated, and then Mr. Reeve looked up, and seeming to think the boy was watching of him, sent him with a message to a place a mile off; and the boy said he should never forget his master's look when he spoke to him, it was so cold-like and ghastly. They begun now to suspect that something had gone wrong with Mr. Reeve, and away they all hurries down to Pit Pond, and there, sure enough, they sees Mr. Reeve's hat floating atop of the water. They got rakes and they got hooks, and poles and ropes, and everything they could think of, and dragged the pond right through and through, but they could find nothing: whatever he'd done with himself, he warn't drownded. So they sets about to look somewhere else, and my father, who'd joined the rest, he spied footmarks in the snow that looked like Mr. Reeve's, for they was littler than the farm servants'; and they led to a barn where there hadn't been

no threshing done yet, but the oats and barley was still mowed up, just as it first stood. The door of this barn was ever so little ajar, as if it had been pulled-to from the inside, but hadn't come quite home. My father and another goes inside the barn, the rest was too scared to follow, and they soon sees that somebody had been there, for ever so many sheaves was scattered about on the threshing-floor. Up they climbs amongst the oats, and as my father was groping about in the dark, he strikes his face agin something; he puts out his hand, and feels a pair of legs hanging down. He remembered then, all in a moment, that there was a beam above that could be reached from the top of the stack, afore the sheaves was thrown down, and he cried out to his partner to set the barn doors wide open, and then there come in a stream of light, and poor Mr. Reeve was seen hanging from the beam, with a rope round his neck. They cut him down directly, but it was of no use; he was quite dead.

"Mr. Reeve, as I told you before, sir, had relations as was well-to-do; and though there couldn't be no doubt that he died by his own hand, he was buried like a Christian, not like old Harry Pike; but then *he* was hated, and everybody liked poor Mr. Reeve, and pitied his case. What he did it for seemed pretty certain—love for Miss Emily. Letters was found as told all that story. It came out, from one thing and another, that she warn't the gentleman's sister after all. Nayther was she his wife. He was a young gentleman of high family, married to some one else afore he seed her, which was at a circus in Bath, where she rode the flying horse in the ring. There was a bill of the performance found in Mr. Reeve's desk, with her name in it. 'Miss Emily Featherweight' (that couldn't have been her real name) 'the ee-questrian wonder,' with a pieter of her in a hat and feathers leaping her horse through a circle of fire; but my father said it warn't nigh handsome enough, for the bright eyes warn't there, and you couldn't hear the sweet voice as was hers. Where Mr. Reeve got this bill nobody could tell; most likely 'twas when he went away, for then he learnt all he knew, just as he wrote it down: how he followed her abroad, how he found out that the gentleman ill-used and left her, and how she died at a place called Brussels, in a sort of prison-hospital, wasted to a skeleton and broken-hearted; she that only six months before was so beautiful and happy.

"It was a cousin of Mr. Reeve's that come to him at Hewish farm after he was dead and gone. Gone, I oughtn't to say—for it was long before he went; and up to this day there's some of the old people as will have it he's to be seen still. The first notion there was about his walking come from one of the women-servants, who met him close to Pit Pond one evening at dusk, where he was looking into the water, after his custom when he was alive. Then one of the ploughmen saw him more than once, coming down one of the furrows, as he went up another; but he always vanished when he got within about a team's length. Others saw him nigh the barn where he hung himself; and at last it got so bad that none of the people liked to stir out alone, or, for that matter, stay on the farm. The place got a bad name, and it behoved Mr. Martin, him as succeeded to the property, to get rid of it, if he did not want everything to go to rack and ruin.

"After a good deal of talking amongst the folks at Hewish, the upshot was to speak to the clergyman of the parish, and ask him if he couldn't do something to lay the sperrit. He wouldn't have nothing to do with it at first; but in the end he consented, and then, the thing having got wind, five or six more clergymen in the parish round about said they'd join, and so they did. I can't tell how many people was assembled in the biggest room in the farm-house, but there was the clergymen with their prayer-books and gowns, and there was Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and the parish clerk of Hewish, and my father was there, and a many more besides. The first thing the clergymen done was to exercise the sperrit—read him up, that is; and it's as true as you're setten' there, Mr. Reeve, he come into the room, nobody couldn't see how or by what entrance.

"He warn't a bit white, like a ghost, as most of 'em expected, but was dressed just the way he used to walk about the farm, only his head was more on one side, bent down like on his breast, and he guggled in his talk when he spoke. The clergyman of Hewish, he asked the sperrit why he hunted about, and what he wanted; and the sperrit said it was on account of the trouble his soul had come to for having hung himself, and he cleaved to be laid in the Red Sea, to keep him cool, he was so hot, he said. Then the clergymen asked him if Pit Pond wouldn't do; that was always cool, being in a shady place; and the sperrit, my father said, made a kind of shudder that went right through them all; and then he told the clergyman Pit Pond would do, if so be he was laid there for a hundred years. So, upon that, all the clergymen took up their books to pray him away, and the first words did it; for, no sooner had they said, 'In the name of the Lord—' than the sperrit disappeared; but they went on to the end, and Mr. Reeve's ghost was never seen no more."

"And so," I observed, after having been so long a patient listener, "and so you suppose the spirit was laid in Pit Pond?"

"You may judge for yourself," replied the shepherd, "by what I tells you. That pond in Mr. Reeve's lifetime was as clear as cristial. The very first evening as he was laid, one of the hinds, who didn't know nothing about where the sperrit had been exercised to, driv

the cattle down to the pond to drink as usual; not one of 'em would touch the water, not with their hoofs even, but lowed and turned away their heads, and come right back; and the next day the pond come over all green—thick and matted—and so it is to this hour. That 's all I know; but it 's getting an old story now, and people don't take so much notice of it as they did. However, sir, you may believe that I haven't told you a word but what 's been told to me for true."

CRABS.

Discussed as a dainty, except in the West Indies, crabs do *not* hold the first place among the crustaceans, though, even in Europe, they have properties which, rightly handled, are well worthy of gastronomic attention. But before I consider them in that light—that is to say, before I sup—I wish to speak of their moral and personal attributes; which, to my thinking, are far more interesting than those of lobsters.

The Macrourian, as I have shown,* is, in a psychological point of view, noticeable chiefly for his very spiteful temper and his exceedingly quarrelsome disposition. If intermarriages ever take place between the different branches of the crustacean family, I pity the creature that finds a husband, or a wife, in a lobster; a worse neighbour it is not possible for any shellfish to meet with.

Now the crab, take him for all in all, is by no means a bad sort of fellow, though he has his peculiarities. To a certain extent, he also is pugnacious; but, unlike the lobster, his pugnacity is not wholesale and indiscriminate. When a crab fights, it is always on a personal question: to resent an insult or to defend himself from assault. "The Börs-krabbe" (purse-crab), says Rumphius, "is a native of Amboyna, where it lives in the fissures of the rocks by day, and seeks its food by night on the beach. When met in the road, he sets himself up in a threatening attitude, and then retreats backwards, making a great snapping with his pincers." Rochefort says the same of the crabs in the West Indies: "When you try to catch them, they retreat sideways, show their teeth, and display their open pincers, striking them against each other." This is not the portraiture of a crab seeking a quarrel. It exhibits, on the contrary, a character in which caution and courage are combined: if you thrust a quarrel upon him he will do his devoir crabfully; and, when he falls, it will be like a warrior, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe." Perhaps you will tell me he is a duellist, and quote Aristotle and Pliny to prove it. I know that both these naturalists assert that crabs are in the habit of fighting like rams. Aristotle says so in the eighth book of his History of Animals (and Pliny repeats the observation): "They will fight with one another, and then yee shall see them jurre and butt with their horns like rammes." But it must be borne in mind that the mere fact of being engaged in a fair stand-up fight is no proof of a quarrelsome disposition. Who can tell what may have been the amount of provocation that had led to this hostile demonstration? There may have been a lady in the case; which, considering that crabs are arrayed, like knights-errant, always in full panoply, is not by any means improbable. There is abundant evidence that the crab is benevolent, patient, long-suffering. Its powers of endurance are prodigious. Sir Charles Lyell tells us, in his Principles of Geology, that, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-two, a large female crab (cancer pagurus) was captured on the English coast covered with oysters, and smaller sea parasites; some of six years' growth. Two were four inches long and three inches and a half broad. Mr. Robert Brown saw the animal alive, in excellent health and spirits; and Mr. Broderip, who so usefully combines the naturalist with the police magistrate, possesses it dead. He has decided that this patient pagurus could not have cast its shell during the period of the venerable oyster's residence upon it; but must have retained it for six years, instead of moulting it annually, which is, according to some authorities, the habit of the species. The fable of the old man of the mountain becomes tame and pointless after this reality. The wise shellfish cheerfully endured what could not be cured with a resignation and fortitude worthy of a crab of old Sparta. Indeed, wisdom, foresight, and cunning are characteristics of the species; and in them it places more dependence than in physical force. That very Börs-krabbe which we have already mentioned offers a proof of this. Hear Rumphius again: "The natives of Amboyna relate that they [the crabs] climb the cocoa-nut trees to get at the milk which is in the fruit;" hence, he says, "the common name they bear is that of the crab of the cocoa-nut." Pontoppidan, the learned Bishop of Bergen, also asserts that the crabs in Norway "have an artifice in throwing a stone between the shells of the oyster when open, so that it cannot shut, and by that means seizing it as a prey." Acts like these denote a subtle intellect; indeed, the crab's career affords strong evidence of his being generally under the influence of an arrière pensée.

Take the hermit crab (pagurus niger) as an example. Pliny says—I quote the delightfully quaint translation of Philemon Holland, which may be found in the British Museum, with Shakspeare's autograph in it, "William Shakspeare his Booke" (folio, London, 1601)—"The least of these crabs is called pinnoteres, and for his smallnesse

* See p. 567 of the ninth volume of Household Words, article Lobsters.

most subject and exposed to take wrong. But as subtle and craftie he is, as he is little; for his manner is to shrowd and hide himself within the shells of emptie oysters; and even as he groweth bigger and bigger, to goe into those that be wider." Catesby, in his Natural History of Florida, (folio, London, 1731-43), speaking of the hermit-crab under the designation of Bernard l'Hermite, his French appellation, says: "When they are assailed in the shell in which they have taken refuge, they thrust forth the larger claw in a defensive posture, and will pinch very hard whatever molests them." This is the same crustacean mentioned by Hughes in his Natural History of Barbadoes (folio, London, 1750) as the soldier crab, assigning for the name a reason which savours very much of the old soldier: "The soldier-crab is amphibious, and is thought to have derived its name from its frequent change of quarters; for its first appearance is in a small periwinkle shell; as it grows too big for this, it looks out for another empty shell, agreeable to its present bulk; soon after it takes up its abode in a large wilk-shell." That crabs know pretty well what they are about, is apparent also from Pliny's general description of them (lib. ix. c. 31): "Crabs delight in soft and delicate places. In winter they seek after the warme or sunshine shore; but when summer is come, they retire into the coole and deepe holes in the shade. All the sort of them take harme and paire by winter: in autumne and springe they battle and waxe fat; and especially when the moon is at the full; because that planet is comfortable in the night time, and with her warme light mitigateth the cold of the night."

Crabs, moreover, have a cultivated taste. Their fondness for music is mentioned by several authors, who, however, are silent as to whether they dance to the tunes in which they appear so greatly to delight. Conrad Gesner, in his Fischbuch (folio Franfort-am-Meyn, 1598) tells the following story which I translate. He is speaking of the Taschenkrab (pocket-crab): "The fisher, men entice these crabs out of their haunts with sweet songs, knowing how pleasant unto them is music. They carefully conceal themselves, and then begin to pipe with a sweet voice, by which sound these animals are charmed, and go after it out of the sea. The fishermen draw gradually off—the crabs follow, and when on dry land, are seized and made prisoners." Rondelet, the learned physician of Montpelier, alludes to the pleasure that crabs take in music in his Histoire des Poissons. He also gives them a character for wisdom, though in his anxiety to establish his position he proves rather too much. The example he selects is heracliticus cancer, so called from its being a native of the shores of Pontus, near Heraclea. "The wisdom of this crab is also praised; and it is on this account that it was represented hanging to the collar of the Ephesian Diana, as a sign of wisdom and counsel. Now, its wisdom consists in this: that, in the spring time, depriving itself of its shell, and feeling weak and disarmed, it hides itself without attacking anything until it has regained its former hard covering. When the period has arrived for getting rid of its armour, it runs backwards and forwards like a mad creature, seeking for food of all kinds, with which, when its body is more than ordinarily filled, the shell violently bursts open."

I have said enough to show how greatly the sagacity of the crab prevails over that violence which is the leading characteristic of the lobster. If additional proof be wanting of the ferocious nature of the longer-tailed crustacean, it can be found in Gesner's veracious volume, where, on the authority of Olaus Magnus, he gives an engraving of a huge lobster in the act of devouring a man—not simply dining off him, as a crab might do, but literally strangling him in his embraces. To heighten the probability of this tableau the lobster in the engraving is represented about three times the size of the man, round whose head the animal's pincers are wreathed into a sort of arbour, pressing him down into his open mouth. The swimming man (schwimmenden Mensch) appears singularly costumed for the enjoyment of natation, being full-dressed, with garters tied in bows at his knees, and wearing an elaborate beard, which resists the power of the water to take it out of curl. Gesner adds that this lobster, which is like a rhinoceros, is wonderfully beautiful and agreeable to behold!

To return to the less pugnacious crab. To say that he is wholly exemplary is perhaps to assert too much. I fancy, for example, that in the article of forage he does not care to draw the line too closely between meum and tuum; but then his habits—those with which he was gifted by nature—are predatory, and some allowance must be made on their account. I look upon him as altogether of a better nature than the lobster, as having more character about him, as being, as it were, more a man of the world. He can live anywhere, do anything, eat anything.

If the crab had not something out of the common in him, is it likely that learned astronomers would have placed him so conspicuously in the zodiac? Trace him through all the systems, and he figures prominently in each: whether as the carcatí of the Hindus, the saratān of the Arabs and Persians, the karábos of the Greeks (it was through Juno's interest he got in there, after being crushed by Hercules when he was sent to bite the demigod's great toe in the fight with the Hydra of Lerna), or as the well-known Cancer of the Romans and ourselves. See what a charge is assigned him! A whole tropic to himself, besides the care of the summer solstice, with the sole management

of the sun, till that luminary falls into the lap of autumn, and all his short-comings —very many in this country, though fewer this year than usual—are weighed in the Balance. It is not an ordinary animal that could do all this.

But to re-translate our crab from the skies, and bring him back to earth. Observe of what account he is. There is not a part of the globe of which he is not an esteemed inhabitant. Attempt the north-west passage, and under the name of homola spinifrons, all covered with yellow hairs, like the dwarf in the fairy tale, you meet him in the Arctic regions. Bathe in the Indian seas, and you shall encounter him as Egeria—"the nymph-olepsy of some fond despair"—armed with long slender claws, and clambering over the rocks where you have left your clothes. Cast your line in the depths of ocean, and if your hook be baited with the savoury meat which his soul loveth—"radiated animals, and fish of all kinds," peradventure you shall capture him, now calling himself gonoplax rhomboides —a hard, angular name, belitting a sharp, active, industrious individual who has his own living to get, and gets it at the expense of somebody else. There are great varieties of the crab family in the Mediterranean: one of the most notable of them is the calappa granulata, a species which the Marseilles fishermen have loaded with all sorts of rious and ridiculous names, calling them migranes, coqs de mer, and crabes honteux, though what they have to be ashamed of is more than I can tell. Modest crabs would be the more appropriate term, for they hide themselves in the clefts of the rocks at a depth of nearly a hundred feet. It is the difficulty of getting at them, I suspect, which makes the Marseillais so spiteful. They are quite worth the trouble of catching, though not easy to get at when caught; for they are about the best protected crabs going, their chelæ and all their other feet being shut in like instruments of Sheffield make. There is the dorippe again, a well-known decapod haunting the shores of the Adriatic. The inhabitants of Rimini, that pontifical city, shamefully abuse this crab, calling him facchino (blackguard); like Ancient Pistol, "they eat and eke they swear." But the good folks of Rimini ought to have remembered the proverb about throwing stones: the most illustrious family of which their place can boast bearing the sobriquet—given them, perhaps, by the crabs—of Malatesta (wrong-head). There is much ingenuity in the way the dorippe bestows his legs: two pairs of them being placed on his back, so that if accident or malevolence—on the part of the people of Rimini—turn him upside down, he can get over the ground quite as well as if nobody had disturbed him. It is a great mistake to suppose that all crabs are awkward. There is, it is true, a Welshman who, in perfect accordance with Cambrian ideas of dignity, styles himself corytes cassivelaunus, and is a very stiff-limbed, long-clawed crustacean: he is awkward enough in all conscience,—his wooden-looking, dollified pincers, tripping him up at every step—and probably making him swear, for his temper, of course, is hot—as he scrambles over the sands at Beaumaris, where he chiefly delights to dwell. But, on the other hand, see how active and sprightly are many of the brachyurous race. There are the grapsoidians, the most timorous of crabs, that run with incredible swiftness. Who has not noticed their wonderful activity when disturbed on the rocks at Ramsgate? They may be, as Mr. Milne Edwards says, very grotesque in their movements, but at all events they are uncommonly spry. Run after and try to catch one, and then see where you are. In all probability sprawling on your face amid the sea-weed. The scientific name for these dodgers is carcinus mœnas, the common shore crab, a designation which, when spoken in English, must be carefully pronounced for fear of accident, though crabs themselves are not very particular as to the haunts which they frequent. The carcinus mœnas has one peculiarity which I must mention. Unlike the generality of decapods, they are born with tails; but those they leave behind 'em as they grow older. In Norway this species is called the garnater or duck-crab; and Pontoppidan, who has a large, episcopal faith, says that their greatest danger arises from the eel, "which twines itself about the creature's claws, and by squeezing itself together (boa-constrictor fashion), breaks them off and sucks them with great eagerness." The gourmand! Spite of his faith, however, the good Bishop of Bergen does not believe, with Pliny or Ovid, that these crabs are at a certain season transformed into scorpions. He says it is not at all probable. If you wish to know what Ovid says on the subject, I refer you to the fifteenth book of his Metamorphoses, or to the translation made, in sixteen hundred and three, by Arthur Golding, gentleman, who, in rather long-legged verse, thus gives the recipe for making a scorpion:

Go pull away the cleas from crabbes that in the sea do breede,
And burye all the rest in mould, and of the same will spring
A scorpion which with writhen tayle will threaten for to sting.

Gesner, in rough German, says the like.

There is a kind of crab which I think the eels aforesaid would fight shy of: this is the Trold-krabber, or prickly crab, sometimes called the Sea-spider, whose embraces might not be so pleasant as those of a smoother sort. These Trolds, like their preternatural namesakes the Dwarfs, have the faculty of prognosticating a sudden change of weather, by rapidly changing colours. A blushing crab must be an example to animals! But before I have done with the Grap-

soidians, from whom I have slightly diverged, I must speak of one or two more. There is the grapsus pictus, or pagurus maculatus, beautifully mottled with red—before boiling—whose agility surpasses that of all other crabs. To see how nimbly they scale perpendicular heights, or, greater achievement still, scour the faces of rocks that hang horizontally, would excite envy in a house-fly, and perfectly madden that American gentleman who lumbered along with his head downward over the stage of Drury Lane Theatre a couple of years ago. The grapsus pictus has fancies which are anomalous: he can't live in the water, but for the life of him can't keep away from it; he is always getting wet, and sometimes, when he is washed off by a heavier sea than usual, gets drowned into the bargain. The horseman crab—called in Barbadoes Ben Trotters—belongs to this swiftly-moving race. Their reputation is of old date, for Pliny tells us that in Phœnicia is a kind of crab called hippæe, or rather hippeis (that is to say horses or horsemen), which are so swift that it is impossible to overtake them. Of the same agile family are the clubsmen and she-biters, whose claws are of immense size in comparison with their bodies; and the scuttle-crab, which feeds upon moss, and climbs the highest trees to reach its favourite food.

Contrasted with these active citizens are the dromia hirsutissima, of Desmarest, and the lazy crab of Hughes. The former, a very hairy fellow, is indolent in his motions, and lives in spots where the sea is moderately deep, taking everything coolly. His wife is very much given to being in a state of torpor (engourdissement). The lazy crab is a very large and beautiful one. The back is generally full of small knobs of a pale-scarlet colour, guarded here and there, but especially about the edges of the back shell, with short, sharp prickles. It has two great claws, ten inches long, and when the indented edges of these claws close together, they fall as regularly into their sockets as the opposite sides of a pair of nippers.

The list would be a very long one if I were to stop to enumerate all the crabs that are good-looking; I shall confine myself here to the crabes peintes, or painted crabs of the West Indies: they belong to a class respecting which I shall have more to say by and by. "These crabs," says Rochefort (Histoire Naturelle des Antilles, quarto, Rotterdam, 1681), "are painted so many colours, which are all so beautiful and vivid, that there is nothing more entertaining than to watch them as they move about under the trees, in the daytime, seeking their food. Some are of a violet hue, stained with black; others of a bright yellow, marked with gray and purple lines, which begin at the throat, and spread over the back; others are striped with red, yellow, and green, and so glistening that they look as if their shells had been newly polished."

It is not to be supposed that a race of animals, which under such various forms are so widely scattered over the globe, should be allowed to finish their career without occupying a place in the Pharmacopœia of the middle ages, when remedies for accidents and diseases were sought even in stocks and stones. The crab was held to possess many occult virtues. "Singular good are they," observed one old writer, "against the bytynge and styngynge of serpentes." "The juice of crabs," says Gesner, "mixed with honey, is useful to those who have dropsy." Again: "An ointment made of the ashes of a crab's shell, with honey, cureth the king's evil." Oil, wax, vinegar, and wine, are the accompaniments with which the crab-medicine is exhibited. "Steep the flesh of a crab," advises Rondelet, "in barley or pimpernel water; it is good for the bite of a mad dog." Marcellus, another learned Theban of that ilk, recommends a tablespoonful of powder of crabs to be taken with sweet wine, when you desire to raise your spirits: the wine without the powder is, I should imagine, the better recipe. The eyes of crabs have enjoyed a medicinal reputation down to a very late period, and the soldier crab is still highly esteemed in some of the West India islands, for the oil that is in him, which is looked upon as being of great service to lubricate stiff or swollen joints. Some persons recommend the flesh of crabs as an admirable diet for old people; but this brings me to the most interesting part of my subject.

To eat your crab is, after all, the best use you can put him to. In what perfection this is accomplished in the West Indies I will endeavour to show, after describing the dainty decapod for which these islands are pre-eminently famous. I need scarcely observe that it is of the land crabs I am about to speak.

This genus has a variety of names. The scientific name is gecarcinus, or crab of the earth. Its local appellations are derived from its colour, as the red, the white, the black, and the mulatto, in the English islands; the French call them toulouroux, and crabes peintes, or violettes. Of all these, the black mountain crab of Jamaica is the most delicious. His habits are thus described by Patrick Browne in his History of Jamaica (fol., London, 1756): "These creatures are very numerous in some parts of Jamaica, as well as in the neighbouring islands, and on the coast of the continent. They are, in general, of a dark purple colour, but this often varies; and you frequently find them spotted, or entirely of another hue. They live chiefly on dry land, and at a considerable distance from the sea, which, however, they visit once a year, to wash off their spawn, and afterwards return to the woods and higher lands, where they continue for the remainder of the season; nor do the young ones ever fail to follow them as soon as they are able to crawl. The

old crabs generally regain their habitations in the mountains, which are seldom within less than a mile, and not often above three miles from the shore, by the latter end of June, and then provide themselves with convenient burrows, in which they pass the greater part of the day, going out only at night to feed. In December and January they begin to be in spawn, and are then very fat and delicate, but continue to grow weaker until the month of May, which is the season for them to wash off their eggs. They begin to move down in February, and are very much abroad in March and April, which seems to be the time for the impregnation of their eggs, but the males about this time begin to lose their flavour, and the richness of their juices. The eggs are discharged from the body through two small round holes situated at the sides, and about the middle of the under shell; these are only large enough to admit one at a time, and as they pass they are entangled in the branched capillaments with which the under side of the apron is copiously supplied, to which they stick by the means of their proper gluten, until the creatures reach the surf, where they wash them all off, and then they begin to return back to the mountains. It is remarkable that the bag or stomach of this creature changes its juices with the state of the body—and while poor is full of a black, bitter, disagreeable fluid, which diminishes as it fattens, and at length assumes a delicate, rich flavour. About the months of July or August the crabs fatten again, and prepare for mouldering, filling up their burrows with dry grass, leaves, and abundance of other materials. When the proper period comes, each retires to his hole, shuts up the passage, and remains quite inactive till he gets rid of his old shell, and is fully provided with a new one. How long they continue in this state is uncertain; but the shell is observed to burst both at the back and the sides, to give a passage to the body; and it extracts its limbs from all the other parts gradually afterwards. At this time the fish is in the richest state, and covered only with a tender membraneous skin, variegated with a multitude of reddish veins; but this hardens gradually after, and becomes soon a perfect shell like the former. It is, however, remarkable that during this change there are some strong concretions formed in the bag, which waste and destroy gradually as the creature forms and perfects a new crust. This crab runs very fast, and always endeavours to get into some hole or crevice on the approach of danger; nor does it wholly depend on its art and swiftness, for while it retreats it keeps both claws expanded, ready to catch the offender if he should come within its reach; and if it succeeds on these occasions, it commonly throws off the claw, which continues to squeeze with incredible force for nearly a minute after—while he, regardless of the loss, endeavours to make his escape, and to gain a more secure or a more lonely covert, contented renew his limb with his coat at the ensu change; nor would it grudge to lose man the others to preserve the trunk ent though each comes off with more labour reluctance as their numbers lessen."

Crabs may lie under the accusation of walking backward, but none can say t do so when on the line of march from mountains to the sea. Then they stop nothing, but go right over every obstacle t find in their way. They have been kno [illegible] a bed, where people who had never before seen any were not a little surprised. On these journeys they feed twice a day, and it is the sort of food they select which makes their flesh delicious. Newly-sprung grass, vegetables, the tendrils of pumpkin vines, and the shoots of the young tobacco, are what they prefer, though sometimes they are less choice, and eat decayed fruit and the berries of the manchaneel apple. When they commit this latter indiscretion they become themselves unwholesome, and should not be eaten, unless great care is taken to wash the fat, as well as the other meat, with lime-juice and water.

Lime-juice is a prominent ingredient in dressing a land crab. But, first of all, you must catch him, which is chiefly done by torchlight. The modus operandi is simple. Having unearthed your game, move your torch rapidly before his projecting eyes—he is speedily dazzled; while in his bewilderment, jerk him on his back; then deftly seize him by two of his hind legs, and throw him into the ready sack. You may cook him at leisure after this fashion:

Select a fine broad-backed toulourou, in that condition of body when the young skin is of a pinkish hue, tender and delicate as moistened parchment, and the animals themselves bear the name of crabes boursières. What callipash is to turtle, a greenish substance called taumalin, which is lodged under the shell of the back, is to the land crab. Commence your operations by parboiling the decapod; then take out the taumalin, the fat, and all the meat, and, with the eggs of a fine female crab, mix in a mortar. Then add half a pint of clarified butter, the yolks of six eggs, some parsley and fine herbs, a few heads of pimento, a little orange peel, and four or five onions cut very fine. Put the whole into a saucepan, and let it simmer gently for an hour, squeezing in, from time to time, the juice of a fresh lime. Garnish with peppers, green or red—bird's-eye or capsicum—and serve in a silver dish. As in the case of lobster, madeira is the only correct accompaniment.

It would be a mockery to give a receipt for dressing a British marine crab (however jolly) after this exquisite dish; though, as the French proverb says, "Quand on n'a pas

ce que l'on aime, il faut se contenter de ce que l'on a." Or, in other words, when a man has not got what he likes best, he will do well to make himself contented with what he *has* got. At the present season, however, with all our admiration for the animal, you had better leave him alone. When cold weather returns, and the cholera disappears, you may sup on him without fear.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. THORNTON left the house without coming into the dining room again. He was rather late, and walked rapidly out to Crampton. He was anxious not to slight his new friend by any disrespectful unpunctuality. The church-clock struck half-past seven as he stood at the door awaiting Dixon's slow movements; always doubly tardy when she had to degrade herself by answering the door-bell. He was ushered into the little drawing-room, and kindly greeted by Mr. Hale, who led him up to his wife, whose pale face, and shawl-draped figure made a silent excuse for the cold languor of her greeting. Margaret was lighting the lamp when he entered, for the darkness was coming on. The lamp threw a pretty light into the centre of the dusky room, from which, with country habits, they did not exclude the night-skies, and the outer darkness of air. Somehow, that room contrasted itself with the one he had lately left; handsome, ponderous, with no sign of feminine habitation, except in the one spot where his mother sate, and no convenience for any other employment than eating and drinking. To be sure, it was a dining-room; his mother preferred to sit in it; and her will was a household law. But the drawing-room was not like this. It was twice—twenty times as fine; not one quarter as comfortable. Here were no mirrors, not even a scrap of glass to reflect the light, and answer the same purpose as water in a landscape; no gilding, a warm, sober breadth of colouring, well relieved by the dear old Helstone chintz-curtains and chair covers. An open davenport stood in the window opposite the door; in the other there was a stand, with a tall white china vase, from which drooped wreaths of English ivy, pale-green birch, and copper-coloured beech-leaves. Pretty baskets of work stood about in different places: and books not cared for on account of their bindings (solely) lay on one table, as if just put down. Behind the door was another table, decked out for tea, with a white table-cloth on which flourished the cocoa-nut cakes, and a basket piled with oranges and ruddy American apples, heaped on leaves.

It appeared to Mr. Thornton that all these graceful cares were habitual to the family; and especially of a piece with Margaret. She stood by the tea-table in a light-coloured muslin gown, which had a good deal of pink about it. She looked as if she was not attending to the conversation, but solely busy with the tea-cups, among which her round ivory hands moved with pretty, noiseless, daintiness. She had a bracelet on one taper arm, which would fall down over her round wrist. Mr. Thornton watched the re-placing of this troublesome ornament with far more attention than he listened to her father. It seemed as if it fascinated him to see her push it up impatiently, until it tightened her soft flesh; and then to mark the loosening—the fall. He could almost have exclaimed—"There it goes, again!" There was so little left to be done after he arrived at the preparation for tea, that he was almost sorry that the obligation of eating and drinking came so soon to prevent his watching Margaret. She handed him his cup of tea with the proud air of an unwilling slave; but her eye caught the moment when he was ready for another cup; and he almost longed to ask her to do for him what he saw her compelled to do for her father, who took her little finger and thumb in his masculine hand, and made them serve as sugar-tongs. Mr. Thornton saw her beautiful eyes lifted to her father, full of light, half-laughter and half-love, as this bit of pantomime went on between the two, unobserved, as they fancied, by any. Margaret's head still ached, as the paleness of her complexion, and her silence might have testified; but she was resolved to throw herself into the breach, if there was any long untoward pause, rather than that her father's friend, pupil, and guest should have cause to think himself in any way neglected. But the conversation went on; and Margaret drew into a corner, near her mother, with her work, after the tea-things were taken away; and felt that she might let her thoughts roam, without fear of being suddenly wanted to fill up a gap.

Mr. Thornton and Mr. Hale were both absorbed in the continuation of some subject which had been started at their last meeting. Margaret was recalled to a sense of the present by some trivial, low-spoken remark of her mother's; and on suddenly looking up from her work, her eye was caught by the difference of outward appearance between her father and Mr. Thornton, as betokening such distinctly opposite natures. Her father was of slight figure, which made him appear taller than he really was, when not contrasted, as at this time, with the tall, massive frame of another. The lines in her father's face were soft and waving, with a frequent undulating kind of trembling movement passing over them, showing every fluctuating emotion; the eyelids were large and arched, giving to the eyes a peculiar languid beauty which was almost feminine. The brows were finely

arched, but were, by the very size of the dreamy lids, raised to a considerable distance from the eyes. Now, in Mr. Thornton's face the straight brows fell low over the clear, deep-set earnest eyes, which, without being unpleasantly sharp, seemed intent enough to penetrate into the very heart and core of what he was looking at. The lines in the face were few but firm, as if they were carved in marble, and lay principally about the lips, which were slightly compressed over a set of teeth so faultless and beautiful as to give the effect of sudden sunlight when the rare bright smile, coming in an instant and shining out of the eyes, changed the whole look from the severe and resolved expression of a man ready to do and dare everything, to the keen honest enjoyment of the moment, which is seldom shown so fearlessly and instantaneously except by children. Margaret liked this smile; it was the first thing she had admired in this new friend of her father's; and the opposition of character, shown in all these details of appearance she had just been noticing, seemed to explain the attraction they evidently felt towards each other.

She rearranged her mother's worsted-work, and fell back into her own thoughts —as completely forgotten by Mr. Thornton as if she had not been in the room, so thoroughly was he occupied in explaining to Mr. Hale the magnificent power, yet delicate adjustment of the might of the steam-hammer, which was recalling to Mr. Hale some of the wonderful stories of subservient genii in the Arabian Nights—one moment stretching from earth to sky and filling all the width of the horizon, at the next obediently compressed into a vase small enough to be borne in the hand of a child.

"And this imagination of power, this practical realisation of a gigantic thought, came out of one man's brain in our good town. That very man has it within him to mount step by step on each wonder he achieves to higher marvels still. And I'll be bound to say, we have many among us who, if he were gone, could spring into the breach and carry on the war which compels, and shall compel, all material power to yield to science."

"Your boast reminds me of the old lines—

> "I've a hundred captains in England," he said,
> "As good as ever was he."

(At her father's quotation Margaret looked suddenly up with inquiring wonder in her eyes. How in the world had they got from cog-wheels to Chevy Chace?)

"It is no boast of mine," replied Mr. Thornton; "it is plain matter-of-fact. I won't deny that I am proud of belonging to a town—or perhaps I should rather say a district—the necessities of which give birth to such grandeur of conception. I would rather be a man toiling, suffering—nay, failing and successless—here, than lead a dull prosperous life in the old worn grooves of what you call more aristocratic society down in the South, with their slow days of careless ease. One may be clogged with honey and unable to rise and fly."

"You are mistaken," said Margaret, roused by the aspersion on her beloved South to a fond vehemence of defence that brought the colour into her cheeks and the angry tears into her eyes. "You do not know anything about the South. If there is less adventure or less progress—I suppose I must not say less excitement—from the gambling spirit of trade, which seems requisite to force out these wonderful inventions, there is less suffering also. I see men here going about in the streets who look ground down by some pinching sorrow or care—who are not only sufferers but haters. Now, in the South we have our poor, but there is not that terrible expression in their countenances of a sullen sense of injustice which I see here. You do not know the South, Mr. Thornton," she concluded, collapsing into a determined silence, and angry with herself for having said so much.

"And may I say you do not know the North?" asked he, with an inexpressible gentleness in his tone, as he saw that he had really hurt her. She continued resolutely silent; yearning after the lovely haunts she had left far away in Hampshire, with a passionate longing that made her feel her voice would be unsteady and trembling if she spoke.

"At any rate, Mr. Thornton," said Mrs. Hale, "you will allow that Milton is a much more smoky, dirty town than you will ever meet with in the South."

"I am afraid I must give up its cleanliness," said Mr. Thornton, with the quick gleaming smile. "But we are bidden by parliament to burn our own smoke; so I suppose, like good little children, we shall do as we are bid—some time."

"But I think you told me you had altered your chimneys so as to consume the smoke, did you not?" asked Mr. Hale.

"Mine were altered by my own will, before parliament meddled with the affair. It was an immediate outlay, but it repays me in the saving of coal. I am not sure whether I should have done it, if I had waited until the act was passed. At any rate, I should have waited to be informed against and fined, and given all the trouble in yielding that I legally could. But all laws which depend for their enforcement upon informers and fines, become inert from the odiousness of the machinery. I doubt if there has been a chimney in Milton informed against for five years past, although some are constantly sending out one-third of their coal in what is called here unparliamentary smoke."

"I only know it is impossible to keep the muslin blinds clean here above a week together; and at Helstone we have had them up for a month or more, and they have not

looked dirty at the end of that time. And as for hands—Margaret, how many times did you say you had washed your hands this morning before twelve o'clock? Three times, was it not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You seem to have a strong objection to acts of parliament and all legislation affecting your mode of management down here at Milton," said Mr. Hale.

"Yes, I have; and many others have as well. And with justice, I think. The whole machinery—I don't mean the wood and iron machinery now—of the cotton trade is so new that it is no wonder if it does not work well in every part all at once. Seventy years ago what was it? And now what is it not? Raw, crude materials came together; men of the same level, as regarded education and station, took suddenly the different positions of masters and men, owing to the mother-wit, as regarded opportunities and probabilities, which distinguished some, and made them far-seeing as to what great future lay concealed in that rude model of Sir Richard Arkwright's. The rapid development of what might be called a new trade gave those early masters enormous power of wealth and command. I don't mean merely over the workmen; I mean over purchasers—over the whole world's market. Why, I may give you, as an instance, an advertisement, inserted not fifty years ago in a Milton paper, that so-and-so (one of the half-dozen calico-printers of the time) would close his warehouse at noon each day; therefore, that all purchasers must come before that hour. Fancy a man dictating in this manner the time when he would sell and when he would not sell. Now, I believe if a good customer chose to come at midnight, I should get up, and stand hat in hand to receive his orders."

Margaret's lip curled, but somehow she was compelled to listen; she could no longer abstract herself in her own thoughts.

"I only name such things to show what almost unlimited power the manufacturers had about the beginning of this century. The men were rendered dizzy by it. Because a man was successful in his ventures, there was no reason that in all other things his mind should be well-balanced. On the contrary, his sense of justice, and his simplicity, were often utterly smothered under the glut of wealth that came down upon him; and they tell strange tales of the wild extravagance of living indulged in on gala-days by those early cotton-lords. There can be no doubt, too, of the tyranny they exercised over their work-people. You know the proverb, Mr. Hale, 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,'—well, some of these early manufacturers did ride to the devil in a magnificent style—crushing human bone and flesh under their horses' hoofs without remorse. But by and by came a reaction; there were more factories, more masters; more men were wanted. The power of masters and men became more evenly balanced; and now the battle is pretty fairly waged between us. We will hardly submit to the decision of an umpire, much less to the interference of a meddler with only a smattering of the knowledge of the real facts of the case, even though that meddler be called the High Court of Parliament."

"Is there any necessity for calling it a battle between the two classes?" asked Mr. Hale. "I know from your using the term it is one which gives a true idea of the real state of things to your mind."

"It is true; and I believe it to be as much a necessity as that prudent wisdom and good conduct are always opposed to, and doing battle with ignorance and improvidence. It is one of the great beauties of our system that a working-man may raise himself into the power and position of a master by his own exertions and behaviour; that, in fact, every one who rules himself to decency and sobriety of conduct, and attention to his duties, comes over to our ranks; it may not be always as a master, but as an overlooker, a cashier, a book-keeper, a clerk, one on the side of authority and order."

"You consider all who are unsuccessful in raising themselves in the world, from whatever cause, as your enemies, then, if I understand you rightly," said Margaret, in a clear cold voice.

"As their own enemies, certainly," said he, quickly, not a little piqued by the haughty disapproval her form of expression and tone of speaking implied. But, in a moment, his straightforward honesty made him feel that his words were but a poor and quibbling answer to what she had said, and, be she as scornful as she liked, it was a duty he owed to himself to explain, as truly as he could, what he did mean. Yet it was very difficult to separate her interpretation, and keep it distinct from his meaning. He could have illustrated what he wanted to say the best by telling them something of his own life; but was it not too personal a subject to speak about to strangers? Still it was the simple straightforward way of explaining his meaning; so, putting aside the touch of shyness that brought a momentary flush of colour into his dark cheek, he said:

"I am not speaking without book. Sixteen years ago my father died under very miserable circumstances. I was taken from school, and had to become a man (as well as I could) in a few days. I had such a mother as few are blest with; a woman of strong power, and firm resolve. We went into a small country town, where living was cheaper than in Milton, and where I got employment in a draper's shop (a capital place, by the way, for obtaining a knowledge of goods). Week by week, our income came to fifteen shillings, out of which three people had to be kept. My mother managed so that I put by

three out of these fifteen shillings regularly. This made the beginning; this taught me self-denial. Now that I am able to afford my mother such comforts as her age rather than her own wish requires, I thank her silently on each occasion for the early training she gave me. Now when I feel that in my own case it is no good luck, nor merit, nor talent,—but simply the habits of life which taught me to despise indulgences not thoroughly earned,—indeed, never to think twice about them.—I believe that this suffering, which Miss Hale says is impressed on the countenances of the people of Milton, is but the natural punishment of dishonestly-enjoyed pleasure at some former period of their lives. I do not look on self-indulgent sensual people as worthy of my hatred; I simply look upon them with contempt for their poorness of character."

'But you have had the rudiments of a good education," remarked Mr. Hale. "The quick zest with which you are now reading Homer, shows me that you do not come to it as an unknown book; you have read it before, and are only recalling your old knowledge."

"That is true,—I had blundered along it at school; I dare say, I was even considered a pretty fair classic in those days, though my Latin and Greek have slipt away from me since. But I ask you what preparation they were for such a life as I had to lead? None at all. Utterly none at all. On the point of education, any man who can read and write starts fair with me in the amount of really useful knowledge that I had at that time."

"Well! I don't agree with you. But there I am perhaps somewhat of a pedant. Did not the recollection of the heroic simplicity of the Homeric life nerve you up?"

"Not one bit!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, laughing. "I was too busy to think about any dead people, with the living pressing alongside of me, neck to neck, in the struggle for bread. Now that I have my mother safe in the quiet peace which becomes her age, and duly rewards her former exertions, I can turn to all that old narration and thoroughly enjoy it."

"I dare say my remark came from the professional feeling of there being nothing like leather," replied Mr. Hale.

When Mr. Thornton rose up to go away, after shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Hale, he made an advance to Margaret to wish her good-bye in a similar manner. It was the frank familiar custom of the place; but Margaret was not prepared for it. She simply bowed her farewell; although the instant she saw the hand, half put out, quickly drawn back, she was sorry she had not been aware of the intention. Mr. Thornton, however, knew nothing of her sorrow, and, drawing himself up to his full height, walked off, muttering as he left the house—

"A more proud, disagreeable girl I never saw. Even her great beauty is blotted out of one's memory by her scornful ways."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"Margaret!" said Mr. Hale, as he returned from showing his guest downstairs; "I could not help watching your face with some anxiety when Mr. Thornton made his confession of having been a shop-boy. I knew it all along from Mr. Bell; so I was aware of what was coming, but I half expected to see you get up and leave the room."

"Oh, papa! you don't mean that you thought me so silly? I really liked that account of himself better than anything else he said. Everything else revolted me from its hardness; but he spoke about himself so simply—with so little of the pretence that makes the vulgarity of shop-people, and with such tender respect for his mother, that I was less likely to leave the room then than when he was boasting about Milton, as if there was not such another place in the world; or quietly professing to despise people for careless, wasteful improvidence, without ever seeming to think it his duty to try to make them different,—to give them anything of the training which his mother gave him, and to which he evidently owes his position, whatever that may be. No! his statement of having been a shop-boy was the thing I liked best of all."

"I am surprised at you, Margaret," said her mother. "You who were always accusing people of being shoppy at Helstone! I don't think, Mr. Hale, you have done quite right in introducing such a person to us without telling us what he had been. I really was very much afraid of showing him how much shocked I was at some parts of what he said. His father 'dying in miserable circumstances.' Why it might have been in the workhouse."

"I am not sure if it was not worse than being in the workhouse," replied her husband. "I heard a good deal of his previous life from Mr. Bell before he came here; and as he has told you a part, I will fill up what he left out. His father speculated wildly, failed, and then killed himself, because he could not bear the disgrace. All his previous friends shrunk from the disclosures that had to be made of his dishonest gambling — wild, hopeless struggles, made with other people's money, to regain his own moderate portion of wealth. No one came forwards to help the mother and this boy. There was another child, I believe, a girl; too young to earn money, but of course she had to be kept. At least, no friend came forwards immediately, and Mrs. Thornton is not one, I fancy, to wait till tardy kindness comes to find her out. So they left Milton. I knew he had gone into a shop, and that his earnings, with some fragment of property

secured to his mother, had been made to keep them for a long time. Mr. Bell said they absolutely lived upon water-porridge for years—how, he did not know; but long after the creditors had given up hope of any payment of old Mr. Thornton's debts (if, indeed, they ever had hoped at all about it, after his suicide), this young man returned to Milton, and went quietly round to each creditor, paying him the first instalment of the money owing to him. No noise—no gathering together of creditors—it was done very silently and quietly, but all was paid at last; helped on materially by the circumstance of one of the creditors, a crabbed old fellow (Mr. Bell says), taking in Mr. Thornton as a kind of partner."

"That really is fine," said Margaret. "What a pity such a nature should be tainted by his position as a Milton manufacturer."

"How tainted?" asked her father.

"Oh, papa, by that testing everything by the standard of wealth. When he spoke of the mechanical powers, he evidently looked upon them only as new ways of extending trade and making money. And the poor men around him—they were poor because they were vicious—out of the pale of his sympathies because they had not his iron nature, and the capabilities that it gives him for being rich."

"Not vicious; he never said that. Improvident and self-indulgent were his words."

Margaret was collecting her mother's working materials, and preparing to go to bed. Just as she was leaving the room, she hesitated—she was inclined to make an acknowledgment which she thought would please her father, but which to be full and true must include a little annoyance. However, out it came.

"Papa, I do think Mr. Thornton a very remarkable man; but personally I don't like him at all."

"And I do!" said her father laughing. "Personally, as you call it, and all. I don't set him up for a hero, or anything of that kind. But good night, child. Your mother looks sadly tired to-night, Margaret."

Margaret had noticed her mother's jaded appearance with anxiety for some time past, and this remark of her father's sent her up to bed with a dim fear lying like a weight on her heart. The life in Milton was so different from what Mrs. Hale had been accustomed to live in Helstone, in and out perpetually into the fresh and open air; the air itself was so different, deprived of all revivifying principle as it seemed to be here; the domestic worries pressed so very closely, and in so new and sordid a form, upon all the women in the family, that there was good reason to fear that her mother's health might be becoming seriously affected. There were several other signs of something wrong about Mrs. Hale. She and Dixon held mysterious consultations in her bedroom, from which Dixon would come out crying and cross, as was her custom when any distress of her mistress called upon her sympathy. Once Margaret had gone into the chamber soon after Dixon left it, and found her mother on her knees, and as Margaret stole out she caught a few words which were evidently a prayer for strength and patience to endure severe bodily suffering. Margaret yearned to re-unite the bond of intimate confidence which had been broken by her long residence at her aunt Shaw's, and strove by gentle caresses and softened words to creep into the warmest place in her mother's heart. But though she received caresses and fond words back again in such profusion as would have gladdened her formerly, yet she felt that there was a secret withheld from her, and she believed it bore serious reference to her mother's health. She lay awake very long this night, planning how to lessen the evil influence of their Milton life on her mother. A servant to give Dixon permanent assistance should be got, if she gave up her whole time to the search; and then, at any rate, her mother might have all the personal attention she required, and had been accustomed to her whole life.

Visiting register offices, seeing all manner of unlikely people, and very few in the least likely, absorbed Margaret's time and thoughts for several days. One afternoon she met Bessy Higgins in the street, and stopped to speak to her.

"Well, Bessy, how are you? Better, I hope, now the wind has changed."

"Better and not better if yo' know what that means."

"Not exactly," replied Margaret, smiling.

"I'm better in not being torn to pieces by coughing o' nights, but I'm weary and tired o' Milton, and longing to get away to the land o' Beulah; and when I think I'm farther and farther off, my heart sinks, and I'm no better; I'm worse."

Margaret turned round to walk alongside of the girl in her feeble progress homeward. But for a minute or two she did not speak. At last she said in a low voice,

"Bessy, do you wish to die?" For she shrank from death herself, with all the clinging to life so natural to the young and healthy.

Bessy was silent in her turn for a minute or two. Then she replied,

"If yo'd led the life I have, and getten as weary of it as I have, and thought at times, 'maybe it'll last for fifty or sixty years—it does wi' some,'—and got dizzy, and dazed, and sick, as each of them sixty years seemed to spin about me, and mock me with its length of hours and minutes, and endless bits o' time—oh, wench! I tell thee thou'd been glad enough when th' doctor said he feared thou'd never see another winter."

"Why, Bessy, what kind of a life has yours been?"

"Nought worse than many another's, I reckon. Only I fretted again it, and they didn't."

"But what was it? You know, I'm a stranger here, so perhaps I'm not so quick at understanding what you mean as if I'd lived all my life at Milton."

"If yo'd ha' come to our house when yo' said yo' would, I could maybe ha' told you. But father says yo're just like th' rest on 'em; it's out o' sight out o' mind wi' you."

"I don't know who the rest are; and I've been very busy; and, to tell the truth, I had forgotten my promise—"

"Yo' offered it; we asked none of it."

"I had forgotten what I said for the time," continued Margaret quietly. "I should have thought of it again when I was less busy. May I go with you now?"

Bessy gave a quick glance at Margaret's face, to see if the wish expressed was really felt. The sharpness in her eye turned to a wistful longing as she met Margaret's soft and friendly gaze.

"I ha' none so many to care for me; if yo' care yo' may come."

So they walked on together in silence. As they turned up into a small court opening out of a squalid street, Bessy said,

"Yo'll not be daunted if father's at home, and speaks a bit gruffish at first. He took a mind to ye, yo' see, and he thought a deal o' your coming to see us; and just because he liked yo' he were vexed and put about."

"Don't fear, Bessy."

But Nicholas was not at home when they entered. A great slatternly girl, not so old as Bessy, but taller and stronger, was busy at the wash-tub, knocking about the furniture in a rough capable way, but altogether making so much noise that Margaret shrunk, out of sympathy with poor Bessy, who had sat down on the first chair, as if completely tired out with her walk. Margaret asked the sister for a cup of water, and while she ran to fetch it (knocking down the fire-irons, and tumbling over a chair in her way), she unloosed Bessy's bonnet-strings, to relieve her catching breath.

"Do you think such life as this is worth caring for?" gasped Bessy, at last. Margaret did not speak, but held the water to her lips. Bessy took a long and feverish draught, and then fell back and shut her eyes. Margaret heard her murmur to herself: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

Margaret bent over and said, "Bessy, don't be impatient with your life, whatever it is—or may have been. Remember who gave it you, and made it what it is!"

She was startled by hearing Nicholas speak behind her; he had come in without her noticing him.

"Now, I'll not have my wench preached to. She's bad enough as it is, with her dreams and her methodee fancies, and her visions of cities with golden gates and precious stones. But if it amuses her I let it abe, but I'm none going to have more stuff poured into her."

"But surely," said Margaret, facing round, "you believe in what I said, that God gave her life, and ordered what kind of life it was to be?"

"I believe what I see, and no more. That's what I believe, young woman. I don't believe all I hear—no! not by a big deal. I did hear a young lass make an ado about knowing where we lived, and coming to see us. And my wench here thought a deal about it, and flushed up many a time, when hoo little knew as I was looking at her, at the sound of a strange step. But hoo's come at last,—and hoo's welcome, as long as hoo'll keep from preaching on what hoo knows nought about."

Bessy had been watching Margaret's face; she half sate up to speak now, laying her hand on Margaret's arm with a gesture of entreaty. "Don't be vexed wi' him—there's many a one thinks like him; many and many a one here. If yo' could hear them speak, yo'd not be shocked at him; he's a rare good man, is father—but oh!" said she, falling back in despair, "what he says at times makes me long to die more than ever, for I want to know so many things, and am so tossed about wi' wonder."

"Poor wench—poor old wench,—I'm loth to vex yo, I am; but a man mun speak out for the truth, and when I see the world going all wrong at this time o' day, bothering itself wi' things it knows nought about, and leaving undone all the things that lie in disorder close at its hand — why, I say, leave a' this talk about religion alone, and set to work on what you see and know. That's my creed. It's simple, and not far to fetch, nor hard to work."

But the girl only pleaded the more with Margaret.

Don't think hardly on him—he's a good man, he is. I sometimes think I shall be moped wi' sorrow even in the City of God, if father is not there." The feverish colour came into her cheek, and the feverish flame into her eye. "But you will be there, father! you shall! Oh! my heart!" She put her hand to it, and became ghastly pale.

Margaret held her in her arms, and put the weary head to rest upon her bosom. She lifted the thin soft hair from off the temples, and bathed them with water. Nicholas understood all her signs for different articles with the quickness of love, and even the round-eyed sister moved with laborious gentleness at Margaret's "hush!" Presently the spasm that fore-shadowed death had passed away, and Bessy roused herself and said,—

"I'll go to bed,—it's best place; but," catching at Margaret's gown, "yo'll come again,—I know yo' will—but just say it!"

"I will come to-morrow," said Margaret.

Bessy leant back against her father, who prepared to carry her upstairs; but as Margaret rose to go he struggled to say something. "I could wish there were a God, if it were only to ask Him to bless thee."

Margaret went away very sad and thoughtful.

She was late for tea at home. At Helstone unpunctuality at meal-times was a great fault in her mother's eyes; but now this, as well as many other little irregularities, seemed to have lost their power of irritation, and Margaret almost longed for the old complainings.

"Have you met with a servant, dear?"

"No, mamma; that Anne Buckley would never have done."

"Suppose I try," said Mr. Hale. "Everybody else has had their turn at this great difficulty. Now let me try. I may be the Cinderella to put on the slipper after all."

Margaret could hardly smile at this little joke, so oppressed was she by her visit to the Higginses.

"What would you do, papa? How would you set about it?"

"Why, I would apply to some good housemother to recommend me one known to herself or her servants."

"Very good. But we must first catch our housemother."

"You have caught her. Or rather she is coming into the snare, and you will catch her to-morrow, if you're skilful."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hale?" asked his wife, her curiosity aroused.

"Why, my paragon pupil (as Margaret calls him), has told me that his mother intends to call on Mrs. and Miss Hale to-morrow."

"Mrs. Thornton!" exclaimed Mrs. Hale.

"The mother of whom he spoke to us?" said Margaret.

"Mrs. Thornton; the only mother he has, I believe," said Mr. Hale quietly.

"I shall like to see her. She must be an uncommon person," her mother added. "Perhaps she may have a relation who might suit us, and be glad of our place. She sounded to be such a careful economical person, that I should like any one out of the same family."

"My dear," said Mr. Hale, alarmed. "Pray don't go off on that idea. I fancy Mrs. Thornton is as haughty and proud in her way, as our little Margaret here is in hers, and that she completely ignores that old time of trial, and poverty, and economy, of which he speaks so openly. I am sure, at any rate, she would not like strangers to know anything about it."

"Take notice that is not my kind of haughtiness, papa, if I have any at all; which I don't agree to, though you're always accusing me of it."

"I don't know positively that it is hers either; but from little things I have gathered from him, I fancy so."

They cared too little to ask in what manner her son had spoken about her. Margaret only wanted to know if she must stay in to receive this call, as it would prevent her going to see how Bessy was, until late in the day, since the early morning was always occupied in household affairs; and then she recollected that her mother must not be left to have the whole weight of entertaining her visitor.

CORNWALL'S GIFT TO STAFFORDSHIRE.

Cornwall has many curious things to show us, and among them is the curious fact that the material for the finer kinds of porcelain, necessary in our Staffordshire potteries, is brought in great part from this western county. We might, if in a moralising mood, endeavour to show how much better the world would be constituted if we had the arranging thereof. We might argue that England would be much happier and more fortunate if she grew her own tea, coffee, sugar, and cotton, as well as mined her own iron, copper, coal, and salt; that Cornwall would find her rich copper and tin still richer if she had coal to smelt them, instead of sending them to Swansea to be smelted; that South Wales would find her stores of iron ore a still more abundant source of wealth, if she had at hand the rich morsels of ore for which she has now to send to Cumberland; that Staffordshire would make her million of cups and saucers more cheaply if she had the china clay at hand, instead of purchasing it from the south-western counties. It may be so; we know not. But it may be, on the other hand, that we are all better circumstanced now, when mutually dependent one on another, than if more isolated in proud self-reliance. It is indeed a happy ordination that we cannot afford to be independent of one another; that nation is obliged to depend upon nation, country upon country, family upon family.

Be this as it may, it is certainly a remarkable circumstance that Staffordshire, which has in great part a clayey soil, can find it worth while to send all the way to Cornwall for material of porcelain. One might perhaps have thought that Cornwall should make the porcelain, since Cornwall possesses the porcelain clay; but Cornwall has little brown clay, and little water power, no coal, and is a long way from the centre of England. These deficiencies tell unfavourably; and thus it is better that the clay should be sent to the potters, than that the potters should come to the clay.

The discovery of the qualities of china clay, and the introduction of this substance into our potteries, were marked by many

singular circumstances. It involves a bit of chemistry, a bit of geology, a bit of national rivalry and a bit of commercial enterprise.

How many thousands of millions of years ago, according to Chinese chronology, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have been making porcelain, it would be hard to say; but the Portuguese appear to have been the first to render their productions familiar to Europeans. As to the name, some derive it from porcellana, the Portuguese name for a cup; but it is just as likely that the cup was named from the substance, as the substance from the cup. The European collectors of Chinese and Japanese porcelain were for a long time puzzled to account for the composition of the substance. The peculiar translucency led them to think that egg-shells were concerned in the matter, and a theory was broached that porcelain was made from a mixture of broken egg and sea-shells, which had been buried in the earth during a great number of years.

The Jesuits were destined to throw light upon this matter. Francis Xavier d'Entrecolles established himself in China as a missionary; and, with the energy which has generally distinguished the Jesuits, he sought to discover useful facts, as well as to make religious converts. He contrived to elude the vigilance of the authorities, and to insinuate his nose into the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at King-te-Ching; he even obtained specimens of the earths and clays employed in the manufacture. He wrote a circumstantial letter on the subject, which afterwards appeared in Grosier's Description of China: but the Jesuit did not very well understand the technical parts of his subject; and he threw but a dusky light on the matter.

Two men, about a century and a quarter ago, resolved, independently of each other, to ferret out the secret of this Chinese porcelain. They were Böttcher, of Saxony, and Réaumur, of France. Böttcher was led to the research by accident; Réaumur was led by D'Entrecolles' letter. Baron de Böttcher, an alchemist, made and baked some crucibles, wherein to convert the philosopher's stone into gold; and he observed that—whether from some peculiarity in the composition or in the baking—the substance of the crucibles presented a remarkable resemblance to Chinese porcelain. The baron wisely abandoned the chimera of gold-making, and set about a further examination of the crucible question. He was working with Tschirnhaus at the time, in the royal alchemical establishment at Dresden; for kings were alchemists in those days. When his discovery was made, his royal master—who was King of Poland as well as Elector of Saxony—fitted up a laboratory for him at Meissen, provided every comfort, and gave him a coach wherein to travel to and from Dresden; but Böttcher was everywhere accompanied by an officer, so solicitous was the king that the secret should not transpire. Böttcher and Tschirnhaus worked hard and enthusiastically, and at length produced translucent porcelain equal to that of China. The king established a royal porcelain manufacture at Meissen, of which Böttcher was made director; and, at this establishment, has ever since been produced what is known by the name of Dresden china.

Meanwhile Réaumur was prosecuting an independent series of investigations. He procured specimens of porcelain from different quarters, broke them, examined their internal structure; burnt them, and observed how they withstood the action of the fire. The Jesuits had sent over from China specimens of two kinds of earth, called kaolin and petuntse, employed in making Chinese porcelain; Réaumur experimented on these. He found that kaolin resisted the action of fire; that petuntse became fused; and that a mixture of both assumed a porcellanic appearance. Such being the case, Réaumur had next to discover whether France contained these two kinds of earth, or others nearly analogous to them. The search was successful; and, without originating the celebrated porcelain works at Sèvres (for they previously existed), it enabled them to enter upon a career of renown.

At the time when these researches were being made in Saxony and France, the English potters made very little else than common coarse-ware; but, when Wedgwood came upon the busy scene he made many and valuable improvements. He introduced the table-ware, dense, durable, well-glazed, and cheap; then, the Queen's-ware: a superior kind of table-ware, to which royal approval was awarded; then terra cotta: a kind of pottery with which Wedgwood was enabled to imitate porphyry, granite, Egyptian pebble, and other beautiful stones; then, basalt, or black-ware, a black porcellanic biscuit, hard enough to emit sparks when struck with steel, capable of taking a high polish, and having a power to resist the action of corrosive acid and strong heat; then, white porcelain biscuit, having a smooth, wax-like appearance; then, bamboo biscuit, differing from the last named chiefly in colour; then, jasper, a white porcellanic biscuit of exquisite delicacy and beauty: yet he did not practise the art of making true porcelain; at the time when the chief part of his labours were carried on, the existence of the proper kinds of earth in England was scarcely known.

It was not by Wedgwood—it was not in Staffordshire—that the porcelain manufacture was first introduced in England. Porcelain was made at Bow, and at Chelsea, before Wedgwood's busy times; but the porcelain he made was what collectors called soft, being made of soft substances, unable to bear the

action of a high temperature, and having likewise a very soft glaze, which could be scratched with a knife. It was made of white clay, alum bay-sand, and pounded glass. Indeed, the first Chelsea porcelain is believed to have been little other than opaque glass. English kings do not, like their foreign regal brethren, establish and maintain royal porcelain manufactories; but George the Second bestowed the light of his gracious countenance on the Chelsea ware; and for many years it was all the rage. At one time, as soon as a service of this ware was made, it was sold by auction as soon as kilned, and bought eagerly by dealers. Horace Walpole speaks of a service which the king purchased for twelve hundred pounds, as a present to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Dr. Johnson figures as a potter, in Faulkner's History of Chelsea. He had a notion that he could improve the quality of porcelain, and obtained permission to try his experiments at the Chelsea works. "He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper about twice a-week and stayed the whole day, she carrying a basket of provisions with her. The Doctor, who was not allowed to enter the mixing-room, had access to every other part of the house, and formed his composition in a particular apartment, without being overlooked by any one. He had also free access to the oven, and superintended the whole process." But, alas! the maker of a dictionary could not make porcelain. "He completely failed both as to composition and baking; for, his materials always yielded to the intensity of the heat, while those of the company came out of the furnace perfect and complete." The works declined and were discontinued about the commencement of George the Third's reign; but the Chelsea porcelain is much sought for by connoisseurs and dealers. We hear of four guineas apiece for dessert plates, and twenty-five guineas for a couple of teacups, as having been given at auctions.

Besides Chelsea, there were established in the last century porcelain manufactories at Bow, Worcester, Derby, Coalbrook Dale, Rotherham, and elsewhere; but these were exclusively devoted to soft-paste porcelain, innocent of the kaolin and petuntse of China.

It was a west of England man, Mr. Cookworthy, who, about ninety years ago, discovered that Cornwall produced the very kaolin and petuntse which enabled the Chinese to manufacture their beautiful, hard, translucent porcelain; or, if not actually the same earths, earths sufficiently near to answer the same purpose. This was the dawning day of the present porcelain manufacture of England; but, as in many other cases, it did not dawn brightly for the discoverers. Mr. Cookworthy established a manufactory at Bristol, and took out a patent for the exclusive use of the Cornish earth in a certain stage of preparation; applying his skill and capital to the enterprise. But he failed. It may have been that Wedgwood, then rising rapidly into fame, monopolised the favour of the great; or it may have been—— but, no matter; Cookworthy parted with his patent right, and neither he nor the buyers made much out of it. The fact lived, however: the fact that Cornwall contains stone and clay which contribute towards the manufacture of the finest porcelain.

It is just possible that there are other districts in the United Kingdom where these substances might be, and perhaps are, met with; but there are mineralogical reasons why they must be sought for in a granite region. We must therefore pay a little attention to the geologists and mineralogists, and endeavour to become learned about felspar, and mica, and quartz.

Sir H. De la Beche tells us that china-clay is made from decomposed granite, and that therefore it is only in a granite region that the substance must be sought. The miners call the rock or stone, soft growan; it frequently contains talc in the place of mica, and is characterised by the partial decomposition of the felspar. This growan has two degrees of softness. The hardest and finest pieces very much resemble the Chinese kaolin; they are quarried under the name of china-stone, and are cut into square pieces convenient for transport to Staffordshire, and the other pottery districts; but, the softer specimens, which are dug out of pits rather than quarried from a rock, more resemble the Chinese petuntse. They require a more elaborate preparation to separate the quartz from the finer particles of the decomposed felspar; and when so prepared, the substance obtains the name of china-clay or porcelain earth. It is chiefly at two places that this disintegrated granite is met with; near Hensbarrow Hill, between Bodmin and St. Austell; and near Cornwood, on the southern margin of Dartmoor; but the first-named is by far the most prolific locality.

The reader will be pleased to imagine himself taking part with us in a run or a gallop through this portion of the Cornish territory. We are mounted on the Magnet coach. Our driver has been touched by the moustache movement; he is a smart fellow; and, with his moustache, his white hat, and the rose in the button-hole, is a sight to see, and an object of admiration to barmaids and turnpike-gate maidens. Our Magnet is piled to the roof; for the railway days of Cornwall are yet to come, and hence the coaches load well. Nevertheless, laden though it be, we have the boxes and trunks forming a wall at our backs, and have before us a clear view, and a keen sniff of air, and such humble attempts at the picturesque as the centre of Cornwall can afford. Away we

rattle—we have crossed the Hamoaze by the steam floating-bridge at Devonport—we have rolled along well to Liskeard the straggling, and have gone thence to Bodmin of the single street; we have turned south for Bodmin towards St. Austell, and we are now crossing one of the dreary granite regions which remarkably characterise Cornwall.

While looking out sharply for anything new on this Bodmin and St. Austell road, we find that the steam-engines and above-ground tackle of the copper and tin mines are generally speaking the most conspicuous objects; but, about half way on the route, when surrounded by unmistakable granite, lo! there is a white region dazzling the eye. White buildings, white heaps, white dust on the ground, white pap in white tanks, white water running in streams, white men carrying about white lumps, white railways and white roads bearing white carts filled with white bricks of white earth. The White Lady, or La Dame Blanche, might be queen of such a place. It lies on both sides of our road, and extends over acre after acre of space. It is a china-clay establishment, belonging to a company; and it is not an uninteresting fact to reflect that china-clay should be sent from the centre of Cornwall to the centre of Staffordshire, and should pay well for the cost of carriage.

By the good permission of our smart Jehu we will alight hereabout, and ferret out the rationale of this china-clay affair. It appears that the locality for working selected with reference mainly to these two points—that the rock or material shall contain as little as possible besides the decomposed felspar of the granite; and that there shall be available streams of water at hand. The decomposed rock always contains some quartz; and to remove this, the stuff is exposed on an inclined plane to a fall of a few feet of water, which washes it down to a trench. From the trench, the pulp, or paste, is conducted to the catch-pits, a series of tanks succeeding one another at lower and lower levels. The quartz and other unwelcome components are in great part retained in the first catch-pits; or, are captured in one or other of the following pits; insomuch that that which finally flows out, is water-charged with very fine white earth, free from gritty particles. The creamy liquid is allowed to settle in a pond or large tank; and when so settled, the supernatant water flows from it through holes left for the purpose. This process is repeated with fresh portions of the white mixture, until the tank is filled with fine white clay, which is left until stiffened and thickened sufficiently to be cut into blocks of nine or ten inches cube. These blocks are carried to a roofed building through which the air can freely pass. When dry, the blocks are carefully scraped on all sides—for the potters are mighty particular in respect to the quality—and they are then in a state to be transported in carts to St. Austell, and thence to Charlestown, the little harbour of St. Austell. From Charlestown it finds its way by sea, to Liverpool; and from Liverpool to the Staffordshire Potteries, either by canal or railway. There is also a goodly quantity sent to Worcester; one of the head-quarters of the fine porcelain manufacture. Some eight or ten thousand tons are thus shipped in a year.

Besides the first-class china clay, which our Magnet ride reveals to us, there is an inferior kind found in Devonshire, and which receives very little preparation. It exists at Bovey Tracey, and is shipped at Teignmouth, in much larger quantity than the finer kind is shipped from Cornwall. It is supposed that decomposed granite has been washed down from Dartmoor, leaving the grosser particles at the higher end of the descent, and allowing the finer sediment to accumulate below. The mode of collecting the earth is very simple. A large rectangular pit is sunk, and the sides are supported by wood; the men cut out the earth or clay in cubical masses of thirty or forty pounds each, and hand these up by means of pointed tools, or prongs, until they reach the surface; it is carried to clay cellars, dried, and then packed off to the Potteries without any further preparation. As a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, the china-stone, containing quartz as well as felspar, is the cheapest of the three; the natural china-clay of Bovey Tracey is the next in value; and the prepared china-clay is the most expensive.

THE IRISH LETTER-WRITER.

THERE are few more curious and original compositions than the genuine letter of a half-educated Irishman. Instead of philosophising on the subject, I will copy verbatim a letter received some time since by a friend of mine from a poor man, to whom he and his sister had occasionally shown kindness. The original document, dirty, smoke-begrimed, and torn, lies before me. I do not change a single letter in transcribing, and it is totally innocent of stops;

MOST WORTHY SIR All Be it inutil For me To attempt to delineate my Foudre as no Vocabulary of words can furnish me with ideas Adequate to the Vehickle of My much persecuted feelings yet i adulate thou will not Deem it indecoroceus or impune Me with boldness or too much Presumption in addressing thee Most worthy sir as an operative Cabinet maker that has done some Work for your most respectable Brother captain w—— of the Royal navy a most sincere friend And benefactor whom is to bee Valued with the deepest gratitude And most renovated respect with Profound sincerity and loves Under this head worthy sir I made bold as being out of Imploy at present and most sorrowfully situated with 4 in family perishing for want of food and fire i made bold To request if you had any Thing to be done in repairing

or Making cleaning up or french Pollishing any articles in the Furniture line it would be An act of the greatest Charity to give it to me As the times being so bad i cannot get imployment which leaves me and family 4 days Without food or fire :

Life of my life and soul of my soul floating on the tempestuous ocean of adversity and rolling on the foaming billows of uncertainty I find myself precariously Involved in the undulating Waves of difficulty and ready to Perish in the deep wide yawning sepulchre of untimely Death if the divine Empress of Humanity does not waft me into the harbour of her tender Affections by the fragrant breath of reaproval beunevolence and but For a moment Kind sir consider The multitudinous excess of My pressing affliction its then Thou wouldst open the golden Avenues of thy tender heart, and Let all its feelings operate in Those of conjunctive approbation Rapercursine to your much to Be pittied applicant oh thou Brilliant torch of humanity that can set fire to any immaginations Thou orb of refulgency and thou sun Beam of fulgivity hear me thou Paragon and protologie of beunevolent Beauty let thy tabernacle of Thy mind contemplate thy To be pittied applicant while the Citadel of thy heart feels for him And open the wardrobe of thy compashion with the Key of complyance While i remain on the trembling ground of expectation a shadow of myself

With Profound Respect your applicant
JOHN JOSEPH H C——
Cabinet Maker

Twice a week I receive a regular visit from my poultry-woman, Molly Ahern. A decent, industrious creature is Molly, quite content to travel twenty miles in the day, in order to gain a few pence profit on her ducks and chickens. One morning lately, Molly seemed to experience unusual difficulty in calculating the amount of change coming to the mistress, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Don't you know, Molly, that eightpence and fourpence make a shilling?"

"Ah then, to be sure your honour knows best; but 'tis the war that's bothering my poor head entirely."

"Why, what have you to do with the war?"

"Ah then, haven't I my two little boys on board the —— and the —— in the Baltic say, and they in the thick of all the fighting, and what I think worse of, the sickness! And though they're so near one another, they are not together, and haven't the comfort of seeing one another. There's Davy and Dan—poor Dan! he's a jov'lar boy, and they both write to me constant. Would your honour like to see the last letters I got from them?"

Receiving a ready assent, poor Molly produced from next her heart (they were too precious to be entrusted to the custody of her capacious pocket) two tattered, grimy letters. One was dated:

H.M.S. —— Baltick fleet, July 24—1854.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I received your kind and welcome letter which gave me great Pleasure to hear that you and my sister were well as this leaves me at Present thank god. Dear Mother we are going to engage this island which is named alland island it would surprise any mortal being to see the way we come up here you could leap on shore from the ships at both sides nothing but rocks and small islands and woods with some inhabitants but very few. When we anchored at the island within gun shot of it they fired at us, but did not do any damage to one we did not fire at them for we were not ordered and another thing there was none of the french ships with us for they would be gelous if they would not be there so that was the most reason that we did not fire at them but we can take it in less than half an hour taking it or less for we have so many ships and another thing their guns cant carry so far as our guns can. Dear Mother I was laying quite close to dan's ship and was long side of her several times and I could not see him either time but I was told that he was very well in health and a very civil quite lad by one of his ship mates. Dear Mother I never got what you sent as yet for there is Several letters mislead but I might get it as yet I will let you now in my next letter. Dear mother there are 5 English and 4 french ships going to ingage the island but 2 ships could take it so they seem to say. Dear father O Brien that house that my mother and sister living in is mine and I hope no one will have any hand in it for there is no one have any claim on the house but me and with the help of god when I get home I will have something to back it I trust in god. Dear Mother we are going to go home about the beginning of next November next or perhaps sooner than that tell Mrs. Murphy that Wm Sullivan and Patrick Murphy is well in health thank god I seen Michael Murphy and I realy think that he is a clever man his Mother would not believe what a fine man he is getting. I had a song from dan concerning the fleet. Michael Ahern desires to be remembered to his mother and he would write before now only expecting a letter from me every day from her. Dear sister there is nothing would give me more Pleasure to get a letter from you mind your school I am not forgetting you remember me to all inquiring friends.

No More at Present from your affectionate son until Death David Ahern. Dear Mother have patience I am not forgetting you or never will.

"Oh then, isn't he a jov'lar boy?" cried poor Molly.

The other letter was from Dan.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I have received your kind and welcome letter which gave me great pleasure to hear that you were well in health as it leaves me at present thanks be to God. I am very happy here their is none of our men hurted yet We Expect to take Alland Island in a few days time so we are making for it don't you believe half the lies thats on the Newspapers for we had some of them here And we found out things that did not happen was on them you need not fret about me for The Assistance of our divine Providence we shall be able to see you once more we had some sickness out here and some of the ships buried from 7 to 8 men daily We had but a few Cases so it is gone away thanks be to God for his goodness to us all—Their is talk of our ship going home so we don't know what time you need not go to England for we Expect to go Queenstown after this Their was a great Many Prizes Picked up since we Come out here I expect to have some money comeing you think that we are very much in trouble out here But I think we are as peaceable here as if we were in England. Give my best respects to all the neighbours and Enquiring

friends and to Nelly Neagle and to my sister Norry not forgetting yourself answer this as soon as Possible.

I remain
Your affectionate son
DANIEL AHERN.

May God bless you all.

More tender allusion was made to Nelly Neagle in a former letter, and an assurance given that the writer hoped to shake his leg again over a gallon of porter in Nancy Flyn's tap-room.

"Every month reg'lar they write to me," said Molly, "and next Friday, plase God, when I'm bringing your honour the turkey, I'll have some more letters from the boys to show you."

Sometimes, in the remote country districts of the south of Ireland, the epistolary requirements of the people are supplied by the parish schoolmasters, who are usually most willing to act as amanuenses. Occasionally, too, a village will boast of a genius, and one who is neither mute nor inglorious. I knew a character of this description, who held a small farm in a wild district of the county Cork. His name was Con Quill, and his ceaseless endeavours after knowledge were really surprising. He usually carried a tattered English school dictionary under his arm, wherein he never failed to make diligent search for any unfamiliar word that was addressed to him: Irish being his vernacular tongue.

During the height of the potato famine, the Relief Committee of the district where Con Quill resided, were forced, from the prevalence of petty theft, to make a rule that any one found stealing should be excluded from receiving the daily dole of Indian meal. A poor woman, a neighbour of Con's, being caught in the act of stealing a kid, came necessarily under the ban of the committee. On the next day of their meeting, the following petition, which I have copied verbatim et literatim, was laid before them:

We the undersigned beg to state that the sole crime committed by Nelly Reen of Illaninah consisted in depriving of existence a small cornuted animal. She is a superannuated old maid who never entered the bands of Hymen, and on that account has no progeny to support her. We, under these circumstances, recommend her to the patronage of the I—— relief Committee.

(Signed) CORNELIUS QUILL.

The petition was, I believe, granted; but the beauty of the business was that not a single member of the committee, with the exception of the clergyman, had the most remote idea of the meaning of the word cornuted.

A letter addressed to a clergyman residing in the same locality was as follows. It was evidently an original composition, and had not had the advantage of Mr. Quill's supervision:

REVD. SIR—Your medicines are most solicitely requested by Catherine Brien who so piteous complain of a painful body and waist with others concerning the same matter, contained in the above mentioned place, you may judge of yourself, but however it is an act of charity for you to do so.

TIMOTHY LEARY.

Another to the same:

MR. S—— Be pleased to give the bearer some plaster for woman that cut her fingure the toe of her foot stone that fell down on her and cut and Brewsed it.

RICHARD TAYLOR
Mr. O Lary deary Man.

It may be necessary to explain that the latter words signify that Richard Taylor was dairyman to Mr. O'Leary.

Very frequently the outside of the letters passing through the country post-offices are indicative of the singular nature of their contents. The following direction is copied verbatim:

Dennis Belcher
Millstreet
Co. Cork

As you turn the corner to Tom Mantel's field where Jack Gallavan's horse was drowned in the bog hole.

N.B. The house is tached and the pigstie slated.

Another, which passed recently through a country post-office:

Mr. John Sullivan
North Street
Boston

He's a man with a crutch
Bedad I think that'll find him.

We may wind up this rambling notice of Irish epistolary literature, with an anecdote of an incident which recently occurred in a small town in the county of Cork.

A poor woman entered the general shop, and asked for a pound of candles, dipt fourteens. The price demanded being a halfpenny or a penny more than usual, she anxiously inquired the reason.

"'Tis all along of the war, ma'am," was the reply.

Yettun what has the war to do with the price of my pound of dips?"

"Ah, 'tis because of our fighting with Roosia, the price of the tallow is raised."

"Why then," exclaimed the purchaser fervently, "bad luck to the Roosians that they can't fight by daylight, and not be rising the price of the candles upon us!"

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MARS A LA MODE.

I LIKE to turn over the pages of that admirably illustrated edition of the Life of Napoleon, in which M. Horace Vernet has poured forth all the riches of his facile pencil, his varied powers of expression, and his vast erudition in military matters. Glancing at the varieties of garb assumed by the Emperor at different stages of his carcer—from the long frock coat and embroidered collar of the pale meagre young man with flowing locks who commanded the artillery at Toulon, and crossed the bridge of Lodi: to the laurel-crowned Imperator in that strange coronation costume invented for him by Talma; the velvet robe sewn with golden bees, the lace ruff, the long eagle-tipped sceptre; from the world-known little cocked hat, high boots, and gray great coat worn by the stern, sad, ruined man who bade his troops adieu at Fontainebleau, to the straw hat, linen jacket, and loose pantaloons of Longwood, St. Helena; glancing at all these, I try to conjure up to myself an idea of that ghostly Midnight Review which poetry has imagined, and painting and music have successively striven to express. If such an impossible sight could ever be, how much of awful grandeur, yet how much of fantastic eccentricity it would present! As the ghostly drums beat, and the unearthly trumpets sounded, the graves of this vast military household—severed so far and wide, by mount, and stream, and sea—would give up their dead. From the Vendée, and the Loire; from Fleurus, Jemappes, and the ditches of Valenciennes; from the plains of Lombardy, and the mountains of Calabria; from the shadow of the Pyramids, and the choked trenches of Acre, and the poisoned wells of Jaffa; from the snows of Eylau, and the charred embers of Moscow, and the icy waters of the Beresina; from beneath the golden barley at Ligny, and from the ashes of the château of Hougoumont; they would all come. The ardent young volunteers of the Republic in its first stormy days; the Requisitionaries, the peasant soldiers who, without bread, without shoes, almost without arms, crossed the Alps to find shoes and bread (and some of them death, and some of them thrones, and some of them marshals' bâtons) on the other side; the revolutionary generals with high plumed hats, long coats, tricoloured sashes, and topboots; the glittering barbarically clothed mamelukes; the fleet-mounted guides; the cumbrous artillery; the brilliant hussars, all furs and embroidery, led by the famous sabreur with the snow-white plume; the Old Guard with their high caps, long grizzled moustaches, and clean white gaiters; the beardless conscript; the grenadier of the isle of Elba; the red Polish lancer; the steel-clad helmeted cuirassier of Waterloo, breaking his valorous heart and strength against the English squares: these would all be there. From three quarters of the earth would these grisly warriors arrive; the bones assembling, the muscles reclothing, the tattered uniforms enveloping; epaulettes shining through shrouds; coffin-plates glistening into gorgets; the mouldering dust and ashes gathering into a mighty army, as in the days of old in the valley which was full of dry bones. The smoke of the battle would be seen; its roar would be heard above the vapours of the tomb: the countersign once more Waterloo, and the watchword St. Helena!

I can't help it. I do my best to be serious; but, through the very centre of this ghastly spectacle of the imagination there will persist in piercing, a fantastic, ludicrous mind-picture of a conclave of commanders-in-chief, members of clothing boards, military tailors, and army accoutrement makers, sitting in perturbed and anxious deliberation in re vestiariâ,—as to how the British soldier is henceforth to be clad. I have somewhere read of a French savant who was present at a dinner table where a violently ponderous theological discussion formed the conversation. Questions of doctrine, of discipline, of polity, were elaborately argued. Everybody had his theological praxis to state and to maintain; all hammered the table, and raised their voices to the loudest pitch, save one grave, pale-faced gentleman who, clad in solemn black, with a white neckcloth, ate and drank prodigiously, but said never a word. The savant at last grew somewhat nettled at the grave man's taciturnity, and charged him with a theological poser of the abstrusest description. It behoved the man in black to say or do something. Whereupon, with the severest gravity

he drew towards him a silver candlestick, drew from it the wax candle, threw it up over his head, so as to describe a double summersault, which it did so accurately as to return into the candlestick; then, while his audience were still staring with amazement, the silent man rose, drew back his chair a few paces, leaped high into the air, turned head over heels, and fell into his seat on the chair without moving a muscle of his face. The man in black was indeed no other than Deburcau, the renowned mountebank of the Funambules, and I need not say that he spoilt the learned theological discussion for *that* evening.

In like manner my vagabond thoughts have been turning head over heels in the Merry Andrew fashion,—and the awful solemnity of Napoleon reviewing his spectral braves, gives place to vulgar notions of scaled patterns, regulation coatees, felt helmets, shell jackets versus tunics, the virtues and vices of gold and worsted lace, the weight of knapsacks, the circular or conical form of bullets, the abominations of stocks and shoulder belts, the cloth-yard, the sleeve-board, and the tailor's goose. Mars in his aspects of fire, famine, and slaughter, is entirely superseded by Mars à la mode.

The only midnight review I can picture to myself, in my present frame of mind, is a phantasm which, when one of those clothing-board members or army tailors lays his head on his bolster at night, might rise before him after the vexed discussions of the day. All the absurdities and variations of centuries of military fashion might troop past his bed to the rough music of thimbles and shears. The Roman legionary with his casque and buckler, his spear and lambroquins; the sergeant of Queen Boadicea's body-guard, with his knotted club, and mantle of skins, the rest of his body naked, and stained with woad, dark blue, in a neat but not gaudy manner; the kernes and gallowglasses of General Macbeth; the shock-headed woollen-clad Saxons; the half-naked, golden collar and bracelet bedizened hordes of Canute the Dane; the trim-shaven Normans, with registered shirts of mail; men at arms with morions, battle-axes, curtal-axes, maces, arbalests, pikemen, javelin men; archers in Kendal green, with their cloth-yard shafts; Elizabethan arquebusiers, with tin-pot helmets, and small-clothes stuffed out to a preternatural size; Cromwellian troopers with buff coats, bandoliers, and Bibles; Life Guards, in slouched hats and feathers, periwigs, laced cravats, and boots like buckets; in shovel hats, three-cornered hats, cocked hats, "coach-wheel" hats, cocked hats again, muff caps, helmets with tops like mutton-chops, German silver helmets with white, red, and black plumes; in jack boots, gaiters, Wellington boots, and jack boots again; in Ramilies wigs, bob-wigs, pigtails, powder, and their natural hair. The infantry of the line with caps of every imaginable form: like porringers, like candle boxes, like beer-warmers, like Chinese pagodas, like pint pots, like flower-pots: with epaulettes, successively like ornamental bell-pulls, like frogs turned pale and in convulsions, like swollen sausages, like mops without the handles, like balls of Berlin wool without the crochet needle, like muffins fringed round their circumference: in coats single-breasted, double-breasted, pigeon-breasted; with waist-bands, now just below the arm-pits, now just above the knees; with long tails, short tails, tails turned back, tails turned forward, and no tails. In pipeclayed smalls, and successively in short, long, tight and loose trousers: in half gaiters, in short gaiters, and in long gaiters with fifty or sixty buttons to button and unbutton per diem: in half boots, whole boots, and ankle-jacks; in buckled shoes, clasped shoes, and laced shoes. In all manners of belts, straps, stocks, tags, loops, tassels, fringes, furbelows, stars, stripes, flourishes, scrolls, peaks, laps, facings, edgings, snippings, and crimpings; now with "a sleeve like a demi-cannon," here up and down, carved like an apple-tart there, slish and slash, like to a censer in a barber's shop. What would all Napoleon's reviews be to that British parade of the ghosts of bygone fashions; of spectral pipeclay, of hair powder deceased, of heelball tottering, of cross-belts moribund, of stocks dead? A sort of galop infernal of past and present helmets, shakos, coatees, knapsacks, belts, boots, and epaulettes, would seem to pass before the dazzled eyes of the arbiter of military costume. I do not myself wonder much at the indecision which has prevailed, and at the delay which has arisen in the choice of a new costume for the army. Mars has been à la mode in so many different shapes; he has been so frequently nipped and snipped, patched, sewn-up, and taken to pieces again, that it does not cost the imagination much to figure him standing now and then, like the old caricature of the contemplating Englishman, naked, with a pair of shears beside him, in dire uncertainty as to what dress he shall wear next.

Among the many themes for wonderment and meditation which a sight of the great old Duke of Wellington used, in his lifetime, always to afford me, was the thought of the immense variety of uniforms the brave old man must have worn during his lifetime. For the Duke, be it remembered, was always in the fashion, and, within a week of his death, was the best-dressed gentleman in England. Yet in his first ensigncy he must have worn hair-powder and a pigtail, a cocked hat as large as a beadle's, silver bell-pull epaulettes, tights like a rope-dancer, and ankle-jacks not unlike those of a dustman. The Duke of Wellington in a pigtail and ankle-jacks! Can you reconcile that regulation costume of the subaltern in the Thirty-third Foot with the hessian boots and roll-collar of Talavera: the gray

frock, glazed hat, white neckcloth and boots named after himself, of Waterloo: the rich field-marshal's uniform, covered with orders, of the snowy-headed old patriarch who smiles upon the baby Prince, in Winterhalter's picture. Or, to offer a stronger contrast, what can be more antagonistic, to the pigtail and the ankle-jack, than the gorgeously-attired old hero, his peer's robes above his glittering uniform, carrying the sword of state before the Queen of England at her coronation?

There has been of late days a general outcry against, and a vehement demand for, the radical reform of the costume of the British army. Common sense at home has cried out against some of its most manifest absurdities, and experience has inveighed against it from the tented field. The agitation for the remodelling of Mars has been much vehement among the civilians than among the followers of the warlike god himself. Captain Nolan modestly hints at the superiority of wooden over steel scabbards for cavalry. Some military authorities gently presume to doubt the benefits arising from hussars having an extra jacket into whose sleeves they never put their arms; of their wearing caps like ladies' muffs, with red silk bags hanging from the side, and shaving brushes atop; they suggest a sensible alteration here, a strap the less there. Without fuss or parade, they quietly object to gold-lace. But your great civil authorities will have no half measures. "Reform it altogether!" they shout wildly. No more stocks, no more white ducks, no more epaulettes, no more shaving, no more button-brushes, no more cherry-coloured pantaloons, no more bearskin caps, knapsacks, pipeclay, belts, facings, lace, or embroidery. They write fifty thousand letters to The Times, in which the absurdities of military dress are dwelt upon with savage irony and excruciating humour. The dress, and accoutrements, and discipline of the troops of his Majesty the King of Candy, his Majesty the Emperor of the Patagonians, and her Majesty the Queen of the Amazons, are vaunted to the skies: to the deep disparagement of our own miserable, worthless, absurdly clad, troops, who can't breathe, work, stoop, walk, run, stand, or fight. The Candian chasseurs owe their superlatively greater skill in hitting a mark to their unimprisoned arms and wide trousers; the Patagonian sappers and miners survey, plan, dig, sap, and mine in an infinitely superior manner because of their comfortable boots; even the Amazonian bashi-bazouks—dressed in a reasonable manner; and not in the infamous, atrocious, absurd, hideous, stifling, choking, murderous way that ours are—do greater execution in the field.

Now, this is all very well up to a certain point. That there is a great deal to be mended, in the equipment of our fighting men, and that a great deal must be mended, no reasonable person can doubt. Comfort, expediency, safety, and economy, demand many changes in the uniform of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—of the general camp, pioneers and all. I shall be glad to see these changes made speedily; though not without deliberation. If they are not found to be advantageous, try back and begin over again. Remember Bruce and the spider. Only last Saturday, at the little club where I enjoy my harmony, pending the arrival of my election at the Carlton, I heard a gentleman attempt Norah the pride of Kildare no less than seven times. He broke down regularly, and always at the same place, but was not the least disconcerted at being requested to "try back," and at last accomplished the ditty to the entire satisfaction of the room. In military tailoring, as well as in singing, the illustrious performers may try back with great advantage.

In this great "Reform your (military) tailors' bills," however, I cannot go so far as the fifty thousand letter writers in The Times. I will not pin my faith upon Justitia who shrieks for shooting jackets; I will not swear by Veritas who screams for short blouses with leather belts, and plenty of pockets in front; I will not adhere to the excited letter writers who vehemently demand the immediate abolition of all epaulettes, plumes, and embroidery as abominable. In this somewhat (to my mind) fierce and sweeping denunciation of military smartness and finery, I trace the presence of that indefatigable sect of religionists who swear by bristles, snouts, grunts, and curly-tails. It was but a fortnight ago that I had to deplore the presence of the whole hog in a teetotal procession; I confess, with sorrow, that I find him in this clothes' reform agitation, a military whole hog: a hog in armour, but still a hog, and a whole one.

There are many absurdities, many inconveniences, many ridiculous dandyisms, in the costume of the army. Granted. Frock coats protect the thighs better than coatees; epaulettes are useless lumps of bullion; helmets are preferable to shakos; buttons and lace are so much metal and lace thrown away. Granted, granted, granted. Therefore dispense with the slightest attempt at ornament, and stop short of a button beyond the number absolutely necessary. No, I cannot quite come to that. I cannot in anything whatsoever, yield myself up, bound hand and foot, to the uglifiers—men who have an inmate, though I am willing to believe an unconscious, hatred of every thing in which there is the slightest trace of beauty, symmetry, or fancy. I tremble for the day when the British grenadier, attired by whole-hoggery in the severest style of utilitarianism, would be nothing but a slovenly, slouching, tasteless, hideous guy. I don't want him to be a guy. I want him to be sensibly, comfortably, and usefully dressed; but I would leave him a little pride in him-

self, if he be, as Captain Bobadil says, so generously minded; and I doubt if he or anybody else would be much the worse for it.

PIPING DAYS.

The little English province covered with houses of which the inhabitants are called Londoners, is by nature, as most people know, one of the wholesomest bits of land in the United Kingdom. I think away the houses for a minute, and get back the pure stream of the Thames, and the flocks of swans disporting themselves near the green slopes that descend from the line of ground now covered by the Strand. The traveller whom I choose to suppose landing from his boat under a clump of willows at the point now called Hungerford Stairs, may ascend the rising ground, and, by a path winding beside the trunk, here of an oak, there of an elm, stray to the edge of the wood upon its crest. Thence let him look over the sparkling river to the flat meadow and forest lands of Surrey. Under trees, through shrubs and over wild-flowers, suppose him to cross the ground now covered by the courts surrounding Drury Lane, and then turn to descend Holborn Hill, a green declivity. I think of it so, with its head lighted by a sunbeam that has slanted over an adjacent hill now covered by Pentonville, and that has scattered by the way some of its light over the leaves of the fresh coppice now replaced by Coldbath Fields prison and Coppice Row.

From the hill, this exceedingly old English gentleman can, if he likes, descend into a valley through which a swift little stream, the river Fleet, rattled away under its alder-bushes, hurrying with its gift of pure spring water to the transparent Thames. Crossing the Fleet by stepping-stones, or by a rustic bridge, I take this traveller to ascend the opposite rise of Snow Hill,—famous in spring for its snow-drops. Swerving then to the right, and gathering foxgloves among the old trees on the site of Paternoster Row and Newgate Market, he reaches the crest of the eminence on which St. Paul's Cathedral is now built. There we will be cheaply bountiful, and give him a dinner, which let him eat under the shade of a wide-spreading beech, with his eyes still about him. For, he has to relish, not his dinner only, but also a glimpse through trees covering unborn Cheapside, of the glitter of the Thames somewhere towards the spot now known as London Bridge. Descending afterwards for an evening ramble through the pleasant Spitalfields, he presently must needs quicken his pace; and, passing over the meadows now covered by the butchers' shambles in Whitechapel, or the Jews' establishments in Petticoat Lane, grasping a large handful of dog-roses gathered by the way, let him bring his devious ramble to an end by the water-side, under the nut-copse clothing Tower Hill. There, finding his boat, that we have cautiously dropped down the stream to meet him, he shall trim sails, and put from shore into the broad stream of the Pool. Let us take care that this happens when the moon is rising among the trees, and when the lights in a few cottage windows are beginning to appear among the darkness of the wood and field upon each river bank. So, this traveller, with the whole placid river to himself, may steer across to sleep for the night at a quiet country inn, upon the site, perhaps, of Woolwich Arsenal.

Now, when for grass we have paving-stones; for wild flowers, lamp-posts; for trees, houses; and for the swarm of birds nestling among them, men, women, and children by the million: now, when the river, stained deep by dirt, is crossed by bridge after bridge, dotted between bridges by flocks of steamboats instead of swans; below bridge paved with ships: now, when all this is, has the moon a worse sight to look upon of nights than she had in the old days before London was? Certainly not. Man is a work of Nature not less than the trees or turf—nobler and more beautiful than they; his works are as much by nature part of him, as leaves are part of trees. It is not wholly true, therefore, that God made the country and man made the town; scarcely more true than it would be to say, God made the oak, and the oak made the acorns. Man has, indeed, reason to work with; the tree, only sap; but there is the same source for each power. Nature is not swept away when a forest of trees gives place to a forest of men. I do not quit Nature when I come out of the country into the town, but I come face to face with her in a new form, her highest form open to man's perception. Nature speaks less emphatically from Helvellyn than from London Bridge. In the Himalayas, or the Andes, Nature has produced nothing so sublime as London; in shady dells through which brooks rustle, in lilies, roses, rainbows, sunset, clouds, Nature shows nothing that can so touch the heart with thoughts of heaven, or so animate the looker-on with high resolves and holy purposes, as sounds that are to be heard, and sights that are to be seen, among the bricks and mortar. We are apt to deceive ourselves (and have been most horribly deceived by other people), by a mere phrase, in talking about man and nature.

It was in no spirit of regret that I proposed to think away this great town from the soil it covers. I meant only, for one thing, to show that it stands on very wholesome ground. The countryman who might have occupied it in its native state would probably have been a long-lived man. But, inasmuch as ground well-paved and drained is better than damp grass; a good roof overhead, good beds, a plentiful, unfailing, and handy supply of pure water, a prompt fur-

nishing of every necessary and comfort of life, means of procuring instant help in case of accident or sickness, and all matters of that kind, tend to prolong life, I do not see why the townsman occupying this ground plated with stone and brick should not have sounder health than he could have easily secured here as a rustic. We know, indeed, that the mortality of London is comparatively small. Though there are within its boundaries large districts at present deprived of drainage, and of other things essential to town life, and though in these districts men die by whole clusters, as grapes under a blight, yet the gross mortality is small. So great is the advantage given to those townsmen who are able properly to draw the profits of town life, that the preventible sickness of many thousands fails to make London appear a sickly town. When all is done that has yet to be done, and that must be done, I doubt whether there will exist in the world a healthier place of residence for Englishmen than the metropolis of England. By the time that is all done, we shall have advanced also in the moral and mental discipline of urban life to a better state. The common taste for music is extending, and is much improved; our amusements do more honour to our civilisation than they did in the old times; all classes are becoming more sensible of their mutual dependence on each other; high aims or hopes are prevalent. I believe, therefore, that by the time we have put London in perfect order as a town most fit to be occupied by living bodies, it will have become also the best place for the health of growing minds and souls. Then it will be the true type of a well-ordered metropolis which is the centre of man's civilisation: a capital greater in its way, and infinitely greater in a greater way, than Athens in the days of Pericles: a city within whose bounds

> Whate'er we see,
> Or feel, shall tend to quicken or refine.

A great deal has to be done before London can take rank as such a town. But we know generally what are the next things to be done in the way of that material improvement out of which the best part of many social improvements is begotten.

In the first place it is clear enough that it is not good for man to confine himself exclusively to one aspect of nature, even though it be the best. As it is good for the countryman to come among houses, so it is good for the townsman to go among trees. The Londoner who can afford it, spends a month or two of every year among green fields, or by the open sea. Whoever can do that, living wholesomely wherever he may be, fairly fills the round of his existence as a civilized dweller in the land, and will exist, I believe, so far in the best condition of which his body is susceptible. But inasmuch as a vast number of Londoners, and they, too, men who are seldom able to live wholesomely in town, cannot afford to make month-long visits to the world beyond the bricks, the necessity which body and mind have for a full and due intercourse with that other half of nature must be, with a view to this great multitude of cases, otherwise provided for. Scraps of country in the shape of parks must be left in the midst of the great town, and every facility and comfort possible must be provided for the aid of those who after six days of toil and close confinement seek refreshment on the day of rest among the hills and fields, and by the hedgerows and the running streams, or on the river. God does not forbid the bird to sing or the bud to burst into blossom on a Sunday; and He does not forbid poor toiling men—though Glasgow may—to go out on that day and hear the singing of the thrushes, or inhale the sweetness of the honeysuckles.

This is no trifling item in the account of matters duly to be considered by those who would improve the well-being of towns. Sundays make the seventh part of every man's life, and nearly the whole of every poor man's time for rest and rational refreshment. He has to get out of them the results of his richer neighbours' month or two at Hastings or upon the Moors; the social relief of his wealthier neighbour's home felicity, his lounging calls, quadrille and dinner parties.

Secondly, for the best interests of life in London, it is necessary that much thought and supervision should be exercised in connection with all workers in bricks and mortar. We want for every man not only a fair allowance of country, but also a fit allowance of town. Whoever will walk in the fields extending between London and Hampstead or Highgate Hill, may see how they are peppered with small houses run up here and there in perfect independence of each other. Here a row of four, beginning nowhere and ending in nothing, called a street; there two isolated tenements called villas, between a puddle and a dust-heap; elsewhere a tall tavern, all by itself, planned as a corner house, next door to nothing but a gipsy shed kept by an importer of hardbake. Reeking stacks of bricks abound; and in one or two places, but only in one or two, a snatch of road has been planned, to which houses are desired to come, but from which every house at present keeps its own respectful distance. But as this bit of town is now rising, Somers Town rose; and the consequence is that Somers Town is one of the filthiest spots on the skirts of the metropolis. Without the use of any unwelcome despotism, might not some little influence from a presiding mind be forced into such building operations? Without spoiling, but in fact with the effect of improving, every man's investment, might

not all the isolated sellers of and builders upon land be instructed how to fit their properties in the best way together? Then there is a Building Act which seems to have been suffered, by the complaisance of surveyors, to drop into abeyance; although a new and effectual law is, we learn, being framed. The idea of building solid structures up into the air, securing at the same time broad thoroughfares and ample lodging-room of the best kind; the renting of ample floors by those who now get for any sum under forty pounds a year but a rickety crib of a house, are notions which must in due time take a foremost place in all discussion about the perfecting of London.

Our most pressing concern, however, as citizens, for the next few years will be with water supply and drainage. There must be a constant supply of good water at high pressure within reach of every housewife's thumb. Every family must have its own tap, a never-failing source of water that the most fastidious man may drink without the intervention of a filter. How to provide it, is the problem to be now solved. The deceased Board of Health worked at it, and pronounced it solved. Whether it be solved properly or not I am incompetent to say. The whole question stands over for full discussion, and it *must* be settled.

The other subject is one about which it is right for every Londoner to think. The late outbreak of cholera in St. Anne's district, which over a small space of ground re-enacted the most horrible scenes of pestilence as it was in the good old times, seems to have been traced very distinctly to foul sewers and reeking gully-holes. A sound and sensible medical man, among others, gave witness that he had stood by one such gully-hole, and feeling oppressed by the stench of it, turned away. He noticed that its vapours rose before the windows of a surgeon. Within twenty-four hours that surgeon was dead. Six persons died in the house nearest to this sewer opening, on the opposite side of the way. The landlord of the house last mentioned, a poor man, complained, as he said, to the Commissioners of Sewers, and when he asked that the hole might be trapped, had been told by them that he could trap it himself at his own expense. There may be misconception about that part of the story; but it is enough for us to feel that our sewers of deposit and our cesspools are assuredly the death of thousands of us.

Now there was a plan of town-drainage suggested by the old Board of Health which, if a practicable plan, would exempt us from all dangers of this kind, besides saving us in cost of construction eightpence or ninepence out of every shilling; and that is no slight consideration when ten millions of pounds are threatened us by engineers as the estimated price of a magnificent system for the drainage of London with grand Roman cloacæ, and other rude but costly works, which it is just possible that improved intelligence may have a way of superseding by some system much better and (as commonly occurs in the case of all such improvements) infinitely cheaper. The Romans tired their backs in piling together miles of massive aqueduct, and crossed deep valleys with gigantic engineering works—capital things for the gentlemen concerned in creating them. Titanic aqueducts are rarely ordered in these days; so far as water supply goes, we know the use of pipes. Taking care to use the right bore in each given case, could we not use pipes for town drainage? That was the question put for study and experiment by the late Board of Health. The members of that board have been well abused by gentlemen who felt aggrieved at such treason against engineering interest; but, in London alone, three hundred and forty-six miles of pipe-drainage are now in action, while engineers of note are still declaring, and a large part of the public is believing, that sewage matter will not run through pipes—which seems curious.

When I reason upon any plan and find it theoretically sound—when I see it tried very abundantly and, barring an unusually small amount of the accident and failure that attends all first experiments, successful—when I hear, on the other hand, only the dictum of learned men accustomed to do things in other ways, declaring, upon the authority of nothing but their high reputation, that the thing in the way in which it is actually being done cannot be done—I will not bow to words that are no more than words, but will accept a proven fact on its own merits. A properly constructed system of pipe-drainage, through which all matter reaches its outlet before it has had time to decompose, costs, at the very costliest, one third of what we pay for a grand system of subterranean catacombs: along the floors of which filth oozes and stagnates, and from which it rises, transformed into effluvium, as that well-known blast of death—"the smell of the drains." It is this last system which is now being maintained against innovators. We are to have London drained—if the public will not inform itself upon the subject and speak on its own behalf—upon the fine old system which set out recently with the Victoria Sewer—one mile long—estimated cost, thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-four pounds; real cost, as per return, after construction, twenty-eight thousand pounds; including a few items omitted from that account, thirty-three thousand pounds! This fine work, finished but the other day, is now in such a state of ruin that fifteen thousand pounds is reported to be the sum necessary for putting it into proper condition. All this, for a huge nuisance less than a mile long; whereas, the money spent upon

this Victoria Sewer would have paid for the drainage of the whole of Westminster proper, according to the opposite system.

THE COMPASSIONATE BROKER.

Hard lines—stern and grim avocations—do not necessarily make hard men. On the contrary, it would seem as though the constant contemplation of pain and suffering had a tendency to soften rather than indurate the heart of the beholder. Butchers are not always sanguinary; but are ordinarily tender-hearted men. Grisly soldiers and sailors are gentle and lamb-like with children. Burly dustmen and coalheavers are, save when excited with the furor of alcohol, men of a meek and peaceable demeanour. Turnkeys and gaolers, generally, are mild and benign men, full of quiet suggestions for the prisoner's comforts. The majority of prize-fighters are slow to take offence, and loath to use their terrible weapons. Indeed, with the exception of relieving-officers, slave-dealers, plaintiff's-attorneys, some schoolmasters, bill-discounters, and secretaries of loan societies, it is rare to find men who at all partake of the hardness of the callings they are compelled to follow. Much belied as this poor human nature is, those who delight in the infliction of pain, and the spectacle of misery, for their own sakes, are very very few. Nero, Governor Wall, and Mrs. Brownrigg, are yet monsters.

Now of all hardest, stoniest, sternest lines a man can well follow, commend me to that of an auctioneer, broker, and appraiser. To be a George Robins, a Musgrove and Gadsden, a Cafe, Sons, and Reed, must be hard enough to a man of sensitive feelings. To have to sell the broad green acres that have been in the good old family for generations and generations, to have to build one's auctioneering nest in the scathed branches of the old mahogany tree, and knock down, one by one, the withered blossoms of friendship and hospitality, and love; to see the Turkey carpets rolled up, and the pictures turned with their faces to the wall; to value the goblets that have held a thousand loving pledges, and the heir-looms that have been won by wisdom and bravery, only as so much metal, at so much per ounce; to solicit an advance on the marriage bed, and turn up the grandsire's arm-chair, that a Hebrew upholsterer, from Finsbury Pavement, may inspect its castors; to hammer the pearls out of the coronet, and draw the bar-sinister of poverty across the time-honoured scutcheon; to draw up the death-warrant of the pride and wealth and comfort of a family in a catalogue—reckoning the choicest household treasures, the Lares and Penates of the hearth; the old lord's velvet crutch, the heir's cricket bat, when he was a boy, the heiress's bird-cage, only as so many lots—all this must be hard and cruel enough; and as the auctioneer's hammer in its verberations seems but to punctuate the text that Favour is deceitful and beauty vain, and that there is no profit under the sun, the auctioneer himself must sigh.

But when, as is the case in the provinces, the auctioneer is also a broker and valuer, when he seizes as well as sells; when he is not only favoured with instructions to sell, but commanded, with her Majesty's greeting, to impound under the sheriff's levy, the vocation becomes doubly painful, doubly melancholy. The auctioneer becomes the undertaker of the family happiness, and with his hammer nails up the coffin of their hopes. He comes, not of himself, but by the law, to strip the widow and the orphan, and despoil the fatherless. The bed is his, the ticking clock, the little old miniature on the mantle, the few books on the hanging shelf, the bright pots and pans, the father's gun, the children's little go-cart. He can take the hearth-rug from under the cat, and though that domestic animal herself is beneath his notice, if she had a brass collar it would be his, and down as an item in the inventory in a moment. To seize the poor man's sticks is utterly to beggar and crush him, to scrape him as clean as a forked radish, to knock the poor edifice of his bien-être as completely about his ears, as the housemaid's broom demolishes the spider's web; aye, but without having the power to re-construct his web, as the spider can. But though hard, it is the law; and the law must be obeyed; and we must do our duty, as Lile Jack Scotforth of Dodderham said.

Lile Jack* had sold up some hundreds of families in his time. He, a man of toast and butter, a man with a heart so soft and big and porous, that it was continually sucking up milk and honey, and continually being squeezed by the fingers of sympathy for the benefit of those about him, and continually ready to imbibe, and be squeezed again—he had been in possession times out of number. He, who not only prayed for his daily bread, but shared it with his hungry neighbour, was the almost daily exponent of the writ of Fi. fa. Each distress he put in, was a distress to him; inventories were so many penitential psalms to him; but what was to be done? If landlords wouldn't wait, the law, so hasty in taking, so tardy in restoring, could not afford to wait a moment either, you may be sure, and "if you cannot get meal you mun tak' malt, an' sell the creeturs up," said Lile Jack with a sigh.

Auctioneering, among the middle classes, the good man took to more kindly. Among the peculiarities of Dodderham folk is a strong predilection for attending sales, and bidding for articles thereat. Little Miss Ogle, the confectioner, has quite a museum of articles she has picked up at sales—Chinese slippers, boxes of cigars, harness, gas-fittings, and other

* See page 9 of the present Volume.

miscellaneous articles, all of which she has acquired from time to time, without the slightest definite idea of their being any use to her, but with a vague notion that they may turn up handy some day. Mrs. Squatto, Captain Squatto's widow, who is seventy-eight, and very nearly blind, has quite a bibliomania for book-purchasing, whether through a pure Roxburghian love of learning, or through a desire for outbidding the Misses Spackthorn, who conduct the young ladies' seminary in Danes' Gate, has not been stated. Old Puckfist, the druggist, bought an extensive consignment of slates at Jerry Morson's sale last year, knocked his doors and stair-walls half to pieces in bringing them home, and has never made any use of them since. Miss Reek, the milliner, who is an inveterate sale-frequenter, positively outbid Puckfist on the same occasion, and had knocked down to her a hideous figure of a river god, in Roman cement, which was wont to stand in Jerry Morson's garden, with a neat bordering of oyster-shells, bits of painted coal, and moss, like parsley round cold meat, surrounding it. She never had the courage to remove it, or sell it, or do anything with it: and it stands to this day in Hodder the plasterer's yard, a dreary battered old object, with a broken nose, and a portrait of Latherum, the national school-master, vilely drawn in red chalk on its pedestal. I think, were it not so heavy, the boys would have it for a Guy, next fifth of November; yet, I dare say, Miss Reek, in common with Miss Ogle, still cherishes the idea that it will eventually turn up handy. As so many Dodderham folk are so fond of buying, it may readily be imagined that a considerable number are as addicted to selling their goods through the same channel. Thus you will scarcely meet a Dodderham burgess, or small annuitant, but talks of his sale, his father's sale, aunt's sale, or brother-in-law's sale. A marriage, a death, a removal, a family quarrel, a rise or a fall in fortune, are all so many incentives to the Dodderham people to call in the auctioneer and have a sale; and you may believe that popular as Lile Jack was in his lifetime, he was very frequently indeed favoured with instructions to sell without reserve.

Jack's delight was in selling inns and public-houses, by auction. He was, as I have already hinted, a humourist; and with much north-country jocoseness, would he expatiate on the neat wines and genuine spirits, the comfortable beds, commodious, commercial and show rooms, clean stabling, convenient eating parlours, roomy bar, ancient lineage, and excellent connection of the establishments he offered for public competition. Jack's cracks, or witticisms in the rostrum, grew to be famous all over the country-side; sly, personal satire (genial and good-humoured, however), mingled with his professional facetiousness, and it grew at last quite common for one burgess to meet another in the market-place on the morning of a sale, and say, "Ise gangin up street t'heer Lile Jack trot fouk, will't come?" Trot is Dodderham for the familiar London chaff.

The great Squire Rigg, of Regans's Manor —the Lord of Regans—as with a remnant of feudal reverence he was still called by the peasantry, was a frequent attendant at Lile Jack's sales, and it was he who started, and so liberally subscribed to the fund for presenting Jack with the bonny silver hammer, which he flourished with so much honest pride for so many years. The Lord of Regans put the hammer into the auctioneer's hand himself, after a dinner at John Quitt's, the Royal Oak hotel; with a speech. I will not say the Squire's speech was bad, because Lile Jack's oratory in reply was infinitely worse, not to say choky. I know that there were a good many healths drunk that night, and much laughter and good fellowship, and that the auctioneer coming home that night could only ejaculate to his household, in very thick and incoherent accents—"T'Lord O'Regans, th' born Lord O'Regans. A silver hammer. Jack thee's lile, thee's lile!" with which pardonable expression of vanity he fell, and they put him to bed.

But, as has already been noticed in this performance, there were dark sides in Jack's professional career, and Jack's hammer was of coffin-elm as well as silver. It became his duty, in the way of business, to sell up the Widow Webb. Mrs. Webb was a poor hard-working body, whose husband, a rachitic tailor, had lived, and worked, and died in extreme poverty. The lone woman, on his decease, took to waistcoat-making as a livelihood, but her earnings were very small, and the times were very hard. She had a grown-up daughter who turned her mother's joy to sorrow, and coming in beauty, and health, and innocence, departed in darkness, so that she was covered with it and with shame. This help-meet rudely severed, the Widow Webb still kept patiently and cheerfully upon her stony way, rearing up her two young children, one of whom was a mere baby, a girl,—the other a feeble, flaxen-haired, pale-faced child, five years old, by name Obadiah. They called him Oby. The forlorn mother struggled on and on against poverty as a doctor will struggle against a hopeless cancer, or a besieged general without arms or provisions, and almost without men, will defend a fortress against a powerful, persevering assailant. But no relief came, and the citadel was stormed at last. The widow had the misfortune to sit under a hard landlord. Gregson, the tea-dealer, surnamed Smell o' Brass; which sobriquet he had acquired through a colloquy with another burgess, who, expressing an opinion that he, Gregson, must "have a power o' brass," the tea-dealer answered, "Brass! I fairly smell o' brass!" Mrs. Webb grew in arrear with her rent, and could not pay, and Smell o' Brass was

implacable, and instructed Lile Jack to sell her up.

Our friend went down the street towards the widow's humble dwelling in a very unusual state of perturbation. The white hat with the calculations on the crown was constantly off his head, and brought into rude collision with posts and barrows. The quantities of snuff he took were enormous, and his mutterings prodigious. He had sent a man before him as an avant-courrier of evil—a man whose boots were hideous on the pavement as he brought bad tidings; but he was sorely discomposed on reaching the widow's cottage to find little Oby at the door, who ran to embrace his knees, and hailed him affectionately as "mon." Oby was a great ally and favourite of Lile Jack, and would frequently toddle up to the auctioneer's shop, and cry out "Mon, com' out an' gi' Oby claggett" (which claggett is a description of hardbake), whereupon, if Jack were not at home, the man that was nearly a hundred years of age would come out and talk toothlessly to Oby.

The broker hurriedly patted the child on the head, and passed in. The catastrophe was out. The widow was sitting rocking herself in her chair, wringing her hands and crying bitterly. The baby, cast upon its own resources and upon the wide wide world, was lamenting its miseries with prophetic anticipation; Tom Bagshaw, Lile Jack's assistant, had already commenced his inventory; and Oby, seeing that grief was the order of the day, had taken to crying quietly over a waistcoat piece. Under these circumstances there was nothing left for Lile Jack to do but to take more snuff, and ill-treat the long-suffering white hat worse than ever.

"My poor father," cried the widow in her anguish, "oft said that th' prison or th' poorhouse wor nit built that should hold yan o' his bairns. But I mun gang till baith—till baith, Mr. Scotforth, and th' lile bairns; the creetur that canna walk nor speak, and Oby so frile an' delicate. I'll never rise again, Mr. Scotforth, I'll never rise again."

"It's hard to bear, my lass," quoth Lile Jack; "cruel hard to bear. But we a' ha' our burdens, and mun bear them. And yet," he added, despondingly, "there's auld Middlegate Mumping Wilson up at t' Bank, wi' mair goud than wad fill thy house, and Miss Sturk, t' mantymecker wi' hunderds, an Sangate Gregson, that smells o' brass, an yit nit a penny for thee."

"If it war nit for t' bairns I wad gang to service. I wad work i' th' crofts and fields, i' th' shippons and middens; but can I leave these bonny creeturs?"

"Puir body, puir body!" murmured Lile Jack, doing the white hat a mortal injury.

"Can I coin goud? Can I mak' siller oot o' barley meal?" asked the widow, despairingly."

"It's hard," quoth Lile Jack, wrenching a button off his waistcoat. "It's bitter hard," he continued, manifesting a strong desire to tear the brim of the white hat from the body. "It's *domed* hard!" cried the compassionate broker, throwing the white hat into the fireplace.

But the inventory was completed, and Jack had his business to do. He spoke the widow fair, and promised to exert his utmost influence with that hard man and teadealer Smell o' Brass, with but very faint hopes in his own mind, however, of making any impression upon that auriferous person. He was about departing, and had beckoned Oby to him, with the intention of patting him upon the head, and slipping a sovereign into his hand, when the child ran to him, and caught hold of his legs.

"I'se gang yam wi' thee," he cried. "Lemme gang yam wi' thee, thou lile mon."

"Nay, nay, my bairn," answered Lile Jack, shaking his head kindly; "there's bigger bairns nor thee at yam that sup a' the parritch I can find meal for. Thee cannot come wi' me, Oby!"

"I'se gang yam wi' thee, I'se gang yam wi' thee," repeated the little boy, looking up imploringly, his blue eyes swimming with tears, into Lile Jack's face.

The compassionate broker looked towards where the white hat was, as if to ask that ill-used article of apparel for advice. But the white hat was grovelling in the dust and ashes of the fireplace, as if in profound disgust at its maltreatment, and Lile Jack not being able to avail himself of its counsel, followed, instead, that of his own true heart.

Lile Jack spoke, as he had promised, to the redoubtable Smell o' Brass. I fancy, however, that he spoke to him much as the gentleman with the illegible, but glorious and delightful signature, who is connected with the Bank of England speaks to Mr. Mathew Marshall of that establishment. At all events, the widow's sticks were released, and she was enabled to resume her humble business. But she did not live long. Worn out with sorrow, privation, hard work, and ill-health, she soon rejoined her harmless rachitic husband the tailor, and her weakly baby followed her soon afterwards. Then Oby was left an orphan indeed.

An orphan! No. He went home with Lile Jack, and in the heterogeneous household of that good fellow, found a list of relatives as long as that in the Prayer-book which enumerates the persons a man may not marry. The man that was nearly a hundred years old was a grandfather to him; the pockman's niece was his aunt; and he found an uncle in the white horse, and cousins in the rabbits, and brothers-in-law in the starlings. In Lile Jack he found a whole conscription of fathers.

The child grew up to be a thin, pale, tall, delicate lad. Lile Jack had him taught a plain decent education. "Latin an' Greek, and sic' like thirlygigs," he said, "were good

for nowt i' th' warkin' warl'." When Oby came to be about twelve, he was bound prentice to Dick Heelband, the principal tailor in Dodderham, but he made such progress, and turned out to be so ingenious, active, industrious, docile a lad, that Lile Jack announced his intention of sending him to Lunnon, and making a gentleman of him. A great London auctioneer with whom Jack was in correspondence offered to take Obadiah into his counting-house for three years at a moderate premium, and the great squire Rigg, now one of the members for the county, told Lile Jack that he was an honest man (which from so great a squire, was commendation indeed); that he should take upon himself to pay the lad's premium, and the expense of cancelling his indentures with Heelband, and that Jack would have all the more to leave Oby when he died.

The boy's ill-health, and the manifest disinclination of Lile Jack to part with a being whom he had grown to love as the apple of his eye, caused the journey to London to be deferred from six months to six months, and from year to year, till Oby was nearly eighteen years of age. At last Lile Jack made up his mind to part with his darling, and Oby with great difficulty reconciled himself to the necessity of a temporary separation from his adopted father. The three years would soon be over, and then Oby would return full as a cratch with the wisdom of London town, and succeed Lile Jack, who was beginning to get old, and fond of a pipe in the middle of the day, in the auctioneering business. A day was fixed for his departure, and a place taken for him in the Constitution coach. The pock-marked niece prepared him a huge chest of linen. Dick Heelband turned out for him two suits of clothes, which, in the private opinion of Dick, and indeed of the whole of Dodderham folk to boot, would rather astonish the Londoners; and Lile Jack solemnly presented him with a big silver watch—a watch that had kept time in auctions out of number—which went like a church clock, and made nearly as much noise as one in ticking. The day before that fixed for his journey, Oby went round to bid all the principal inhabitants of Dodderham a formal good-bye. His tour resembled in some degree that of the heraldic lion and unicorn, for some gave him white bread and some brown, and some plum-cake some gave him Bibles too, also Prayer-books, also jams and woollen comforters; and little Miss Ogle presented him with a purse of bonny money, containing a Spanish doubloon, a William and Mary half-crown, and two silver pennies of George the Second. There was not one who did not give the gentle, affectionate lad their warmest wishes for health and success.

Oby was to start by the night coach from Dodderham. It was winter, and Lile Jack and his protégé sat by the fireside in the parlour of the Royal Oak, waiting for the mail. The lad's luggage was in the hall, all corded and directed. The parlour was full of Dodderham folk, over their pipes, all waiting to see Oby Webb off, and bid him God speed.

Lile Jack had been smoking more, and snuffing more, and coughing more, and lacerating the person and feelings of the white hat—which was now a mere tawny wreck—more than usual that evening. He had talked with Oby about his plans, and how soon the three years would be over, and how happy they would all be when he returned to Dodderham town again, quite the gentleman.

"Thee's gangin t' Lunnon, Oby ma lad," he concluded. "It's aye large, and wicked, and thee wilt meet wi' a mony rogues, and a mony fules, and a mony that's gude fur nowt: nay, nit to mak' bacca leets o'. But thou'rt a gude lad, and sure I am thou wilt do thy duty towowrds man an' fear God. But dinna be fleeted, Oby. Open thee lugs, an' cock up t' end o' thee ee; and if ony speaks agin Dodderham toun or Dodderham fouk, blare oot at 'em. Sprak oup at 'em like a brak' bowstring. I'se ge'en thee brass for thy meat, and brass for thy gear, and brass for thy shear; an' here's that thou shall nit want for swaggerin' money, which thou wilt not brak into, unless to prevent a Dodderham lad lookin' like a fule." With which Jack handed a leathern purse to his adopted child, containing five golden guineas.

The Constitution coach drove up to the Royal Oak door about a quarter to eleven. The hostler handed up Oby's luggage; and Spurrell the coachmen entered the inn parlour for a glass of brandy. Spurrell was a lusty man, with a scarlet face, and all eyes were immediately turned to that renowned white box-coat of his, in the breast pocket of which all men knew he carried the Dodderham Bank Parcel, containing notes amounting to unnumbered thousands.

One by one the guests rose, and shaking Oby cordially by the hand bade him farewell. Mrs. Quitt the landlady kissed him on both cheeks, and left a tear upon his woollen comforter; and Spurrell, the burly and the scarlet-faced, looked on like an Anglo-Greek chorus who could moralise a great deal upon the leave-takings he had seen, if he chose.

And now it was Lile Jack's turn. He led the lad into the middle of the room, and held him at arm's length by both hands, the lamplight streaming over his working face.

"Thou'rt goin' to Lunnon, Oby," he said, in a strange voice. "T' Lunnon to be a gentleman. An'—an'—"

The rest of Lile Jack's speech must ever remain as great a secret as an unreported debate. It might have been a perfectly Ciceronian oration; it might have been as incoherent an address as he made on the night of the presentation of the hammer. For, to use the words of my informant, he "brak doun

soudden, an' cried out." Indeed, he fell upon the neck of the lad he loved so dearly, sobbing out, "My bairn, my bairn, my lile, lile bairn!"

"I'll nit gang t' Lunnon," sobbed, on his part, Oby. "I'll nit be a gentleman, nor mak' my fortune. For thou hast been Lunnon and gentlefolk, and fortune, and a' th' warl tu me, an' I will na leave thee!"

The Constitution coach went to London that night; but without Oby. He did not go next week, next month, next year; he never went. If I were writing a romance I should dearly love to tell how Oby grew up strong, clever, and prosperous, and in due time wedded one of the fair maids of Dodderham. But alas! this is but the story of a true hard world that I heard in a little country inn. The lad had been delicate from his cradle, and he died before he was twenty-two years of age. Lile Jack followed him to the grave, and the tears that fell upon his coffin pattered louder than the dust that the gravedigger sprinkled on it.

FRANCIS MOORE IN CHINA.

Of the innumerable native books circulated, throughout China, "there are in the empire," say they, "only the Wooking, or Five Classics, and the Sz'-shoo, or Four Books, that have been handed down from the ancients." The former consists of one hundred and four volumes, and treats of the ancient history of China, its wars, its various governments, customs, poetry, and other matters. The latter is a classical and authentic summary of the doctrines and sayings of Confucius, and of his leading disciples. These two may be regarded as the standard works of Chinese literature and the class-books in their schools. A careful study of them is supposed to make a proficient scholar, thoroughly acquainted with the whole duty of man. Of course these classics rank high in the estimation of all the people.

However, there is one class of publication besides, which, though it does not bear so antique and classical pretensions, is probably equally popular. It is an annual, regularly published, and found in the hands of every person, and on the counter of the commonest tradesman. It is the Almanac. There are various forms and editions of it, some full, others abridged; sometimes pocket manuals, sometimes sheet almanacs. But the original, which is the largest and most complete edition, is that drawn up by the Astronomical Board of Pekin, sanctioned by imperial authority, issued by government at the opening of the year, and sold at every huckster-stall at the small price of three-farthings or one penny. It is a complete register of the months and days of the year according to the Chinese system, its various divisions, agricultural seasons, commercial terms, official sessions and adjournments, religious festivals, and the anniversaries of the Emperors and Empresses of the reigning family.

Occasionally a few astronomical notations are put down; but generally the movements of the celestial bodies, and notices of solar and lunar eclipses, are omitted. Silence on these points is maintained,—not that the members of the Astronomical Board are ignorant of them; for astral observations, accurate and minute, are regularly taken by that Academy, and duly recorded for the premonition of the official courts through the country. In this work intended for the public, however, as little allusion is made as possible to such points, rather out of deference to the popular bondage to judicial astrology, it being the universal belief that sun, moon, stars, and comets—their motions, eclipses, and rotation—influence the destinies of mankind. Still further, while scarcely anything is said of the mysterious motions of the heavenly bodies, so much is explained of the prognostics that fall on each day as to allay the suspicions and quiet the anxieties of the populace. For this purpose, professed and skilful astrologers are consulted—men respected for their acquaintance with the science of interpreting astral movements, determining the magic power of the celestial orbs on human fate, and pronouncing what days are lucky or unlucky. According to the verdict of these men, the character of each day is set down, and transactions suitable for every day are named. Accordingly this calendar is studied with no little curiosity by a great proportion of the masses in China, for positive information when they may, or may not, lave their persons, shave their heads, open shop, set sail, celebrate marriage, or perform any other act of life.

As specimens of instructions of this nature, recorded in the Imperial Almanacs, we quote from the Calendar for the last year, commencing with our February eighth, eighteen hundred and fifty-three,—the Chinese New Year's day: on the first day of the first moon—

You may present your religious offerings (such as fowls or fish); you may send up representations to heaven (thanks, prayers, vows—by burning gilt paper, straw-made figures, or fireworks in infinite variety); you may put on full dress, fur caps, and elegant sashes; you must at noontide sit with your face towards the south; you can make up matrimonial matches, or pay calls on your friends, or get married; you may set out on a journey, get a new suit of clothes commenced, make repairs about house, &c., or lay the foundation of any building, or set up the wooden skeleton of it, or set sail, or enter on a business-contract, or carry on commerce, or collect your accounts, or pound and grind, or plant and sow, or look after your flocks and herds.

In addition to the items specified as fit for the first day of the month, on the second (February the ninth) you may likewise bury your dead.

On the third—You may bathe yourself; sweep your houses and rooms; pull a dilapidated house down or any shattered wall.

On the fourth—You may offer sacrifices, or bathe,

or shave the head, or sweep the floor and house, or dig the ground, or bury the dead.

On the fifth—You may not start upon a journey, nor change your quarters, nor plant nor sow.

On the sixth—You may do everything specified as on the first.

On the seventh—You must not go to school, nor enter on a tour, nor change lodgings, nor bathe, nor make house repairs, nor lay a foundation, nor set up a house-frame; nor purchase property in fields, houses, etc.; nor grind, nor plant, nor sow; nor give up time to your flocks.

The eighth is looked upon as dubious. To-d nothing is specified as unlucky or lucky.

On the ninth—You may offer your religious presents visit your friends; call on tailors to prepare a new suit make bargains; barter and trade; and collect your moneys.

On the tenth—You may make your religious offerings enter on a government office; make a matrimonial match; get married; visit friends; start on a journey bathe, but it must be at five a. m.; shave the head practise acupuncture* surgery; make contracts; barte and trade; sweep the house; and dig graves for the dead

On the eleventh—You can commence a journey change your residence; acupuncture a patient; com mission a tailor for a new suit; repair buildings; found a house; erect framework of it; set sail; open a con tract; bargain; collect your accounts; look after you flocks; or bury your dead.

On the thirteenth—You must at five a. m. si facing the south-east.

On the eighteenth—You ought to offer sacrifices and take a thorough bath.

On the nineteenth—You may go to school.

On the twenty-first—Quite right to set up the frame work of your house, or bury your dead.

On the twenty-fifth—You can, among other things enter upon your new government office; attire yourself in your best dresses, but sit facing the north-west.

On the twenty-sixth—You ought not to work embroidery.

Although the preceding is quite sufficien to indicate one of the methods adopted to gratify the vulgar taste,—it is not to be presumed that among the millions of China there are wanting sensible men, who despise all participation in such folly.

One of the most striking features observable among the insurgents in the interior of the empire is that in the introduction to the almanac which they have published for the same year, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, they discard the notices of superstitious times and seasons that have hitherto constituted the main attraction of the ordinary almanac. The Cabinet of the so-called Pretender, Hungsintsiuan, in the preface to his calendar, avows full confidence in the superintendence of the one Great Ruler of the universe, rejects all suspicion of the influence of stars and planets on the affairs of men, and expresses the full and distinct opinion that the almanacs sanctioned by previous emperors are depraved, and of a corrupting tendency, "having been cooked up," he says, in his almanac, "by the crafts and wiles of the devil, for the purpose of deceiving the public. All such are accordingly to be rejected, since years, months, days, and times are severally under the control of the Heavenly Father, and every year, month, day, and season is alike good. Why then make a distinction of lucky and unlucky days? How can people pick and choose good and bad days? Whoever with a sincere heart reveres God Almighty, the Father of Heaven, he will assuredly enjoy his superintending care, so that when he attends to business all will be alike prosperous."

As this affords so wondrous a contrast to the general tendency of the Chinese mind, and to the written specimens above quoted, may we not recognise evidence of some change and improvement, amongst that mighty and multitudinous race? We, in this country, are not in a condition to sneer at the Chinese almanac-makers. Faith in the predictions of our own Francis Moore, physician, has not wholly passed away.

* An oriental practice of puncturing diseased parts of the body with fine needles.

WAITING.

"Wherefore dwell so sad and lonely,
By the desolate sea-shore;
With the melancholy surges
Beating at your cottage door?

"You shall dwell beside the castle,
Shadowed by our ancient trees!
And your life shall pass on gently,
Cared for, and in rest and ease."

"Lady, one who loved me dearly
Sailed for distant lands away;
And I wait here his returning
Hopefully from day to day.

"To my door I bring my spinning,
Watching every ship I see;
Waiting, hoping, till the sunset
Fades into the western sea.

"Every night, behind my casement
Still I place a signal light;
He will see its well-known shining
Should his ship return at night.

"Lady, see your infant smiling,
With its flaxen curling hair;—
I remember when your mother,
Was a baby just as fair.

"I was watching then, and hoping;
Years have brought great change to all;
To my neighbours in their cottage,
To you nobles at the hall.

"Not to me—for I am waiting,
And the years have fled so fast
I must look at you to tell me,
That a weary time has past!

"When I hear a footstep coming
On the shingle,—years have fled,—
Yet amid a thousand others,
I shall know his quick light tread.

"When I hear (to-night it may be)
Some one pausing at my door,
I shall know the gay soft accents,
Heard and welcomed oft before!

"So each day I am more hopeful,
He may come before the night;
Every sunset I feel surer,
He must come ere morning light.

"Then I thank you, noble lady;
But I cannot do your will:
Where he left me, he must find me,
Waiting, watching, hoping, still!"

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Mr. THORNTON had had some difficulty in working up his mother to the desired point of civility. She did not often make calls; and when she did, it was in heavy state that she went through her duties. Her son had given her a carriage; but she refused to let him keep horses for it; they were hired for the solemn occasions, when she paid morning or evening visits. She had had horses for three days not a fortnight before, and had comfortably "killed off" all her acquaintances, who might now put themselves to trouble and expense in their turn. Yet Crampton was too far off for her to walk; and she had repeatedly questioned her son as to whether his wish that she should call on the Hales was strong enough to bear the expense of cab-hire. She would have been thankful if it had not; for, as she said, she saw no use in making up friendships and intimacies with all the teachers and masters in Milton; why, he would be wanting her to call on Fanny's dancing-master's wife, the next thing!"

"And so I would, mother, if Mr. Mason and his wife were friendless in a strange place, like the Hales."

"Oh! you need not speak so hastily. I am going to-morrow. I only wanted you exactly to understand about it."

"If you are going to-morrow, I shall order horses."

"Nonsense, John. One would think you were made of money."

"Not quite, yet. But about the horses I'm determined. The last time you were out in a cab, you came home with a headache from the jolting."

"I never complained of it, I'm sure."

"No! My mother is not given to complaints," said he, a little proudly.

"But so much the more I have to watch over you. Now, as for Fanny there, a little hardship would do her good."

"She is not made of the same stuff as you are, John. She could not bear it."

Mrs. Thornton was silent after this; for her last words bore relation to a subject which mortified her. She had an unconscious contempt for a weak character; and Fanny was weak in the very points in which her mother and brother were strong. Mrs. Thornton was not a woman much given to reasoning; her quick judgment and firm resolution served her in good stead of any long arguments and discussions with herself; she felt instinctively that nothing could strengthen Fanny to endure hardships patiently, or face difficulties bravely; and though she winced as she made this acknowledgment to herself about her daughter, it only gave her a kind of pitying tenderness of manner towards her; much of the same description of demeanour with which mothers are wont to treat their weak and sickly children. A stranger, a careless observer might have considered that Mrs. Thornton's manner to her children betokened far more love to Fanny than to John. But such a one would have been deeply mistaken. The very daringness with which mother and son spoke out unpalatable truths, the one to the other, showed a reliance on the firm centre of each other's souls; which the uneasy tenderness of Mrs. Thornton's manner to her daughter, the shame with which she sought to hide the poverty of her child in all the grand qualities which she herself possessed unconsciously, and which she set so high a value upon in others—this shame, I say, betrayed the want of a secure resting-place for her affection. She never called her son by any name but John; "love," and "dear," and such like terms, were reserved for Fanny. But her heart gave thanks for him day and night; and she walked proudly among women for his sake.

"Fanny dear! I shall have horses to the carriage to-day, to go and call on these Hales. Should not you go and see nurse? It is in the same direction, and she is always so glad to see you. You could go on there while I am at Mrs. Hale's."

"Oh! mamma, it is such a long way, and I am so tired."

"With what?" asked Mrs. Thornton, her brow slightly contracting.

"I don't know—the weather, I think. It is so relaxing. Could not you bring nurse here, mamma? The carriage could fetch her, and she could spend the rest of the day here, which I know she would like."

Mrs. Thornton did not speak! but she laid her work on the table, and seemed to think.

"It will be a long way for her to walk back at night!" she remarked, at last.

"Oh but I will send her home in a cab. I never thought of her walking."

At this point, Mr. Thornton came in, just before going to the mill.

"Mother! I need hardly say, that if there is any little thing that could serve Mrs. Hale as an invalid, you will offer it, I am sure."

"If I can find it out, I will. But I have never been ill myself, so I am not much up to invalids' fancies."

"Well! here is Fanny then, who is seldom without an ailment. She will be able to suggest something, perhaps—won't you, Fan?"

"I have not always an ailment," said Fanny, pettishly; "and I am not going with mamma. I have a headache to-day, and I shan't go out."

Mr. Thornton looked annoyed. His mother's

eyes were bent on her work, at which she was now stitching away busily.

"Fanny! I wish you to go," said he authoritatively. "It will do you good, instead of harm. You will oblige me by going, without my saying anything more about it."

He went abruptly out of the room after saying this.

If he had staid a minute longer, Fanny would have cried at his tone of command, even when he used the words, "You will oblige me." As it was, she grumbled.

"John always speaks as if I fancied I was ill, and I am sure I never do fancy any such thing. Who are these Hales that he makes such a fuss about?"

"Fanny, don't speak so of your brother. He has good reasons of some kind or other, or he would not wish us to go. Make haste and put your things on."

But the little altercation between her son and her daughter did not incline Mrs. Thornton more favourably towards "these Hales." Her jealous heart repeated her daughter's question, "Who are they, that he is so anxious we should pay them all this attention?" It came up like a burden to a song long after Fanny had forgotten all about it in the pleasant excitement of seeing the effect of a new bonnet in the looking-glass.

Mrs. Thornton was shy. It was only of late years that she had had leisure enough in her life to go into society; and as society she did not enjoy it. As dinner-giving, and as criticising other people's dinners, she took satisfaction in it. But this going to make acquaintance with strangers was a very different thing. She was ill at ease, and looked more than usually stern and forbidding as she entered the Hales' little drawing-room.

Margaret was busy embroidering a small piece of cambric for some little article of dress for Edith's expected baby—"Flimsy useless work," as Mrs. Thornton observed to herself. She liked Mrs. Hale's double knitting far better; that was sensible of its kind. The room altogether was full of knick-knacks, which must take a long time to dust; and time to people of limited income was money.

She made all these reflections as she was talking in her stately way to Mrs. Hale, and uttering all the stereotyped commonplaces that most people can find to say with their senses blindfolded. Mrs. Hale was making rather more exertion in her answers, captivated by some real old lace which Mrs. Thornton wore; "lace," as she afterwards observed to Dixon, "of that old English point which has not been made for this seventy years, and which cannot be bought. It must have been an heir-loom, and shows that she has ancestors." So the owner of the ancestral lace became worthy of something more than the languid exertion to be agreeable to a visitor, by which Mrs. Hale's efforts at conversation would have been otherwise bounded. And presently, Margaret, racking her brain to talk to Fanny, heard her mother and Mrs. Thornton plunge into the interminable subject of servants.

"I suppose you are not musical," said Fanny, "as I see no piano."

"I am fond of hearing good music; I cannot play well myself; and papa and mamma don't care much about it; so we sold our old piano when we came here."

"I wonder how you can exist without one. It almost seems to me a necessary of life."

"Fifteen shillings a week, and three saved out of them!" thought Margaret to herself. "But she must have been very young. She probably has forgotten her own personal experience. But she must know of those days." Margaret's manner had an extra tinge of coldness in it when she next spoke.

"You have good concerts here, I believe."

"Oh, yes! Delicious! Too crowded, that is the worst. The directors admit so indiscriminately. But one is sure to hear the newest music there. I always have a large order to give to Johnson's, the day after a concert."

"Do you like new music simply for its newness, then?"

"Oh! one knows it is the fashion in London, or else the singers would not bring it down here. You have been in London, of course."

"Yes," said Margaret, "I have lived there for several years."

"Oh! London and the Alhambra are the two places I long to see!"

"London and the Alhambra!"

"Yes! ever since I read the Tales of the Alhambra. Don't you know them?"

"I don't think I do. But surely it is a very easy journey to London."

"But somehow," said Fanny, lowering her voice, "mamma has never been to London herself, and can't understand my longing. She is very proud of Milton; dirty, smoky place, as I feel it to be. I believe she admires it the more for those very qualities."

"If it has been Mrs. Thornton's home for some years, I can well understand her loving it," said Margaret, in her clear bell-like voice.

"What are you saying about me, Miss Hale? May I inquire?"

Margaret had not the words ready for an answer to this question, which took her a little by surprise, so Miss Thornton replied:

"Oh, mamma! we are only trying to account for your being so fond of Milton."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Thornton. "I do not feel that my very natural liking for the place where I was born and brought up,—and which has since been my residence for some years, requires any accounting for."

Margaret was vexed. As Fanny had put it, it did seem as if they had been imper-

tinently discussing Mrs. Thornton's feelings; but she also rose up against that lady's manner of showing that she was offended.

Mrs. Thornton went on after a moment's pause:

"Do you know anything of Milton, Miss Hale? Have you seen any of our factories? our magnificent warehouses?"

"No!" said Margaret. "I have not seen anything of that description as yet."

Then she felt that, by concealing her utter indifference to all such places, she was hardly speaking with truth; so she went on

"I dare say, papa would have taken me before now if I had cared. But I really do not find much pleasure in going over manufactories."

"They are very curious places," said Mrs. Hale; "but there is so much noise and dirt always. I remember once going in a lilac silk to see candles made, and my gown was utterly ruined."

"Very probably," said Mrs. Thornton, in a short displeased manner. "I merely thought, that as strangers newly come to reside in a town which has risen to eminence in the country, from the character and progress of its peculiar business, you might have cared to visit some of the places where it is carried on; places unique in the kingdom, I am informed. If Miss Hale changes her mind and condescends to be curious as to the manufactures of Milton, I can only say I shall be glad to procure her admission to print-works, or reed-making, or the more simple operations of spinning carried on in my son's mill. Every improvement of machinery is, I believe, to be seen there, in its highest perfection."

"I am so glad you don't like mills and manufactories, and all those kind of things," said Fanny, in a half-whisper, as she rose to accompany her mother, who was taking leave of Mrs. Hale with rustling dignity.

"I think I should like to know all about them, if I were you," replied Margaret quietly.

"Fanny!" said her mother, as they drove away, "we will be civil to these Hales; but don't form one of your hasty friendships with the daughter. She will do you no good, I see. The mother looks very ill, and seems a nice, quiet kind of person."

"I don't want to form any friendship with Miss Hale, mamma," said Fanny, pouting. "I thought I was doing my duty by talking to her, and trying to amuse her."

"Well! at any rate, John must be satisfied now."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

MARGARET flew upstairs as soon as their visitors were gone, and put on her bonnet and shawl, to run and inquire how Betsy Higgins was, and sit with her as long as she could before dinner. As she went along the crowded narrow streets, she felt how much of interest they had gained by the simple fact of her having learnt to care for a dweller in them.

Mary Higgins, the slatternly younger sister, had endeavoured as well as she could to tidy up the house for the expected visit. There had been rough-stoning done in the middle of the floor, while the flags under the chairs and table and round the walls retained their dark unwashed appearance. Although the day was hot, there burnt a large fire in the grate, making the whole place feel like an oven; Margaret did not understand that the lavishness of coals was a sign of hospitable welcome to her on Mary's part, and thought that perhaps the oppressive heat was necessary for Bessy. Bessy herself lay on a squab, or short sofa, placed under the window. She was very much more feeble than on the previous day, and tired with raising herself at every step to look out and see if it was Margaret coming. And now that Margaret was there, and had taken a chair by her, Bessy lay back silent, and content to look at Margaret's face, and touch her articles of dress, with a childish admiration of their fineness of texture.

"I never knew why folk in the Bible cared for soft raiment afore. But it must be nice to go dressed as yo' do. It's different fro' common. Most fine folk tire my eyes out wi' their colours; but some how yours rest me. Where did ye get this frock?"

"In London," said Margaret, much amused.

"London. Have yo' been in London?"

Yes! I lived there for some years. But my home was in a forest; in the country."

"Tell me about it," said Bessy. "I like to hear speak of the country, and trees, and such like things." She leant back, and shut her eyes, and crossed her hands over her breast, lying at perfect rest, as if to receive all the ideas Margaret could suggest.

Margaret had never spoken of Helstone since she left it, except just naming the place incidentally. She saw it in dreams more vivid than life, and as she fell away to slumber at nights her memory wandered in all its pleasant places. But her heart was opened to this girl: "Oh, Bessy, I loved the home we have left so dearly! I wish you could see it. I cannot tell you half its beauty. There are great trees standing all about it, with their branches stretching long and level, and making a deep shade of rest even at noonday. And yet, though every leaf may seem still, there is a continual rushing sound of movement all around—not close at hand. Then sometimes the turf is as soft and fine as velvet; and sometimes quite lush with the perpetual moisture of a little, hidden, tinkling brook near at hand. And then in other parts there are billowy ferns—whole stretches of fern; some in the green shadow; some with long streaks of golden sunlight lying on them—just like the sea."

"I have never seen the sea," murmured Bessy. "But go on."

"Then, here and there, there are wide commons, high up as if above the very tops of th trees—"

"I am glad of that. I felt smothered like down below. When I have gone for an out, I have always wanted to get high up and see far away, and take a deep breath o' fulness in that air. I get smothered enough in Milton and I think the sound yo' speak of among the trees, going on for ever and ever, would send me dazed; it's that made my head ache so in the mill. Now on these commons I reckon there is but little noise?"

"No," said Margaret; "nothing but here and there a lark high in the air. Sometimes I used to hear a farmer speaking sharp and loud to his servants; but it was so far away that it only reminded me pleasantly that other people were hard at work in some distant place while I just sat on the heather and did nothing."

"I used to think once that if I could have a day of doing nothing, to rest me—a day in some quiet place like that yo' speak on—it would maybe set me up. But now I've had many days o' idleness, and I'm just as weary o' them as I was o' my work. Sometimes I'm so tired out I think I cannot enjoy heaven without a piece of rest first. I'm rather afeard o' going straight there without getting a good sleep in the grave to set me up."

"Don't be afraid, Bessy," said Margaret, laying her hand on the girl's; "God can give you more perfect rest than even idleness on earth, or the dead sleep of the grave can do."

Bessy moved uneasily; then she said:

"I wish father would not speak as he does. He means well, as I telled yo' yesterday, and tell yo' again and again. But yo' see, though I don't believe him a bit by day, yet by night—when I'm in a fever, half-asleep and half-awake—it comes back upon me—oh! so bad! And I think, if this should be th' end of all, and if all I've been born for is just to work my heart and my life away, and to sicken i' this dree place, wi' them mill-noises in my ears for ever, until I could scream out for them to stop, and let me have a little piece o' quiet—and wi' the fluff filling my lungs, until I thirst to death for one long deep breath o' the clear air yo' speak on—and my mother gone, and I never able to tell her again how I loved her, and o' all my troubles,—I think if this life is th' end, and that there's no God to wipe away all tears from all eyes—yo' wench, yo'!" said she, sitting up, and clutching violently, almost fiercely, at Margaret's hand, "I could go mad, and kill yo', I could." She fell back completely worn out with her passion. Margaret knelt down by her.

"Bessy—we have a Father in heaven."

"I know it! I know it!" moaned she, turning her head uneasily from side to side. "I am very wicked. I have spoken very wickedly. Oh! don't be frightened by me and never come again. I would not harm a hair of your head. And," opening her eyes, and looking earnestly at Margaret, "I believe, perhaps, more than yo' do o' what's to come. I read the Book o' Revelations until I know it off by heart, and I never doubt when I'm waking, and in my senses, of all the glory I'm to come to."

"Don't let us talk of what fancies come into your head when you are feverish. I would rather hear something about what you used to do when you were well."

"I think I was well when mother died, but I have never been rightly strong sin' somewhere about that time. I began to work in a carding room soon after, and the fluff got into my lungs, and poisoned me."

"Fluff?" said Margaret, inquiringly.

"Fluff," repeated Bessy. "Little bits, as fly off fro' the cotton, when they're carding it, and fill the air till it looks all fine white dust. They say it winds round the lungs, and tightens them up. Anyhow, there's many a one as works in a carding-room, who falls into a waste, coughing and spitting blood, because they're just poisoned by the fluff."

"But can't it be helped?" asked Margaret.

"I dunno. Some folk have a great wheel at one end o' their carding-rooms to make a draught, and carry off th' dust; but that wheel costs a deal o' money—five or six hundred pound, maybe, and brings in no profit; so it's but a few of th' masters as will put 'em up; and I've heerd tell o' men who did not like working in places where there was a wheel, because they said as how it made 'em hungry, at after they'd been long used to swallowing fluff, to go without it, and that their wage ought to be raised if they were to work in such places. So between masters and men th' wheels fall through. I know I wish there'd been a wheel in our place, though."

"Did not your father know about it?" asked Margaret.

"Yes! And he were sorry. But our factory were a good one on the whole; and a steady likely set o' people; and father was afeared of letting me go to a strange place, for tho' yo' would na think it now, many a one then used to call me a gradely lass enough. And I did na' like to be reckoned nesh and soft, and Mary's schooling were to be kept up, mother said, and father he were always liking to buy books, and go to lectures o' one kind or another—all which took money—so I just worked on till I shall ne'er get the whirr out o' my ears, or the fluff out o' my throat i' this world. That's all."

"How old are you?" asked Margaret.

"Nineteen, come July."

"And I too am nineteen." She thought, more sorrowfully than Bessy did, of the contrast between them. She could not speak for a moment or two for the emotion she was trying to keep down.

"About Mary?" said Bessy. "I wanted to

ask yo' to be a friend to her. She's seventeen, but she's th' last on us. And I don't want her to go to th' mill, and yet I dunno what she's fit for."

"She could not do"—Margaret glanced unconsciously at the uncleaned corners of the room—"She could hardly undertake a servant's place, could she? We have an old faithful servant, almost a friend, who wants help, but who is very particular; and it would not be right to plague her with giving her any assistance that would really be an annoyance and an irritation."

"No, I see. I reckon yo're right. Our Mary is a good wench; but who has she had to teach her what to do about a house? No mother, and me at the mill till I were good for nothing but scolding her for doing badly what I did not know how to do a bit. But I wish she could ha' lived wi' yo', for all that."

But even though she may not be exactly fitted to come and live with us as a servant—and I don't know about that—I will always try and be a friend to her for your sake, Bessy. And now I must go. I will come again as soon as I can; but if it should not be to-morrow, or the next day, or even a week or a fortnight hence, don't think I've forgotten you. I may be busy."

"I'll know yo' won't forget me again. I'll not mistrust yo' no more. But, remember, in a week or a fortnight I may be dead and buried!"

"I'll come as soon as I can, Bessy," said Margaret, squeezing her hand tight. "But you'll let me know if you are worse."

"Aye, that will I," said Bessy, returning the pressure.

From that day forwards Mrs. Hale became more and more of a suffering invalid. It was now drawing near to the anniversary of Edith's marriage, and, looking back upon the year's accumulated heap of troubles, Margaret wondered how they had been borne. If she could have anticipated them, how she would have shrunk away and hid herself from the coming time! And yet day by day had, of itself and by itself, been very endurable, small, keen, bright little spots of positive enjoyment having come sparkling into the very middle of sorrows. A year ago—or when she first went to Helstone, and first became silently conscious of the querulousness in her mother's temper, she would have groaned bitterly over the idea of a long illness to be borne in a strange, desolate, noisy, busy place, with diminished comforts on every side of the home life. But with the increase of serious and just ground of complaint, a new kind of patience had sprung up in her mother's mind. She was gentle and quiet in intense bodily suffering, almost in proportion as she had been restless and depressed when there had been no real cause for grief. Mr. Hale was in exactly that stage of apprehension which, in men of his stamp, takes the shape of wilful blindness. He was more irritated than Margaret had ever known him at his daughter's expressed anxiety.

"Indeed, Margaret, you are growing fanciful! God knows I should be the first to take the alarm if your mother were really ill; we always saw when she had her headaches at Helstone, even without her telling us. She looks quite pale and white when she is ill; and now she has a bright healthy colour in her cheeks, just as she used to have when I first knew her."

"But, papa," said Margaret, with hesitation, "do you know, I think that is the flush of pain."

"Nonsense, Margaret. I tell you, you are too fanciful. You are the person not well, I think. Send for the doctor to-morrow for yourself; and then, if it will make your mind easier, he can see your mother."

"Thank you, dear papa. It will make me happier indeed." And she went up to him to kiss him. But he pushed her away—gently enough, but still as if she had suggested unpleasant ideas, which he should be glad to get rid of as readily as he could of her presence. He walked uneasily up and down the room.

"Poor Maria!" said he, half soliloquising, "I wish one could do right without sacrificing others. I shall hate this town, and myself too, if she——Pray, Margaret, does your mother often talk to you of the old places: of Helstone, I mean?"

"No, papa," said Margaret, sadly.

"Then, you see, she can't be fretting after them, eh? It has always been a comfort to me to think that your mother was so simple and open that I knew every little grievance she had. She never would conceal anything seriously affecting her health from me: would she, eh, Margaret? I am quite sure she would not. So don't let me hear of these foolish morbid ideas. Come, give me a kiss, and run off to bed."

But she heard him pacing about (racooning, as she and Edith used to call it) long after her slow and languid undressing was finished—long after she began to listen as she lay in bed.

OUT IN THE WILDS.

FORTY-FIVE miles to the Coco-Maricopa villages. The river Gila bends to the north, but will meet us again at the villages, not sooner. Forty-five miles without water and without grass. The trains of waggons, and the weary band of riders must be hurried by the mules as quickly as may be over the desert stage; the forty-five miles must be got through without stoppage during the cool hours of the evening and the night.

That was once in the summer of last year our predicament, namely the predicament of Mr. Bartlett, the United States commissioner attached to the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission, of the surveyors,

engineers, soldiers, and other members of Mr. Bartlett's party, engaged in traversing the northern frontier of Mexico, and of myself. For my own part let me own that I neither hungered nor thirsted, nor was weary by the way, having been carried comfortably stretched upon a sofa through deserts and wildernesses, and among all savages encountered by my fellow travellers. I was carried about on my sofa by a couple of stout volumes that have played the part of chairmen excellently—let me say so much in a certificate at parting—never wearying or causing weariness. They have just been equipped by Mr. Bartlett, and are ready to carry any man who will make use of them through many of the half-unknown regions of Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua.

Forty-five miles of unmitigated desert, and we traversed much of it by moonlight. It was not so thoroughly a desert to the fancy as the ruin of some mighty palace of a thousand and one columns, for our way was among tall fluted pillars twenty and thirty feet high, now and then budding out into grotesque shapes, or balanced in groups of two or three and four upon a single massive stem, so that they might be likened to enormous candelabra. At the base of these pillars there were a few dwarf plants growing, very thinly scattered over the whole stony surface of the plain. The moonlit pillars were the chief plants of the district. They had sprung up out of the rock from which they draw not only their own life, but the means of supporting life in others. Every column is a gigantic cactus, of a kind until recently but seldom seen by travellers, for it exists in wilds that have only in these last days come to be frequented. It is called the Giant Cereus, or more commonly the Petahaya, that being the name it bears in its own country. It is at home on the high table lands on each side of the river Gila, and in various parts of the state of Sonora, where it grows often in the crevices of rocks, and other places out of which one might think that no plant could get sustenance. It takes such a form as has been just described, shooting up sometimes even to a height of fifty feet, and having a stem occasionally seven feet in circumference. Imbedded in the fleshy mass of the plant are ribs of elastic wood, extending to the root, and giving strength to the huge column. When the plant is dead its flesh decays, and there remain these bones displayed after the fashion of a mighty skeleton. In addition to the fluting, each column is beset with clusters of spines, six large ones and many small ones in each cluster. Late in May or early in June the petahaya blossoms. The flowers are borne on the summits of the columns, have many yellow stamens, stiff, curling petals of a cream white colour, and are altogether about three inches across. The fruit is shaped like a long egg, and of about the bigness of an egg, green with a tinge of red when fully ripe. Within its outer coat is a red pulp, containing many little black smooth seeds; this pulp is exposed by the fruit's bursting in due time, that is to say, in July or August, and after a few days' exposure to the sun, being dried to about one-third its original bulk, drops out of its skin. It is then in taste and appearance something like the pulp of a dried fig, but its taste of fig is complicated with that of the raspberry. The Pimo and Coco-Maricopa Indians collect this ripe pulp of the petahaya, and roll it into balls, which may be stored and kept for winter use. They also boil the pulp in water, and let it evaporate until it has about the thickness of molasses, in which state it is preserved by them in earthen jars. In either form it is extremely palatable.

We have got out into the wilds indeed when we are among Pimos and Coco-Maripas, who eat petahaya pulp upon the banks of the river Gila. Is it allowable to refer for a minute to the map? Into the Gulf of California flows the Rio Colorado. The last tributary to the Colorado flowing from the interior is the Gila, which comes to it through an extensive tract of uninhabited desert, broken with isolated mountains, destitute of grass, or wood, or water. The course of the Gila is throughout by rocky wilds and barren plains in which man cannot live. In summer great part of the river bed is dry; water occurs only here and there—grass only here and there; the mules of travellers subsist mainly on willow herbage and the mezquit bean. There is thick vegetation, especially willow, cotton wood, and mezquit bean, in many parts that border on the river course, and there are districts upon which various Indian tribes have obtained a footing. Of these the most predatory and cruel are the Apaches, the most prudent and civilisable are the before-mentioned Pimos and Coco-Maricopas, two small nations living side by side, speaking distinct languages, but close allies. Of all the Indian tribes in North America Mr. Bartlett considers these to be morally the best, and it is his opinion that they could be converted easily into a civilised community; a small one certainly, for of the united nations the whole population is not taken to be more than perhaps two thousand. They value teaching, even wish to learn to read, pure savages as they are, but what kind of teaching they will get may be inferred from the fact that their small colony lies on the track of the gold diggers, who journey overland from the United States to California. This desert region forms in fact one of the last stages of the difficult overland route to the diggings.

With the thermometer every day above a hundred in such shade as can be found, with bushes to impede a waggon near the river, rocks and loose sand on the plateau, a summer journey by the Gila cannot be recommended as a pleasant expedition to the tourist. We

came everywhere, I and the boundary commission, upon the ruins left by parties who had gone on the same road before us. Abandoned waggons here take the place of the dead camels of other deserts; we found them occasionally baking in the sun, or arrived at places where we saw much iron strewn about, with fragments of vehicles, tin kettles, and camp equipage, impediments that had been destroyed by overburdened men. More valuable property lies along the whole overland route to California deposited in caches. That Hudson's bay term, cache, has extended to the shores of the Pacific. Men perplexed by the dangers and difficulties of transit on their way out or their way home, bury valuable property that they carry with them, in the hope that they or their friends may at a future time recover it. A tree or rock, or any durable object easily to be recognised in after time is selected, from which bearings are taken, and a distance of say fifty feet is measured. At the point so found, and so to be found again by any man who knows the distance and the bearings chosen, there is a hole dug, the property is buried, and protected if needful by cloth or boards. The earth or sand is thrown over it and strewn about, so that no indication may remain to betray hidden treasure. Perhaps to account for any ineffaceable disturbance of the ground, a camp fire is lighted on the spot. It is estimated that of every hundred caches so made not five are ever opened afterwards, and even of those some are discovered and opened by the Indians. If there were any seed of fruitfulness in all these buried treasures there would be stranger things than petahayas springing up out of the deserts of the Gila.

Upon one spot, when there was evidence of a great breaking-up of property, the tires of two wheels straightened had been embedded firmly in the soil. They were no doubt landmarks from which bearings and distances had been taken for a cache. Farther on, after descending from a crest of table land, there was a piece of rocky ground covered with fragments of trunks and waggons, among which were human bones and skulls. That was the scene of the disaster that fell on the family of Mr. Oatman in March of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Mr. Oatman was travelling, in company with other emigrants, and had with him waggons and merchandise. Against advice, he set off in advance of his companions from the Pimo villages. His little son came back among the Indians some days afterwards, a child of twelve years old, beaten and bruised, who had returned on foot through seventy miles of wilderness, forty-five of them without water, to report that the Indians had killed his father and his mother, and carried off his sisters. He had himself been beaten and left for dead. When he revived he had seen only the mangled bodies of his parents, and the wreck of their property. His two sisters, girls of from twelve to fifteen years old, were gone. The perpetrators of this outrage were Apache Indians, and the Maricopas went with the child on a fruitless expedition for the recovery of the two girls who are at this hour, if they be not killed, detained among the savages. The Maricopas covered Mr. Oatman and his wife with stones, for no grave could be dug in those inhospitable rocks, and went on to inform the Major at Fort Yuma.

The rocks in many parts of this district are covered with rude sculpture, after such designs as the youngest European children might amuse themselves by scrawling on their slates. Mr. Bartlett doubts whether they mean more than that some Indians have in these places amused themselves by scratching where their forefathers have scratched. The sculptures are of all ages, and some may belong to the very ancient times when men lived about here who built tall houses of masonry—"houses of Montezuma," as the Indians have learnt to call them—casas grandes, as set down by the geographers.

They are no great houses that are built by the poor Coco-Maricopas of to-day. Their habitations look more like rabbit warrens. There are twenty or fifty of these houses to a village surrounded by trees and gardens; for these Indians, unlike the Apaches, settle upon a spot of ground and cultivate it, giving fruitfulness to it by diverting water from the river into aqueducts, so that they will use up in summer even the whole stream in the irrigation of their soil. Their houses are dens built of sticks and straw, with or without mud. Forked poles are stuck upright in the ground; poles are laid across them; and about these there are sticks laid so that a rude kennel is formed in which a man cannot stand upright, and into which he creeps by a hole some three feet square. Rushes or straw are woven between the poles, and the whole mansion is sometimes stuccoed with mud. In these houses the Indians sit and sleep, and to these they retire when the weather is inclement; but their ordinary life is out of door or under rude arbours attached to their more solid wigwams. Constructed in the same way as the dwelling-house, but with more care, loftier and better ventilated, is the storehouse of each family, in which wheat, shelled maize, petahaya, and all the provisions for the season in which no fruit grows, is kept in vases of thick, close basket-work, large enough to contain ten, twelve, or even fifteen bushels of grain.

The party engaged in the business of the boundary commission having encamped near the Maricopa village, was soon surrounded by the friendly villagers. One of their chiefs, Francisco Dukey, who spoke Spanish well, was their interpreter; and, in return for white cotton cloth, calico, red flannel, and other shirts, the friendly Indians soon brought into the camp such provisions as were to be had at that time of the year.

Next morning there was a great stir in the community, because a Maricopa war party, gaily dressed, and mounted on good-looking horses, was preparing for an expedition against the Apaches. They had no weapons but their bows and arrows, and would have been glad to add some artillery to their effective force by borrowing a few muskets; but since the Americans were bound in policy and justice to take no part in the quarrels between tribe and tribe, they were of course refused. The commissariat was simple, consisting of small loaves of bread and dried meat, and the equipment of the troops was in accordance with the usual military taste—they were decorated with all the finery that could be mustered. Many of them wore old cotton or red flannel shirts, and so attired, considered themselves to be in the height of fashion. A ragged shirt discarded by an emigrant is the greatest treasure that can fall to the lot of a Maricopan Brummel—he wears it pure and simple. What more could the most exact taste desire? But if he should chance to possess several such shirts, or even pantaloons, in that case, if he makes a state visit, or desires for any reason to appear in full dress, he will put them all on one over the other. Those who had no such finery wore their own cotton blankets folded round their loins; and those who did not possess this garment either had put on only a coat of paint. The men had all been more attentive to the dressing of their heads than of their bodies, and they had decorated, also, their horses' manes and tails with bits of white and scarlet cloth.

The Coco-Maricopas are particular about their hair. In the first place it should be understood, that, except over the eyes they never cut it, and that when fully let down it falls over their backs and shoulders, reaching to the knees; commonly, however, it is knotted up behind with a great club. Just over the eyes it is cut off in a straight line, so that it is quite removed, not merely parted from before the face. These Indians weave for themselves handsome figured belts which they wear commonly as head bands, and they usually fill their hair with clay, which is, on the whole, a cleaner dressing than the fragrant fat which is used by some European tribes. They are patient weavers, and they grow good cotton, but they weave, only by a rude and slow process, white cotton blankets with buff borders, and head bands with coloured geometrical patterns that resemble the patterns which they work in black over their pottery. Their pottery is like the Mexican, and they make basins also of basket work (still with the same geometrical patterns), that are so closely woven as to be impervious to water. The women drudge more than the men, and may be seen carrying on their heads not only baskets of corn, but also, on the top of the corn, cradle and child. Though the men often go wholly naked, no Maricopa woman, even as an infant, is to be seen without drapery that passes round the loins, and hangs down to the knees. Children a year old, supported by one arm, are carried about sitting astride upon one of the mother's hips.

These are some of the ordinary habits of the Coco-Maricopas in which the Pimos resemble them, but the Pimos speak another language, and differ in their mode of disposing of the dead. The dead of the Maricopas are burnt, those of the Pimos, buried. In all other respects the two nations agree, and thirty or forty years ago the Maricopas moved their villages from a more distant spot, where they were much harassed by the Yumas, and came to live near the friendly Pimos, who were harassed equally by the Apaches, in order that the two tribes might unite their strength, and hold their own by help of one another. Though quietly disposed, they are not cowardly. They fight well when they must fight, and when they catch an enemy they torture him as mercilessly as they would themselves be tortured in the hands of the Apaches or the Yumas. They fight only with bows and arrows, and take great pleasure in archery meetings, when their sport is to shoot at the tops of the petahayas. In the neighbourhood of their villages, the tallest columns of the petahaya are often to be seen bristling with arrows near the summit.

They are brave in war, and they are faithful too in love. Each man takes but a single wife, and though it is his business to conciliate her parents with gifts, he marries only upon receiving the free assent of the fair one, or rather dusky one, whom he is courting. He makes love with a flute. It is rather a cat-courtship. When the Coco-Maricopa, or the Pimo Indian thinks that the heart of his beloved is perhaps inclined towards him he proceeds to a declaration in form, which he makes by taking a flute of cane pierced with four holes, sitting down in a bush near the lady's dwelling, and setting up a dismal too-too-too for hours together, day after day. If the girl takes no notice of his call he is a rejected suitor; if she be disposed to marry him she comes and says so. The bridegroom is expected by gifts to compensate, according to his means, the parents of the bride for the loss of her services, the services of a girl being, among these tribes, most valuable, because she does all household work, and even helps to till the ground. Sometimes, indeed, she also weaves, but generally weaving is the work of the old men.

Francisco Dukey, the Maricopan chief and interpreter, was a greedy fellow, with the temper of a Jew. He was the most civilised of his tribe, and appeared in shirt, pantaloons, and hat. To get what pickings he could out of the Americans appeared to be his business; all that he could for himself and the rest of his friends. Francisco sitting down to dinner with the visitors as guest in

their camp, occasionally handed bread and meat to his friends who stood around, and after dinner filled his plate with good things which he handed round for them. On a subsequent occasion he went so far as to strip the table, leaving nothing for the cook and servant of the honourable Commissioners. Much to his own surprise he was not again asked to stop and dine. Francisco being civilised, knew the potency of whiskey. He had got whiskey from emigrants, and he desired whiskey from Mr. Bartlett and his friends, who were determined never to give intoxicating drink to any Indians. Not having it as a gift, Mr. Dukey hoped to come upon it as a treasure trove, and tried every junk bottle he saw about the tents or waggons. Once he got lemon syrup, then he got vinegar, another time he took a pull at a mixture for diarrhœa. After that he was satisfied, and tried no more. Dr. Webb, attached to the Commission, was collecting specimens of the natural history of the districts visited, and the Indians were much edified and amused by the contents of his bottles, and the dried objects hanging about the tent. It was suggested, therefore that the boys of the village should go out to collect any curious insects, lizards or snakes they could find, and that they should be rewarded for so doing. Instead of letting the boys go, the men, for hope of reward, marched out themselves, and in a few hours came with a few grasshoppers and crickets. Although useless, Dr. Webb received them graciously, encouraging the captors to make further zoological research. About an hour afterwards half-a-dozen sturdy men marched to the camp in single file, every man swelling with importance. The leader advanced with a grand air, and the Doctor got his bottles ready. Space was made on a table for the prizes, and the Indian then laid upon it two small and very common lizards without their tails, those having been broken off in the catching. For this contribution to science, the six men required a shirt a-piece.

After a stay of some days with the Maricopas, camp was broken up, and, after a short expedition up a tributary river to inspect some houses of Montezuma, we went direction of some of the Pimo villages. By the way, one evening the camp was visited by a fishing-party of young men, jolly dogs of Indians, who danced and sang while they remained, and were informed when they left, that a few fish for breakfast would be most acceptable. They promised to bring some in the morning; but at midnight they came back, arousing every body with their noise; and nothing would suit them but that everybody must get up, and a bargain be struck forthwith. The pile of fish brought by them for a breakfast it would have taken the whole camp a week to eat.

The appearance of the travellers as they approached in a long single file startled the men of the Pimo village, the sentinels in the outskirts gave the alarm, "Apaches! Apaches!" and the Pimos, mounted with their bows and arrows, were soon scampering at the supposed foe. When they discovered their mistake they laughed cheerily, and helped to fix the camp. Camp being fixed, a friendly message was dispatched to the chief, Cola Azul (blue-tail), who was working in the fields. He soon appeared with his interpreter, and came in state wearing several shirts, a blue overcoat, felt hat and pantaloons. The burden of his state was much too heavy for him, the thermometer then standing at a hundred and twenty. It was a relief to hear that he was seen presently afterwards not far from the camp, sitting under a tree in none but the clothes Nature gave him, with his dignity at his side tied up in a bundle.

The religion of these tribes is not very comforting. They believe that after death their souls will go to the home of their ancestors, and live in the great sandhills on the banks of the Rio Colorado. The souls of their enemies, the Yumas, will go to the same place, and the fighting shall continue evermore between the hostile races. The limbs of every man's body are to be transformed into wolves, bats and owls.

CONSCRIPT SONS.

THERE is a critical period in the life of every Frenchman, of which we in England know nothing. As soon as he arrives on the threshold of manhood, he is compelled by the laws of his country to draw in a great lottery, that chance may decide whether he shall pursue the career which his birth, his education, and his aptitude have marked out, or shall pass the seven most important years of his life in red pantaloons, with a knapsack, and a musket. There is no exception to the rule. The son of the oldest noble, the wealthiest banker, the neediest professional man, the poorest peasant, all are compelled to pass through the same ordeal. Wealth, it is true, has its consolations. The impost of blood is not exacted with republican rigidity. All incur apparently the same risk; but some are able to purchase immunity.

It is difficult to express the influence which the existence of the law of conscription has upon the forms of French society, and the habits of French thought. It assists in producing that state of mind—so remarkable in many instances, but more or less perceptible everywhere—which can only be compared to the fever of the gambler, and which at particular periods renders the whole nation ready to stake its fortunes on the hazard of a die. The French youth is brought up in the knowledge that at a definite period he is to gamble for his own destiny—to draw it forth, white or black, from the bottom of an urn or an old hat. Unless he is quite certain that the price of a man cannot rise above his means, he never knows whether, at twenty-one years of age, he will

not be incorporated in the army, all his studies and all his projects being interrupted, probably, for ever. Not only is he forbidden to marry until he "has satisfied the law"—that is the expression—but he dares enter into no engagement of the affections. It is only in romance that maidens can be expected to wait seven years. This is why, as a matter of course, all young affections become in France to be considered necessarily evanescent. The notion is so rooted in the national mind, that the contrary appears ridiculous. However, we may add in passing, that as soon as the great event has happened, and a good number has been drawn, in very quiet demure places mothers hasten to marry their sons—to find wives for them—and, if they fail, mourn like Rachael. In the agricultural provinces, an old bachelor and a bad subject are synonymous terms.

That expression, a good number, is suggestive of speculation. We are accustomed to consider the French as a military nation, par excellence. We have read their history, and seen their children in shakos, with tin swords and guns. There can be no mistake. The conscription must be a mere matter of form, when the whole population is ready to rush to the field of glory. Nearly all that we know of the people seems to justify this conclusion; and yet nothing can be more erroneous. The conscription law is looked upon in every class as a disaster and a curse; and parents are almost afraid to set their affections on a son until they are sure he is not to be taken from them. This is perhaps, to a certain extent, the case in other countries, where the state exacts the same terrible power of choice. But few people are so stationary, so fond of the horizon visible from their village steeple, so suspicious of the people in the next parish, so fearful of distant danger, and, we may add, so inaccessible to the idea of personal sacrifice for the public good when that sacrifice is exacted as a permanent duty, and is not suggested in an appeal to their enthusiasm, as the French. The law of conscription is an attempt to obtain in an administrative and regular way the results of that terrible patriotism which once enabled the country in danger, to send fourteen shoeless armies to the defence of the frontier.

Public opinion expresses itself by the mouths of women, because men in general are checked by the fear of incurring the blame of timidity for themselves or their children. The mothers speak out. The law, they say, is a barbarous law, at variance with the progress of our civilisation. It either destroys the legitimate hopes of a young man who may have given promise of remarkable talent—all do to their mothers; or inflicts a fine on his family which necessitates many years of saving, and leaves him without some of the means of instruction which he requires. This is the view of the humbler bourgeoisie. Among the peasantry the terror of the coming appeal to choice is greater still. Power of purchasing escape is of course for them very rare. Those to whom the lot falls must go. They do not, however, criticise the law, though they detest it when it applies to them, because they conceive it to be part of the natural order of things. Indeed, scarcely one Frenchman in a thousand of whatever class can understand how a nation can politically exist without this regulation. To tell them that the English raise an army by other means is only to provoke a smile of incredulity. They either disbelieve you, or disbelieve in the army. They have more than once, in French romances, the scene being laid in England, read of some gallant youth, apprentice to a linen-draper, or son of an alderman, and named Sir Tomi, who, having satisfied the law, and drawn a good number, has the world all before him when to choose; and so forth.

The aversion to military life general in France exhibits itself in many ways. All those who can afford it buy a substitute. Instances of the contrary are so rare, that they are cited as wonderful examples. When, therefore, the period of drawing comes on, there is a general revelation of the state of a family's means. Genteel misery is at once seen through. The parents who can allow their son to join the army must be poor indeed. Most strain a point to obtain a substitute, from affection, but many do it from ostentation, and others from the sad necessity of keeping up appearances. If Jules is not bought in, the grocer no longer gives credit, and the butcher sends in his bill. Nobody believes in a suddenly developed martial propensity. If he go for a soldier, it is because he is too poor to escape. What! Not able to spare twelve hundred francs, or fifteen hundred, or two thousand, or four or five thousand—for so the price rises as danger increases! Mothers stint the whole household for years, and sisters drop sous into money-boxes to avert the disaster.

In Paris and all large cities there are regular assurance companies, which undertake, on payment of so much down before the lottery is drawn, to promise a substitute. It is a popular opinion, often justified by the result, that it is unsafe to have dealings with these companies. They are called "dealers in men," "marchands d'hommes," as are also more particularly those worthy individuals who make it their trade to find out idle and capable young fellows, ready to sell their services, either directly, or through the medium of the assurance companies, to disconsolate parents and the impartial state. There is always a market for courage and recklessness; and many young men, who from indolence or misfortune cannot make the two ends of the year meet to their satisfaction, are always ready to sell themselves at the tariff of the day. Bills of various sizes, but generally very small, posted up in obscure

places, may constantly be seen, simply to this effect—"Substitutes Wanted;" and then follows the address. The dealers in men, however, have fine establishments on the quays, and in the great streets, with sign-boards representing gigantic grenadiers and tempestuous-looking hussars, to attract heroically disposed passers-by. Messrs. Xavier de Larsalle et Cie., Rue Montmartre, 146, are at present announcing through the medium of the press that they have a fine choice of substitutes "at the disposition of the youths of the class eighteen hundred and fifty-three, now being called into activity." Sometimes, from caprice, or in hope of making a good bargain, "a father of a family"—this is an implied appeal to the generosity of these mercenary warriors — placards the wall with written handbills; or you may see the announcement that a man in excellent condition may be heard of for sale at such an address. These substitutes are sometimes soldiers discharged after their regular term of service; but, generally they are youths of vagrant disposition, whom chance has spared. According to the testimony of French generals, they perform excellent service in the field, but are remarkable for a tendency to insubordination. A large proportion of the crimes committed in the army are attributed to the remplaçants.

In country places, where little confidence exists in the companies set up with speculative views, it is not uncommon for seven or eight heads of families to combine in a sort of club, each advancing a certain sum for the formation of a fund to be divided amongst those of their sons on whom the lot happens to fall. The peasantry of Bretagne are especially averse to military service. In many of their villages are sorcerers, who pretend to have the power of selling one good number every year. They are never without customers, who sometimes bid high to be ensured a life of peace: and we are gravely assured that their incantations never fail. All these circumstances combine to show that the military career is by no means popular in France. Another, still more extraordinary, remains to be mentioned. The eldest son of a widow is exempt from service by right; and not a month ago a peasant killed his father in a wood, in order to bring himself within that category.

The youth of France, then, without exception, on arriving, as we have said, at the age of twenty-one, prepare themselves with what cheerfulness they may for the great event. If they are abroad, they must return: which is one of the reasons why few fathers send their sons early to foreign parts, even if tempted by advantageous offers. It is not necessary to have any very great experience of the French character to be sure that in the majority of cases, the young men, who have sympathised with their parents most sincerely in endeavours to prepare against ill-luck, put a good face on the matter when the fatal epoch arrives. The drawing takes place on a particular day, in Paris, at the Mairie; in the provinces, at the chief town of the department, or the principal village of a canton. Early in the morning all the lads are astir, emancipating themselves for ever from the paternal control. All the world over victims are adorned as they are led to the altar. The youths whose hearts are trembling—not with physical fear, but with anxiety, for their destiny is at stake —dress out in their best clothes, and adorn their hats with cockades and ribbons prepared by the hands of sisters or sweethearts. To see them, you would fancy they are all boiling-over with military ardour. They set out arm in arm, and gradually, as they go from house to house, and hamlet to hamlet, often swell into potent crowds. The country rings with martial songs; and, as it seems required by immemorial custom that a considerable halt shall take place at every cabaret or auberge by the way, it may easily be conceived that before the afternoon jollity and courage come together, and every one pretends, at least, to aspire to the marshal's bâton.

Each district is required to furnish a certain number of men fit for service, according to its population. By "fit for service," is now meant, one mètre fifty-six centimètres in height, without bodily infirmities of any kind. Not long since, the military height was lowered by a certificate, to the great disgust of the dwarf portion of the people. The examining doctors are not very severe in finding out defects, and are often blind to those which the patients take care to exhibit and announce. We have known a man forced to serve who was so deaf that he could never hear the word of command. In spite of this laxity, however, the peasantry in some of the provinces of France are so ill-fed, so weak, so small, that every able-bodied youth is taken away for service; and yet very often the number required by the government is not made up. In Paris, Lyons, and the other great cities, where the workmen are comparatively well fed, most of those who are designated by chance become soldiers; but throughout the country thirty-six per cent are rejected as absolutely unfit. Among these are included many who, like the fellahs of Egypt, mutilate themselves by cutting off a finger, or drawing their teeth, in order to be exempt by reason of infirmity.

Two or three weeks after they have drawn their numbers, the young men are again called upon to appear to undergo an examination. If the district has been required to furnish a hundred men, there is tremor and anxiety up to one hundred and fifty. The eldest sons of widows; second and fourth sons of families of which the first and third are already in the service, and other persons designated by the law, as well as the dwarf, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the deaf, the consumptive, the weakly, the deformed, are

to be deducted from the bad numbers; so that many of those persons of nominally good numbers are obliged ultimately to go. Sometimes, however, though rarely, there are offers of substitution. The Frenchman of twenty-one, as a rule, does not enlist. There are, it is true, a number of volunteers in the army, but they have entered younger. The law, which in most cases is so jealous of paternal authority, allows enlistments after the age of eighteen; and all wild youths, who cannot have their way, are accustomed to threaten that they will engage themselves. As soon as a hopeful young gentleman reaches the years of depravity, he is pretty sure to become the autocrat of his household. All his whims are complied with, all his wishes satisfied. The mother justifies every indulgence by the necessity of saving his life, or preserving him from corruption.

When a young man is admitted to be in a sufficiently healthy state to serve his country, he receives what is called a feuille de route, and is ordered to join a particular regiment. Perhaps he may have to traverse the whole of France. We met, on a Saône steamer, once, a young fellow, who told us very dismally that he was going to join his regiment at Carcassonne. This is the first time, probably, that such a youth has ever been let loose into the world, beyond parental, or, at any rate, neighbouring surveillance. He soon adopts a what-do-I-care sort of look and manner, and feels prætorian impulses bubble up within him. On his arrival at his quarters, the old hands, seeing that he is terribly green, undertake to polish him up. They begin by making him spend the money which his mother has slipped into his hand at parting, and which he has not disposed of on the way, in wine and brandy—which they drink; and in tobacco—which they smoke. They teach him all manner of new games at cards, especially those in which the loser is to remain until fortune turns—which it never does—with his nose in a split stick. The young conscript fancies that he is highly honoured. Then they proceed to show him that this is a rough world. He is compelled to learn the sword-exercise with masters of the art, who, in spite of the button, contrive to lacerate his breast and arms. Sometimes, just as if these French privates had taken lessons of English Officers, the old hands wake up the new comer at night, and, before he can well open his eyes put a wooden sabre in his hand, and order him to slash away at some terrible dragoon, who parries at first; but who, if the attack be too furious, soon shows the young victim that defence is part of the art of war.

The remark has often been made, that French soldiers of the line are wonderfully small, although they are, to a certain extent, the picked men of the country. The diminutiveness no doubt arises from the general poverty—absolute want of food. Not only is the average consumption of meat per head little above an ounce a day, but in many provinces the people have never tasted wheaten bread. They live on barley and oats, chesnuts, beans, vegetables, often not in sufficient quantities. When, therefore, the young conscript is transferred to his regiment, and fed upon meat, he always becomes ill: although afterwards, when his system has accustomed itself to this new kind of food for two or three years, he finds the rations insufficient. The tremendous exertion he undergoes as a preparation for active service gives him a terrible appetite; and he is ever looking about, seeking what he may devour.

The people usually speak in a tone of commiseration of the common soldier, whether he appear before them in the character of a tourlourou—the vulgar designation of a young conscript—or of a piou-piou, regular soldier. Unless he happen to belong to a family in easy circumstances, who furnish him with aid now and then, he has only one sous per day at his disposal, for tobacco, brandy, and other enjoyments. He is besides so common a character, that he has few of the consolations of a dashing life-guardsman. Servant-maids do not look up to him with awe and admiration, although they may now and then vouchsafe a glance of indulgent pity. His costume suggests nothing but poverty; and the long peace has almost dissociated it from the idea of glory. He is constantly seen escorting along the crowded streets of Paris, with all military precaution, a miserable beggar, a drunken brawler, or a too eloquent fish-woman. Three men with fixed bayonets are the fewest required for a service of this kind. The Eastern war will, however, probably in a great measure change all this; for, in spite of everything, the French soldier fights nobly. It should be added to his honour, on the testimony of one who has had daily opportunities of seeing him in and about the camp at Boulogne, that he is a good-humoured, pleasant, well-conducted fellow, with a vast deal of the true gentleman in his breast. As to his officers, they are probably better trained for their work and less disposed to shirk it or make light of it, than any class of men in the world.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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MEDICAL PRACTICE AMONG THE POOR.

A COMPLAINT lies before me of the difficulty that the poor often find in obtaining medical attendance; of the neglect and sometimes oppression that they suffer at the hands of medical practitioners. Such a complaint on the part of the public is not altogether just. The whole mass of the poor in this country is thrown upon the almost unassisted charity of the medical profession; a charity to the support of which the public contributes scarcely a tithe. No burden in any degree resembling it is sustained by any other profession, or by any trade. From the working clergy, indeed, in many places, even a greater measure of gratuitous toil is extracted; but their case, in several respects, differs greatly from that of the surgeon; who gives time which is of money value to him, drugs which are costly, the services of an assistant whom he must pay; and often is compelled, also, to keep a horse at the disposal of the poor. He is obliged not seldom to turn from the door of the rich man who would pay him for his visit, to fulfil his duty to a poor man in more urgent need; and for all such labour he receives nominal payment, with few thanks from boards of guardians; some of whom behave to him with autocratic condescension or with inflated incivility, as if surgeons were slaves, and they assemblies of three-tailed bashaws.

The public knows little of the real position in which the sick poor stand with regard to their medical attendants; because medical men as a body bear their burden manfully, and accept the charge of the poor as an incident of their calling: rarely expressing discontent, and then oftener at want of thanks than at want of money. They know that the time has not come when ratepayers will take a fair share of the charitable work, and contribute more than odd pence for attendance on the needy in their time of greatest need. The members of the medical profession respond freely therefore to the appeal made to their own humanity; striving quietly and heartily to do their duty, and to make the best of their position.

I trust that I shall not be thought wanting in humanity, if I suggest in this paper little more than a business view of the relations that subsist between the sick poor and the main body of the doctors. Mr. Souchong, who supplies tea to the poor in ounce packets at an enhanced price, and not always in the state in which it left China; Mr. Sirloin, who sells them the chips and fragments of his meat at a good profit; Mr. Wick, who gets the halfpenny out of the poor man's penny candle, may hold up their hands at the hardheartedness of an apothecary who meanly connects thoughts of the sick poor with thoughts of his own day-book and ledger. Be it so. Many a night, when Mr. Souchong was snoring soundly with his cash-box on the chair at his bedside, I and thousands of my brethren, in town cellars and garrets, or in country cottages by lonely hill-sides, have sat sleepless by the bed of a poor man or woman tossing with pain, have had our hands grasped firmly by sufferers who held to us as to dear life; and, forgetting our own weariesses, have laboured to be strong in help, and strong in sympathy, to cheer the downcast, and to comfort those that mourned. Of course we are hardhearted. Mr. Souchong, who happens to be a poor law guardian, and who knows it, says so.

Let it be conceded, as regards men of the pestle—and I don't mind owning myself one of the brotherhood—that we have among us our fair share of black sheep, in the shape of peccant individuals, and that there are some stains also upon our body corporate. But, with all our faults, we are not an affluent body. I saw the average profits of all English qualified surgeons and apothecaries, calculated some little time ago; and, if I recollect rightly, they did not come to so much as eighty pounds per man. Many starve in secret, many live upon their friends or upon private means, until their turn may come to earn a bit of pudding. The profession looks to an undiscerning public for patronage which is much too unwisely and unequally distributed. It is full of struggling men whose competition with each other would be fierce if it were not restrained by gentlemanly feeling, and a rigid code of etiquette. In such a profession jealousies and morbid sensitiveness must—as they surely do—exist. The folly of the ignorant among the public opens many a profitable path to meanness. Worldly advantages are offered

most freely to all medical men who will be humbugs. Some surely must be too weak to withstand temptation of this kind; and, indeed, it is well known that so far as we could do so with honour we have all sought to satisfy the public by including a very considerable mass of humbug in the routine of our daily practice. We are not to blame for this, any more than we are to blame for the heart-burnings that arise among ourselves out of the generally impoverished state of the profession; called upon as it is to give its services gratuitously to three-fourths of the population of the country. We accept cheerfully, I say again, that last-mentioned necessity; but it is not requisite that we should work, as we so generally do work, unthanked.

A parish doctor, who does not physic the poor wholly on pump water, Epsom salts, and gentian; who treats them just as he would treat the rich, administering large and long-continued doses even of such medicines as may cost him sixteen shillings an ounce; not denying them quinine, and not afraid, if he thinks it of any service, to let a pauper consume pint after pint of sarsaparilla,—such a man spends the whole pittance which the parish allows him upon drugs that he supplies for parish use. He also runs up a bill at his instrument maker's for tools used in performing various small operations that arise out of his parish practice; although the same may not always be operations recognised as such by boards of guardians. He further pays eighty or a hundred pounds a-year to a qualified assistant, to help in the parish work; or, if he cannot afford that, he performs the parish work himself, to the great damage and hindrance of whatever private practice he may have.

Apart from a sense of duty done, the sole profit that a medical man gets out of attendance on the sick poor, is experience. But he gets that out of the sick rich who pay him for his cares; yet he is content to take it as his only profit from the poor. His need of experience is great. He acquires it first in hospitals; in which poor men, women, or children are collected for gratuitous treatment by the foremost men of the profession; who in that way bear their share of the general burden (no payment being attached to hospital appointments); and, at the same time, impart much of their own practical knowledge to their juniors. Then the juniors, when they have received their diplomas, begin practice by the acquisition of some more experience among the poor; and, with that view, seek small salaried positions as house surgeons in provincial infirmaries, or as assistants—doers of the parish work—in the pay of established surgeons.

These are the young men entitled whippersnappers; to whom the poor are said by Messieurs Souchong, Sirloin, and Wick, to be shamefully and neglectfully handed over Mr. Souchong, Sirloin, and their friends refuse on their own parts to take counsel of a whippersnapper; so do their betters with considerable unanimity. They wait until he has more experience; that is to say, until he has tried his prentice hand sufficiently among the poor. He would be happy enough to attend viscounts and bankers; but he is bidden by society to try his hand first among beggars. He does so in all good faith and earnestness; whereupon cries virtuous society, it is a shame to entrust to whippersnappers poor men's lives! Now, I believe that, as the world of physic goes, the poor are not in this respect much to be pitied; and that on the whole, they perhaps get more true help in the way of medical attendance than several of the classes next above them; including nearly all the poorer half of what are called the middle classes. The poor man in any town, if dangerously ill, may go into a hospital, where he not only gets the help of such professional advice as, except himself, only the wealthy can afford to summon to their cases, but he gets the advice carried out for him by a system of skilled watching and tending such as many a duke is unable to secure. In every town, almost every surgeon or physician famous for his skill in treating any given form of disease, sits at some hospital or dispensary at certain hours to prescribe gratuitously for the poor who come to him; securing himself the opportunity of watching and comparing a great number of cases, and, on the other hand, giving to the poor opportunities that very seldom can be compassed by a tradesman's purse. Even the out-door visiting by whippersnappers is rather a gain to the sick poor than not. The young practitioner, fresh from his studies and his hospital training, has not, indeed, independent experience; but he has the best and latest knowledge fresh in his head, and the experience of first-rate practice that he has been witnessing, still at his fingers' ends. This is not the case with men in active practice, who cannot keep pace with the growth of scientific knowledge in their own profession. Thus the whippersnapper *may* know more than the old established man; whose very success makes him a man of routine and leaves him no time for study. Perhaps, however, this youth is a fool who has lost time and misused his opportunities. Granted. Perhaps the old man, too, was such a fool in his youth; and, if he was, assuredly he never had it in his power afterwards to conquer the ignorance with which he started. He has learned only to hide it: to find a substitute for knowledge sometimes in assumption—sometimes in gruffness or in some assumed eccentricity of manner. But the young fool who, distrusting himself, is not bound by any delicacies of position to abstain from seeking information of his seniors, is a much safer counsellor to a poor man—or even to a rich man—than the old fool who is pledged to maintain a character for wisdom.

I say nothing at all, here, of unqualified deceivers. Innumerable are the quackeries and delusions to which the ignorant poor are exposed. What of the ignorant rich?—even of large masses of the rich who are not ignorant—do they not trifle also with their health, and offer themselves up victims to theorists and swindlers, and advertising quacks? There is one way for all, in that matter. The only, and the inevitable difference is, that the poor, being, as a body, ignorant, are in this, as in every other respect, most likely to be led astray.

Inasmuch as they are unrestrained in the expression of their feelings and their passions, the sick poor and their friends round about them offer also to the young practitioner a useful introduction to the study of character in connection with disease. If he studies properly, this leads him to a reverence for human nature, and a very anxious care to fit himself for all his duties. Once upon a time, I was—as each of my brethren has, at one time, been—a whippersnapper in attendance on the poor. I had charge, as qualified assistant, of the paupers in a very extensive and thinly peopled country parish. My employer paid me twenty pounds more than he himself received from the board of guardians; he devoted two horses to parish work, and spent also perhaps thirty pounds a year in drugs. That was a long time ago; when, as the noble guardians and some of the poor said, I was very young. But I shall be very old before I can forget some lessons that were taught me in those days. The parish was a strip of country, including seashore, valley, hill, and moor.

We lived at one end of the strip. At the other end there was at one time a sick pauper woman, who occupied a hillside cottage with her daughter Faith, a girl of about eleven. They had no neighbours, and seemed to have no friends. On entering their cottage nothing was to be seen but a bare clay floor, and a step-ladder leading to a half floor, which passed for the upper story. I used to go up the ladder and see the poor woman, who was desperately sick, lying upon a mattrass that, with a little scanty clothing, was all her wealth, except the girl. Mother and daughter had worked in the fields together—an unfriended widow and her only child. I used to see Faith hanging about the sick-bed with beautiful devotion. She never left her charge except when, three or four times a week, she set off on a seven-mile walk to the surgery, to bring reports, or summon help, or ask for medicine. Seven miles into the town and seven miles home again, over a wild country. And I found something to reverence in her large earnest eyes, the silent, tearless care spent by this poor little girl upon her mother. Mother was all to her. The mother lost, her young heart would be cut off from the whole world. But she never once gave way to grief: her whole life seemed to be staid upon determined labour to do all that child could do for the sick parent's recovery. Medicine for which such a messenger had come so far could not be given carelessly; and, since all practice among paupers abounds in incidents like this, the young practitioner is very soon taught to feel keenly the responsibilities of the career that lies before him.

I used to have a weakness for yeast dumplings; and there is fixed upon my memory one winter's evening in my whippersnapper days, when there was a storm of wind and rain outside; and I, believing that my day's work was well finished, had dined well, and had eaten more yeast dumpling than I dare record. It is a property of diet of this kind to cause expansion of the body. Therefore I had unbuttoned my waistcoat, and had placed myself before a large fire, trusting that it would assist digestion. Thereupon came galloping through the storm a man who knocked loudly at the door, and must needs carry me eight miles away to help a brother at the point of death—as I might suppose, from his account, of inflammation of the bowels. He was not likely to live till I got to him, but I must go in speed. I therefore compressed myself by buttoning my waistcoat, got a horse saddled, and was off in five minutes at full gallop. Now, it is not easy to ride fast at night, over bad cross-roads, up hill and down dale through moorland country, against a hurricane of rain and wind almost strong enough to blow into the sea both the horse and the rider with two large yeast dumplings in his stomach. My difficulty was greater because I was a very young man, fresh from the schools, who had not many weeks accepted the necessity of horse-riding, after no other experience in equitation in the whole course of his life than the having once, when quite a little boy, been thrown by a donkey. I do not know whether, on that tremendous night, I suffered most from the wind, the dumplings, or the saddle.

When I reached my patient, I found that he had cured himself with a peppermint lozenge.

As I grew older I learned to understand better the false alarms that, on account of the extreme ignorance of the poor, incessantly arise among them, and I was guilty of countless hard-hearted refusals to do more than send a dose of medicine to "dying" creatures, with a promise to call when I went in their direction. Even then, because I gave to alarmists the advantage of each case of doubt, I was continually yielding up fragments of useful time to useless labour. Terrible outcry is made whenever, by some evil chance a surgeon fails to go out with his help on mistaking a real cry of wolf for a false one. If the whole truth were known, the public might with reason wonder that such refusals to attend an urgent and untimely summons were not made much

oftener at the wrong times. For there is no medical man, who has charge of the health of a great number of the poor, who might not, if he acceded to every demand they make upon his energies, finally give up eating, drinking, sitting, and sleeping, and still find every day's twenty-four hours only half time enough for doing all that is demanded of him.

Then, we are often, by guardians and others, said to be too rough and off-handed in our dealings with the poor. Our poor patients come to us for sympathy and advice in more than sickness; and, although they are apt to grumble and are sometimes thankless, they well know that we are to the best of our power prompt enough with a real and hearty kind of help. Only they cannot pay us as the rich do for palaver. We cannot afford to indulge them with a luxury of that sort gratis, and they have none of it. So much the better for them. A practitioner resident for a certain time in a district becomes conversant with all the common aspects of disease among the people; knows also the people and their histories; a great number of the cases that come under his notice are, therefore, such as can be comprehended almost at a glance. As for the mere talk, I think few people accustomed to polished conversation know how much good feeling may be exchanged in ten rough, cheery words between a poor man and his doctor. Talk! An old woman once said to me as I was quitting her, "Sir, there you go; you never hear me to the end." "Well," I replied, "I must go now, but next time I come I'll stop till you have finished;" and I made up my mind to do so. I got nothing by her, and there was not much the matter with her; but she had always a good many complaints to tell me of. I resolved then as a matter of curiosity to measure the length of her tongue, and visited her next when I had half an hour to spare. I sat down, asked my patient three or four questions, and then left her to talk, saying not a syllable myself except by way of interjection. I went into her room at three o'clock. My dinner hour was five. She talked till half-past six; and it was not until I had become ravenously hungry that I broke down in my experiment, and cut the thread of her discourse suddenly short. But I went away confirmed in my belief, that people who want mere talk—especially talk about their bodily ailments—never have enough. You may as well cut them off at the sixth word as at the sixty thousandth.

Mrs. Paggin was an old lady with just such a long downy beard as a youth has when he is about nineteen. She lived at the top of a hill up which the way was short and sharp. Down that hill she used to descend upon me, and up that hill she used to make me drag myself on all manner of errands. She wasn't a pauper—Heaven forbid; and she wouldn't take advantage of the Dispensary or anything of that kind. She would pay what she could afford, namely a shilling a week when there was sickness in her house; which contained children and grandchildren, and in which there always *was* sickness. So she paid me a shilling a week after a plan of her own, which made it amount to about eighteenpence a year. Now, this Mrs. Paggin, who would not demean herself by confessing poverty, made a profession of the most amazing piety; and was no doubt, pious in her way. There had once been a famous clergyman in our parish, of whom it was recorded with much admiration, that when his bishop offered him a better living, he declined it, and when the bishop asked him what he could give him, answered piously, "Nothing, unless more grace." Mrs. Paggin formed herself upon the model of this clergyman, and astounded me one morning in my surgery. At nine o'clock there were usually a good many waiters for medicine; and it was my custom, when I went to them to inquire from whom each messenger came, that I might know generally what had to be done. On one occasion, at the head of a file of twenty or thirty, there sat Mrs. Paggin with a look of resignation.

"Well, Mrs. Paggin," I said, "what do you

Here was a golden opportunity. She had the same opportunity of saying a memorable thing that had occurred to the eminent divine: up, therefore, went the whites of her eyes, and she replied, "More grace!"

Perhaps the next person would be a man who "thought he wanted some stuff because he was all of a dither and scrawl." That was a man you could understand; but then there might come another who would meddle ignorantly with high things.

"Now then, Mrs. Eathen." Mrs. Eathen had a face one mass of skin disease. "How did your last medicine agree with you?"

"Oh, dear sir, it had a powerful effect."

"What effect?"

"Oh, dear sir, it was just as if the devil had taken me by the elbow and turned me right round."

"Well, did you go on taking it and turning round."

"No, dear sir, by the Lord's mercy I let the bottle fall; for if I hadn't let the bottle fall—when by the blessings of Providence, I'm sorry to say, sir, it was broke—I should have been sure to have gone on taking it according to your orders, in which case I should have been a dead woman at this time."

These are real conversations—types of a large class; and it is not to be wondered at if busy weary men, who are carrying about a day's work in their heads—however able to make right allowances and feel right sympathies—should sometimes, in the heat of occupation, be made irritable by the recurrence of such nonsense.

Let Mr. Souchong, who is so tremendous as a

guardian; or Mr. Jones, who together with his wife laments the neglect of the sick poor, as exposed in newspaper reports—let Mr. Souchong or Mr. Jones go into harness, gifted by some good genius with perfect professional ability. Mr. Souchong at any rate must be more of an angel than I take him for, if he does not in six months find himself in some case or other exposed as a barbarian, and see a forest of hands lifted up in dismay at his misconduct. Let it not be supposed that I speak feelingly, as having been in any great disgrace myself. I have not; but I do not know how soon I may be. Every practitioner is more or less stung by constant small misunderstandings and acts of ingratitude on the part of the ignorant, for whom he works. Everybody has more or less neglected some Thompson, offended some Johnson, not understood the case of some Harrison, or suffered a careless dispenser to send the wrong medicine to some Wilson. Every man in practice knows how much misconception, how little justice, or fair and generous consideration is usually mixed up with grumblings of this kind. If the public could but understand what active practice means, it would spend more time in thanking medical men for what they generously do, than in reproaching them for want of generosity by reason of shortcomings.

As a body, I have said, medical practitioners thoroughly respect the poor, and know how to obtain their confidence. Both have their own ways of dealing with each other; but, each to each, are good friends, and they know it.

I must speak another word of the true hearts that poor men have; for I would not do them wrong by dwelling too exclusively on their weak points. There was a woman in a row of ill-constructed cottages—all fever nests—in peril of her life with fever. She had a rough-looking husband, a collier, and some young children. I spoke to the landlord, and caused that and other cottages to be whitewashed; and I then suggested to the husband (not with much hope, for I did not see how they were to be carried out) ideas concerning the importance of cleanliness. Next day I found him upon his knees, with pail and scrubbing-brush, at work upon the kitchen floor. He had become nurse to his wife, and more than that; for it was no small thing to see the pride of the rough collier put aside, and the great hands and arms engaged in trundling mops and scrubbing stairs. He was the only man of the kind I ever saw so occupied. He swept the sick room carefully, and kept it always fresh and tidy. He had even caught up a very chance hint that I dropped; and put a glass of fresh flowers in the window, where his wife could see them. She got well, and I believe he saved her.

I have spoken only of the poor, because it concerned me to speak only of them; but let it not be supposed that the poor and illiterate have all the nonsense to themselves.

NUMBERS OF PEOPLE.

In one sense the vast official blue-books, for the issue of which the public has to pay a round sum every year, may be designated Latter-Day Tracts. Until these very latter days, the perusal and cognisance of those portly fasciculi were confined to the much suffering proof readers at the parliamentary printers', the catalogoscribes of the national libraries, and a few members of parliament. Recently, however, public attention has been called to the vast amount of useful and interesting information that has lain perdu in these prodigious pamphlets, which have for so long a period been wasting their sweetness on the dusty shelves of public libraries. Recently, a sensible young nobleman, Lord Stanley, recommended a course of "Blue-books made Easy;" and the judicious presentation of spare copies to the libraries of mechanics' institutes and free libraries, has brought a considerable share of the literature of political economy within the reach of the humblest readers. Still a blue-book is but a blue-book—a dreadful unreadable folio for a' that. The armies of figures—armies that would laugh the Xerxian hosts at Marathon to scorn—put our poor little phalanx of patience to scorn. The interminable tables, the awfully classical Die Martis, or Decembris, the grim marginal references, the endless repetitions, the inexorable tedium of Question three thousand four hundred and nine, warn us off the statistical premises at the very atrium of the edifice. Mr. Macaulay relates that an Italian criminal was once permitted to choose between the historical works of Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the former, and began to read; but the War of Pisa was too much for him, and he went back to the oar as to a wedding. So can I imagine many a nervous reader preferring, in the long run, a month on the treadmill to the thorough perusal of a blue-book.

Pending the suggested publication of a series of these Latter-day Tracts, "adapted to the meanest comprehension," we are glad to welcome an instalment, in the form of a condensed report of the census of eighteen hundred and fifty-one. In a genteel octavo are embodied the principal results of the enumeration of the people of Great Britain; comprising an account of their numbers and distribution; their ages, their conjugal condition; their occupations, their birthplace; how many of them were deaf and dumb; how many blind; how many paupers, prisoners, lunatics, or inmates of hospitals, almshouses, and asylums. Of this report, condensed from the original magnum opus, presented to the Secretary of State by Major Graham, Mr. Farr, and Mr. Horace Mann, let us endeavour to give a yet further

condensation—a condensed idea for household readers of the number and condition of the households of Great Britain.

Every one (save perhaps people who never remember anything, and the little new-weaned child, whose locks begin to curl like the tendrils of the vine, and who can scarcely yet lisp, far less remember) will call to mind the momentous thirty-first day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-one; on which an army of enumerators, thirty thousand six hundred and ten in number, went round to every house in the kingdom; on which it rained schedules, hailed schedules, snowed schedules—all to be filled up with the names, ages, occupations, civil condition (whether maid, wife, or widow, husband, father, or son), birthplace, of every inhabitant of every house, that night. What dreadful mistakes were made! how ladies hesitated about their ages, and were some of them indignant and some amused; how careless writers blotted their printed forms, and weakminded people did not know what to say for themselves, giving in incongruous descriptions, in which, filling up wrong places, they declared themselves to be Adolphus years of age, profession twenty-three next birthday, and born at chandler's-shop-keeper, with two Stratford-le-Bow children; which descriptions, being obviously absurd, had to be amended. All these are matters of histories. Likewise how many housewives dratted the census, and some repudiated the schedules as county court summonses, and some too ardent democrats (not understanding, perhaps, much about the matter) denounced the whole affair as being connected in some vague manner with taxes.

On the whole, however, it is stated on authority that the enumerators were remarkably successful and accurate in their researches. Although the legislature had imposed penalties for the omission or refusal of occupiers or families to answer circumstantial questions respecting themselves or their families, it was not found necessary to enforce the penalty in a single instance. The information was cheerfully furnished; and the working classes often took much trouble to get their schedules filled up by better penmen than themselves, and to facilitate the inquiry. A few curious cases, and "difficulties" occurred, but not a tithe of what might have been expected from the enormous extent of the information procured. One gentleman, a magistrate, refused point blank to fill up his schedule, or to have anything to do with it; thinking, no doubt that it was like the enumerator's confounded impudence to ask him, a "justice of peace and quorum," questions. But he was written to privately, and at length complied with the provisions of the act without an appeal to Cæsar at the Home Office. In another instance a clergyman refused to return his schedule to the parish clerk, who was the enumerator, and sent it direct to the central office, alleging that otherwise his wife's age would have become food for gossip in the village alehouse.

Again, in some places there were found eccentrics—hermits, misogynists, ancient females—who admitted no society save cats and parrots, who lived quite inaccessible to everybody, and could not be got at anyhow. It is, however, consolatory to know that the neighbours of these solitaries generally had quite as much to tell about them as the enumerators desired to know—and told it. There must have been some curious vicarious schedules supplied respecting these eccentrics. I can imagine "Old Fluffy; aged a hundred at least; is supposed to have sold himself to the devil; wears a beard as long as my arm; sleeps on a mattrass stuffed with bank notes;" or "Miss Grub, spinster; keeps fourteen cats; wears a bonnet like a coal-scuttle; is as old as the hills; hasn't been outside the house for twenty years; lets off maroons and other fireworks on Sunday evenings, and paints her window panes blue every Easter Monday."

The census of the United Kingdom in eighteen hundred and fifty-one was taken under the authority of two acts of parliament. Each successive census since eighteen hundred and one (there were similar investigations in eighteen hundred and eleven, twenty-one, thirty-one, and forty-one) has been more comprehensive than its predecessor, and this last is more particularly replete with information concerning the civil and conjugal condition of the people; which the reporters have taken as their key-note in their disquisition upon the causes of the vast increase of population during the last century.

For the purposes of enumeration the two kingdoms and the principality of Wales (the census of Ireland was conducted separately) were divided into six hundred and twenty-four registration districts. These were again subdivided into two thousand one hundred and ninety sub-districts, and the sub-districts into thirty thousand six hundred and ten enumeration districts, each being assigned to one enumerator, who was required to complete his enumeration in one day, March the thirty-first. Within about two months all the household schedules, numbering four million three hundred thousand, together with thirty-eight thousand enumeration books, had been received at the central office; and, on the seventh of June eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the gross return of inhabitants and houses was communicated to the Secretary of State, and at once made public. The grand result showed that on the thirty-first of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the entire population of Great Britain was twenty-one millions one hundred and twenty-one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven. In this return were included one hundred and sixty-two thousand four hundred and ninety soldiers and sailors of the royal navy and the merchant service who were serving abroad or were on the high seas at the

time the census was taken; the actual number of souls in Great Britain on the night of the thirty-first being twenty million nine hundred and fifty-nine thousand four hundred and seventy-seven.

Of British subjects in foreign parts, not soldiers or sailors, there were twenty thousand three hundred and fifty-seven in France; three thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight in Russia; six hundred and eleven in Turkey in Europe; thirty-three in Persia; and six hundred and forty-nine in China. These numbers were obtained from returns furnished by the Foreign Office; but, of course, no exact information could be looked for of the actual number of travellers on the continent, in the colonies, and in the United States. Sixty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-three aliens or foreigners also landed in England in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, against twenty-two thousand three hundred and one, in eighteen hundred and fifty.

Curiously enough, I have been unable to find, [illegible] the report or in its copious analytical index, any reference to the number of foreigners absolutely domiciled among us.

Of this population of over twenty one millions there were, of males, ten millions three hundred and eighty-six thousand and forty-eight; of females, ten millions seven hundred and thirty-five thousand nine hundred and nineteen; the females exceeding the males by three hundred and forty-nine thousand, eight hundred and seventy-one. The disparity between the sexes was greatest in Scotland, where absenteeism is so much in vogue, and where the resident gentlemen were obliged to cede to the commanding influence of the ladies, being at a discount of ten per cent.

Finally, while we are upon the round numbers, it may be stated that, if we go on "at this rate," the population is expected to *double* itself in fifty-two and $\frac{7}{10}$ years! And it is also calculated that if the entire population were gathered together in one mass, each person being allowed one square yard to stand upon, they would cover a space of seven square miles.

On this great numeration night there were one hundred and ninety-five thousand eight hundred and fifty-six persons in barracks, prisons, workhouses, lunatic asylums, hospitals, and charitable institutions; twenty-one thousand four hundred and ninety-nine in barges and vessels engaged in inland navigation; and forty-three thousand one hundred and seventy-three in seagoing vessels lying in port. In these last, Jack's delight, his lovely Nan, was present to the extent of two thousand and eight females on board.

The number of houseless persons returned was eighteen thousand two hundred and forty-nine, of whom nine thousand nine hundred and seventy-two were in barns, and eight thousand two hundred and seventy-seven in the open air. These homeless wanderers were, as far as could be computed, gypsies, beggars, strollers, vagrants, tramps, outcasts, and criminals. In one instance a tribe of gipsies struck their tents, and passed from one parish to another, to avoid being enumerated. This reminds us somewhat of the anecdote of the Irishman's pig, which frisked about so frantically that his master could'nt count him. Considering the occurrence in a more serious point of view we seem to descry some remnant of old oriental manners and antipathies piercing through this disinclination of the mysterious Zingari to be counted. The enumerator of eighteen hundred and fifty-one appears to stand in the faintest remotest shadow of the days when David the King numbered Israel, and Joab counted the people from Beersheba even unto Dan, and a census was thought to be an abominable thing. Whether the gipsies were actuated by any of the prejudices of the Israelites is problematical: perhaps they associated the census vaguely but disagreeably with a determination to bring them under the sway of the parish beadle or the county police, both powers exclusively obnoxious to the Rommany chals — the Caloros, as Mr. Borrow informs us they call themselves.

It is obvious that nothing but a broadly presumptive estimate could be taken of the nondomiciled population in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. What destitute wretches were manifest, were counted; but how many hundreds — may I without exaggeration say thousands—must have remained unrecorded in the enumerators' schedules. Houseless poverty, with unfed sides, and looped and windowed raggedness, there must have been cowering in the black tenebræ of dark entries, in the dank shadows of railway arches, and under the dry arches of bridges; under the lee of tilted carts and timber stacks; rolled up like hedgehogs before the deadly warmth of brick and lime kilns; crouching behind ambuscades of lath and plaster on the bare joists of unfinished houses; huddled up stealthily in or under baskets in the London markets with potatoes for a pillow and a tarpaulin for a counterpane; snatching a surreptitious, quaking, waking, shivering sleep—a sleep disturbed by nightmares of stern policemen with strident voices and loudly creaking boots, of violent market-gardeners with pails of water, of the testy market-beadle with his cane. Were these enumerated? the poverty-stricken rogues forlorn, who clambered into haystacks and coal-barges and empty wagons, and dilapidated post-chaises drawn together in wheelwrights' yards, and in silent places where tall ladders raised their spectral forms in the moonlight; the masses of wretched rags that should have been children, lying huddled together round, a-top of each other, gathering a scanty warmth by close contiguity: the miserable heaps of utter worn-out poverty cast upon remote doorsteps, motionless as sleeping dogs, and which but for the larger size and the battered bonnets, might have

been dogs for any human kindred that acknowledged them. Who counted the phantoms in the street, that should have been young and beautiful, and women? Not Laïs in the Regent's park, not Aspasia in her brougham, not Phrynia at the casino, not Timandra in the boudoir, not these, but that phantom-world which we see gibbering in the gaslight; flittering in the shadows of Westminster Abbey and among the trees of the Queen's Park; cowering in the bays of the bridges; brawling with tipsy revellers; shrieking in the stillness of the night; falling into fits on the pavement; struggling with the police; lurking on the bridges; hovering at corners; creeping by taverns; nameless, homeless, sexless, friendless, foodless, penniless, despairing, drunk and dying.

And the gay young sparks who were out all night? And that sad dog Tom Pipes, who hadn't been home for a week? And A. B. C., who was entreated to return to his distracted mother, when all should be forgotten, and he should be allowed to go to sea (whither we sincerely hope he went and was dead sick)? And the young Mulatto lady in a white chip bonnet and cherry coloured boots, who took a second class ticket to London from the Pyganwyssel station, and had not since been heard of? And Mr. Silas Duffer, grocer of Blackburn, who absconded under rather more than a suspicion of being a fraudulent bankrupt, and of whose whereabouts the superintendent of the Blackburn police would be glad to hear, to the extent of five pounds reward? And John Rose or Rolls, a native of Oxfordshire, aged twenty-nine, absent from the parish of Guestling, under a cloud not very like a whale, but very like an ewe-sheep, stolen; who was wanted so badly in the columns of the Hue and Cry, and was supposed to be in company with "a woman from Hastings, fat, and in the habit of smoking a short pipe?" And all the soldiers, sailors, and marines who had abruptly parted company with their disconsolate commanding officers, not to say deserted, taking with them the greater part of their regimental necessaries? And Baron Leightdigit, and Count De Bilko, and Madame de Shopplifft, and Captain Teetotum, and the Honourable Miss Amory; for all of whose addresses the secretary of that occult association, the London Society for the Protection of Trade would be very much obliged? And Foxy William; who, when the enumerators were peaceably making up the schedules, was transacting business in the plate closet of a villa at Camberwell with a piece of black crape over his face, a jemmy and a wax candle in one pocket, and a pistol and a life-preserver in the other. Where were all these units of population on the night that the people were numbered? How many were enumerated under false names? How many were not enumerated at all? Were people with aliases put down twice? If the Truth could in all cases have been told and made manifest, what awful secrets those thirty-eight thousand enumeration books would have been able to disclose!

It was found that there were in Great Britain, four million three hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and eighty-eight separate families, against two million two hundred and sixty thousand two hundred and two families in eighteen hundred and one. There were of inhabited houses three million six hundred and forty-eight thousand three hundred and forty-seven, holding twenty million eight hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred and fifty-one inhabitants. The population of London was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-six, against nine hundred and fifty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-three in eighteen hundred and one.

Lest your breath, eye-sight, and patience should be entirely taken away by these tremendous arrays of figures, let us see what we can gather from the explanation attempted to be given by the computers and reporters, of the vast and disproportionate increase of the population since the commencement of the present century.

We say disproportionate because, since eighteen hundred and one, we have had a war of fifteen years' duration, and of the most sanguinary character; because emigration has been a gigantic and yearly increasing drain on the population; and, most disproportionate of all because, in seventeen hundred and fifty-one, the population only amounted to seven millions, against twenty-one millions in eighteen hundred and fifty-one; an increase of fourteen millions in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, while the increase of the numbers in the century preceding seventeen hundred and fifty-one (from sixteen hundred and fifty-one to seventeen hundred and fifty-one) was only *one* million.

Now is this to be traced, it is asked, to a simple question of supply and demand? Is it something fortuitous, or entirely inexplicable? Is it the result of some simple change in the institution of families; or of some miraculous addition to the powers of population? To what is this marvellous multiplication of the population, and its previous slow progress due? The census reporters find a reasonable solution of the question, and ascribe the increase to three prime causes. Science, good manners, and marriage. In the first place, science is producing an immense decrease in mortality. We have (shame to us!) our choleras, epidemics, and endemics still, but the great plagues that decimated England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the black fevers, falling sicknesses, that carried off their thousand and tens of thousands at a time, are no more. The extinction of the great plagues was followed

by a rapid diminution of disease. Science in its medicinal form, made seven-league strides, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and the active system of treatment adopted by Sydenham. That deadly foe to beauty as well as to life, the small-pox, which was fatal to Queen Mary in sixteen hundred and ninety-five, first attacked in its outworks by inoculation, was finally compelled to capitulate to the discovery of vaccination by Jenner. The plague at Marseilles in seventeen hundred and nineteen made England cautious; and, good coming out of evil, led to a work of lasting importance by the illustrious Doctor Mead. The army from seventeen hundred and forty-three to forty-six was followed to the Low Countries by Sir John Pringle, who successfully investigated the circumstances that affected the health of large bodies of troops on land; although it must be owned that these investigations do not seem to have been of much service to the fighting troops of eighteen hundred and fifty-four; the commissariat and surgical arrangements in the Crimea being disgracefully deficient. Captain Cook, in his great voyages of circumnavigation, showed how sailors, who could not formerly be kept two months alive or in good health in the Channel, might, by proper provisions and judicious management, be carried round the globe in safety. Science, which had reduced the small-pox almost to impotence, now began to diminish the terrors of the scurvy; and science combined with philanthropy, by amending the sanitary state of prisons and public institutions, rooted out the horrible jail-fevers, and "assize-sicknesses," which before had carried off judges on the bench, criminals in the dock, and jurymen in the box, year after year.

Science next began to act, and vigorously, upon industry; and industry, beneath its ripening protection, increased with amazing celerity. Coal was employed in the smelting of iron instead of the old-fangled charcoal; and two millions five hundred thousand tons were produced in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, against seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty in seventeen hundred and forty. Science became wedded to agriculture. Lord Townshend, withdrawing from Walpole's ministry, became a new Cincinnatus, and devoted himself with ardour to agriculture—introducing the new system of turnip-growing from Germany. The landed proprietors left off (at least the majority of them did) being ignorant Jacobites or guzzling, brutal Squire Westerns, wasting their time in intrigues, drowning their senses in drink, or squandering their estates in gambling; and instead of these disreputable diversions, devoted their capital and intelligence to the improvement of their lands. Agricultural societies were encouraged; new processes were tried; commons enclosed; marshes drained; the breed of sheep and cattle improved, and machinery introduced. The aristocratic genius of sixteen hundred and seventy was the Duke of Buckingham—the painter, fiddler, chemist, and buffoon; who wrote scandalous poetry, intrigued, gambled, and fought duels. The aristocratic genius of seventeen hundred and seventy was the Duke of Bridgewater; who, to accomplish his great engineering plans, allowed himself for personal expenses, out of his princely fortune, no more than four hundred pounds a year, and whose greatest glory is that he was the patron and the friend of James Brindley the engineer.

Lastly, and pre-eminently, science gave us steam. The spinning-machines first put forth by Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton, were all adapted to steam power by James Watt. And the unconquered arm of steam began, as good Doctor Darwin predicted, to

> Drag the slow barge and drive the rapid car.

Though the latter part of the Doctor's prophecy,

> And on wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot thro' the realms of air,

has yet to be fulfilled. Science by steam produced a thousand different wares; the wealth of the country, its stock and produce, increased in even a faster ratio than the people. Lastly came steam-vessels and railroads, and electric telegraphs, and the population were placed not only in easy, but direct communication with one another.

One cause of the increase of the population is the diminution of mortality; another and more important one is to be found in the increase of the births. And this increase is owing to good manners and marriage. From sixteen hundred and fifty-one to seventeen hundred and fifty-one the morals of Great Britain were of the loosest description. Profligacy was fashionable; irreligion was fashionable; gambling was fashionable; drunkenness was fashionable; duelling was fashionable; debt was very fashionable indeed. What could the common people do but imitate their betters? On the scandalously merry reign of Charles the Second we need not dwell, save to remark that Dryden, the poet-laureate, in a poem supposed to be written under the direct inspiration of his sacred majesty (Absalom and Achitophel), directly advocated polygamy. The court of William and Mary was frigidly decorous; and Queen Anne was chaste, formal, and devout (Chesterfield called her so by way of reproach): but the state of society during the reigns of the two first Georges was as grossly immoral as it was tastelessly stupid. In the first reign we have the last instance of a worthless woman being raised to the British peerage—the Countess of Yarmouth. The law of marriage was slight, involved, in bad odour, and so perplexing that it was often resorted to as a means of seduction. The institution of marriage itself was rapidly falling into disuse and contempt. You could be married

when and where you liked or not at all. There were infamous dens in the Fleet where ragged-cassocked divines, redolent of the aqua vitæ bottle, and the onion and tobacco odours of Mount Scoundrel, were always ready to perform the marriage ceremony for half-a-guinea, or less, the witness being some boon companion of the parson, or his servant-maid. One Mr. Keith had a "marriage shop" in May Fair, where upwards of six thousand marriages were celebrated annually, with promptitude and dispatch, and at a very low rate indeed. In the country there were itinerant marryers who went by the gracefully-dignified and canonical names of hedge-parsons and couple-beggars, and who married a drunken tinker to a beggar's callet for anything they could get—a shilling, a lump of bacon, or a can of small ale. Into such utter contempt and scandal had our matrimonial polity followed, that continental nations refused to recognise the legality of an English marriage; and Holland and some other countries compelled such of their subjects as had contracted a matrimonial alliance in England to be married again publicly on their return. These disgraceful facts are corroborated by Smollett, by Tindal, by the learned Picart, in the Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World, by the newspapers of the day, and by the parliamentary debates. To put an end to this abominable state of things, a new marriage bill was introduced, in seventeen hundred and fifty-three, by Lord Hardwicke. In the Commons it was bitterly opposed. Mr. Fox, who had himself married clandestinely the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, contended that it would be of the most dangerous consequence to the female sex, and that it would endanger our very existence; for that without a continuous supply of laborious and industrious poor no nation could long exist, which supply could only be got by promoting marriage among such people. Mr. Nugent said that a public marriage was against the genius and nature of our people (hear Nugent!) and that our people were exceedingly fond of private marriages, and saving a little money. (Hear him! Good!) Finally, Mr. Charles Townshend, laying his hand on his heart, declared it one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man, and suspected some latent design in it to secure all the heiresses in the kingdom to the eldest sons of noble and rich families. (Immense cheering, of course.) In spite, however, of the eloquence of the disinterested Fox, the patriotic Nugent, and the sentimental Townshend, the bill, after some violent debates, one of which continued until three o'clock in the morning; and after a wise and luminous speech from Solicitor-General Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield; passed the Commons, and became law. Mr. Keith and his brethren of the Fleet found that their occupation was gone. Marriages, by the new law, were obliged to be entered in the parish register, and a strict line of demarcation was drawn between the married and the unmarried. Experience soon showed that instead of stopping marriage and the growth of population, the act had the contrary effect, by divesting the marriage ceremony of disgraceful associations, and by making it, not a mere verbal promise, but a life contract.

Before seventeen hundred and fifty-three, no exact record of the number of marriages existed. Since that date, the marriage registers have been preserved in England, and show an increase from fifty thousand nine hundred and seventy-two, in seventeen hundred and fifty-six, to sixty-three thousand three hundred and ten, in seventeen hundred and sixty-four. The "rage of marrying," writes the amiable Chesterfield, in seventeen hundred and sixty-four, "is very prevalent;" just as if he had been alluding to the rage for South Sea stock or for wearing bag-wigs or high-heeled shoes. After many fluctuations, the marriages rose to seventy, eighty, ninety, and a hundred thousand annually, and in the last census year (eighteen hundred and fifty-one), to a hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and six. Fourteen millions were added to the population. The increase of the population was a hundred and eighty-seven per cent, or at the rate of one per cent annually.

As regards the present conjugal condition of the people, we may state, there were in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, in Great Britain, three million three hundred and ninety-one thousand two hundred and seventy-one husbands, and three million four hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-four wives. By this statement it would seem that every gude wife has not a gude man, the number of wives considerably exceeding the husbands. Or, lest it should be thought that any of the three million and a half husbands entertain Mahommedan notions and have more than one wife, it must be remembered that some thousands of the husbands of England were serving their country abroad in eighteen hundred and fifty-one; many were engaged in commerce in far distant lands; some were "to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger," leaving their wives to munch chesnuts at home; while a few, shall we whisper it, may have bolted from their wives altogether. There were three hundred and eighty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine widowers, and seven hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and ninety widows. (A terrible phalanx to think on!) Of bachelors above twenty and under twenty-one there were one million six hundred and eighty-nine thousand one hundred and sixteen; of spinsters of the same ages, one million seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand one hundred and ninety-four. In many

instances, of course, and where it is impossible of detection, marriage has been either concealed or simulated. It is not reasonable to suppose that people would tell the enumerator all. In England and Wales, seven per cent of the female population are widows; in Scotland eight per cent; in the British islands nine per cent. In London we are blessed with widows to the extent of fourteen per cent, and at Canterbury and Bury St. Edmunds they exceed fifteen per cent. This ought to make one serious. The highest proportion of widows is found, naturally, in seaport towns, where the population consists mainly of seamen, fishermen, boatmen, and such as go down to the sea in ships, and are consequently exposed to sudden death.

Of "old maids" over forty (we may be ungallant, but we must be truthful), there were three hundred and fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine, and of old bachelors (shame on them!) two hundred and seventy-five thousand two hundred and four. Of young ladies, spinsters, between the ages of twenty and forty, who, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, were roving "in maiden meditation, fancy free," there were one million four hundred and seven thousand two hundred and twenty-five, of young bachelors one million four hundred and thirteen thousand nine hundred and twelve. Altogether, the number of spinsters above the legal age for marriage (fourteen in the male, and twelve in the female), was three million four hundred and sixty-nine thousand five hundred and seventy-one, of bacheiors three million one hundred and ten thousand two hundred and forty-three. Of all the females in Great Britain between twenty and forty, forty-two per cent are spinsters, and of the males of th corresponding periods of life, thirty-one per cent.

We can only afford to cast a hurried glance at the interesting section of the report devoted to the ages of the people. We may state, however, that there were in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, in Great Britain, five hundred and seventy-eight thousand seven hundred and forty-three "babes and sucklings" (infants under one year). Under the head of longevity, we find that more than half a million of the inhabitants (five hundred and ninety-six thousand and thirty) had passed the barrier of threescore years and ten; more than a hundred and twenty-nine thousand were over fourscore; one hundred thousand had attained the years which the last of Plato's climacteric square numbers expressed (nine times nine = eighty-one); nearly ten thousand had lived ninety years or more; a band of two thousand and thirty-eight aged pilgrims had been wandering ninety-five years or more on the unended journey, and three hundred and nineteen said that they have witnessed more than a hundred revolutions of the seasons.

The department of the report devoted to the enumeration and classification of the occupations of the people is perhaps the most interesting and instructive in the work. We should be far out-stepping, however, the proposed limits of this paper, if we were to follow the reporters in their minute disquisitions upon the fourteen different classes into which they have divided the different varieties of occupations; many of the classes themselves being again divided into three or more sub-classes. Let us content ourselves, therefore, with stating the numerical strength of a few of the multifarious workers in this busiest of countries.

Her Majesty the Queen stands of course A per se A: A one and alone; though the tabular report reads oddly thus: Queen one, accountant six thousand six hundred and five. Old playgoers, and ladies and gentlemen interested in the revival of the drama, will be glad to hear that there are as many as two thousand and forty-one actors and actresses. There were three thousand one hundred and eleven barristers, special pleaders, and conveyancers (an intolerable deal of wig and gown to, we are afraid, only a halfpenny-worth of briefs); ninety-four taxidermists; only eleven armourers; forty-five dealers in archery goods; and two apiarians, or bee dealers.

It is with considerable glee and rejoicing that we state that there were only two apparitors in Great Britain. We don't know what an apparitor may be, or what he is like; but we imagine him to be something dreadful in a gown, connected with the Court of Chancery. Sometimes we embody him as an incarnation of fees. Or perhaps, like Mawworm, he "likes to be despised," and it is the despising of an apparitor that forms the unpardonable legal sin, contempt of court. At any rate, we are glad to hear that the apparitors were in numbers such a feeble folk. We sincerely hope that they have not multiplied since eighteen hundred and fifty-one; and we should like to know the two apparitors —that we might avoid them. Ladies, do you know how many artificial flower-makers there were in eighteen hundred and fifty-one? Three thousand five hundred and ten. The number of dealers in crenoline, dress improvers, dress expanders, and jupes bouffantes, is not set down. We presume they are to be found under the head of milliners or dress-makers, of whom there were two hundred and sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-one—a mighty army of vanity. For the wounded in the battle of life, the Miss Killmanseggs, whose mettlesome horses running away from them may fracture their limbs, and cause them to require golden legs, there were twenty artificial limb- and eye-makers.

The artists and painters mustered strong; there were five thousand four hundred and forty-four of them. On the other hand, literature made by no means a conspicuous figure

in the returns, only five hundred and twenty-four authors being set down, one hundred and forty-one literary private secretaries, and one thousand three hundred and twenty editors and writers, together with two hundred and seven reporters for newspapers, and short-hand writers.

There were only three ballad-singers and sellers. This must surely be an understatement. We can hear four bawling lustily in the street as we write. There were eight barytes manufacturers; three pea-splitters (how many splitters of straws we wonder); forty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-one licensed victuallers and beer shop keepers; three hundred and five bill-stickers; nine wooden spoon makers; sixteen brass collar makers; fifty buhl cutters; five hundred and twelve burial-ground servants; thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty-six attorneys and solicitors; twenty-six thousand and fifteen butchers' wives three thousand and seventy-six cabbies one hundred and ninety-eight capitalists! There were six cap-peak makers; twenty cartridge makers; sixty catsmeat dealers three hundred and thirty-five chaffcutters; fifty-five thousand four hundred and forty-three charwomen; twelve chimney-pot makers; forty-three thousand seven hundred and sixty commercial clerks, and sixteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five law clerks; one hundred and three clerical agents; three cocoa nut fibre makers; fifteen conjurors and performers at shows; five coral-carvers; sixty-one corn-cutters; seven thousand two hundred and nine costermongers; two hundred and forty-six courtiers (that is to say, members of the court and household of her Majesty, exclusive of domestic servants); ten cover-makers (what covers? dish covers, table covers, cloth covers?); seventy-seven cuppers and bleeders; thirty-two crossing-sweepers; one hundred and one "blue" manufacturers; one hundred and forty-two danseuses and ballet girls; twenty thousand two hundred and forty dependants upon relatives: eighteen thousand one hundred and forty-six of them females, poor things; fifteen "doffer" plate makers; five "dulse" dealers; twenty-six thousand five hundred and sixty-two independent ladies and gentlemen; ten gilt toy makers; twenty-one thousand three hundred and seventy-one governesses; eight hundred and eighty-four gravediggers; seventeen grid-iron makers, and ninety-two frying-pan makers; fifteen "grit" sellers; forty gut spinners; forty-eight hame (cart-horse collar) makers; eight handcuff-makers; thirty thousand five hundred and thirty-three pedlars; ninety-one hoblers and lumpers; seven honey dealers; eighty-eight leech-breeders; two female models to artists (we know twelve ourselves); sixteen orris (gold and silver lace) weavers; nine hundred and four thousand six hundred and eleven paupers, and nothing else; four thousand three hundred and sixty-seven pawnbrokers; twelve growers of and dealers in rods; two million six hundred and ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and seventeen schoolgirls and schoolboys; and fifty-five thousand and twenty children receiving tuition at home. There were seven hundred and forty-six sheriffs' officers; one hundred and thirty shroud-makers; nineteen thousand and seventy-five shepherds; *five* shoeblacks; two skate-makers; two hundred and thirty-eight "stevedores"; three water-bailiffs and sea-reeves; two ventriloquists; two waste paper dealers; fifty-four water-gilders; and one thousand and eighty-nine washers of the dead to the Jews.

So much have we set down in a lame and imperfect abstract of the results of the census of eighteen hundred and fifty-one. How little we have been enabled to give of the gist of the report may be judged from this concluding and great fact, that the number of facts which had originally to be copied into tabular statements, when the census was taken, exceeded one hundred millions.

MY PICTURE.

Stand this way—more near the window—
By my desk—you see the light
Falling on my picture better—
Thus I see it while I write!

Who the head may be I know not,
But it has a student air;
With a look, half-sad, half-stately,
Grave sweet eyes and flowing hair.

Little care I who the painter,
How obscure a name he bore;
Nor, when some have named Velasquez,
Did I value it the more.

As it is I would not give it
For the rarest piece of art;
It has dwelt with me, and listened
To the secrets of my heart.

Many a time, when to my garret
Weary I returned at night,
It has seemed to look a welcome
That has made my poor room bright.

Many a time, when ill and sleepless,
I have watched the quivering gleam
Of my lamp upon that picture,
Till it faded in my dream.

When dark days have come, and friendship
Worthless seemed, and life in vain,
That bright friendly smile has sent me
Boldly to my task again.

Sometimes when hard need has pressed me
To bow down where I despise,
I have read stern words of counsel
In those sad reproachful eyes.

Nothing that my brain imagined,
Or my weary hand has wrought,
But it watched the dim idea
Spring forth into armèd Thought.

It has smiled on my successes,
Raised me when my hopes were low,
And by turns has looked upon me
With all the kind eyes I know.

Do you wonder that my picture
Has become like to a friend?
It has seen my life's beginnings,
It shall stay and cheer the end!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

It was a comfort to Margaret about this time to find that her mother drew more tenderly and intimately towards her than she had ever done since the days of her childhood. She took her to her heart as a confidential friend—the post Margaret had always longed to fill, and had envied Dixon for being preferred to. Margaret took pains to respond to every call made upon her for sympathy—and they were many—even when they bore relation to trifles, which she would no more have noticed or regarded herself than the elephant would perceive the little pin at his feet, which yet he lifts carefully up at the bidding of his keeper. All unconsciously Margaret drew near to a reward.

One evening, Mr. Hale being absent, her mother began to talk to her about her brother Frederick, the very subject on which Margaret had longed to ask questions, and almost the only one on which her timidity overcame her natural openness. The more she wanted to hear about him, the less likely she was to speak.

"Oh, Margaret, it was so windy last night! It came howling down the chimney in our room! I could not sleep. I never can when there is such a terrible wind. I got into a wakeful habit when poor Frederick was at sea; and now, even if I don't waken all at once, I dream of him in some stormy sea, with great, clear, glass-green walls of waves on either side his ship, but far higher than her very masts, curling over her with that cruel, terrible white foam, like some gigantic crested serpent. It is an old dream, but it always comes back on windy nights, till I am thankful to waken, sitting straight and stiff up in bed with my terror. Poor Frederick! He is on land now, so wind can do him no harm. Though I did think it might shake down some of those tall chimneys."

"Where is Frederick now, mamma? Our letters are directed to the care of Messrs. Barbour, at Cadiz, I know; but where is he himself?"

"I can't remember the name of the place, but he is not called Hale; you must remember that, Margaret. Notice the F. D. in every corner of the letters. He has taken the name of Dickinson. I wanted him to have been called Beresford, to which he had a kind of right, but your father thought he had better not. He might be recognised, you know, if he were called by my name."

"Mamma," said Margaret, "I was at Aunt Shaw's when it all happened; and I suppose I was not old enough to be told plainly about it. But I should like to know now, if I may—if it does not give you too much pain to speak about it."

"Pain! No," replied Mrs. Hale, her cheek flushing. "Yet it is pain to think that perhaps I may never see my darling boy again. Or else he did right, Margaret. They may say what they like, but I have his own letters to show, and I'll believe him, though he is my son, sooner than any court-martial on earth. Go to my little japan cabinet, dear, and in the second left-hand drawer you will find a packet of letters."

Margaret went. There were the yellow, sea-stained letters, with the peculiar fragrance which ocean letters have. Margaret carried them back to her mother, who untied the silken string with trembling fingers, and, examining their dates, she gave them to Margaret to read, making her hurried, anxious remarks on their contents almost before her daughter could have understood what they were.

"You see, Margaret, how from the very first he disliked Captain Reid. He was second lieutenant in the ship—the Orion—in which Frederick sailed the very first time. Poor little fellow, how well he looked in his midshipman's dress, with his dirk in his hand, cutting open all the newspapers with it as if it were a paper-knife. But this Mr. Reid, as he was then, seemed to take a dislike to Frederick from the very beginning. And then—stay! these are the letters he wrote on board the Russell. When he was appointed to her, and found his old enemy Captain Reid in command, he did mean to bear all his tyranny patiently. Look! this is the letter. Just read it, Margaret. Where is it he says—Stop—'My father may rely upon me that I will bear with all proper patience everything that one officer and gentleman can take from another. But, from my former knowledge of my present captain, I confess I look forward with apprehension to a long course of tyranny on board the Russell.' You see, he promises to bear patiently, and I am sure he did, for he was the sweetest-tempered boy, when he was not vexed, that could possibly be. Is that the letter in which he speaks of Captain Reid's impatience with the men, for not going through the ship's manœuvres as quickly as the Avenger? You see, he says that they had many new hands on board the Russell, while the Avenger had been nearly three years on the station, with nothing to do but to keep slavers off, and work her men, till they ran up and down the rigging like rats or monkeys."

Margaret slowly read the letter, half illegible through the fading of the ink. It might

be—it probably was—a statement of Captain Reid's imperiousness in trifles, very much exaggerated by the narrator, who had written it while fresh and warm from the scene of altercation. Some sailors being aloft in the main-topsail rigging, the captain had ordered them to race down, threatening the hindmost with the cat-of-nine-tails. He who was the farthest on the spar, feeling the impossibility of passing his companions, and yet passionately dreading the disgrace of the flogging, threw himself desperately down to catch a rope considerably lower, failed, and fell senseless on deck. He only survived for a few hours afterwards, and the indignation of the ship's crew was at boiling point when young Hale wrote.

"But we did not receive this letter till long, long after we heard of the mutiny. Poor Fred! I dare say it was a comfort to him to write it, even though he could not have known how to send it, poor fellow! And then we saw a report in the papers—that's to say, long before Fred's letter reached us—of an atrocious mutiny having broken out on board the Russell, and that the mutineers had remained in possession of the ship which had gone off, it was supposed, to be a pirate; and that Captain Reid was sent adrift in a boat with some men—officers or something—whose names were all given, for they were picked up by a West-Indian steamer. Oh, Margaret! how your father and I turned sick over that list, when there was no name of Frederick Hale. We thought it must be some mistake; for poor Fred was such a fine fellow, only perhaps rather too passionate, and we hoped that the name of Carr, which was in the list, was a misprint for that of Hale—newspapers are so careless. And towards post-time the next day, papa set off to walk to Southampton to get the papers; and I could not stop at home, so I went to meet him. He was very late—much later than I thought he would have been; and I sat down under the hedge to wait for him. He came at last, his arms hanging loose down, his head sunk, and walking heavily along, as if every step was a labour and a trouble. Margaret, I see him now."

"Don't go on, mamma. I can understand it all," said Margaret, leaning up caressingly against her mother's side, and kissing her hand.

"No, you can't, Margaret. No one can who did not see him then. I could hardly lift myself up to go and meet him, everything seemed so to reel around me all at once. And when I got to him he did not speak, or seem surprised to see me there, more than three miles from home, beside the Oldham beech-tree; but he put my arm in his, and kept stroking my hand, as if he wanted to soothe me to be very quiet under some great heavy blow; and when I trembled so all over that I could not speak, he took me in his arms, and stooped down his head on mine, and began to shake and to cry in a strange muffled, groaning voice, till I, for very fright, stood quite still, and only begged him to tell me what he had heard. And then, with his hand jerking, as if some one else moved it against his will, he gave me a wicked newspaper to read, calling our Frederick a 'traitor of the blackest dye,' 'a base, ungrateful disgrace to his profession.' Oh! I cannot tell what bad words they did not use. I took the paper in my hands as soon as I had read it—I tore it up to little bits—I tore it—oh! I believe, Margaret, I tore it with my teeth. I did not cry. I could not. My cheeks were as hot as fire, and my very eyes burnt in my head. I saw your father looking grave at me. I said it was a lie, and so it was. Months after, this letter came, and you see what provocation Frederick had. It was not for himself, or his own injuries, he rebelled; but he would speak his mind to Captain Reid, and so it went on from bad to worse; and, you see, most of the sailors stuck by Frederick.

"I think, Margaret," she continued, after a pause, in a weak, trembling, exhausted voice, "I am glad of it—I am prouder of Frederick standing up against injustice, than if he had been simply a good officer."

"I am sure I am," said Margaret, in a firm, decided tone. "Loyalty and obedience to wisdom and justice are fine; but it is still finer to defy arbitrary power unjustly and cruelly used—not on behalf of ourselves, but on behalf of others more helpless."

"For all that, I wish I could see Frederick once more—just once. He was my first baby, Margaret." Mrs. Hale spoke wistfully, and almost as if apologising for the yearning, craving wish, as though it were a depreciation of her remaining child. But such an idea never crossed Margaret's mind. She was thinking how her mother's desire could be fulfilled

"It is six or seven years ago—would they still prosecute him, mother? If he came and stood his trial, what would be the punishment? Surely he might bring evidence of his great provocation."

"It would do no good," replied Mrs. Hale. "Some of the sailors who accompanied Frederick were taken, and there was a court-martial held on them on board the Amicia; I believed all they said in their defence, poor fellows, because it just agreed with Frederick's story—but it was of no use,—" and for the first time during the conversation Mrs. Hale began to cry; yet something possessed Margaret to force the information she foresaw yet dreaded from her mother.

"What happened to them, mamma?" asked she.

"They were hung at the yard-arm," said Mrs. Hale, solemnly. "And the worst was that the court, in condemning them to death, said they had suffered themselves to be led astray from their duty by their superior officers."

They were silent for a long time.

"And Frederick was in South America for several years, was he not?"

"Yes. And now he is in Spain. At Cadiz, or somewhere near it. If he comes to England he will be hung. I shall never see his face again—for if he comes to England he will be hung."

There was no comfort to be given. Mrs. Hale turned her face to the wall, and lay perfectly still in her mother's despair. Nothing could be said to console her. She took her hand out of Margaret's with a little impatient movement, as if she would fain be left alone with the recollection of her son. When Mr. Hale came in, Margaret went out, oppressed with gloom, and seeing no promise of brightness on any side of the horizon.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

'MARGARET," said her father, the next day, "we must return Mrs. Thornton's call. Your mother is not very well, and thinks she cannot walk so far; but you and I will go this afternoon."

As they went, Mr. Hale began about his wife's health, with a kind of veiled anxiety, which Margaret was glad to see awakened at last.

"Did you consult the doctor, Margaret? Did you send for him?"

"No, papa, you spoke of his coming to see me. Now I was well. But if I only knew of some good doctor, I would go this afternoon, and ask him to come, for I am sure mamma is seriously indisposed."

She put the truth thus plainly and strongly because her father had so completely shut his mind against the idea when she had last named her fears. But now the case was changed. He answered in a despondent tone:

"Do you think she has any hidden complaint? Do you think she is really very ill? Has Dixon said anything? Oh, Margaret! I am haunted by the fear that our coming to Milton has killed her. My poor Maria!"

"Oh, papa! don't imagine such things," said Margaret, shocked. "She is not well, that is all. Many a one is not well for a time; and with good advice gets better and stronger than ever."

"But has Dixon said anything about her?"

"No! You know Dixon enjoys making a mystery out of trifles; and she has been a little mysterious about mamma's health, which has alarmed me rather, that is all. Without any reason, I dare say. You know, papa, you said the other day I was getting fanciful."

"I hope and trust you are. But don't think of what I said then. I like you to be fanciful about your mother's health. Don't be afraid of telling me your fancies. I like to hear them, though, I dare say, I spoke as if I was annoyed. But we will ask Mrs. Thornton if she can tell us of a good doctor. We won't throw away our money on any but some one first-rate. Stay, we turn up this street."

The street did not look as if it could contain any house large enough for Mrs. Thornton's habitation. Her son's presence never gave any impression as to the kind of house he lived in; but, unconsciously, Margaret had imagined that tall, massive, handsomely dressed Mrs. Thornton must live in a house of the same character as herself. Now Marlborough Street consisted of long rows of small houses, with a blank wall here and there; at least that was all they could see from the point at which they entered it.

"He told me he lived in Marlborough Street, I'm sure," said Mr. Hale, with a much perplexed air.

Perhaps it is one of the economies he still practises, to live in a very small house. But here are plenty of people about; let me ask."

She accordingly inquired of a passer-by, and was informed that Mr. Thornton lived close to the mill, and had the factory lodge-door pointed out to her, at the end of the long dead wall they had noticed.

The lodge-door was like a common garden-door; on one side of it were great closed gates for the ingress and egress of lurries and wagons. The lodge-keeper admitted them into a great oblong yard, on one side of which were offices for the transaction of business; on the opposite, an immense many-windowed mill, whence proceeded the continual clack of machinery and the long groaning roar of the steam-engine, enough to deafen those who lived within the enclosure. Opposite to the wall, along which the street ran, on one of the narrow sides of the oblong, was a handsome stone-coped house,—blackened, to be sure, by the smoke, but with paint, windows, and steps kept scrupulously clean. It was evidently a house which had been built some fifty or sixty years. The stone facings—the long, narrow windows, and the number of them—the flights of steps up to the front door, ascending from either side, and guarded by railing—all witnessed to its age. Margaret only wondered why people who could afford to live in so good a house, and keep it in such perfect order, did not prefer a much smaller dwelling in the country, or even some suburb; not in the continual whirl and din of the factory. Her unaccustomed ears could hardly catch her father's voice as they stood on the steps awaiting the opening of the door. The yard, too, with the great doors in the dead wall as a boundary, was but a dismal look-out for the sitting-rooms of the house—as Margaret found when they had mounted the old-fashioned stairs, and been ushered into the drawing-room, the three windows of which went over the front

door and the room on the right-hand side of the entrance. There was no one in the drawing-room. It seemed as though no one had been in it since the day when the furniture was bagged up with as much care as if the house was to be overwhelmed with lava, and discovered a thousand years hence. The walls were pink and gold; the pattern on the carpet represented bunches of flowers on a light ground, but it was carefully covered up in the centre by a linen drugget, glazed and colourless. The window-curtains were lace; each chair and sofa had its own particular veil of netting, or knitting. Great alabaster groups occupied every flat surface safe from dust under their glass shades. In the middle of the room, right under the bagged-up chandelier, was a large circular table, with smartly-bound books arranged at regular intervals round the circumference of its polished surface, like gaily-coloured spokes of a wheel. Everything reflected light, nothing absorbed it. The whole room had a painfully spotted, spangled, speckled look about it, which impressed Margaret so unpleasantly that she was hardly conscious of the peculiar cleanliness required to keep everything so white and pure in such an atmosphere, or of the trouble that must be willingly expended to secure that effect of icy, snowy discomfort. Wherever she looked there was evidence of care and labour, but not care and labour to procure ease, to help on habits of tranquil home employment solely to ornament, and then to preserve ornament from dirt or destruction.

They had leisure to observe, and to speak to each other in low voices, before Mrs. Thornton appeared. They were talking of what all the world might hear; but it is a common effect of such a room as this to make people speak low, as if unwilling to awaken the unused echoes.

At last Mrs. Thornton came in, rustling in handsome black silk, as was her wont; her muslins and laces rivalling, not excelling, the pure whiteness of the muslins and netting of the room. Margaret explained how it was that her mother could not accompany them to return Mrs. Thornton's call; but in her anxiety not to bring back her father's fears too vividly, she gave but a bungling account, and left the impression on Mrs. Thornton's mind that Mrs. Hale's was some temporary or fanciful fine-ladyish indisposition, which might have been put aside had there been a strong enough motive, or that if it was too severe to allow her to come out that day, the call might have been deferred. Remembering, too, the horses to her carriage, hired for her own visit to the Hales, and how Fanny had been ordered to go by Mr. Thornton, in order to pay every respect to them, Mrs. Thornton drew up slightly offended, and gave Margaret no sympathy—indeed, hardly any credit for the statement of her mother's indisposition.

"How is Mr. Thornton?" asked Mr. Hale. "I was afraid he was not well, from his hurried note yesterday."

"My son is rarely ill; and when he is, he never speaks about it, or makes it an excuse for not doing anything. He told me he could not get leisure to read with you last night, sir. He regretted it, I am sure; he values the hours spent with you."

"I am sure they are equally agreeable to me," said Mr. Hale. "It makes me feel young again to see his enjoyment and appreciation of all that is fine in classical literature."

"I have no doubt the classics are very desirable for people who have leisure. But, I confess, it was against my judgment that my son renewed his study of them. The time and place in which he lives seem to me to require all his energy and attention. Classics may do very well for men who loiter away their lives in the country or in colleges; but the Milton men ought to have their thoughts and powers absorbed in the work of to-day. At least, that is my opinion." This last clause she gave out with 'the pride that apes humility.'

"But, surely, if the mind is too long directed to one object only, it will get stiff and rigid, and unable to take in many interests," said Margaret.

"I do not quite understand what you mean by a mind getting stiff and rigid. Nor do I admire those whirligig characters that are full of this thing to-day, to be utterly forgetful of it in their new interest to-morrow. Having many interests does not suit the life of a Milton manufacturer. It is, or ought to be, enough for him to have one great desire, and to bring all the purposes of his life to bear on the fulfilment of that."

"And that is—?" asked Mr. Hale.

Her sallow cheek flushed, and her eye lightened, as she answered:

"To hold and maintain a high, honourable place among the merchants of his country—the men of his town. Such a place my son has earned for himself. Go where you will—I don't say in England only, but in Europe—the name of John Thornton of Milton is known and respected amongst all men of business. Of course it is unknown in the 'fashionable circles,' she continued, scornfully. 'Idle gentlemen and ladies are not likely to know much of a Milton manufacturer, unless he gets into parliament, or marries a lord's daughter."

Both Mr. Hale and Margaret had an uneasy, ludicrous consciousness that they had never heard of this great name until Mr. Bell had written them word that Mr. Thornton would be a good friend to have in Milton. The proud mother's world was not their world of Harley Street gentilities on the one hand, or country clergymen and Hampshire squires on the other. Margaret's face, in spite of all her endeavours to keep it

simply listening in its expression, told the sensitive Mrs. Thornton this feeling of hers.

"You think you never heard of this wonderful son of mine, Miss Hale. You think I'm an old woman whose ideas are bounded by Milton, and whose own crow is the whitest ever seen."

"No," said Margaret, with some spirit. "It may be true that I was thinking I had hardly heard Mr. Thornton's name before I came to Milton. But since I have come here, I have heard enough to make me respect and admire him, and to feel how much justice and truth there is in what you have said of him."

"Who spoke to you of him?" asked Mrs. Thornton, a little mollified, yet jealous lest any one else's words should not have done him full justice.

Margaret hesitated before she replied. She did not like this authoritative questioning. Mr. Hale came in, as he thought, to the rescue.

"It was what Mr. Thornton said himself, that made us know the kind of man he was. Was it not, Margaret?"

Mrs. Thornton drew herself up, and said,—

"My son is not the one to tell of his own doings. May I again ask you, Miss Hale, from whose account you formed your favourable opinion of him? A mother is curious and greedy of commendation of her children, you know."

Margaret replied, "It was as much from what Mr. Thornton withheld of that which we had been told of his previous life by Mr. Bell,—it was more that than what he said, that made us all feel what reason you have to be proud of him."

"Mr. Bell! What can he know of John? He, living a lazy life in a drowsy college. But I'm obliged to you, Miss Hale. Many a missy young lady would have shrunk from giving an old woman the pleasure of hearing that her son was well spoken of."

"Why?" asked Margaret, looking straight at Mrs. Thornton, in bewilderment.

"Why! because I suppose they might have consciences that told them how surely they were making the old mother into an advocate for them, in case they had any plans on the son's heart."

She smiled a grim smile, for she had been pleased by Margaret's frankness; and perhaps she felt that she had been asking questions too much as if she had a right to catechise. Margaret laughed outright at the notion presented to her; laughed so merrily that it grated on Mrs. Thornton's ear, as if the words that called forth that laugh, must have been utterly and entirely ludicrous.

Margaret stopped her merriment as soon as she saw Mrs. Thornton's annoyed look.

"I beg your pardon, madam. But I really am very much obliged to you for exonerating me from making any plans on Mr. Thornton's heart."

"Young ladies have, before now," said Mrs. Thornton, stiffly.

"I hope Miss Thornton is well," put in Mr. Hale, desirous of changing the current of the conversation.

"She is as well as she ever is. She is not strong," replied Mrs. Thornton, shortly.

"And Mr. Thornton? I suppose I may hope to see him on Thursday?"

"I cannot answer for my son's engagements. There is some uncomfortable work going on in the town; a threatening of a strike. If so, his experience and judgment will make him much consulted by his friends. But I should think he could come on Thursday. At any rate, I am sure he will let you know if he cannot."

"A strike!" asked Margaret. "What for? What are they going to strike for?"

"For the mastership and ownership of other people's property," said Mrs. Thornton, with a fierce snort. "That is what they always strike for. If my son's work-people strike, I will only say they are a pack of ungrateful hounds. But I have no doubt they will."

"They are wanting higher wages, I suppose?" asked Mr. Hale.

"That is the face of the thing. But the truth is, they want to be masters, and make the masters into slaves on their own ground. They are always trying at it; they always have it in their minds; and every five or six years there comes a struggle between masters and men. They 'll find themselves mistaken this time, I fancy,—a little out of their reckoning. If they turn out, they mayn't find it so easy to go in again. I believe the masters have a thing or two in their heads which will teach the men not to strike again in a hurry, if they try it this time."

"Does it not make the town very rough?" asked Margaret.

"Of course it does. But surely you are not a coward, are you? Milton is not the place for cowards. I have known the time when I have had to thread my way through a crowd of white, angry men, all swearing they would have Makinson's blood as soon as he ventured to show his nose out of his factory; and he, knowing nothing of it, some one had to go and tell him, or he was a dead man; and it needed to be a woman,—so I went. And when I had got in, I could not get out. It was as much as my life was worth. So I went up to the roof, where there were stones piled ready to drop on the heads of the crowd, if they tried to force the factory doors. And I would have lifted those heavy stones, and dropped them with as good an aim as the best man there, but that I fainted with the heat I had gone through. If you live in Milton, you must learn to have a brave heart, Miss Hale."

"I would do my best," said Margaret

rather pale. "I do not know if I am brave or not till I am tried; but I am afraid I should be a coward."

"South country people are often frightened by what our Darkshire men and women only call living and struggling. But when you've been ten years among a people who are always owing their betters a grudge, and only waiting for an opportunity to pay it off, you 'll know whether you are a coward or not, take my word for it."

Mr. Thornton came that evening to Mr. Hale's. He was shown up into the drawing-room, where Mr. Hale was reading aloud to his wife and daughter.

"I am come partly to bring you a note from my mother, and partly to apologize for not keeping to my time yesterday. The note contains the address you asked for; Dr. Donaldson."

"Thank you!' said Margaret, hastily, holding out her hand to take the note, for she did not wish her mother to hear that they had been making any inquiry about a doctor. She was pleased that Mr. Thornton seemed immediately to understand her feeling; he gave her the note without another word of explanation.

Mr. Hale began to talk about the strike. Mr. Thornton's face assumed a likeness to his mother's worst expression, which immediately repelled the watching Margaret.

"Yes; the fools will have a strike. Let them. It suits us well enough. But we gave them a chance. They think trade is flourishing as it was last year. We see the storm on the horizon, and draw in our sails. But because we don't explain our reasons, they won't believe we're acting reasonably. We must give them line and letter for the way we choose to spend or save our money. Henderson tried a dodge with his men, out at Ashley, and failed. He rather wanted a strike; it would have suited his book well enough. So when the men came to ask for the five per cent they are claiming, he told 'em he 'd think about it, and give them his answer on the pay-day; knowing all the while what his answer would be, of course, but thinking he'd strengthen their conceit of their own way. However, they were too deep for him, and heard something about the bad prospects of trade. So in they came on the Friday, and drew back their claim, and now he's obliged to go on working. But we Milton masters have to-day sent in our decision. We won't advance a penny. We tell them we may have to lower wages; but can't afford to raise. So here we stand, waiting for their next attack."

"And what will that be?" asked Mr. Hale.

"I conjecture, a simultaneous strike. You will see Milton without smoke in a few days, I imagine, Miss Hale."

"But why," asked she, "could you not explain what good reason you have for expecting a bad trade? I don't know if I use the right words, but you will know what I mean."

"Do you give your servants reasons for your expenditure, or your economy in the use of your own money? We, the owners of capital, have a right to choose what we will do with it."

"A human right," said Margaret, very low.

"I beg your pardon, I did not hear what you said."

"I would rather not repeat it," said she; "it related to a feeling which I do not think you would share."

"Won't you try me?" pleaded he; his thoughts suddenly bent upon learning what she had said. She was displeased with his pertinacity, but did not choose to affix too much importance to her words.

"I said, you had a human right, I meant that there seemed no reason but religious ones, why you should not do what you like with your own."

'I know we differ in our religious opinions; but don't you give me credit for having some, though not the same as yours?"

He was speaking in a subdued voice, as if to her alone. She did not wish to be so exclusively addressed. She replied out in her usual tone:

"I do not think that I have any occasion to consider your special religious opinions in the affair. All I meant to say is, that there is no human law to prevent the employers from utterly wasting or throwing away all their money, if they choose; but that there are passages in the Bible which would rather imply —to me at least—that they neglected their duty as stewards if they did so. However, I know so little about strikes, and rate of wages, and capital, and labour, that I had better not talk to a political economist like you."

"Nay, the more reason," said he eagerly. "I shall only be too glad to explain to you all that may seem anomalous or mysterious to a stranger; especially at a time like this, when our doings are sure to be canvassed by every scribbler who can hold a pen."

"Thank you," she answered, coldly. "Of course, I shall apply to my father in the first instance for any information he can give me, if I get puzzled with living here amongst this strange society."

"You think it strange. Why?"

"I don't know—I suppose because, on the very face of it, I see two classes dependent on each other in every possible way, yet each evidently regarding the interests of the other as opposed to their own; I never lived in a place before where there were two sets of people always running each other down."

"Who have you heard running the masters down? I don't ask who you have heard abusing the men; for I see you persist in

misunderstanding what I said the other day. But who have you heard abusing the masters?"

Margaret reddened; then smiled as she said,

"I am not fond of being catechised. I refuse to answer your question. Besides, it has nothing to do with the fact. You must take my word for it, that I have heard some people, or, it may be, only some one of the workpeople speak as though it were the interest of the employers to keep them from acquiring money—that it would make them too independent if they had a sum in the savings' bank."

"I dare say, it was that man Higgins who told you all this," said Mrs. Hale. Mr. Thornton did not appear to hear what Margaret evidently did not wish him to know. But he caught it, nevertheless.

"I heard, moreover, that it was considered to the advantage of the masters to have ignorant workmen,—not hedge-lawyers, as Captain Lennox used to call those men in his company who questioned and would know the reason for every order."

This latter part of her sentence she addressed rather to her father than to Mr. Thornton. Who is Captain Lennox? asked Mr. Thornton of himself, with a strange kind of displeasure, that prevented him for the moment from replying to her. Her father took up the conversation.

"You never were fond of schools, Margaret, or you would have seen and known, before this, how much is being done for education in Milton."

"No!" said she, with sudden meekness. "I know I do not care enough about schools. But the knowledge and the ignorance of which I was speaking, did not relate to reading and writing,—the teaching or information one can give to a child. I am sure, that what was meant was ignorance of the wisdom that shall guide men and women. I hardly know what that is. But he—that is my informant—spoke as if the masters would like their hands to be merely tall, large children—living in the present moment—with blind unreasoning kind of obedience."

"In short, Miss Hale, it is very evident that your informant found a pretty ready listener to all the slander he chose to utter against the masters," said Mr. Thornton, in an offended tone.

Margaret did not reply. She was displeased at the personal character Mr. Thornton affixed to what she had said.

Mr. Hale spoke next:

"I must confess that, although I have not become so intimately acquainted with any workmen as Margaret has, I am very much struck by the antagonism between the employer and the employed on the very surface of things. I even gather this impression from what you yourself have from time to time said."

Mr. Thornton paused awhile before he spoke. Margaret had just left the room, and he was vexed at the state of feeling between himself and her. However, the little annoyance, by making him cooler and more thoughtful, gave a greater dignity to what he said:

"My theory is, that my interests are identical with those of my work-people, and vice versâ. Miss Hale, I know, does not like to hear men called 'hands,' so I won't use that word, though it comes most readily to my lips as the technical term, whose origin, whatever it was, dates before my time. On some future day—in some millennium—in Utopia, this unity may be brought into practice—just as I can fancy a republic the most perfect form of government."

"We will read Plato's Republic as soon as we have finished Homer."

"Well, in the Platonic year it may fall out that we are all—men, women, and children—fit for a republic: but give me a constitutional monarchy in our present state of morals and intelligence. In our infancy we require a wise despotism to govern us. Indeed, long past infancy, children and young people are the happiest under the unfailing laws of a discreet, firm authority. I agree with Miss Hale so far as to consider our people in the condition of children, while I deny that we, the masters, have anything to do with the making or keeping them so. I maintain that despotism is the best kind of government for them; so that in the hours in which I come in contact with them I must necessarily be an autocrat. I will use my best discretion—from no humbug or philanthropic feeling, of which we have had rather too much in the North—to make wise laws and come to just decisions in the conduct of my business—laws and decisions which shall work for my own good in the first instance—for theirs in the second; but I will neither be forced to give my reasons, nor flinch from what I have once declared to be my resolution. Let them turn out! I shall suffer as well as they: but at the end they will find I have not bated nor altered one jot."

Margaret had re-entered the room and was sitting at her work; but she did not speak. Mr. Hale answered—

"I dare say I am talking in great ignorance; but from the little I know, I should say that the masses were already passing rapidly into the troublesome stage which intervenes between childhood and manhood in the life of the multitude as well as that of the individual. Now, the error which many parents commit in the treatment of the individual at this time is, insisting on the same unreasoning obedience as when all he had to do in the way of duty was, to obey the simple laws of 'Come when you're called,' and 'Do as you're bid!' But a wise parent humours the desire for inde-

pendent action, so as to become the friend and adviser when his absolute rule shall cease. If I get wrong in my reasoning, recollect it is you who adopted the analogy."

"Very lately," said Margaret, "I heard a story of what happened in Nuremberg only three or four years ago. A rich man there lived alone in one of the immense mansions which were formerly both dwellings and warehouses. It was reported that he had a child, but no one knew of it for certain. For forty years this rumour kept rising and falling—never utterly dying away. After his death it was found to be true. He had a son—an overgrown man, with the unexercised intellect of a child, whom he had kept up in that strange way, in order to save him from temptation and error. But, of course, when this great old child was turned loose into the world, every bad counsellor had power over him. He did not know good from evil. His father had made the blunder of bringing him up in ignorance and taking it for innocence; and after fourteen months of riotous living, the city authorities had to take charge of him in order to save him from starvation. He could not even use words effectively enough to be a successful beggar."

"I used the comparison (suggested by Miss Hale) of the position of the master to that of a parent; so I ought not to complain of your turning the simile into a weapon against me. But, Mr. Hale, when you were setting up a wise parent as a model for us, you said he humoured his children in their desire for independent action. Now certainly, the time is not come for the hands to have any independent action during business hours; I hardly know what you would mean by it then. And I say, that the masters would be trenching on the independence of their hands in a way that I, for one, should not feel justified in doing, if we interfered too much with the life they lead out of the mills. Because they labour ten hours a-day for us, I do not see that we have any right to impose leading-strings upon them for the rest of their time. I value my own independence so highly that I can fancy no degradation greater than that of having another man perpetually directing and advising and lecturing me, or even planning too closely in any way about my actions. He might be the wisest of men or the most powerful—I should equally rebel and resent his interference. I imagine this is a stronger feeling in the North of England than in the South."

"I beg your pardon, but is not that because there has been none of the equality of friendship between the adviser and advised classes? Because every man has had to stand in an unchristian and isolated position, apart from and jealous of his brother-man: constantly afraid of his rights being trenched upon?"

"I only state the fact. I am sorry to say I have an appointment at eight o'clock, and I must just take facts as I find them to-night, without trying to account for them; which, indeed, would make no difference in determining how to act as things stand—the facts must be granted."

"But," said Margaret in a low voice, "it seems to me that it makes all the difference in the world—" Her father made a sign to her to be silent, and allow Mr. Thornton to finish what he had to say. He was already standing up and preparing to go.

"You must grant me this one point. Given a strong feeling of independence in every Darkshire man, have I any right to obtrude my views of the manner in which he shall act upon another (hating it as I should do most vehemently myself), merely because he has labour to sell and I capital to buy?"

"Not in the least," said Margaret, determined just to say this one thing; "not in the least because of your labour and capital positions, whatever they are, but because you are a man, dealing with a set of men over whom you have, whether you reject the use of it or not, immense power, just because your lives and your welfare are so constantly and intimately interwoven. God has made us so that we must be mutually dependent. We may ignore our own dependence, or refuse to acknowledge that others depend upon us in more respects than the payment of weekly wages; but the thing must be, nevertheless. Neither you nor any other master can help yourselves. The most proudly independent man depends on those around him for their insensible influence on his character—his life. And the most isolated of all your Darkshire Egos has dependants clinging to him on all sides; he cannot shake them off, any more than the great rock he resembles can shake off—"

"Pray don't go into similes, Margaret; you have led us off once already," said her father, smiling, yet uneasy at the thought that they were detaining Mr. Thornton against his will, which was a mistake; for he rather liked it, as long as Margaret would talk, although what she said only irritated him.

"Just tell me, Miss Hale, are you yourself ever influenced—no, that is not a fair way of putting it;—but, if you are ever conscious of being influenced by others, and not by circumstances, have those others been working directly or indirectly? Have they been labouring to exhort, to enjoin, to act rightly for the sake of example, or have they been simple, true men, taking up their duty, and doing it unflinchingly, without a thought of how their actions were to make this man industrious, that man saving? Why, if I were a workman, I should be twenty times more impressed by the knowledge that my master was honest, punctual, quick, resolute in all his doings (and hands are keener spies even than valets), than by any amount of interference, however kindly meant, with my ways of going-on out of work-hours. I do not

choose to think too closely on what I am myself; but, I believe, I rely on the straightforward honesty of my hands, and the open nature of their opposition, in contra-distinction to the way in which the turn-out will be managed in some mills, just because they know I scorn to take a single dishonourable advantage, or do an underhand thing myself. It goes farther than a whole course of lectures on 'Honesty is the Best Policy'—life diluted into words. No, no! What the master is, that will the men be, without over-much taking thought on his part."

"That is a great admission," said Margaret, laughing. "When I see men violent and obstinate in pursuit of their rights, I may safely infer that the master is the same; that he is a little ignorant of that spirit which suffereth long, and is kind, and seeketh not her own."

"You are just like all strangers who don't understand the working of our system, Miss Hale," said he, hastily. "You suppose that our men are puppets of dough, ready to be moulded into any amiable form we please. You forget we have only to do with them for less than a third of their lives; and you seem not to perceive that the duties of a manufacturer are far larger and wider than those merely of an employer of labour: we have a wide commercial character to maintain, which makes us into the great pioneers of civilisation."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Hale, smiling, "that you might pioneer a little at home. They are a rough, heathenish set of fellows, these Milton men of yours."

"They are that," replied Mr. Thornton. "Rose-water surgery won't do for them. Cromwell would have made a capital mill-owner, Miss Hale. I wish we had him to put down this strike for us."

"Cromwell is no hero of mine," said she, coldly. "But I am trying to reconcile your admiration of despotism with your respect for other men's independence of character."

He reddened at her tone. "I choose to be the unquestioned and irresponsible master of my hands during the hours that they labour for me. But those hours past, our relation ceases; and then comes in the same respect for their independence that I myself exact."

He did not speak again for a minute, he was too much vexed. But he shook it off, and bade Mr. and Mrs. Hale good night. Then, drawing near to Margaret, he said in a lower voice—

"I spoke hastily to you once this evening, and, I am afraid, rather rudely. But you know I am but an uncouth Milton manufacturer; will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," said she, smiling up in his face, the expression of which was somewhat anxious and oppressed, and hardly cleared away as he met her sweet sunny countenance, out of which all the north-wind effect of their discussion had entirely vanished. But she did not put out her hand to him, and again he felt the omission, and set it down to pride.

HOLIDAYS AT MADAME GRONDET'S.

On leaving Madame Grondet's,* for the usual six weeks' holiday, we consigned our prizes, just received, our trunks and parcels, to a hackney coach, but we never got into it ourselves. It would have stifled us. We walked, free girls, down the Champs Elysées. We laughed at everything. There was home before us.

Can a Parisian apartment, au second, be called a home? I think so, indeed, and a very happy home too. To be sure, one is not often in it, except to take one's meals (if one does not eat at a restaurant), and to sleep; but it would not be at all more disagreeable to be obliged to spend the greater part of one's life in that little apartment, than it is to live cooped up in a house four feet by six, as many English people do in England, consoling themselves with the delusion that it is their castle. English people in Paris won't live as the Parisians do. They must have their laborious comforts; their morning's housekeeping; their hot luncheon; their constitutional, and all their heavy respectability. They persist in staying in the house all day, unless it suits them to go out for a formal walk in the afternoon, just as they would do in England; they will stay at home all through the sunshiny morning, and at three o'clock you will see them sally forth under a pelting rain in clogs and umbrellas to perform conscientiously their three or four miles of heavy duty. They are at great pains to procure fine joints of good beef, and adhere to puddings with the patience of Job. Enjoyment they seem half to dread, lest it should lead to something vulgar. Before they will join a game, they beg pardon—but, are you sure it is correct? is it quite the thing? They consider whether it is comme il faut to do this; or whether it is distingué to do that, or whether it is heigh-diddle-diddle, hokey-pokey, or whatever you please, to do the other thing. If it were the peculiar mark of the shopkeeping class that they were happy and enjoyed themselves, I am sure you would find their English patrons—shopkeepers also in their own country very often—carefully making themselves miserable. If it were decided by the haut ton that ices should be eaten standing, not an English man or woman would sit down with an ice, and make himself or herself comfortable and happy. How different is the easy, out-door, pic-nicking Parisian life! How delightful for girl or woman to turn out on some fine morning, with her little work-basket, and sit under an orange tree in the Tuileries gardens, blest with air and sunshine,

* See Household Words, page 140 of the present volume.

and the sight of the happy children at their play, as well as of their charming mammas so tastefully and freshly dressed; and of their neat bonnes in the snow-white aprons and picturesque caps—the tall ones from Normandy, the great frilled night extinguishers from Picardy, the natty little worked caps thoroughly Parisian! There she sits, ready to chat with the friends and acquaintances who come up now and then to pay their morning calls, until presently, when the sun is getting hot, and people are bent homeward to luncheon, and to dress, she can pack up the tiny basket, walk away, and turn into the Marché de la Madeleine, or any other market that is handy, where with a few sous, she may buy the most extravagant of feasts, in the shape of the best melon in the world, the most delicious peaches that are grown in Europe, or the sweetest grapes of Fontainebleau. Then, after reading for half an hour or so, she may go to the Louvre perhaps, or call on friends, who in the evening will share a stroll in the Champs Elysées, or go with her to the Opéra Comique.

After a day like that, any one goes to bed feeling very light, airy, and easy, both in mind and stomach, and wondering how so much amusement was got with so little money: so much contentment with so little beef. The people I knew when at Madame Grondet's school were chiefly the friends of some of my schoolfellows. First, there was Clémence Grandpré, and I knew her father. He lived properly in Brittany, but came to Paris for her holidays, because he was a widower, and had but that one daughter and a son. The son was a sad scapegrace; he had been in the army,—but where or what he was at that time nobody knew; but Clémence made up for his evil by her good. She was a beautiful and gentle girl, and she loved and admired her father just as intensely as he loved and admired her. The support and care they tendered to each other was most beautiful and touching to behold; it was one of the best pleasures of my holidays to see them both together, and to be with them. The father was an ancient officer of Napoleon's—a fine old soldier, with snow-white beard and moustache, who never spoke to a lady but with uncovered head, and who behaved to every one whom he addressed as if he were a prince speaking to a king or queen. I was a little schoolgirl when I first met this brave gentleman, and I put out my hand in the English way for him to shake. He did not understand that rough familiar fashion, and placing his hand beneath mine, gravely bent down his tall height until he touched it with his white moustache. My notions of propriety were quite disordered by this homage from an old man to a child, and yet at the moment I felt not that I was a child,—I was a duchess, or the Empress Josephine. Even when we knew him more familiarly, M. Grandpré was still the same; and to his daughter he showed always the same chivalrous, gentle, attentive manner. I fancy I still hear them addressing one another in their quiet, loving way, as "mon père," and "ma fille." "Mon père, you are silent; do you wish for anything?" or, "Ma fille, where would you like to go to day,—shall it be Versailles?" The last time we were together was long years ago, in the private garden of the Tuileries. Louis-Philippe sat on the central balcony of the Palace, with the little Count of Paris on his knees, pretending to beat time with his foot to the music of the Marseillaise that a military band was playing. It was evening, and through the deepening twilight, crowds of people passed, liked the indistinct forms of a confused dream; there was a sound of plashing fountains, and of many voices, and of the tread of many feet, but Clémence and her father knew it not; they were walking arm and arm together a little apart from us, earnestly conversing; for then Clémence had just left school for good, and he had come to take her to their home in Brittany. Thither they went next day; and there her cousin, Alphonse de Villeneuve, worked and waited seven years for her; after which they were married. But not even then would Clémence leave her father; she fondly tended him to the last, and he died in her arms. A little son had by that time come to take his place in her warm heart. The death of this old gentleman was announced to us last year, in the French way. We received a large black-edged paper, directed to *my* uncle, as "Monsieur Ward, Esquire," and within it we read (in French, of course):

Monsieur Ward,—

Monsieur Charles Grandpré, and Mons. and Mad. de Villeneuve, have the grief of informing you of the loss they have suffered in the person of their father, and father-in-law, Monsieur Jules-Marie-Jean Grandpré, widower of Dame Camille-Marie-Louise-Annette-Mélinie de Montuille, retired major of cavalry, officer of the Legion of Honour, knight of St. Louis, ancient commander of the National Guard, ancient municipal councillor, and ancient member of the commission for the administration of the hospitals of the Commune d'Arles; who died on the 10th of November, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, aged seventy-nine years; having received the sacraments of Our Mother the Holy Church.

They commend him to your prayers.

How different this from the laconic Scottish Highland fashion of announcing a death. There you receive a monstrous open paper, bearing, perhaps, in large letters, the words:

"Mac Ivor is dead."

If you don't happen to know who Mac Ivor was when he was alive, the effect of this missive is absurd; if you do, it may be grand and impressive. I am not quite sure about it. It seems to depend a good deal upon Mac Ivor.

Another of my schoolfellows was Marie

Campeau, whose father was also an old soldier, but of quite another sort. He was a little, lively, dirty, vivacious Frenchman, living with a wife to match him, in some Parisian back settlement, near a peculiarly miserable barrière. They had a very little room, au troisième, almost as dirty as a London lodging of the same class. I was surprised at this, for Marie had described it to me as a little bijou of a place, and a fit habitation for fairies.

But, far more surprising than this, Mons. Campeau, that little, jumping, ne'er-be-still, dancing, hopping, Monsieur Campeau, who looked as if he could not sit quiet for three minutes together, had actually covered all the furniture of his drawing-room with worsted needlework of his own doing. Worsted flowers stretched over the sofa, and reposed on the causeuse; worsted cats and dogs sat upon all the chairs; a tiger peacefully warmed himself on the hearth-rug; worsted Muses supported the wooden mantelshelf, which itself overflowed with worsted flowers; and on all sides, in stripes down the curtains, and in borders round the carpet, worsted flowers bloomed and faded. They were all the work of Monsieur Campeau's hands. He was very proud of his achievements too, and would have none of them covered from the dust; firstly, because covering would hide them; and secondly, because it would prevent them from wearing out, and depriving him of the fortunate necessity of making more. He told us that he also hemmed, and knitted—accomplishments which Madame his wife and Mademoiselle his daughter sometimes found, he said, of some slight service to them.

There was another family; that of Blanche l'Isle. Please to observe the *de*, and print it as big as possible. They were *de*, and de is everything. Never imagine you made the acquaintance of some true Legitimists of the ancien régime. The De l'Isle family were all this; they were de, they were therefore noble; they were Henry Quinquists; they were something very great indeed: so great that ordinary mortals cannot form an idea of such greatness; and every one else was canaille; so that their acquaintanceship was pure favour, choice, caprice, owing entirely to their goodness, and not yours. But they were not at all proud; they made acquaintance with people who were not de. They bowed to them; they spoke to them; they visited them; they sent their daughters to schools by no means exclusively de, and would even condescend to accept situations in the public service for their sons, under Monsieur Philippe. But they kept a pretty white silk flag by them, ready to wave it out of the window, whenever King Henri Cinq would at length condescend to make a grand entry into his capital; and they always used writing paper with a head of Henri Cinq embossed in one corner. They lived in a poor way, in a jauntily furnished, but sadly faded and forlorn-looking little chamber, on the same side of the river with the Quartier St.-Germain, and scorned close acquaintanceship with anything but fallen greatness like their own. Trade was a word that congealed them. They had condescended to Monsieur Philippe; further down they could never go. Monsieur de l'Isle was a tall, and sufficiently dignified looking man; fair, with bold, high features, of which he was proud, as showing his Norman descent, but they expressed absolutely nothing save the perfect self-satisfaction which that fact produced. It is quite a mistake to set all Frenchmen down as being lively, quick, agreeable, or even as being all moderately endowed with some one of these qualities. Many, very many, especially amongst the old Legitimists are heavy, slow, obtuse, impenetrable, and obstinate to a perfectly maddening degree

Monsieur de l'Isle was one of these. Nothing but wine made him tolerable, and that must be English wine (port or sherry); no other wine was strong enough. When he dined with us his spirits and his wit always rose in exact proportion with the gradual emptying of his second glass of port; when the third was emptied he was launched into a sea of most extraordinarily pointless and incomprehensible anecdotes, which he delivered in the slowest and most exasperating manner. In short, he became quite a different Monsieur de l'Isle from the one who had gobbled up his soup in silence but an hour before.

His wife was a clever woman, and must therefore have suffered inconceivable tortures during the course of her married life. Whenever anything occurred that Monsieur de l'Isle *must* absolutely, for the good of the family, know, Madame had to talk to him for at least three hours to make him understand what it was all about. She was very pretty, and not very distinguée, and we were told, by cut and offended members of the rabble, that Monsieur de l'Isle had first seen her behind the counter in a milliner's shop, and, falling in love with her, had become obstinate upon the fact and married her. She certainly knew how to clean lace to perfection, and the rabble said that she cleaned other lace than her own, and that it is well known that in these days one don't do anything for nothing. I think the rabble must have been right about her not having being born a "de," for, one day, while I was in her drawing-room, a very great lady of the true "de" class came to call upon her, and I observed that this "de" treated Madame de l'Isle with bare politeness, and was far more attentive to *Mademoiselle* her daughter. This great lady was Madame la Comtesse de Valentiernais; a little, old woman, miserably attired; poverty-stricken and hunger-stricken, but as full of pride as when she wore purple and fine linen, and fared

sumptuously every day. I was presented to her, but I was of the merest rabble. I was English, and the English are all traders; so she took not the slightest notice of me. When Madame de l'Isle returned the call, I happened to be with her, perhaps because there was a long distance to go, which made a fiacre necessary, and the English are all so rich. We went to the end of the Boulevards, and there alighted. Then we got into some very dirty streets, and found ourselves among the rag-merchants. Such misery, filth, wretchedness and rags, I never imagined. There lived, in a miserable house, Madame la Comtesse, and her husband, and her sons, in three or four small rooms. Of course I did not enter; I had had enough of the manners of Louis Seize's court; so I looked at the rags without, while our friends viewed the rags within. How the sons passed their time I cannot imagine. To earn their living even in army or navy, they would have thought intolerable degradation; they preferred death by starvation to such dishonour; so they lived in idleness and misery, and Madame la Comtesse worked for them,—cleaning the rooms, and cooking what little they had to eat.

These strange people used to form one of the sights of my holidays at Madame Grondet's; happily I saw many more cheerful things. Not the least of these was our superintendent; little Mademoiselle Beaupart,—trotting briskly about with her father, released from all her half-yearly care and trouble, and evidently in an ecstatic state of mind. She was to be met with, looking into shop windows on the Boulevards; sitting under orange-trees in the Tuileries gardens; staring at the fountains at Versailles; riding on donkeys at St.-Germain, and, in short, doing all sorts of idle and dissipated things. Another grand sight was Monsieur Petitpieds, driving his little one-horse open carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, and being pulled up short every now and then by his wife, who severely reproached him for going up wrong roads. He was as meek as a lamb on such occasions, and turned the horse's head immediately without a murmur. In our evening walk home, up the Rue de la Paix, we always met the pretty daughter of the good old people, who kept the linendraper's shop under the name of la grande mère, taking a turn or two with—her brother?—before the lamps were lit; and we had to thread our way through a crowd of smokers. A puff of tobacco brings Paris and its people and those old times to my mind, with a feeling half pleasure half pain; just as keenly as a street organ, wandering through our English village, sets me dreaming of St.-Germain.

Romantic St.-Germain! Lovely summer evenings have found me on your terrace, watching the gradual darkening of the landscape at my feet, and listening dreamily to the music of innumerable organs and bands in the dancing-booths; where our cook, Fifine, was figuring away in brown boots and white muslin. Polkas floated in the air, and died off in the silent open country below. And then stately Versailles, with its fountains, and statues, and orange trees, and avenues and terraces, and its velvety lawns, that one never could walk on without stepping out proudly, drawing one's self up as tall as possible, and hoping that one's dress trailed well behind, and fancying one's self a great lady of Louis the Fourteenth's court.

But, after all, St.-Cloud is the place for holidays. There is the pretty park, covered in some places with wild violets. There is Claire Lagrange's château; a gray, old, crumbling house, almost without furniture. What a view there was from the upper windows! We did not think it real. Those cardboard looking vehicles—could they be real omnibuses? Could those small, busy black insects be men and women? We knew when the trains that steamed through the valley were too late or too soon, and we talked scandal about them just as we did about other neighbours.

How quickly those six holiday weeks sped away! We seemed to have but just left the great green gates at Plantin, when they closed upon us again. When we heard Mademoiselle Pauline, and saw her keys; and when the class-mistress called out, "Silence, Mesdemoiselles!" we knew that we had enjoyed six weeks' liberty, and had now verily returned to our old chains. Only chains for the body; our imaginations were not bound by anything; they might have been the better for a little chaining up during the first few weeks of renewed school. Marie Campeau, Blanche de l'Isle, and the rest of them, flew far away on the wings of fancy every evening, when they related to their friends all that they had said, and done, and seen, and thought, and suffered, and enjoyed, since we all parted. Marvellous indeed those adventures were! The girls must have read a good many feuilletons in six weeks. One thing only they did not exaggerate, and that was, the delight they had compressed into the time. It does me good to think of it, even now.

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HOW TO GET PAPER.

THERE never was such a country for variety as the United States. In all the great commercial countries of the world there is a collection of representatives from all nations who trade; but each country has a kind of uniformity about it which makes the various people collected within it appear—what indeed they are—foreigners. In the United States, the variety is, in addition to the aggregation of strangers, in the country itself, and in the people who inhabit it. To apprehend fully what the diversity is, perhaps no way is better than to survey the whole area, and see what the inhabitants are doing in any one particular, or how they are faring with regard to any one article of general use or convenience. We might observe on the nature of the dinner provided on any one day, from fishy Maine to sugary Louisiana, or the deserts where nothing is to be had but beef; or the forest clearings which yield nothing but corn. We might look in upon all the needlewomen of that continent, and see what dresses they are making, from the gossamer ball dress in Broadway to the leather fringes of the Potawatamies. But our attention happens to have been fixed—in the existing crisis of difficulty about the dearth of paper in England—on what the American people are writing and printing on, all through their thirty-one states and bordering territories. If we are not mistaken, the variety of method and substance is very remarkable. Sweeping the circumference first, this is what we find.

On the northern limit, where the general trader never comes, and where the alphabet is unknown, people want to convey their minds by marks, as people always do and always did. These particular people, the Red Indians, have a "medicine man"—a wise man—to do it for them. He may not know the alphabet, but he can make signs. To furnish him with a surface on which to draw his hieroglyphics, the women are preparing the bark of trees. We do not mean that he is going to carve a name upon a tree. Mankind do not wait for "medicine men" to do that; for, in one fashion or another, all do that for themselves, in all countries and ages. In this case, the women are stripping off the bark of the birch, separating the light brown inner bark, coaxing the sheets to lie flat, and rubbing them smooth with stones until they almost acquire the satin-like surface of French note-paper. They pick out, from their fish-heaps, the strongest and sharpest bone to write with: and there is the wise man set up with the means of making marks as curious as any that Colonel Rawlinson has ever deciphered among the mounds of Persia.

Coming round to the coast—that granite coast where the Pilgrim Fathers found freedom of worship—there are nooks and corners, and especially islands, where the conveniences of life are rarely attainable. The story goes there, that a fisherman once brought his son from one of those bare sea-beaten islands to the mainland; that the boy was amazingly struck with the barberry bushes which grow plentifully among the granite; but that his highest enthusiasm was excited by an apple-tree. "Oh father!" he cried, "what is that wonderful thing? Is it a tree? And what are those beautiful things upon it? Are they lemons?" In a region where such a story could spring up, it is certain that wise men do not write upon birch bark. And yet in such places—where the schoolmaster has found his way, though the merchant seldom or never comes—there must be something to write on. Slates abound; and when the stock of paper is exhausted, the slates come abroad from the school-house, and carry messages along the shore.

Passing down the seabord to the south, we come at length to those other islands which are not granite, but which produce the famous Sea-island cotton—the finest in the world. There, within those islands off the South Carolina shore, the waves make a wide sweep, leaving broad expanses of the smoothest sand. Who is that, at the hour of dusk, when the sand is smoothest—now looking round, to see if she is observed, and then stooping down, with a cane in her hand from the nearest brake? Who is that figure, dusky as the night? And what is she doing on the shore? She is drawing. That is a bird which she is drawing, in bold strong lines; and the bird's head is to the north. The negro slave suspects that husband, brother,

sister, or friend, will be coming by to-night; and she is leaving a direction to the land of freedom, for the fugitive to read in the moonlight, and for the waves to efface before morning. Farther round, even as far as the Mississippi, there is a curious local method of writing. A pretty lady reclines on a couch, under a mosquito-bar—a complete enclosure of muslin. As her little slave fans her with a feather fan, she comes to a stand with her fancy work. She has lent the pattern to Mrs. A., on the next plantation. She must send for it; but, if she rises to write a note, it will let in the mosquitos, and be fatiguing, this hot day; and there is no use in sending messages by negroes. She bids the child bring her a magnolia blossom. On that broad, smooth, juicy petal she writes with her needle. She asks for her pattern, and proposes an evening drive. On a similar petal, comes back the acceptance of the invitation. In the certainty that negroes cannot read, very curious jokes and domestic stories travel on these snowy tablets from neighbour to neighbour. The messengers meantime look on with awe; though not quite in the spirit of fetish worship rendered by certain South Sea islanders, who trembled before a shaving, when a missionary had written on it. He wanted his chisel; and he wrote for it, with his pencil, on a shaving. When the messenger saw his wife rise and go to the tool-chest, and take out the right tool, the perspiration ran off his face: he thought the chip had told the lady what was wanted, in a voice too fine for unenchanted ears to hear. So he and his fellows worshipped it. The Louisiana negroes know a little better than that; but they carry the delicate missives, without seal or envelope, in entire ignorance what those pale green marks may mean. The ladies on couches would tell us that here we may see the convenience of servants who cannot read.

Further up that great river, in the wild parts where settlers live miles from each other, paper is yet wanted for copy-books. But, however much wanted, it cannot be had. The Catholic priest is there, and the nun, going from house to house, in all weathers, through the wild forest: the priest offering worship on Sundays, and the nun offering schooling on week days. But here is no paper! The travelling glazier does not come so far; and the last sheet of paper was greased and put up as a window pane: and, now that another pane is broken, the boys are planning to fill it up with bladder or snake-skin. How is the writing lesson to be managed, in the evenings or bad weather, when there can be no writing on clay or sand before the door? Priest and nun know what is done in Arab villages, where the sacred command of the Korán, to teach all children, is observed, under difficulties; and they now do the like. They get wax—not so easily obtainable as in eastern countries; but they get it. The boys track the wild bees home to their hollow tree; the father fells the tree; half-a-dozen such operations provide wax for several tablets. Melted, purified, and smoothly spread over a framed piece of wood, this wax serves well—long after all paper is consumed, slates broken, and sand or clay unattainable.

Within the wide circle of these shifts, there are more expedients; but, from different causes, and of a totally different kind. The reason why people are put to shifts in the more thickly inhabited parts of the United States is, that the inhabitants use three times as much paper per head as we British do—three times as many pounds weight per head, even though the three millions of slaves are included, who cannot write or read. Except idiots, the blind, and slaves, everybody in that country reads and writes; and more persons appear in print than in any country since the alphabet was made. There, every child has its copy-book in its place at school. There, every log-house on the prairie has its shelf of books. Next to the church and the tavern, the printing-press is set up in every raw settlement; and a raw newspaper appears; probably on whity-brown paper, and in mixed type, with italics and Roman letters, capitals and diphthongs thrown together very curiously; but still—a newspaper. Books are printed in the great cities, not by the thousand or fifteen hundred, but by the five or ten thousand; for the readers are reckoned by millions. The Americans have cheapened their postage, as we have done; and the increase of correspondence is in yet larger proportion, because families are more widely separated, and all are able to write. There is another reason for their larger consumption of paper (of a coarser kind than writing-paper) which is truly mortifying to us in England. There are manufactures in which we and they run so exactly abreast that neither can afford the slightest disadvantage in the sale without losing the market: our paper duty is a disadvantage; and we lose the market. The cost of the mere wrappers of a multitude of articles made at Birmingham and Sheffield precisely absorbs the profits to be obtained in African and Asiatic markets; and the Americans nearly sweep that market from us. Wanting all this paper, what do the Americans do to get it? This is a question of immense importance to us, because we cannot, by any means yet tried, get anything like enough paper; and the scarcity and dearness of it now constitute what may be called, without exaggeration, a national calamity. Our supply was short, the quality of our paper poor, and the price high, before the last doubling of our population; before the penny postage so immensely multiplied our population; before free trade expanded our commerce; before the advertisement duty was taken off. Now, while all this new demand

is pressing upon us, and even the modified duty on paper remains, the injury to a multitude of minds and to a host of fortunes is so serious that we are impelled to the inquiry how it is that the Americans, with their threefold demand, get thoroughly well supplied.

We should add that we understate the truth when we call the consumption per head threefold. It is threefold by weight: but the Americans use a great deal of very thin paper, such as is rarely used by us. Consequently the threefold by weight could amount to hardly less than fourfold by surface. How is this vast quantity obtained?

Here again, in finding the answer to this question, we meet new evidence of the extraordinary variety of people and ways existing in the United States. A glance at the paper-makers of that country shows things as striking as our glance at the scribes round its outer circle. First, there is the great, the grand paper-manufacturer. His steam-engine puffs and pants like any other; his mills cover large spaces of ground; and his machinery is of the newest and best. One great difference between him and our manufacturers is, that he has the command of the world's rags, as far as they go, and of many substitutes, when there are no more rags. Our excise duty is such a burden on the manufacture that we cannot compete with him in the purchase of foreign rags; and he even comes here and buys up our precious tatters before our eyes. Another great difference between him and us is, that he can make any experiments he likes with new materials, at no other cost, in case of failure, than the partial loss of labour and material: whereas, we cannot try such experiments, because the excise authorities must claim the duty of from one hundred to three hundred per cent on all paper that is made, whether it turns out saleable or not. Our manufacture cannot improve, our mills cannot multiply, and the price of paper cannot come down, but must continue to rise, while that duty goes on to be levied. While our paper-makers are scolded by booksellers, authors, editors, printers, packers, and manufacturers, for the exorbitant price of their article, they are not growing rich, but very much the contrary. They are, in fact, the first victims of a monopoly which they have no desire whatever to preserve. Not only the duty makes the manufacture a monopoly, but the restrictions which attend the duty leave no freedom to any man's ingenuity or enterprise. So our manufacturers sink into low spirits, instead of rising into high fortunes, under the enormous prices of eighteen hundred and fifty-four. They are stormed by correspondents whom they cannot supply; they are scolded by customers for the amounts charged in their invoices; they pay a high price for material every month; the best kind of material becomes deficient; and if an inferior kind is used, down comes a deluge of complaints, to add to the sorrows of the involuntary monopolist, who is growing poor himself while giving satisfaction to nobody. He grows silent at his meals; he looks grave in the mill; he can hardly be civil to the excise collector; and he tells his wife after a vexatious day at the works, that he shall go to America. His American rival, meantime, is buying land, building houses, setting up his carriage; perpetually adorning his pattern-room with fresh specimens of paper of all colours; and often gratifying his customers with offers of a new article which makes a good substitute for one which is growing dearer.

What else do we see over there? Away from towns and steam engines, on some rapid near a new settlement in Ohio or Illinois, we see a humbler mill, worked by water-power. Here are no roods of drying-rooms for snow-white paper. There is not much snow-white paper made here, because the owner has not command of much material that will bear bleaching. In the sheds we see overhead all sorts of dingy hues; and in the packing-room a wide range of browns and yellows, with plenty of grays, and some greens and pinks. We never see such an assortment of tinted papers in England; where coloured paper is so little used that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might, as well as not, take off the duty from *coloured* papers.

This would cost the revenue a mere trifle, while it would be a vast boon to the public. Our American newspapers come to us in wrappers of brown and yellow, so tough, as never, by any accident, to arrive with the smallest rent in the edge, and bearing the ink as well as any paper whatever. This is made from the refuse of the Indian corn-plant. Our letters come to us in envelopes of pale yellow, gray, or green,—perfectly serviceable, and rather pretty than not. They are made of any one of half-a-dozen substances which have every good quality but that they will not bleach. The British manufacturers complain that we, their customers, are saucy about paper, and that we will use none but the whitest. We must have white envelopes, they say, a white surface for our washing bills, and snowy missives for the butcher and fishmonger. We, on the other hand, declare that we have never had a chance of showing a preference. Give us the option between white envelopes and tinted, at a difference of a few pence in the hundred, and see whether we do not buy the cheaper sort! But they are not to be had, and the reason why they are not to be had is that the excise will not allow experiments to be made, on fair conditions. We do not hesitate to say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer *must* repeal the duty on coloured papers at least, at the first possible moment. Prices are rising to an unendurable point; and so simple a palliative as setting free a portion of material that

will bleach by a free use of that which will not, cannot be refused under the existing stress.

Let the government bear in mind that the increase in paper made in the kingdom within the last two years, under all the existing difficulties, is twenty-three million pounds; and that it would require, even at this rate, a dozen new average mills to be set up every year to meet the demands of the mere increase of our population; and they will see that the paper duty cannot be sustained.

What other variety do we see in our American survey? Is that a paper-mill on the banks of the Penobscot, in the midst of the forest clearings, far up in Maine? Yes, indeed, it is: and to whom do you suppose it belongs? An Englishman would never guess. It belongs to four or five lumberers (fellers and sellers of timber), who have put a part of their earnings into this form, and they believe they will not repent it. But why this form? Because paper is in increasing demand, and water-power and material are at hand. Here is the rushing river; here is the wood to build the mill of, and keep up the fires; and the metal work is easily got from the towns below; and the river is as good as a railway for carrying the paper to market. Well: but where are the rags? They do not use rags, except the few woollen ones that are bought up from Irish immigrants. Those, and some cotton-waste from the town-mills, are the only fibrous material of that sort used. The bulk of the substance required is on the spot, in the shape of marsh hay and wood shavings. Where there are clearings there are presently marshes; and where there are marshes, there is hay, too bad for the food of animals that are carefully treated. From this, from straw, from maize-stalks, from the shavings in the lumberers' sheds, together with a few Connaught tatters and sweepings of cotton-mills, our little company of speculators are making their fortunes. If they had not succeeded it would not have mattered much, because they put only as much of their earnings as they could well spare into the enterprise; for there is no unlimited liability of partnership there, to make a man risk his whole fortune in a partnership if he adventure the smallest fraction of it. And there is no exciseman, coming down upon them for eighty or ninety pounds a week, as his charge upon the six tons of paper which they send down the river weekly. If the English law and the English exciseman were there, there would be no mill on that spot on the Penobscot; there would be six tons of paper per week less in the market; and the partners would be making their fortunes at a much slower rate.

Turning from the extreme north to the south—even to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico—what do we find? There are negroes poking about in the swamps at the mouths of some of the great rivers. They twist about like water-snakes in the channels among the flowering reeds, gathering bundles of fibrous stalks; and they make themselves a way through acres of cane-brake, cutting the canes on either hand, to carry them to the paper-mill. The demand for paper must be pressing indeed to induce any one to set up a manufacture of it under the conditions of slave labour. But, before us lies at this moment a specimen of paper made from cane-brake. In colour it is a pretty good white, and in quality it is fair enough for all ordinary purposes. It would not do for the Queen's Speech. Macaulay would not write his History on it, nor Tennyson his lyrics; nor shall we order a stock of it for our next novel. But we should be glad to know that there was a supply of it in the next stationer's shop in the form of envelopes, large and small, and letter and note paper, so that we might do our part in saving the rags of the world.

About that saving—can none of us help in that way? Do any of us burn rags, or allow anybody under our roof to burn them? Never let such a thing happen again. Let the maids know that rags now fetch a pretty penny; and let them have a rag-bag as a regular part of the kitchen establishment. As for the parlour, the shop, the office—from the humblest tradesman's to the government bureau—do we not waste paper unconscionably? Is it not thought genteel and liberal to send as many blank pages as possible in an envelope?—to make our manuscript a rivulet of ink in wide banks of margin? This is foolish, and worse than foolish, when the evil is not merely dearness but scarcity. In scarcity of flour, noblemen retrench their puddings and pastry, not because flour is dear, but because there is not enough, and the poor will be starved if the rich do not eat less of flour and more of other things. Thus it is with the present scarcity of rags. It is not meanness, but only justice to great social interests, if public men and rich men will enforce economy in the use of paper on all whom they can influence, until a remedy for the scarcity shall be found.

We do not insist very vehemently, or at great length, on this, because it is a minor matter. Any palliation from that method must be wholly insufficient for the occasion. It is good as far as it goes; but we must direct our exertions to obtain emancipation from two restrictions which are fatal to a fair supply of paper. Now that we are relieved of the soap and window duties, we must get rid of the paper duty—of the duty on coloured paper at all events, and of the whole if we can. We must also get rid of that unlimited liability in partnership which prevents ingenious men who are not rich, from placing their ingenuity at the public service; and which prevents men who are rich from devoting a sufficient

portion of their capital, and no more, to rendering available the talent of the ingenious man.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

I HAVE a tale to tell, with a true German flavour, of a huntsman of the olden time, and of the ringing of a shot in the recesses of a forest. It is a tale taken from the lips of the people, and it may be true. I have its kernel from a German writer, Edmund Hoefer.

From village to town, and back from town to village—no matter where—the narrow footpath runs at one end through smooth meadows, then descends into a wide hollow, of which the whole sweep is filled with a glorious old wood; but, at the other end, the path runs through the standing corn. From village to town, or back from town to village, men, women, and children, hurry through the wood. No trodden grass betrays feet that have been truant from the beaten path. Not far from the bottom of the hollow there is an open space in the dense forest, and the trees on one side stand apart as if at the entrance to a narrow avenue. But the avenue is no path now, if it ever were one. It is choked up with underwood, matted with brambles and wild vines, and the narrow footway strikes directly across the forest lawn of grass and flowers in the little open glade; there is no sign of wavering in any wayfarer—no turning aside to be detected. There was assuredly another path here once, for here there was set up a guide-post, useless for such purpose now, and overgrown with ivy; one of its three directing boards being destroyed, or having rotted off, it looks like a rude cross set up in the forest, and the peasants of the district—though they are by this time all good Protestants—look up at it with a prayerful ejaculation as they hurry by.

A party of English travellers dwelt for a few days in the adjacent town, and soon discovered that the grand old forest oaks were good to dine under. They knew generally that the place was accursed and was believed to harbour spectres if not worse things. Before this generation was born, a lord of the castle had gone suddenly abroad, and his lady mother who remained at home had cursed the forest and permitted no wood to be felled, no labour to be done, in it. This curse the family kept up, and except use of the necessary paths, the forest had been for almost a century untouched by man. It was the more luxuriant for that, and the smooth plot of grass in which the guide-post stood, with broad boughs and blue sky above, were floor and ceiling, as it seemed, to the best of picnic dining-rooms.

Only their own servants went with the holiday makers, who had dined well and were dancing merrily when first the shadows on the turf began perceptibly to lengthen. The few rustics who came to and fro upon the path, had, all day long, looked more or less aghast at their proceedings. The last who had passed by, even presumed to stop, and urge that they would return home before twilight closed. The wood, he said, is never safe for Christian men, and evil things lie yonder. His hand waved hurriedly towards the ancient avenue, and he stepped on apace, for he had been venturesome in making any halt at all.

"Why, there is a full moon to-night," said Clara Hough, one of the party; "the best of the picnic is to come. If any fairies should appear we'll join our dance to theirs, and as for ghosts, I should like to see one! Is this one of their walking-days? What says the calendar?" "It is the Feast of St. Egidius," said Mr. Eustace Wenn, who hoped, in due time, to convert Miss Hough into Mrs. Wenn. "St. Egidius' day is nothing in particular. Of course we shall go home by moonlight, but I vote for an adventure. Let us break open that pathway and find out the demon of the wood. Something, of course, lies yonder. Who joins the exploring party?" Women and men too grow superstitious in the twilight, wise as they may be. There were no volunteers. "My dear fellow," said the host, "join our next dance. The path you see, is impervious."

Mr. Wenn leapt among the trees and shouted back intelligence that it was easy with one pair of hands to cut a way there even for a lady. "Then," said Miss Hough, following his lead, "by all means let us go." "Let them alone;" said the host; "they are lovers, and they would not thank us for our company." The dance, therefore, was formed and the young people went alone into the wood.

The green leaves, the gleams of sunset colouring, the twittering of birds above, the moss and flowers underfoot, the pleasant exercise of fighting down such obstacles as thorns and tendrils offered, the young gentleman smoothing the way for the young lady, as he hoped to smooth her way on other paths when she was an older lady and they travelled over years of life that seemed to be before them—all such things made the little expedition as agreeable as might have been desired. There was another small break in the wood, and a broader avenue of smooth turf pierced the trees beyond it. Upon a hillock of large mossy stones that seemed at one time to have been assembled there together by an idle man, the lovers sat to rest and talk, for five minutes or longer, of their own affairs. The gentleman spoke most; the lady looked much downward, and trifled with her little foot among the moss upon one stone larger than the others, "Why, there is a great cross, and there are three unreadable letters scratched upon this stone!" said she. "The first, I think, is a G. Let us go on, let us go on! This heap is shapen, I think, like a grave. Or shall we go back? I have a dread upon me." But the way

forward was easy and the sky was light, and to go on was to remain quietly together.

The young people went on with their hearts open to each other, impressible enough, and quite as serious as they were happy. One or two fallen trees were the only difficulties in the way by which they reached a third and larger open space. Passing by a carved stone fountain, full of a dry growth of moss, they saw a decayed house with its outbuildings. The house was of gray stone, and seemed to lean against a slender round tower, bound with ivy to the topmost turret. There was a terrace before it with grass, and there were vestiges of flower-beds. Over the arched entrance-gate were set up three pairs of decaying antlers; into the wall at the side of it was fixed a rusty chain with an iron collar, to which there was yet attached the skeleton of a dog. All was silent, for the twilight had set in; the birds were in their nests; and in the old house it was evident that no man lived. The door stood half open. The two entered.

Though uninhabited, the house was not unfurnished. Rusty guns and hunting knives hung on the walls, mouldering benches were in the outer hall; an inner room, of which the window was darkened by the foliage of an untrimmed vine, had two soiled cups upon its table and a rusty coffee-pot. There lay on a chair near it, a half-knitted stocking. Out of this room, a door led into a smaller chamber, full of hunters' tools, in which there was a bed still tumbled; and there was, among all the man's furniture in that room, a chest containing a woman's clothing and the clothes of little children. In the recess of the window a silver cup was set up, as in the place of honour; and on a table by the bedside lay an old hunter's cap, a hymn-book, and a Bible. "The books," said the young Englishman, "will tell us who lived in this house." Opening the Bible, he read to his companion the household chronicle set down on its first leaf:

"1744. St. Bartholomew's Day. My father, Hans Christoph, died. The lord count, who was present, made me his successor as head forester. Hans Conrad Ducker."

"1752. St. Fabian's Day. I married Gertrude Maria, peasant Steinfurt's daughter. Was, on the above day, thirty-one years old, and my wife will be nineteen next St. Bridget's. My happiness is complete. May Heaven bless our union!"

"1753. On the twelfth of July our first child born. He shall be called Hans Christoph." A cross follows and the remark, "Died at midnight on the first of January, anno 1755."

"1755. Annunciation Day. Our second son born. I am very glad. God bless him. He shall be called after my brother Peter Michael." A cross follows, and the note, "Died on St. Walpurgis, 1757."

"1755. St. Hubert's Day. Won the silver cup with a master shot. The lord count praised my shooting before all the gentlemen."

"1756. St. Anne's Day. A daughter born to me. Heaven bless her. She shall be called Gertrude Johanna."

"1756. St. Egidius' Day. My wife Gertrude Maria died of a Shot in the wood. I will not curse her. God be a merciful judge to us both."

"1771. My lord the old count died on St. Valentine's Day. The young Lord Leonard Joseph Francis takes his place."

There was no more to read. One entry in the list excited the same thought in both the lovers. This man it was evident had killed his wife on St. Egidius' day; and they had on the same date whispered their heart's love over the murdered woman's grave. Then, again, why did the old huntsman register his sons as born into his household, but his daughter as born only to himself? These things the lovers noticed as they read the little chronicle; but they spoke only of the hunting cup, the marksman's prize, still in the window, looked at it, and returned into the other chamber. Another door seemed to lead from it into other rooms. They walked in that direction, and the young man saw that they were following a trail of dark stains on the floor. He did not point them out to his companion. The door led to a narrow stair; perhaps the trail was there, but there was no light by which it could be seen. The stair led to a room that had been prettily furnished, and of which the window opened at once upon a broad terrace that swept back towards the wood. The moon had by that time risen, and shone through this window. One pane had been broken. Splinters of glass lay close under it. The table was overthrown, a broken lamp was on the floor; also a book, handsomely bound, which seemed to have been ground under the heel, rather than trodden upon, by a strong man. The English lady stooped to pick it up, but as she did so she saw, by the moonlight, stains upon the oaken boards, which made her suddenly recoil and lean, trembling, on her lover for support. They looked towards the sofa, an old piece of furniture covered with blue damask; upon that, too, there was a large dark stain, and over it the bright moon cast the shadows of the two young people. The shadow of a young man erect—the shadow of a young girl clinging to it, violently trembling.

"Look! look! Eustace," cried the girl. "Those are not our shadows!"

"Indeed, love, they are."

"Did you not tell me this was St. Egidius' day?"

Both started, for there was a sudden flutter in the room, distinctly heard. The young man promptly saw and pointed out that this was nothing supernatural. Beside an unpressed bed in one corner of the room, there were some more handsomely bound books

upon a table; all in gilded red morocco covers. One of them lay open, and the evening breeze that entered through the broken pane of glass had touched some of its leaves.

"The lovers are a long time absent," whispered partners to each other, as they danced their last dance on the grass about the guide-post. "If they be lost in the wood, and we have to go a hunting for them, it will be a pretty mid-summer night's dream." Shrill whistling and loud shouting presently grew to be the whole amusement of the company, and were kept up until the missing pair appeared. "But you do look as if you had been seeing ghosts," somebody said to them. "What are they like?"

"The nearest thing to a ghost that we have seen," said Mr. Wenn, "I seized and brought away with me. Here it is." He took a little book out of his pocket,—a book bound in red morocco, and beset with tarnished gilding—which he offered for the inspection of the company.

"Why, what fruit is this to bring out of an oak-wood!" cried mine host; "a corrupt French romance!"

The account brought home of the forester's deserted house, that had been at last actually seen by an English gentleman and lady, was in a day or two town news, and the story to which it belonged, had by that time been duly fitted to it. This is the story.

Conrad Ducker and his daughter one morning sat at breakfast, many many years ago.

"You are spoiling my coffee, Gertrude," said the forester, a stern dark-looking man; "your thoughts are astray. You have been reading those detestable red books. You must get married; be a housewife, girl."

"I, father?"

"Yes, you. Peter from beyond the mountain came to ask for you this morning. A husband like that would be good luck for a princess."

"But I cannot leave you, father, and my heart is in the forest. I should not like marrying into the open land."

"One may breathe the more freely in the open land, girl; though for that I wouldn't leave the forest. Let it pass. Marry Gottfried Schluck, who lives close by, and has gone down on his knees to you five times over."

"He has been married twice, father; and no man loves a second wife."

"Bah!" said the huntsman, scowling suddenly upon his daughter's face. "As you live, tell me the truth, Gertrude! What made you spoil my coffee?"

"Father!"

"What were your thoughts?"

"Nothing,—at least foolish.—I was thinking only of this stocking that I am about, because it is so difficult to match my colours well, and I am tired of red and green."

The old man suddenly rose, and said, "The count will be here to-day or to-morrow, Gertrude."

The girl's cheeks flushed as she replied, "I know it."

"How, girl, how?"

"Francis, father, brought me word he was to come on St. Egidius' day."

"Ay, does he so," murmured the forester, pacing the room, thoughtfully; "he comes on St. Egidius' day."

"I have made his bed," the girl said, "and lighted his fire. Arnold helped me. But Arnold does not treat me as a little girl now, father, and you"—

Again the old man stopped with a stern face before her to ask, "What were your thoughts, then, Gertrude?"

"When, father?"

"When you spoilt my coffee."

"Oh father," she replied, sobbing. "You are too hard to me. You know that this is Egidius' day, and nineteen years ago my mother died, as you have set down in the Bible. And I thought how it was that she should die of a Shot, and you never speak of it, and you even forbid me to speak of it to others."

The fixed glow of the old man's eyes upon her checked the girl's utterance. Silently he turned to take from the wall his cap and gun, then returning to her, drew her towards him, and said, in a hoarse voice, "Hear me, child; I will believe you, and it is well. Do not be eager for that story; it is not good for your ears or for my ears. Why return to that? It lies deep, and the grass grows thick above it. There might come up with it stuff that would sting you—that would take away your sight and hearing. Only mind this. You think too much of—somebody who should be as far from you as sun from moon, from whom you should fly as the hare from the wild cat. I tell you, girl, he is false. He would betray you as surely as to-morrow comes after to-day. If you have done already more than think of him, God pity you, for"—the man's utterance was choked; his bony hand was cold and damp—"you would be better with a millstone round your neck, under ten feet of water." He turned suddenly away, whistled to his dog, and left her.

Gertrude had never seen her father's gloom so terrible: but she soon found a girl's relief in tears. The forester went out into the wood, and sat for a long time motionless upon a grave-like mound of stones under an oak-tree, his gun resting on his shoulder, his dog's nose thrust inquiringly beneath his arm. He sat there till twilight, and went slowly homeward when the moon was rising. From the terrace behind the house he by chance raised his eyes towards a lighted window in the corner of the tower. There was a light burning in the room, a fire

crackling, and a young girl was weeping on a young man's shoulder.

"At last in my arms again, my forest flower?"

"Lord Count, Lord Count!" said Gertrude, "let hope be at an end between us."

"But I am still your Leonard, and you are to be my little wife."

"My father frightens me; your mother will oppose you."

"My mother; yes. To avoid her anger we must wait. But your father?"

Lying on his shoulder she began to tell him all her fears, which he endeavoured to allay with kisses. A flash and a loud report. Glass breaks, and the young nobleman is sprinkled with the blood of Gertrude. She can utter but a single cry before she lies upon the sofa, dead.

A few minutes afterwards, the old huntsman entered slowly, by the door. "Ducker! Ducker!" the count shouted in agony, "here is murder done! Your beautiful Gertrude shot!"

"Ay, to be sure, she will not stir again," said Ducker. "It was a shot well aimed—through the centre of the heart."

The Count was bewildered at his coldness.

"This is your Gertrude, father—my Gertrude!"

"Your highness's Gertrude! I thought she was only mine."

"He is mad," the Count cried. "Gertrude! Beloved Gertrude! from whatever quarter the shot came, my vengeance on the assassin!"

"Whence the shot came," said Ducker; "I will show you." And he led him to the window. "It came from beside yonder pine-tree. A man sat there who suspected mischief"——

"Wretch! Madman! Take your hand from me! You have murdered your own daughter!"

"Take your hand also from me!" said Ducker; "I have powder and shot for your highness, if need be, in the other barrel. Wait—with your hand off—while I tell you an old story.

There was a Forester who loved a Countess. That he did secretly and without speaking, for he thought much of the difficulties in his way. However, he was prudent, and all ended well, and no man was the wiser. But there was a Count who loved the Wife of a Forester; and that ended not well. For when the forester discovered it,—he took that which belonged to him. And the Count had a Son, and the Forester a Daughter. The old man preached her many a lesson about rank, and frivolity, and betrayers; but she loved that son and he pretended equal love for her. So, thus—I took that which belonged to me."

"Miserable assassin!" cried the count. "She was mine, mine, mine! You tell me of sin and passion, but our hearts were before God, and our love was unspotted. We were betrothed; I would have married her."

The old man pointed to the body, and laughed aloud.

"Her? You should have said that to her lady mother at the castle yonder."

"To my mother?—the Countess!"

The young count, with ashen face, recoiled, and hurrying out, called to his servants, and spurred his horse home to the castle. His mother, the countess heard all from him. When she knew what the fierce huntsman had said, how dark a story he had told and what had been the end of it, her limbs became stiff as with death; she spoke, only to pronounce her curse upon whatever foot stepped in that huntsman's den of crime—upon whatever man entered that wood to touch a stone of it. And then she died.

Hans Ducker carried his daughter down, and buried her among the flowers of his garden. Then shouldering his gun he went out of the house; and, except when he spoke a word to Peter beyond the mountains, never was seen more. The howlings of a dog were heard for a few days in the wood; they became weaker and weaker, until all was still. And from that hour the stillness was unbroken.

OLD CLOTHES AND NEW CLOTHES.

A SLIGHT costume-sensation was created in my family the other day. My eldest boy, Peter Augustus, assumed his first tails in the shape of a single-breasted riding-coat, on the same day that my youngest, Albert Anthony, abandoned his free-and-easy tartans for trowsers and a jacket. Peter was of course pretty well quizzed by his sisters, who would turn him round to examine the effect of the modern toga virilis in every point of view, and would, let him sulk as he pleased, call the attention of all visitors, male and female, to the all-round collar and tails which had turned Peter into "quite a man." As for little Tony, we could not pet him enough: he had kisses and halfpence from us all; and kisses and shillings, to hansel his pockets, from his aunts; besides a new half-sovereign from his Uncle Contango, of which mamma immediately took charge. In the evening, after I had put an end to more than one riot in the schoolroom, arising out of the great costume question, I was not sorry when the children's bed-time left me alone to smoke the calumet of peace and to think over the changes and improvements in the material and fashion of dress which have occurred even in the short time—say thirty years—since I myself went through the uncomfortable and dignified ceremony of being breeched.

English children have long been more fortunate than their grown-up successors. Swaddling went out before my time, and little boys wore petticoated tunics at an age when miserable infants were to be seen in the

public gardens of France, just able to toddle, attired in the full uniform of a lancer or a royal guard. All boy-children ought to bless the memory of Sir Walter Scott for bringing the Highland dress into fashion, and deferring the exchange to such wretched trowsers as were made twenty years ago—button-over trowsers of unmentionable misery.

My memory does not carry me back to the days of the gorgeous and frightful footman-like costumes immortalised by the brush of Reynolds; but my godmother, a lively lady eighty-eight years old last birthday, was describing yesterday, to a newly-married couple, the elegant appearance of her first lover at a Lord Mayor's ball, in pink satin breeches, a white satin waistcoat, with a plum-coloured velvet coat. Mr. Gunning, Senior Esquire Bedel, in his amusing Reminiscences of Cambridge, mentions that during his undergraduateship a scarlet coat was the favourite colour of undergraduate noblemen when they visited London—boots and leather breeches having been the usual dinner costume of his cotemporaries. He also mentions that Captain Clapham, a Cambridge blood, always wore a huge cocked hat in an afternoon, which led Dr. Kidd to ask the author one evening when the captain happened to pass, who that very gentlemanly looking fellow was? We, who now associate a large cocked hat with a parish beadle or a heavy father in a light comedy, can scarcely understand this really sincere compliment. Although the reign of boots and leather breeches as a morning costume passed away before my time, still there were a large number of the House of Commons, chiefly baronets, who adhered to that uniform of the squire up to the passing of the Reform Bill. Old Mr. Byng, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Sheppard the member for Frome, were among the last. A member of the once celebrated Lambton Hunt, who has been looking over my shoulder, tells me that when he was married, about forty years ago, he and his bestman and the bride's brothers all wore white leathers and top boots, white waistcoats, and blue coats. Forty years earlier it was one of the rules of the Tarporley Hunt that every member on his marriage should present all the other members of the Hunt with a pair of well-stitched leather breeches. The only baronet who still repudiates pantaloons is the evergreen Sir Tatton Sykes. Long before railroads or even fast coaches were invented, Sir Tatton used to start on a journey of two hundred miles on his thoroughbred hack, with no other baggage than a valise containing a pair of satin breeches, silk stockings, pumps, and a clean shirt for evening use, strapped behind his saddle.

Trowsers came into fashion with the Hetman Platoff and the Cossacks at the great rejoicings after the peace. They were made full at the hips in the foreign effeminate style, and of staring striped patterns. It took more than thirty years to teach tailors to make comfortable trowsers. Hessian boots for a short time maintained a struggle with the more economical trowser; but, as our streets ceased to be dirty, and good legs are always in the minority, they died out rapidly, and are now only to be seen on a few ancient tax-gatherers and county physicians. After puffed-out waists, ringlets, and other foreign fashions had had their day, the Tom and Jerry fever raged for a short time, during which our dandies got themselves up in a costume of the prize-fighting and burglar fashion. A green, Newmarket-cut coat, with gilt buttons; a staring waistcoat; a blue, red, or green cravat, and breeches and top-boots, were to be seen on young men of family and fortune at the most fashionable morning resorts,—their hair cut short, faces smoothly shaved, and conversation borrowed from the prize-ring and the taverns of thieves. Then a pea-green coat conferred distinction, and a drunken ruffian squire was the hero of a class.

The reign of flash slang was succeeded by the reign of faddle. Affectation was the order of the day; waistcoats of many colours, worn in tiers; fur, lace, embroidery, braid; bright blue and brown coats, covered with velvet; ringlets, and even rouge. Yellow pantaloons, under hessian boots decked with brass spurs, were revived. Hats were worn on one side, set back on the head. It was, in a word, the age of swells, although the term had not then been invented.

At the time when I, as a schoolboy in the first form, began to wear gloves, to oil my hair, and commenced changing from the grub to the butterfly, there was a costume worn by a fashionable four-in-hand club, which would, in the present day, bring down screams from the Adelphi or Haymarket gallery: then we looked on it with intense admiration and longing. I was at Cheltenham for the holidays, and saw the young Earl Crimpley, and his inseparable companion Lord Maroon, lounge down the High Street in coats of a light snuff brown, call feu d'enfer, made with what were called gigot, or leg-of-mutton sleeves, and tails sharply pointed, so as to cover the least possible portion of the person; gilt buttons, and crimson velvet waistcoats set off the blazing coats; and bright green trowsers, cut tight at the knees, and bell-mouthed so as to cover the feet, completed the suit. Low-crowned sugar-loaf hats, surmounted heads elaborately curled, and an enormous stock of jewellery, completed a picture which many thought extravagant, but no one ridiculous. It was the fashion.

The next change I can remember was what I may call the velvet mania. Velvet was laid wherever it was possible on dress-coats, frock-coats, and great-coats. Collars of gigantic breadth, with piques, gave the effect of a hump to all but crane-necked men, while the whole inside was plastered

with the best Genoa at some forty shillings a yard. There is a tradition in my family of how, at a famous birthday dinner at my aunt Barbara Parchment's, I neglected all the delicacies of the table in my anxiety to display the plum-coloured velvet lining of my coat. Indeed, when I observe the simplicity, even the sombreness of modern evening dress, I can scarcely realise the gorgeous costumes in which we used to indulge in my student's days.

Tom Probe, who is now in the Church went to the Hardware Assembly in a bright brown coat lined with white satin, a green and gold waistcoat, a white satin stock, and tights of white kerseymere with a thin cord of gold down the side. He was very much admired by the ladies generally. Bob Possett, who is now a thriving solicitor of serious principles, used to wear, on Sundays and holidays, a blue frock as much braided and frogged as an officer of hussars; and, for my own part, I was not ashamed to walk in Hyde Park with him in winter in a great coat with deep fur collars and cuffs, which then secured me some extra attention, and now would mark me as a mountebank or quack doctor.

The era of brilliant-coloured velvet ten-guinea waistcoats, fur, and braid, was succeeded by the corvine style. The dandies took the sarcasm of the author of Pelham for earnest, and morning fêtes became something like assemblies of undertakers. We became as black as crows; shirts were discarded. Black, and all black, was the word; so that when Count D'Orsay introduced white waistcoats it was quite a relief, although it turned the crows into magpies.

But, more absurd than all was the era of tightness. About a quarter of a century ago a fashion came in and long continued, of making clothes so tight that they were calculated to stifle, strangle, and torture the wearer, rather than to allow him either to work or play. The dandy of that wretched period was tight from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head—some even wore stays. The trowsers fitted like a skin; to pull on the boots, which with difficulty passed through the legs of the trowsers, required a long struggle, with aid of boot-powder and boot-hooks. The waistcoat was laced in, so that if the victim was so ill advised as to eat, the buttons flew off with a loud report. The waistband of the trowsers was drawn in with a buckle, to which many owed permanent disease. The coat required care when put on, as the fine cloth was apt to crack. To lift either arm was a danger and a difficulty, for the sleeves were not considered perfect if a single wrinkle appeared. To crown the miseries of the dandy, he wore round his neck an instrument in the shape of a stock which only allowed noses of true Mosaic form to point towards the ground. No doubt it was the tight fashion, supported by tailors and bootmakers, that for a time reduced our jeunesse dorée in society to stolid inactivity—to nodding instead of bowing, to crawling instead of dancing, and to monosyllables instead of conversation. How could a man swaddled in his clothes dance, talk, laugh, or sneeze? I remember passing my time at a famous breakfast, leaning against the door-jamb, unable to attack a most tempting Spanish ham and Cambridge brawn in consequence of the exquisite fit of a pair of universally admired salmon-coloured trowsers of newly invented merino. I did venture at last, when a loud crack compelled me to retire covered with blushes.

When I saw my son Peter shake himself into his well-cut clothes—a triumph of Jermyn Street art—and pull on his elastic kid-fronted boots, I congratulated him on having escaped the punishment of the boot, and the pillory of the stock which his poor father often suffered without compulsion. For my own part, let artists and æsthetic critics rant as they will, I do not believe that a more suitable dress for civilised life was ever devised than that ordinarily worn at the present day, as a morning dress, especially in the various kinds of tweed, in dark or light colours, according to the season. It is a dress in which a man can eat, drink, read, write, run, fight, ride, and carry books or provisions in his pockets, if needful, and can put on or take off in three minutes. There was a struggle about fifteen years ago between the quiet and the gorgeous style; for, at a pigeon-shooting match in Edinburgh, between Lord Muzzle and Captain Wad of Meltonian reputation, the captain appeared in an old tartan shooting suit, the peer in black trowsers strapped down over wonderful boots, a tartan velvet waistcoat of his clan pattern, an ample satin stock, and a frock of white linen plush. Nevertheless, the dandy won the match.

But it is in material more than in cut that the present generation have the advantage over their fathers in comfort and in cheapness. To begin with under clothing: free-trade in wool has given us a supply of a soft raw material which is applied to all sorts of hosiery. Keenly do I remember the battles I had with my nurse on the subject of certain irritating flannel under-waistcoats. Now, elastic woollen shirts are to be had cheaper than the flannel of those days, and as soft as silk. So, too, merino stockings have superseded coarse worsted. Not only Shetland and Welsh, but Australian, Silesian, Cape, and Egyptian sheep are laid under contribution by the hosier. So with shirts. In my boyhood linen was the only possible wear for a gentleman. Soldiers and sailors, and poor folks, were supplied with a scanty linen garment of the texture of a jack-towel. Now cotton, made as it can be made, is not a sixth of the price, warmer, and more wholesome. A working man's wife can manufacture a good shirt for one shilling, and for three shillings as good a garment may be produced as formerly cost

thirteen, with, to be sure, a huge frill, or, in our dandy days, a piece of point-lace adorning the bosom.

The hosier's shop is a new branch of business, founded on the varieties of men's woollen dress, and on waistcoats, drawers—once of calico or chamois leather only—and stockings. My hosier tells me that he sells twenty dozen cotton for one linen shirt. Hence the universality of clean shirts, once a luxury confined to the rich. In looking at the cravats of all colours and textures that adorn the hosier's shop-window, we are reminded of the large double muslin poultice-like cravat, tied in a large bow, that was in fashion during the Regency, until Brummel brought starch and misery, to be succeeded by the whalebone, horsehair, and leather affair which was the vanity of my time. The Byronic taste for suicide, murder, and seagreen discontent, was in part atoned for by the move in favour of unthrottled necks. Much may be said for and against the all-round collar, but it is at any rate a testimony in favour of clean linen, and a superseding of the abominable strings of the old collar.

It is worthy of note, that as cotton shirts came in, those abominable impositions, dickeys, went out of fashion. Gloves have increased in variety, cheapness and comfort, —thread, cotton, worsted, cloth, and alpaca wool, make gloves for cold or hot weather. In feet coverings a tremendous step in advance has been made, both in material and workmanship. Here again free trade has done us good service, given us Bourdeaux calf, and Syrian kid, and taught our workmen, obliged to compete with France and Germany, how to cut a good-looking boot, that will fit without pinching. The button boot and the boot with elastic sides are great inventions worthy of knighthood. In my dandy days we carried boot-hooks and a boot-jack wherever we went, and allowed ourselves ten minutes to get on our dress boots; the result being a plentiful crop of corns and bunions, and even more serious consequences, which are now becoming less and less common. Cloth boots, which preceded kid, were considered in the country a sign of Sardanapalian effeminacy. Twenty years ago a young surgeon lost his election as resident surgeon for a country infirmary, in spite of first-rate testimonials, because he wore button boots and a flat watch in his waistcoat pocket instead of his breeches fob. The foot-pavement of round stones, before flags were introduced, required a thick clumsy boot; besides, old English leather defied attempts at elegance and ease.

Within my recollection it was considered impossible to make boots of patent leather. Even blacking is a modern invention: when the difficulty of patent was conquered by a Frenchman, patent boots superseded pumps and silk stockings at balls, but not without a struggle. A few years ago, fancy silk stockings with thin shoes, tied in a large bow, were to be seen plentifully parading the Chain Pier at Brighton, and my friend Arthurton, who is a walking Court Circular, professes to have been present when one of the statesmen of eighteen hundred and fifty-four appeared at a ducal ball in velvet breeches with scarlet lining to his coat, and scarlet bows to his shoes.

Before railroads enriched and conquered the squires, country assemblies professed to reject the fashions of London and Paris. So it happened that I was myself turned back, deeply mortified, from the door of the assembly room of Hardborough, on the ground of my first pair of patent leather boots and black satin stock, which I had worn in company with the best men of Paris a month before at the ball of the celebrated diplomatiste, the Comtesse de Desdeschado. But this was not so bad as my adventure at the York races, when I invented a pair of kid boots with pump soles, covered with the French polish which preceded patent leather. The day turned out wet, and not only was the blacking transferred to my white trowsers, but I lost the sole of one boot in walking from the grand stand to the cathedral-close.

All dandy fancies died out with my wife's second baby. A thick-soled shooting shoe and a suit of brown tweed are now my favourite wear—well suited for overlooking my farm in all weathers.

I often wonder if Peter will be as great a fool as his father was about dress; but I really do not think the modern young men are so silly as we were. The great coats of the present day are sensible garments; you can get into them and out of them with ease—they are of Bohemian or Hungarian origin. Cloaks once had a short reign, but they are not suited for general use among a commercial people, whose time is money. They are well enough for the stately sleepy southerns, who sit and smoke, or strut and smoke all day. Besides, an Englishman wants pockets. Cloaks are only of use in a carriage and boating. All real improvements in dress have been suggested by our field sports. The taste for deer-stalking in the Highlands, aided by Scott's poems working on the mammas, gave our children a graceful costume, our men tweed jackets and easy trowsers and double-toed shoes. Who could stalk deer in tights? Perhaps we owe as much for that admirable garment, the shepherd's plaid trowser, to the early persistency of Lord Brougham, as for the diffusion of useful knowledge. We have to thank the French for boots, hats, gloves, and the flat watches which replaced the warming-pans which so often caused the death of John Bull, pressing at the wrong moment on his capacious corporation.

The old beaver hat, now only to be found on bishops, deans, and prebends, is an expensive fluffy, ill-looking affair, which grows brown just as it begins to grow smooth.

A silk hat was once the sign of a strolling actor or a Sunday dandy: now,

improved in make and shape in England, but covered with the best French plush, which we cannot dye of the true black, the silk hat is worn by judges and guardsmen. Christie first produced a respectable article. Under the pressure of a strike of his beaver hat makers, he sent to Paris for workmen, and did away with the prejudice against silk. It was time, for the poor beaver, hunted up in the remotest wilds, was almost extinct. A better looking hat may now be had for sixteen shillings than formerly cost forty. Observe how seldom the red, cut forehead, so common in the old hard cheap hat times, is to be seen now. Hat-making has trebled and quadrupled in importance as a trade since the importation of French plush became lawful. In riding there is nothing equal to the hunting cap, which won't fall off, protects the eyes from sun, wind, and brambles, and can be ventilated. In some counties it is the foolish fashion to hunt in hats, which often require a hand to hold on that would be better employed on the bridle. For, as Squire Warburton sings,

> Old wiscbeads, complacently smoothing the brim,
> May jeer at my velvet, and call it a whim ;
> But when Broadbrim lies flat,
> I will answer him pat,
> Oh who but a crackskull would ride in a hat?

Sooner or later the hunting-cap or helmet-shaped hat will become universal in the field and in the army. As it is becoming to most faces, it must be the foundation of hat reform, if any be needed. Perhaps it is as well to keep up a division between town dress and country dress. The Americans have made a great mistake in making a black suit—including a black satin waistcoat, which gets so soon shabby — their universal costume.

I must not conclude my gossip without a few more words about riding dress. This our ancestors, who lived on horseback, understood better than we do. Trowsers are a mistake, except for a mere promenade à cheval : they get splashed, stained with perspiration, and pulled out of shape ; and they do not afford so firm or graceful a seat as boots and breeches. Leathers for hunting in fine weather are the most comfortable wear, if you have a man who can clean them at home ; otherwise the expense is ruinous. In wet weather, unless very thick, they are apt to turn to tripe. They should not be too tight. During the tight era it used to take the fat colonel of a dragoon regiment an hour to get into a new pair of doeskins. A really well-fitting pair of leathers are a luxury ; and with comfortable boots enable a man to ride over the stiffest fence with comfort and confidence. For wet weather worsted cord are good wear. The white cloth imitation of buckskin is liable to turn a seedy yellow in washing.

The patent leather Napoleons introduced into this country by the late Lord Alvanley are pleasant and economical hunting boots : a wet sponge supersedes the careful labours of a servant on tops. Top boots look well on tall men. Napoleons have been much depreciated by certain writers on sport because they are economical — as if love of sport depended on a balance at your banker's.

If I were now asked what are the cardinal rules to be followed by a young swell of the nineteenth century—and all young fellows of leisure have a right to be swells for one year in their lives—I shall say, first be clean ; secondly, neat ; thirdly, consistent ; fourthly, becoming in your dress. To be clean is easier now than twenty-five years ago. Sixpenny baths are to be found in all large towns, and zinc pans, with a sponge, are the rule in all bedrooms. Clean linen is fortunately more the fashion with open neck and sleeves than when a black stock and tight sleeves hid the colour of the shirt. Neatness consists in clothes well made, and put on with decent care. To be consistent, wear that which looks suitable to your pursuit. Don't let your friends cry out, when you enter your office, "Here is Crusty in his red plaid trowsers !" for though the pattern looked very well on young Flabby of the Guards, who wore them six times at six different races, and then gave them to his valet, they don't do for you, who can only afford four pair in a year. And although Flabby, who is a very handsome fellow, with dark hair and a fresh complexion, looked very well in a green surtout and a peach-coloured cravat, they would look very shabby on you in three months.

People with plenty of money may consult their fancy and their tailor, always remembering that there is nothing so absurd as a man who dresses for himself. But ninety per cent of our friends should choose what will look well to the last.

Harmony is worth studying. Thumpington, who was applying for an appointment in the Grand Thibet Railway, as cashier, called on me the other day, looking woe-begone and wretched, in a black suit, rather too new. I made him substitute a dark blue silk for an ill-washed white cravat, and he went away looking cheerful and respectable. He got the situation, and attributes his gracious reception at first sight to the purple cravat. All the staring colours are to be avoided, but a bright colour may be worn if well harmonised. All black on a sallow complexion with dark hair, is the costume of misery. A white waistcoat has often been a great success, by giving light and cheerfulness to a lecture or a speech. Seediness, especially in washed-out summer clothes, is detestable : so are silks or satin worn at the button-holes, or half-dirty embroidered waistcoats, which we see on very respectable people. The bachelor who cannot depend on his washerwoman should eschew white ducks, and stick to his tweed or doeskin. Great liberties of taste may be allowed to a handsome young fellow of from

eighteen to twenty-five; after that to dress as you can afford, much as other people do, without affecting singularity, or indulging in slovenliness, is the best rule. Dr. Johnson was right when he said, a sloven at twenty will be a beast at forty.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE next afternoon Dr. Donaldson came to pay his first visit to Mrs. Hale. The mystery that Margaret hoped their late habits of intimacy had broken through, was resumed. She was excluded from the room, while Dixon was admitted. Margaret was not a ready lover, but where she loved she loved passionately, and with no small degree of jealousy.

She went into her mother's bed-room, just behind the drawing-room, and paced it up and down, while awaiting the doctor's coming out. Every now and then she stopped to listen; she fancied she heard a moan. She clenched her hands tight, and held her breath. She was sure she heard a moan. Then all was still for a few minutes more; and then there was the moving of chairs, the raised voices, all the little disturbances of leave-taking.

When she heard the door open, she went quickly out of the bed-room.

"My father is from home, Dr. Donaldson; he has to attend a pupil at this hour. May I trouble you to come into his room downstairs?"

She saw, and triumphed over all the obstacles which Dixon threw in her way; assuming her rightful position as daughter of the house in something of the spirit of the Elder Brother, which quelled the old servant's officiousness very effectually. Margaret's conscious assumption of this unusual dignity of demeanour towards Dixon, gave her an instant's amusement in the midst of her anxiety. She knew, from the surprised expression on Dixon's face, how ridiculously grand she herself must be looking; and the idea carried her down stairs into the room; it gave her that length of oblivion from the keen sharpness of the recollection of the actual business in hand. Now, that came back, and seemed to take away her breath. It was a moment or two before she could utter a word.

But she spoke with an air of command, as she asked:—

"What is the matter with mamma? You will oblige me by telling the simple truth." Then, seeing a slight hesitation on the doctor's part, she added—

"I am the only child she has—here, I mean. My father is not sufficiently alarmed, I fear; and, therefore, if there is any serious apprehension, it must be broken to him gently. I can do this. I can nurse my mother. Pray, speak, sir; to see your face, and not be able to read it, gives me a worse dread than I trust any words of yours will justify."

"My dear young lady, your mother seems to have a most attentive and efficient servant, who is more like a friend—"

"I am her daughter, sir."

"But when I tell you she expressly desired that you might not be told—"

"I am not good or patient enough to submit to the prohibition. Besides, I am sure, you are too wise—too experienced to have promised to keep the secret."

"Well," said he, half-smiling, though sadly enough, "there you are right. I did not promise. In fact, I fear, the secret will soon enough be known without my revealing it."

He paused. Margaret went very white, and compressed her lips a little more. Otherwise not a feature moved. With the quick insight into character, without which no medical man can rise to the eminence of Dr. Donaldson, he saw that she would exact the full truth; that she would know if one iota was withheld; and that the withholding would be torture more acute than the knowledge of it. He spoke two short sentences in a low voice, watching her all the time; for the pupils of her eyes dilated into a black horror, and the whiteness of her complexion became livid. He ceased speaking. He waited for that look to go off,—for her gasping breath to come. Then she said:—

"I thank you most truly, sir, for your confidence. That dread has haunted me for many weeks. It is a true, real agony. My poor, poor mother!" her lips began to quiver, and he let her have the relief of tears, sure of her power of self-control to check them.

A few tears—those were all she shed, before she recollected the many questions she longed to ask.

"Will there be much suffering?"

He shook his head. "That we cannot tell. It depends on constitution; on a thousand things. But the late discoveries of medical science have given us large power of alleviation."

"My father!" said Margaret, trembling all over.

"I do not know Mr. Hale. I mean, it is difficult to give advice. But I should say, bear on, with the knowledge you have forced me to give you so abruptly, till the fact which I could not withhold has become in some degree familiar to you, so that you may, without too great an effort, be able to give what comfort you can to your father. Before then,—my visits, which, of course, I shall repeat from time to time, although I fear I can do nothing but alleviate,—a thousand little circumstances, will have occurred to awaken his alarm, to deepen it—so that he will be all the better prepared.—Nay, my dear young lady—nay, my dear—I saw Mr. Thornton, and I honour your father for the sacrifice he has made, however mistaken I

believe him to be.—Well, this once, if it will please you, my dear. Only remember, when I come again, I come as a friend. And you must learn to look upon me as such, because seeing each other—getting to know each other at such times as these, is worth years of morning calls."

Margaret could not speak for crying; but she wrung his hand at parting.

"That's what I call a fine girl!" thought Dr. Donaldson, when he was seated in his carriage, and had time to examine his ringed hand, which had slightly suffered from her pressure. "Who would have thought that little hand could have given such a squeeze? But the bones were well put together, and that gives immense power. What a queen she is! With her head thrown back at first to force me into speaking the truth; and then bent so eagerly forwards to listen. Poor thing! I must see she does not overstrain herself. Though it's astonishing how much those thorough-bred creatures can do and suffer. That girl 's game to the back-bone. Another, who had gone that deadly colour, could never have come round without either fainting or hysterics. But she would not do either—not she! And the very force of her will brought her round. Such a girl as that would win my heart, if I were thirty years younger. It's too late now. Ah! here we are at the Archers'." So out he jumped, with thought, wisdom, experience, sympathy, all prompt and ready to attend to the calls made upon them by this family, just as if there were none other in the world.

Meanwhile, Margaret had returned into her father's study for a moment, to recover strength before going upstairs into her mother's presence.

"Oh, my God, my God! but this is terrible. How shall I bear it? Such a deadly disease! no hope! Oh, mamma, mamma, I wish I had never gone to Aunt Shaw's, and been all those precious years away from you! Poor mamma! how much she must have borne! Oh, I pray thee, my God, that her sufferings may not be too acute, too dreadful. How shall I bear to see them? How can I bear papa's agony? He must not be told yet; not all at once. It would kill him. But I won't lose another moment of my own dear precious mother."

She ran upstairs. Dixon was not in the room. Mrs. Hale lay back in an easy chair, with a soft white shawl wrapped around her, and a becoming cap put on, in expectation of the doctor's visit. Her face had a little faint colour in it, and the very exhaustion after the examination gave it a peaceful look. Margaret was surprised to see her look so calm.

"Why, Margaret, how strange you look! What is the matter?" And then, as the idea stole into her mind of what was indeed the real state of the case, she added, as if a little displeased: "you have not been seeing Dr. Donaldson, and asking him any questions—have you, child?" Margaret did not reply—only looked wistfully towards her. Mrs. Hale became more displeased. "He would not, surely, break his word to me, and"—

"Oh yes, mamma, he did. I made him. It was I—blame me." She knelt down by her mother's side, and caught her hand—she would not let it go, though Mrs. Hale tried to pull it away. She kept kissing it, and the hot tears she shed bathed it.

"Margaret, it was very wrong of you You know I did not wish you to know." But, as if tired with the contest, she left her hand in Margaret's clasp, and by and by she returned the pressure faintly. That encouraged Margaret to speak.

"Oh, mamma! let me be your nurse. I will learn anything Dixon can teach me. But you know I am your child, and I do think I have a right to do everything for you."

"You don't know what you are asking," said Mrs. Hale, with a shudder.

"Yes, I do. I know a great deal more than you are aware of. Let me be your nurse. Let me try, at any rate. No one has ever, shall ever try so hard as I will do. It will be such a comfort, mamma."

"My poor child! Well, you shall try. Do you know, Margaret, Dixon and I thought you would quite shrink from me if you knew—"

"Dixon thought!" said Margaret, her lip curling. "Dixon could not give me credit for enough true love—for as much as herself! She thought, I suppose, that I was one of those poor sickly women who like to lie on rose leaves, and be fanned all day. Don't let Dixon's fancies come any more between you and me, mamma. Don't, please!" implored she.

"Don't be angry with Dixon," said Mrs. Hale, anxiously. Margaret recovered herself.

"No! I won't. I will try and be humble, and learn her ways, if you will only let me do all I can for you. Let me be in the first place, mother—I am greedy of that. I used to fancy you would forget me while I was away at Aunt Shaw's, and cry myself to sleep at nights with that notion in my head."

"And I used to think, how will Margaret bear our makeshift poverty after the thorough comfort and luxury in Harley Street, till I have many a time been more ashamed of your seeing our contrivances at Helstone than of any stranger finding them out."

"Oh, mamma! and I did so enjoy them. They were so much more amusing than all the jog-trot Harley Street ways. The wardrobe shelf with handles, that served as a supper-tray on grand occasions! And the old tea-chests stuffed and covered for ottomans! I think what you call the makeshift contrivances at dear Helstone were a charming part of the life there."

"I shall never see Helstone again, Margaret," said Mrs. Hale, the tears welling up

into her eyes. Margaret could not reply. Mrs. Hale went on. "While I was there I was for ever wanting to leave it. Every place seemed pleasanter. And now I shall die far away from it. I am rightly punished."

"You must not talk so," said Margaret impatiently. "He said you might live for years. Oh, mother! we will have you back at Helstone yet."

"No, never! That I must take as a just penance. But, Margaret—Frederick!"

At the mention of that one word, she suddenly cried out loud, as in some sharp agony. It seemed as if the thought of him upset all her composure, destroyed the calm, overcame the exhaustion. Wild passionate cry succeeded to cry—"Frederick! Frederick! Come to me. I am dying. Little first-born child, come to me once again!"

She was in violent hysterics. Margaret went and called Dixon in terror. Dixon came in a huff, and accused Margaret of having over-excited her mother. Margaret bore all meekly, only trusting that her father might not return. In spite of her alarm, which was even greater than the occasion justified, she obeyed all Dixon's directions promptly and well, without a word of self-justification. By so doing she mollified her accuser. They put her mother to bed, and Margaret sate by her till she fell asleep, and afterwards sate by her till Dixon beckoned her out of the room, and, with a sour face, as if doing something against the grain, she bade her drink a cup of coffee which she had prepared for her in the drawing-room, and stood over her in a commanding attitude as she did so.

"You should not have been so curious, Miss, and then you would not have needed to fret before your time. It would have come soon enough. And now, I suppose, you'll tell master, and a pretty household I shall have of you!"

"No, Dixon," said Margaret, sorrowfully, "I will not tell papa. He could not bear it as I can." And by way of proving how well she bore it, she burst into tears.

"Ay! I knew how it would be. Now you'll waken your mamma, just after she's gone to sleep so quietly. Miss Margaret my dear, I've had to keep it down this many a week; and though I don't pretend I can love her as you do, yet I loved her better than any other man, woman, or child—no one but Master Frederick ever came near her in my mind. Ever since Lady Beresford's maid first took me in to see her dressed out in white crape, and corn-ears, and scarlet poppies, and I ran a needle down into my finger, and broke it in, and she tore up her worked pocket handkerchief after they'd cut it out, and came in to wet the bandages again with lotion when she returned from the ball, where she'd been the prettiest young lady of all, I've never loved any one like her. I little thought then that I should live to see her brought so low. I don't mean no reproach to nobody. Many a one calls you pretty and handsome, and what not. Even in this smoky place, enough to blind one's eyes, the owls can see that. But you'll never be like your mother for beauty—never; not if you live to be a hundred."

"Mamma is very pretty still. Poor mamma!"

"Now don't ye set off again, or I shall give way at last." (whimpering) "You'll never stand master's coming home, and questioning, at this rate. Go out and take a walk, and come in something-like. Many's the time I've longed to walk it off—the thought of what was the matter with her, and how it must all end."

"Oh, Dixon!" said Margaret, "how often I've been cross with you, not knowing what a terrible secret you had to bear!"

"Bless you, child! I like to see you showing a bit of spirit. It's the good old Beresford blood. Why, the last Sir John but two shot his steward down there where he stood, for just telling him that he'd racked the tenants, and he'd racked the tenants till he could get no more money off them than he could get skin off a flint."

"Well, Dixon, I won't shoot you, and I'll try not to be cross again."

"You never have. If I've said it at times, it has always been to myself, just in private, by way of making a little agreeable conversation, for there's no one here fit to talk to. And when you fire up, you're the very image of Master Frederick. I could find in my heart to put you in a passion any day, just to see his stormy look coming like a great cloud over your face. But now you go out, Miss. I'll watch over missus; and as for master, his books are company enough for him if he should come in."

"I will go," said Margaret. She hung about Dixon for a minute or so, as if afraid and irresolute; then suddenly kissing her, she went quickly out of the room.

"Bless her!" said Dixon. "She's as sweet as a nut. There are three people I love: it's missus, Master Frederick, and her. Just them three. That's all. The rest be hanged, for I don't know what they're in the world for. Master was born, I suppose, for to marry missus. If I thought he loved her properly, I might get to love him in time. But he should ha' made a deal more on her, and not been always reading, reading, thinking, thinking. See what it has brought him to! Many a one who never reads nor thinks either, gets to be Rector, and Dean, and what not; and I dare say master might, if he'd just minded missus, and let the weary reading and thinking alone.—There she goes" (looking out of the window as she heard the front door shut). "Poor young lady! her clothes look shabby to what they did when she came to Helstone a year ago. Then she had not so much as a darned stocking or a

cleaned pair of gloves in all her wardrobe. And now—!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MARGARET went out heavily and unwillingly enough. But the length of a street—yes, the air of a Milton street—cheered her young blood before she reached her first turning. Her step grew lighter, her lip redder. She began to take notice, instead of having her thoughts turned so exclusively inward. She saw unusual loiterers in the streets: men with their hands in their pockets sauntering along; loud-laughing and loud-spoken girls clustered together, apparently excited to high spirits, and a boisterous independence of temper and behaviour. The more ill-looking of the men—the discreditable minority—hung about on the steps of the beer-houses and gin-shops, smoking, and commenting pretty freely on every passer-by. Margaret disliked the prospect of the long walk through these streets before she came to the fields which she had planned to reach. Instead, she would go and see Bessy Higgins. It would not be so refreshing as a quiet country walk, but still it would perhaps be doing the kinder thing.

Nicholas Higgins was sitting by the fire smoking, as she went in. Bessy was rocking herself on the other side.

Nicholas took his pipe out of his mouth, and standing up, pushed his chair towards Margaret; he leant against the chimney-piece in a lounging attitude, while she asked Bessy how she was.

"Hoo's rather down i' th' mouth in regard to spirits, but hoo's better in health. Hoo doesn't like this strike. Hoo's a deal too much set on peace and quietness at any price."

"This is th' third strike I've seen," said she, sighing, as if that was answer and explanation enough.

"Well, third time pays for all. See if we don't dang th' masters this time. See if they don't come, and beg us to come back at our own price. That's all. We've missed it afore-time, I grant yo; but this time we'n laid our plans desperate deep."

"Why do you strike?" asked Margaret. "Striking is leaving off work till you get your own rate of wages, is it not? You must not wonder at my ignorance; where I come from I never heard of a strike."

"I wish I were there," said Bessy, wearily. "But it's not for me to get sick and tired o' strikes. This is the last I'll see. Before it's ended I shall be in the Great City—the Holy Jerusalem."

"Hoo's so full of the life to come, hoo cannot think of the present. Now I, yo see, am bound to do the best I can here. I think a bird i' th' hand is worth two i' th' bush. So them's the different views we take on th' strike question."

"But," said Margaret, "if the people struck, as you call it, where I come from, as they are mostly all field-labourers, the seed would not be sown, the hay got in, the corn reaped."

"Well?" said he. He had resumed his pipe, and put his "well" in the form of an interrogation.

"Why," she went on, "what would become of the farmers?"

He puffed away. "I reckon, they'd have either to give up their farms, or to give fair rate of wage."

"Suppose they could not, or would not do the last; they could not give up their farms all in a minute, however much they might wish to do so; but they would have no hay, nor corn to sell that year; and where would the money come from to pay the labourers' wages the next?"

Still puffing away. At last he said:—

"I know nought of your ways down South. I have heerd they're a pack of spiritless, down-trodden men; welly clemmed to death; too much dazed wi' clemming to know when they're put upon. Now, it's not so here. We known when we're put upon; and we'n too much blood in us to stand it. We just take our hands fro' our looms, and say, 'Yo may clem us, but yo'll not put upon us, my masters!' And be danged to 'em, they shan't this time!"

"I wish I lived down South," said Bessy.

"There's a deal to bear there," said Margaret. "There are sorrows to bear everywhere. There is very hard bodily labour to be gone through, with very little food to give strength."

"But it's out of doors," said Bessy. "And away from the endless, endless noise, and sickening heat."

"It's sometimes in heavy rain, and sometimes in bitter cold. A young person can stand it; but an old man gets racked with rheumatism, and bent and withered before his time; yet he must just work on the same, or else go to the workhouse."

"I thought yo were so taken wi' the ways of the South country."

"So I am," said Margaret, smiling a little, as she found herself thus caught. "I only mean, Bessy, there's good and bad in everything in this world; and as you felt the bad up here, I thought it was but fair you should know the bad down there."

"And yo say they never strike down there?" asked Nicholas abruptly.

"No!" said Margaret; "I think they have too much sense."

"An' I think," replied he, dashing the ashes out of his pipe with so much vehemence that it broke, "that it's not that they've too much sense, but that they've too little spirit."

"Oh father!" said Bessy, "what have ye gained by striking? Think of that first strike when mother died—how we all had to clem—you the worst of all; and yet many a one went in every week at the same wage, till all were gone in that there was work for; and some went beggars all their lives at after."

"Ay," said he. "That there strike was badly managed. Folk got into the management of it who were either fools or not true men. Yo'll see it'll be different this time."

"But all this time you've not told me what you're striking for," said Margaret, again.

"Why, yo see, there's five or six masters who have set themselves again paying the wages they've been paying these two years past, and flourishing upon, and getting richer upon. And now they come to us, and say we're to take less. And we won't. We'll just clem to death first; and see who'll work for 'em then. They'll have killed the goose that laid them the golden eggs, I reckon."

"And so you plan dying, in order to be revenged upon them!"

"No," said he, "I dunnot. I just look forward to the chance of dying at my post sooner than yield. That's what folk call fine and honourable in a soldier, and why not in a poor weaver-chap?"

"But," said Margaret, "a soldier dies in the cause of the Nation—in the cause of others."

He laughed grimly. "My lass," said he, "yo're but a young wench, but don't yo think I can keep three people—that's Bessy, and Mary, and me—on sixteen shilling a week? Dun yo think it's for mysel' I'm striking work at this time? It's just as much in the cause of others as yon soldier, only, m'appen, the cause he dies for is just that of somebody he never clapt eyes on, nor heerd on all his born days, while I take up John Boucher's cause, as lives next door but one, wi' a sickly wife, and eight childer, none on 'em factory age; and I don't take up his cause only, though he's a poor good-for-nought, as can only manage two looms at a time, but I take up th' cause o' justice. Why are we to have less wage now, I ask, than two year ago?"

"Don't ask me," said Margaret; "I am very ignorant. Ask some of your masters. Surely they will give you a reason for it. It is not merely an arbitrary decision of theirs, come to without reason."

"Yo're just a foreigner, and nothing more," said he, contemptuously. "Much yo know about it. Ask th' masters! They'd tell us to mind our own business, and they'd mind theirs. Our business being, yo understand, to take the bated wage, and be thankful; and their business to bate us down to clemming point, to swell their profits. That's what it is."

"But," said Margaret, determined not to give way, although she saw she was irritating him, "the state of trade may be such as not to enable them to give you the same remuneration."

"State o' trade! That's just a piece o' masters' humbug. It is rate o' wages I was talking of. Th' masters keep th' state o' trade in their own hands; and just walk it forward like a black bug-a-boo, to frighten naughty children with into being good. I'll tell yo it's their part,—their cue, as some folks call it,—to beat us down, to swell their fortunes; and it's ours to stand up and fight hard,—not for ourselves alone, but for them round about us—for justice and fair play. We help to make their profits, and we ought to help spend 'em. It's not that we want their brass so much this time, as we've done many a time afore. We'n getten money laid by; and we're resolved to stand and fall together; not a man on us will go in for less wage than th' Union says is our due. So I say, 'hooray' for the strike, and let Thornton, and Slickson, and Hamper, and their set look to it!"

"Thornton!" said Margaret. "Mr. Thornton of Marlborough Street?"

"Aye! Thornton o' Marlborough Mill, as we call him."

"He is one of the masters you are striving with, is he not? What sort of a master is he?"

"Did yo ever see a bulldog? Set a bulldog on hind legs, and dress him up in coat and breeches, and yo'n just getten John Thornton."

"Nay," said Margaret, laughing, "I deny that. Mr. Thornton is plain enough, but he's not like a bulldog, with its short broad nose, and snarling upper lip."

"No! not in look, I grant yo. But let John Thornton get hold on a notion, and he'll stick to it like a bulldog; yo might pull him away wi' a pitchfork ere he'd leave go. He's worth fighting wi', is John Thornton. As for Slickson, I take it, some o' these days he'll wheedle his men back wi' fair promises; that they'll just get cheated out of as soon as they're in his power again. He'll work his fines well out on 'em, I'll warrant. He's as slippery as an eel, he is. He's like a cat,—as sleek, and cunning, and fierce. It'll never be an honest up and down fight wi' him, as it will be wi' Thornton. Thornton is as dour as a door-nail; an obstinate chap, every inch on him,—th' oud bulldog!"

"Poor Bessy!" said Margaret, turning round to her. "You sigh over it all. You don't like struggling and fighting as your father does, do you?"

"No!" said she, heavily. "I'm sick on it. I could have wished to have had other talk about me in my latter days, than just the clashing and clanging and clattering that has wearied a' my life long, about work and wages, and masters, and hands, and knobsticks."

"Pooh, wench! latter days be farred! Thou 'rt looking a sight better already for a little stir and change. Beside, I shall be a deal here to make it more lively for thee."

"Tobacco-smoke chokes me!" said she, querulously.

"Then I'll never smoke no more i' th' house!" he replied, tenderly. "But why

didst thou not tell me afore, thou foolish wench?"

She did not speak for a while, and then so low that only Margaret heard her:

"I reckon, he 'll want a' the comfort he can get out o' either pipe or drink afore he's done."

Her father went out of doors, evidently to finish his pipe.

Bessy said passionately,

"Now am not I a fool,—am not I, Miss? there, I knew I ought for to keep father at home, and away fro' the folk that are always ready for to tempt a man in time o' strike to go drink,—and there my tongue must needs quarrel with this pipe o' his'n,—and he 'll go off, I know he will,—as often as he wants to smoke—and nobody knows where it 'll end. I wish I 'd letten myself be choked first."

"But does your father drink?" asked Margaret.

"No—not to say drink," replied she, still in the same wild excited tone. "But what win ye have? There are days wi' you, as wi' other folk, I suppose, when yo get up and go through th' hours, just longing for a bit of a change—a bit of a fillip, as it were. I know I ha' gone and bought a four-pounder out o' another baker's shop to common on such days, just because I sickened at the thought of going on for ever wi' the same sight in my eyes, and the same sound in my ears, and the same taste i' my mouth, and the same thought (or no thought, for that matter) in my head, day after day, for ever. I've longed for to be a man to go spreeing, even if it were only a tramp to some new place in search o' work. And father—all men—have it stronger in 'em than me to get tired o' sameness and work for ever. And what is 'em to do? It's little blame to them if they do go into th' gin-shop for to make their blood flow quicker, and more lively, and see things they never see at no other time—pictures, and looking-glass, and such like. But father never was a drunkard, though maybe, he's got worse for drink, now and then. Only yo see," and now her voice took a mournful, pleading tone, "at times o' strike there's much to knock a man down, for all they start so hopefully; and where's the comfort to come fro'? He'll get angry and mad—they all do—and then they get tired out wi' being angry and mad, and maybe ha' done things in their passion they'd be glad to forget. Bless yo'r sweet pitiful face! but yo dunnot know what a strike is yet."

"Come, Bessy," said Margaret, "I won't say you're exaggerating, because I don't know enough about it; but, perhaps, as you're not well, you're only looking on one side, and there is another and a brighter to be looked to."

"It's all well enough for yo to say so, who have lived in pleasant green places all your life long, and never known want or care, or wickedness either, for that matter."

"Take care," said Margaret, her cheek flushing, and her eye lightening, "how you judge, Bessy. I shall go home to my mother, who is so ill—so ill, Bessy, that there's no outlet but death for her out of the prison of her great suffering; and yet I must speak cheerfully to my father, who has no notion of her real state, and to whom the knowledge must come gradually. The only person—the only one who could sympathise with me and help me—whose presence could comfort my mother more than any other earthly thing—is falsely accused—would run the risk of death if he came to see his dying mother. This I tell you—only you, Bessy. You must not mention it. No other person in Milton—hardly any other person in England knows. Have I not care? Do I not know anxiety, though I go about well-dressed, and have food enough? Oh, Bessy, God is just, and our lots are well portioned out by Him, although none but He knows the bitterness of our souls."

"I ask your pardon," replied Bessy, humbly. "Sometimes, when I've thought o' my life, and the little pleasure I've had in it, I've believed that maybe I was one of those doomed to die by the falling of a star from heaven: 'And the name of the star is called wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.' One can bear pain and sorrow better if one thinks it has been prophesied long before for one: somehow, then it seems as if my pain was needed for the fulfilment; otherways it seems all sent for nothing."

"Nay, Bessy—think!" said Margaret. "God does not willingly afflict. Don't dwell so much on the prophecies, but read the clearer parts of the Bible."

"I dare say it would be wiser; but where would I hear such grand words of promise—hear tell o' anything so far different fro' this dreary world, and this town above a', as in Revelations? Many's the time I have repeated the verses in the seventh chapter to myself, just for the sound. It's as good as an organ, and as different from every day, too. No, I cannot give up Revelations. It gives me more comfort than any other book i' the Bible."

"Let me come and read you some of my favourite chapters."

"Ay," said she, greedily, "come. Father will maybe hear yo. He's deaved wi' my talking; he says its all nought to do with the things o' to-day, and that's his business."

"Where is your sister?"

"Gone fustian-cutting. I were loath to let her go; but somehow we must live; and th' Union can't afford us much."

"Now I must go. You have done me good, Bessy."

"I done you good!"

"Yes. I came here very sad, and rather too apt to think my own cause for grief was

the only one in the world. And now I hear how you have had to bear for years, and that makes me stronger."

"Bless yo! I thought a' the good-doing was on the side of gentlefolk. I shall get proud if I think I can do good to yo."

"You won't do it if you think about it. But you'll only puzzle yourself if you do, that's one comfort."

"Yo're not like no one I ever seed. I dunno what to make of yo."

"Nor I of myself. Good bye!"

Bessy stilled her rocking to gaze after her.

"I wonder if there are many folk like her down South. She's like a breath of country air, somehow. She freshens me up above a bit. Who'd ha' thought that face—as bright and as strong as the angel I dream of—could have known the sorrow she speaks on. I wonder how she'll sin. All on us must sin. I think a deal on her, for sure. But father does the like, I see. And Mary even. It's not often hoo's stirred up to notice much."

AN IMAGINARY VOYAGE.

Friederich von Raumer, the pleasantest of historians, has invented, or rather appropriated to himself, the pleasantest mode of travelling. He has performed the tour of South America, without crossing the threshold of his own study, and he has made such a number of observations in the course of his adventures, that he has deemed a full account of his travels well worthy of publication, in the Historical Pocket-book (Historisches Taschenbuch) of which he is the editor. The fact is, he has travelled through his library, and, by a perusal of the most modern works on the Southern Peninsula of the Western World, has so realised the country to himself, that his remarks touch the most minute particulars, and include the most individual sensations. He does not take a hurried view; but he even pauses to hear what songs are singing in the streets, and drops into the theatres to ascertain whether they are well attended.

Our imaginary traveller found the passage across the Atlantic tedious, and shrewdly observes that the sublimity of the sea is most conveniently lauded by him who is on dry land. Some of his fancied fellow-passengers were so violently sea-sick that they were not amused by the usual pleasantries of crossing the line, while others had no recreation save the very "slow" one of watching the water to see if the fish put up their heads. For the stars nobody cared much,—but the news that Rio de Janeiro was close at hand caused general joy.

The delight, however, received a check from a calm, which rendered the vessel unmanageable, and a thick mist which shut out the prospect. At last this foggy curtain, shaken by the wind, was dispersed; part of it blowing upwards, part downwards, so as to disclose the loveliest sight in the world. There were islands covered with woods, among which countless ships were sailing; there were hills and mountains of the most various shapes and sizes; and in the foreground there was Rio de Janeiro itself, with its churches and stately edifices.

The interior of the town, however, disappointed our adventurous voyager, for the unpaved streets hurt his feet, and the atmosphere offended his nose, as he sniffed it through his books. Moreover, the weather was hot, mosquitos were abundant, and many houses had actually wooden lattices instead of glass-panes. The rows of negroes who, chained together, were employed on the public works, did not increase the hilarity of the scene; and though the traveller's national feeling might have been pleased to see a body of negro soldiers march to the Hunting Chorus in Der Freischütz, his Prussian notions of discipline were shocked by observing many sentinels smoking at their post. On the whole, he thought the ecclesiastical far better managed than the military processions. Pretty-looking girls, equipped with wings on their shoulders and high-heeled shoes, to represent angels, struck him as pleasing objects; although the innumerable parrots which flew above their heads blended but discordantly with the church-music.

In the evening our traveller regaled himself by a visit to the theatre, which is liberally supported by the government. He heard Rossini's Italiana in Algieri very respectably performed; although the prompter was little too loud, and the tallow-candles used for lighting the house ill accorded with European notions of refinement. The audience was better behaved than the theatrical audiences in London, where Herr von Raumer has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears.

Rio de Janeiro presented a singular mixture of costumes; some of the young sparks aiming at the fashion of modern Europe, while old folks stalked about dressed as courtiers of the time of Louis Quinze. As for the ladies, they puzzled him—in other words, the contradictory accounts in his books checked the creative power of his imagination, and he did not know whether to set them down as prematurely old and ugly, or as models of feminine beauty. At all events, it seems they are handsome enough to induce the Lotharios of Rio de Janeiro to wear amulets of magnetic iron as an expedient for winning their good graces.

Weary of Rio de Janeiro, Herr von Raumer jumped into a merchant-ship—(in other words, walked to another shelf of his library)—and sailed off for Buenos Ayres. Here the bay—which is formed by the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and the width of which is twice as great as the distance from Dover to Calais—excited his

admiration. Nevertheless his landing was attended with inconveniences. The mud which accumulates at the mouth of every large river was abundant at Buenos Ayres, and prevented the ships from coming to the shore. Hence both man and goods were disembarked in clumsy carts, which were pushed along by horses fastened behind.

Save in dirt and the absence of paving, Buenos Ayres is very different from Rio de Janeiro, lying as it does in a plain surrounded by broad prairies. The roofs of the houses are flat, stoves are almost unknown, although they would not be altogether superfluous, and the only chimneys rise from the kitchens. Ox-hides are the staple article of export; but of late years more attention has been paid than formerly to the breeding of sheep. So little was mutton appreciated in the olden times, that it was dried in the sun, and used for —fuel. In the markets of Buenos Ayres our traveller fancied he bought things good and cheap, though the dirty manner in which they were laid on the ground was uninviting. The produce of the rural districts was usually sold by equestrian venders; and Herr von Raumer saw in his travelling dream an object which is usually supposed to have only a figurative existence—he saw a beggar on horseback. The houses are pleasant enough, being well provided with courts and gardens, and the absence of glass from the windows, far from being a sign of wretchedness favoured ventilation. At the same time, it had given rise to an ingenious class of thieves, who, by means of long poles armed with hooks, contrived to remove articles of value through the lattice.

Dinner-time at Buenos Ayres is usually between one and two in the afternoon. The inhabitants are carnivorous animals, eating scarcely any vegetables, very little bread, and not much fish. The siesta follows dinner, and church sometimes follows the siesta. Tea has been introduced into some societies; but the national tea is still the bitterish beverage called maté, which is handed about in a huge vessel, from which all the guests suck the contents through the same tube. The English, alas! are making inroads in this primitive mode of enjoyment, and in higher circles people are beginning to abandon the common tube, in spite of its sociality.

At Buenos Ayres, as at Rio de Janeiro, the ladies perplexed Herr von Raumer; though the difficulty was decreased by the fact that they showed themselves more in society. Nevertheless, through the fog of conflicting evidence he could perceive that the ladies of Buenos Ayres were fond of music and dancing, and their habit of singing through the nose did not escape his delicate ear. Novel, too, was the effect when the ladies, as they approached a gentleman in a dance, sang a song in which they accosted the happy individual as "Mi cielito," or My little heaven.

Having satisfied himself with Buenos Ayres, our learned historian now resolved to visit Chile, but could not at first make up his mind whether he should go across the country, or sail round Cape Horn. At last the sage reflection that more is learned by land than by sea, determined him in favour of the former course, though he was perfectly aware of the difficulties he might incur in the Pampas. Is not this circumspection on the part of a voyager who merely travels from book to book, perfectly delightful?

The land journey then is chosen; but then what sort of a land journey shall it be? The post-coach, to be sure, goes four times a month to Mendoza, but then it is very slow and very inconvenient. On the other hand, by accompanying those centaurs of South America, the Gauchos, one can perform the same journey within two days; but then one runs the risk of breaking one's neck; and if that misfortune be escaped, one is pretty certain to keep one's bed for several days from the exertion. A middle course was adopted, and a vehicle was hired which could reach Mendoza in some fifteen or eighteen days. Vehicles of this sort are drawn by a great number of oxen, yoked very wide apart, that they may cross difficult places with the least possible impediment. One driver, who may be called the coachman, sits on the cart, armed with a switch thirty feet long; another sits on one of the oxen belonging to the second pair, and a third rides by the side. The creaking of the wheels, which are never greased, offended Herr von Raumer's ears; but the drivers assured him that the noise was considered most delightful music by—the oxen. In spite of all these inconveniences, our daring adventurer found it very amusing to converse with the Gauchos, and hear them talk of their fights with the Indians, who still maintained their independence and were still formidable.

If any one not too familiar with the country will just turn to a map of South America, he will find that the journey performed in an ox-cart, even by the imagination of Herr von Raumer, was no trifle. From Cape St. Antonio to the foot of the Cordilleras, and from Sante Fé (north) to the Rio Colorado (south), is an immense plain which is often destitute of water. The grass here tall and luxuriant, there dried up by the sun, is peopled by the innumerable mosquitos—a perpetual nuisance. Through these plains or Pampas oxen once roved at perfect liberty; but, since the revolution they have risen in value, and now there is not an animal without its lawful owner. Bread is unknown to the inhabitants of the Pampas; and salt, though known well enough, is detested by the ladies of the place, for the very feminine reason that it makes them old before their time.

The only place that relieved the monotony of the journey was the wretched little town of St. Luis, which offers no temptation to

delay, and our traveller was delighted enough to find himself at Mendoza, on the frontier of Chile. This is a well-built city, with streets crossing each other at right angles, as in most of the Spanish towns. It is by no means oppressively hot, as it stands four thousand eight hundred feet above the surface of the sea, and is cooled by the breezes that come down from the Cordilleras. The women are well dressed; and though education, even in the higher circles, does not always comprise the art of writing, life goes on merrily. There is abundance of dancing; dinners are good, and toasts are patriotic. However, the worst bit of the journey was yet to come; the Cordilleras were to be crossed, and it was necessary to make haste; since as the season advances the dangers and difficulties of the passage greatly increase, as is most distinctly shown by the scale of prices. In summer it costs something like five or seven pounds sterling to cross these famous mountains; in winter the price rises to seventy pounds.

Of the various passes, the pass of Uspalata, which is the most frequented, was chosen, and off set Herr von Raumer and his fellow-travellers on mules, preceded by one of these animals, who with a bell attached to him officiated as guide. The first day's journey from Mendoza was simply dull, lying through stones and sand; but, on the second day, dangers and sublimities began: ice and snow, and waterfalls, and thunder and lightning, and huge condors measuring fifteen feet across their outstretched wings, came in rapid succession. A pathetic incident too occurred by the way. One of the drivers found the remains of a brother, who had been devoured by wild beasts. So little of him was left, that the mourner carried away all the beloved relics in his pocket-handkerchief. The cold all this time was so intense, that Herr von Raumer could even feel it in his nipped face, and it pinched his fingers.

The downward journey, though difficult, was still enlivened by the re-appearance of vegetation, and the gradual disappearance of snow. The road, too, was less lonely, and when our traveller had reached San Felipe he was regaled by the sight of some Chilian ladies riding on horseback, in the position here taken by gentlemen only. An imaginary Englishman, who accompanied Herr von Raumer, was shocked by this posture, and also by the presence of cigars in the mouths of the fair equestrians; but the historical professor himself was manifestly delighted by the little feet and silver spurs of the ladies, and by the gaiety of their dresses, which included all the colours of the rainbow.

The republic of Chile, which our traveller entered by crossing the Cordilleras, is remarkable for the fixity of its boundaries. On the east are the Cordilleras, only to be crossed by adventurous travellers; on the north there is the great desert of Atacama, which cuts it off from Peru, and at the south point it touches the uncivilised Patagonians. Nature seems to have said to Chile in express terms, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Although the Cordilleras come to a sudden termination on the western side, there are mountains, which, extending to the sea, are a great impediment to agriculture; and, in former times, there was another impediment in the shape of the truck system, the large landed proprietors usually selling the necessaries of life to their vassals; so that the latter were nearly always in debt. This system has been brought to an end by the division of land, which was formerly prohibited by law. Rain is said to fall only on twenty days throughout the year; but, such is its violence, that it is said as much water falls annually in Chile as in England. The sowing season is June, and harvest is in December. More wheat is grown than either maize or barley, and there is a sort of bean, which is put to much the same use as the potato in Europe.

St. Jago, which is the largest city in Chile, makes, upon the whole, a favourable impression. The climate reminded the voyager of that of Sicily, and from the chief promenade of the town, the Alameda, he could enjoy a magnificent prospect of the Cordilleras. Moreover, the streets are better paved than in Buenos Ayres, and there is abundance of pure water. To the houses of the richer classes, which, though simple and low-pitched, are extremely neat, the abodes of the poor stand in unfavourable contrast; being mere wooden huts, in which, as in the Pampas, a suspended hide is often the apology for a door, while there is only one bed, which descends from father to son, as an heir-loom.

The ladies of Chile Herr von Raumer could better realise to himself than those of the other South American countries. He did not find many perfect beauties, but pretty vivacious faces were in plenty; and, although there was not much reading, there was a great deal of music and dancing, elder sisters usually acting as preceptresses to the younger branches. The dances were frequently accompanied by songs, after the fashion of Buenos Ayres, and these generally set forth a lover's quarrel and reconciliation, ending with the very naïve question, "When will the wedding come?" All this was pleasant enough; but the practice of making large presents to a fiancée, of which her mother fixes the value, was deemed by the historical professor prosaic and indelicate. Neither did he believe that the gentlemen of Chile were much more literary than the ladies; for, in one of his imaginary visits to the public library, the first book that fell into his hands was a theological dissertation on the lawfulness of drinking chocolate on a fast day.

As the etymological skill of Herr von Raumer had informed him that Valparaiso signified the Valley of Paradise, he felt somewhat disappointed when his imagination,

having quitted St. Jago, settled itself on the second city of Chile. He found that it chiefly consisted of one long street, which was intolerably hot in summer, and had been much damaged by earthquakes. There was, however, a pleasant promenade, like the Alameda at St. Jago, and Herr von Raumer loved now and then to look upon the port, making the observation that the trade of Chile is mostly in the hands of the English.

After a short visit to Concepcion, and another to Valdisia, Herr von Raumer proceeded by water to Callao, the port of Lima, where he expected much, but found only dirt. However, as he went along the road from Callao to Lima, he was amused by the motley spectacle. Mules adorned with bells and feathers carried all sorts of wares for sale; and the drivers, white, black, and brown, sought to attract the attention of the multitude. Presently, too, the city of Lima rose in the distance, and looked very imposing, with three gates, like triumphal arches, in front, and the towering mountains in the background. But when the professor heard that in eighteen hundred and twenty-five one of the gates had been adorned with an inscription in honour of Bolivar, that in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven this had been obliterated, and that another in honour of La Mar had been put in its place; and further, that in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine this second inscription had likewise been stopped out,—when he heard all this, we say, the good professor could not help sighing on the uncertainty of human affairs.

If Callao was dirty, Lima was cleaner than most of the South American cities, though less clean than the towns of Holland. Pure spring water flowed through well-paved streets; the grand square was not only remarkable for the cathedral and the president's palace, but it had also a fountain in the middle, and there was an agreeable Alameda, shaded with trees, and provided with stone benches.

The priests appeared to have more influence in Peru than the other South American states, though several blows had been struck at their power since the revolution. Nevertheless, the enjoyment of life did not seem to be impeded by any inconvenient rigidity. The professor found the eating particularly good, and admired the costly silver services in the houses of the wealthier citizens. Ice was always to be had, as the company which enjoyed the monopoly of supply was immediately to forfeit its privilege in the event of a deficiency. Bull fights, cock fights, music, and dancing, formed the rougher and softer sports of the citizens of Lima. The theatre was in a very imperfect condition, its excessive dirt being only concealed by the badness of the lighting, and the prohibition against smoking between the acts being utterly set at defiance by the independent Peruvians.

Having seen so much, the worthy professor began to think of returning homewards. He assures us that on the present occasion he could not visit New Grenada and Venezuela, for many reasons,—though whether these reasons consisted in a deficiency of books, or in certain flaggings of the imagination, weary after so much exertion, we do not know. In spite of numerous warnings to the contrary, he crossed the peninsula from Truxillo, on the coast of the South Pacific, to Para, on the coast of the Atlantic, performing the greater part of the voyage on the river Amazon, with the wonders of which he was so struck, that his graphic power left him altogether, and we therefore take the liberty of leaving him too, hoping that our readers will sufficiently admire this ingenious method of getting up a grand dioramic exhibition without a picture.

THE GAME SEASON AT SPÜRT.

For the instruction of those who have never speculated upon cards at continental gaming tables, I will expound how gentlemen and ladies win and lose their money in the fashionable little town of Spürt.

The Administration de Jeu of Spürt is composed of one or two individuals—themselves considerable shareholders in the bank, who are appointed by the other proprietors to manage the affairs of the company during the season. In payment for the trouble they are at, they deduct for themselves a fixed percentage from the net gains of the society during the whole summer. The chief manager is allowed in this way seven per cent, and that yields him a very handsome income. The actions, or shares, of the company forming the bank at Spürt are chiefly held by persons resident in the town or in its neighbourhood; they are taken also by a few of those who are entitled, by a long connection with the tables, to buy shares whenever they chance to be in the market—that is, very seldom. Shares are refused always to strangers, the profits of the gambling business being, on the whole, preserved as a snug little monopoly for the benefit of the original shareholders and their descendants.

The revenues of the Gaming Society of Spürt are drawn from a pair of tables. At one of these a game called trente et quarante (thirty and forty) is played every day, Sundays included, during three separate periods. At the second table the roulette wheel is kept turning from twelve o'clock in the day until half-past eleven at night. The room in which these games are carried on is fitted up with sofas and chairs, gorgeous with crimson velvet, and a table or two, indifferently supplied with English and foreign newspapers. The supply is bad because the administration at Spürt is not famous for its liberality. As trente et quarante (sometimes called rouge et noir, although it differs from that game in several particulars) is supposed to be a game superior in rank to roulette, the croupiers of

the one regarding the croupiers of the other as men quite of an inferior class, I will give precedence to trente et quarante in this narrative. I sit down on a sofa ten minutes before the hour at which that game commences in the evening, and observe what follows.

Firstly, there enters, in the livery of the administration, a servant, carrying with difficulty—for it is very heavy—a square, brass-bound, mahogany box, secured with three locks. The box looks like a large and rather shabby dressing-case. It contains money. Closely following the box there marches in a little man, jovial of aspect, respectably dressed in black, with his neck slightly bowed as if under the weight of his great watch chain: this is the cashier. The three locks having been unfastened, and the contents of the box poured out upon the table, the treasurer proceeds, with a dexterity of fingers only to be acquired by long familiarity with rouleaus and pieces of five francs, to arrange the bank in a form admirably calculated for the easy reckoning of the amount by the gaming-master. That individual, who next makes his appearance, runs rapidly over the heavy squares of five-franc pieces, detached divisions of rouleaus, and reserve battalions of bank-notes, touching each separate mass as he counts it with a precision truly extraordinary. This important review over, the whole disposable force is rearranged, in the manner most convenient for disbursing, in front of the four places occupied by the croupiers. The four croupiers then sit down, each brandishing his rake, and several plain, white-backed packs of cards made into one large pack, are placed before them. So they sit, like four black spiders in the middle of a large green web, quietly waiting for the flies to come to them.

It is worthy of remark, that hardly any of the players come to the table thus spread for them with anything like an air of determination to engage in play. They generally lounge towards it in a state of abstraction and then, after staring vacantly about them for a few seconds, drop into a seat, as if with a complete unconsciousness of what they are about. When once seated, however, their hesitation usually vanishes, and they arrange their cards for pricking the different events of red and black in a business-like way. Everything being settled, the senior croupier, or, as he is commonly called, the dealer, after offering the entire mass of cards to be cut by some one of the players—generally a lady, if there is one seated at the table—proceeds to deal two lines of cards upon a prepared leather surface just before him. The first line is dealt for the black, and the second for the red.

The object sought is, in each colour, a chance succession of cards making as near thirty, but over it, as possible. Thus, if the first line of cards, which are, irrespective of their individual colour, dealt to represent the colour black, should consist of three tens and an ace, three court cards and an ace, or any other combination of numbers that together make up the sum of thirty-one, the black will assuredly win; unless the second line of cards, dealt to represent the colour red, should be composed also of thirty-one points; in which case, the coup, or event, becomes what is called a trente et un après—or thirty-one repeated. Now, this is the particular event fixed upon by the proprietors of the bank as that which shall afford them the advantage they take over the players to ensure their profit in the undertaking. This advantage is as follows: on the occasion of trente et un après, no money previously staked upon the table can be withdrawn by a player without the permission of the bank, the price of which favour is half the amount staked, whatever it may be. Should the player not choose to divide his stake with the bank, it is what is termed imprisoned until after the next deal, when the money upon the winning colour is not paid as it would be under ordinary circumstances, but merely set free, so that the owners are at liberty to take it if they please; whilst, on the other hand, the money staked upon the other colour is all taken by the bank. This advantage of picking up gains on one side without being responsible for losses on the other, is calculated to be worth to the bank half the amount of all money staked at the moment when a trente et un après occurs.

At the first glance it would appear that the circumstance of both lines of cards forming each thirty-one at the same deal, could not frequently occur: experience, however, proves that the average frequency of its occurrence is about once in every thirty-eight deals. Now, the game of trente et quarante is played at three separate times or sittings every day, for a period of two hours at each sitting. There are four packs dealt every hour, and twenty-nine deals in each pack. Thus, during every two hours of play, trente et un après occurs, on the average, six times, or eighteen times a-day. So many times a-day the bank picks up without risk half the money staked upon the table. It has also, generally, a more than equal chance of beating its antagonists on the ordinary events of the game, by virtue of its superior nonchalance, experience, and capital. One of the greatest advantages possessed by the bank over ordinary players, consists in the unmoved placidity with which it wins or loses. The croupiers, being simply paid servants of the company, and having very little or no personal interest in the result of each deal—though at Spürt it is whispered to the contrary—perform their duty of paying and receiving with the utmost unconcern; in fact, as nearly after the manner of automatons as possible.

The bank at Spürt is not courageous.

When a heavy player arrives in the town its uneasiness becomes excessive. A short time since, just before the commencement of the evening séance of trente et quarante, H.R.H. the Prince of Fatino, celebrated for the breaking of banks, made his unexpected appearance in the room, and caused a consternation ludicrous to behold among the gentlemen of the administration. The Prince of Fatino has an unpleasant way with him—a bullying confidence in his own fortune, trying to the nerves of every antagonist. He seats himself directly over against the croupier, who deals, and with his massive head, massive person, and massive hands, clenched always upon the table before him, looks impregnable. After winning a few deals, he generally offers to play the bank for any amount it may choose to stake against him—an offer most respectfully declined, with the excuse that the Society of Spürt strictly confines itself to the fixed limit of three thousand francs—one hundred and twenty pounds.

Roulette, I before said, ranks as a minor game; why so, it is hard to tell, inasmuch as most people prefer it, and the advantage taken by the bank is even greater than at trente et quarante. The roulette-table consists of thirty-six numbers, namely, the numbers from one to thirty-six inclusive, and two zeros, which two zeros are the portion of the bank. One half of the numbers including a zero are red, and the other half black. The bank not only has a grand advantage when each zero wins, but when a player wins upon a single number he is paid only thirty-five times his original stake, although the odds against him are of course thirty-seven to one; if he wins on six numbers he only receives five times his stake, instead of five and a third; if upon twelve numbers, only double, instead of twice and a sixth. Thus the pickings of the bank at roulette are greater and more constant than at trente et quarante, —in fact on the colours alone nearly double; and this is the reason why roulette is played for twelve hours during the day, whilst six only are allowed to its more aristocratic neighbour. The number of deals—I call always a coup a deal—played at roulette average about one hundred and ten per hour.

The duties of a croupier at the latter game are exceedingly fatiguing, no less than twelve croupiers being required for the service of one table during the day. Of these twelve six are always in the room, although four only officiate at the same time. They are most of them small tradesmen of the town, and each receives ten francs a day, for his service of six hours. I told one of them that the duty he was then engaged in must sensibly affect the custom of his shop, because, when people lose their money at roulette, they usually stint their tradespeople; he replied "Very true, monsieur, but one cannot win at both ends, and this money at least is certain."

Whilst standing near the table a short time since, I overheard a young Frenchman giving advice to a newly-arrived friend, concerning the manner in which he should play. "Mon cher," said he, "I begin by winning three hundred francs of the bank's money, and then," &c., proceeding to give him instructions as to playing some system that required that capital to commence with; but forgetting to tell him the most important part, namely, how to win the three hundred francs. Soon afterwards I observed the friend leaving the room in a very crestfallen manner, evidently not having known how to begin.

Curious instances of the irregularity of chance are constantly occurring. Not unfrequently the same number will win five or six times in succession, to the exclusion of the remaining thirty-seven; twelve numbers win twelve or thirteen times in succession, to the exclusion of the remaining twenty-six; whilst red or black may win seventeen or eighteen times, one to the exclusion of the other, although the chances of each are obviously equal.

It is somewhat remarkable that generally speaking, where so much money is won and lost, no distressing scenes take place in the rooms; the players win and lose with an absence of expressed emotion very marvellous. One of the most curious features in the life of towns like Spürt, is the existence of professional players,—professors of gaming. These men, commonly the dirtiest and shabbiest-looking members of the community, have entire faith in their own ways of playing, and are convinced that nothing but the want of capital prevents them from making a large fortune at the tables. Sometimes they sell systems, or martingales, to new-comers, and will even play, themselves, for a consideration, with the capital of other men. A play of that kind never lasts more than three days; the capital becomes, of course, the property of the bank; and that happens, of course owing to the occurrence of some event which the professor declares never occurred before within the memory of man.

The yearly profits of the Gaming Society of Spürt average about eighteen thousand pounds, one half of which is taken by the government. From the total amount, however, twelve per cent is deducted for the town charities.

The cost of a share in the society is a thousand francs, and the dividend is usually about twenty-six per cent. That, in the eyes of the townspeople of Spürt, is the moral of the whole affair.

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OUR FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

HAVING earned, by many years of fidelity, the right to be sometimes inconstant to our English watering-place already extolled in these pages, we have dallied for two or three seasons with a French watering-place: once solely known to us as a town with a very long street, beginning with an abattoir and ending with a steamboat, which it seemed our fate to behold only at daybreak on winter mornings, when (in the days before continental railroads), just sufficiently awake to know that we were most uncomfortably asleep, it was our destiny always to clatter through it, in the coupé of the diligence from Paris, with a sea of mud behind us, and a sea of tumbling waves before. In relation to which latter monster, our mind's eye now recals a worthy Frenchman in a seal-skin cap with a braided hood over it, once our travelling companion in the coupé aforesaid, who, waking up with a pale and crumpled visage, and looking ruefully out at the grim row of breakers enjoying themselves fanatically on an instrument of torture called "the Bar," inquired of us whether we were ever sick at sea? Both to prepare his mind for the abject creature we were presently to become, and also to afford him consolation, we replied, "Sir, your servant is always sick when it is possible to be so." He returned, altogether uncheered by the bright example, "Ah, Heaven, but I am always sick, even when it is *im*possible to be so."

The means of communication between the French capital and our French watering-place are wholly changed since those days; but, the Channel remains unbridged as yet, and the old floundering and knocking about go on there. It must be confessed that saving in reasonable (and therefore rare) sea-weather, the act of arrival at our French watering-place from England is difficult to be achieved with dignity. Several little circumstances combine to render the visitor an object of humiliation. In the first place, the steamer no sooner touches the port, than all the passengers fall into captivity: being boarded by an overpowering force of Custom-house officers, and marched into a gloomy dungeon. In the second place, the road to this dungeon is fenced off with ropes breast-high, and outside those ropes all the English in the place who have lately been sea-sick and are now well, assemble in their best clothes to enjoy the degradation of their dilapidated fellow-creatures. "Oh, my gracious! how ill this one has been!" "Here's a damp one coming next!" "*Here's* a pale one!" "Oh! Aint he green in the face, this next one!" Even we ourself (not deficient in natural dignity) have a lively remembrance of staggering up this detested lane one September day in a gale of wind, when we were received like an irresistible comic actor, with a burst of laughter and applause, occasioned by the extreme imbecility of our legs.

We were coming to the third place. In the third place, the captives, being shut up in the gloomy dungeon, are strained, two or three at a time, into an inner cell, to be examined as to passports; and across the doorway of communication, stands a military creature making a bar of his arm. Two ideas are generally present to the British mind during these ceremonies; first, that it is necessary to make for the cell with violent struggles, as if it were a life-boat and the dungeon a ship going down; secondly, that the military creature's arm is a national affront, which the government at home ought instantly to "take up." The British mind and body becoming heated by these fantasies, delirious answers are made to inquiries, and extravagant actions performed. Thus, Johnson persists in giving Johnson as his baptismal name, and substituting for his ancestral designation the national "Dam!" Neither can he by any means be brought to recognise the distinction between a portmanteau-key and a passport, but will obstinately persevere in tendering the one when asked for the other. This brings him to the fourth place, in a state of mere idiotcy; and when he is, in the fourth place, cast out at a little door into a howling wilderness of touters, he becomes a lunatic with wild eyes and floating hair until rescued and soothed. If friendless and unrescued, he is generally put into a railway omnibus and taken to Paris.

But, our French watering-place when it is once got into, is a very enjoyable place. It

has a varied and beautiful country around it and many characteristic and agreeable things within it. To be sure, it might have fewer bad smells and less decaying refuse, and it might be better drained, and much cleaner in many parts, and therefore infinitely more healthy. Still, it is a bright, airy, pleasant, cheerful town; and if you were to walk down either of its three well-paved main streets, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, when delicate odours of cookery fill the air, and its hotel-windows (it is full of hotels) give glimpses of long tables set out for dinner, and made to look sumptuous by the aid of napkins folded fan-wise, you would rightly judge it to be an uncommonly good town to eat and drink in.

We have an old walled town, rich in cool public wells of water, on the top of a hill within and above the present business-town; and if it were some hundreds of miles further from England, instead of being, on a clear day, within sight of the grass growing in the crevices of the chalk-cliffs of Dover, you would long ago have been bored to death about that town. It is more picturesque and quaint than half the innocent places which tourists, following their leader like sheep, have made impostors of. To say nothing of its houses with grave courtyards, its queer by-corners, and its many-windowed streets white and quiet in the sunlight, there is an ancient belfry in it that would have been in all the Annuals and Albums, going and gone, these hundred years, if it had but been more expensive to get at. Happily it has escaped so well, being only in our French watering-place, that you may like it of your own accord in a natural manner, without being required to go into convulsions about it. We regard it as one of the later blessings of our life, that BILKINS, the only authority on Taste, never took any notice that we can find out, of our French watering place. Bilkins never wrote about it, never pointed out anything to be seen in it, never measured anything in it, always left it alone. For which relief, Heaven bless the town and the memory of the immortal Bilkins likewise!

There is a charming walk, arched and shaded by trees, on the old walls that form the four sides of this High Town, whence you get glimpses of the streets below, and changing views of the other town and of the river, and of the hills and of the sea. It is made more agreeable and peculiar by some of the solemn houses that are rooted in the deep streets below, bursting into a fresher existence a-top, and having doors and windows, and even gardens, on these ramparts. A child going in at the courtyard gate of one of these houses, climbing up the many stairs, and coming out at the fourth-floor window, might conceive himself another Jack, alighting on enchanted ground from another beanstalk. It is a place wonderfully populous in children; English children, with governesses reading novels as they walk down the shady lanes of trees, or nursemaids interchanging gossip on the seats; French children with their smiling bonnes in snow-white caps, and themselves—if little boys—in straw headgear like bee-hives, work-baskets, and church-hassocks. Three years ago, there were three weazen old men, one bearing a frayed red ribbon in his threadbare button-hole, always to be found walking together among these children, before dinner-time. If they walked for an appetite, they doubtless lived en pension—were contracted for—otherwise their poverty would have made it a rash action. They were stooping, blear-eyed, dull old men, slip-shod and shabby, in long-skirted short-waisted coats and meagre trowsers, and yet with a ghost of gentility hovering in their company. They spoke little to each other, and looked as if they might have been politically discontented if they had had vitality enough. Once, we overheard red-ribbon feebly complain to the other two that somebody, or something, was "a Robber"; and then they all three set their mouths so that they would have ground their teeth if they had had any. The ensuing winter gathered red-ribbon unto the great company of faded ribbons, and next year the remaining two were there—getting themselves entangled with hoops and dolls — familiar mysteries to the children—probably in the eyes of most of them, harmless creatures who had never been like children, and whom children could never be like. Another winter came, and another old man went, and so, this present year, the last of the triumvirate left off walking—it was no good, now—and sits by himself on a little solitary bench, with [illegible] immunity of playing and the dolls as lively as ever, all about him.

In the Place d'Armes of this town, a little decayed market is held, which seems to slip through the old gateway, like water, and go rippling down the hill, to mingle with the murmuring market in the lower town, and get lost in its movement and bustle. It is very agreeable on an idle summer morning to pursue this market-stream from the hill-top. It begins dozingly and dully, with a few sacks of corn; starts into a surprising collection of boots and shoes; goes brawling down the hill in a diversified channel of old cordage, old iron, old crockery, old clothes civil and military, old rags, new cotton goods, flaming prints of saints, little looking-glasses, and incalculable lengths of tape; dives into a backway, keeping out of sight for a little while, as streams will, or only sparkling for a moment in the shape of a market drinking-shop; and suddenly reappears behind the great church, shooting itself into a bright confusion of white-capped women and blue-bloused men, poultry, vegetables, fruits, flowers, pots, pans, praying-chairs, soldiers, country butter, umbrellas and other sun-shades, girl-porters waiting to be hired with baskets at their backs, and one weazen little old man in a cocked hat, wearing a cuirass of drinking-

glasses and carrying on his shoulder a crimson temple fluttering with flags, like a glorified paviour's rammer without the handle, who rings a little bell in all parts of the scene, and cries his cooling drink Hola, Hola, Ho-o-o! in a shrill cracked voice that somehow makes itself heard, above all the chaffering and vending hum. Early in the afternoon, the whole course of the stream is dry. The praying chairs are put back in the church, the umbrellas are folded up, the unsold goods are carried away, the stalls and stands disappear, the square is swept, the hackney coaches lounge there to be hired, and on all the country roads (if you walk about, as much as we do) you will see the peasant women, always neatly and comfortably dressed, riding home, with the pleasantest saddle-furniture of clean milk-pails, bright butter-kegs, and the like, on the jolliest little donkeys in the world.

We have another market in our French watering-place—that is to say, a few wooden hutches in the open street, down by the Port—devoted to fish. Our fishing-boats are famous everywhere; and our fishing people, though they love lively colours and taste is neutral (see Bilkins), are among the most picturesque people we ever encountered. They have not only a Quarter of their own in the town itself, but they occupy whole villages of their own on the neighbouring cliffs. Their churches and chapels are their own; they comfort with one another, they intermarry among themselves, their customs are their own, and their costume is their own and never changes. As soon as one of their boys can walk, he is provided with a long bright red cap; and one of their men would as soon think of going afloat without his head, as without that indispensable appendage to it. Then, they wear the noblest boots, with the hugest tops—flapping and bulging over anyhow; above which, they encase themselves in such wonderful overalls and petticoat trowsers, made to all appearance of tarry old sails, so additionally stiffened with pitch and salt, that the wearers have a walk of their own, and go straddling and swinging about, among the boats and barrels and nets and rigging, a sight to see. Then, their younger women, by dint of going down to the sea barefoot, to fling their baskets into the boats as they come in with the tide, and bespeak the first fruits of the haul with propitiatory promises to love and marry that dear fisherman who shall fill that basket like an Angel, have the finest legs ever carved by Nature in the brightest mahogany, and they walk like Juno. Their eyes, too, are so lustrous that their long gold ear-rings turn dull beside those brilliant neighbours; and when they are dressed, what with these beauties, and their fine fresh faces, and their many petticoats—striped petticoats, red petticoats, blue petticoats, always clean and smart, and never too long—and their home-made stockings, mulberry-coloured, blue, brown, purple, lilac—which the older women, taking care of the Dutch-looking children, sit in all sorts of places knitting, knitting, knitting, from morning to night—and what with their little saucy bright blue jackets, knitted too, and fitting close to their handsome figures; and what with the natural grace with which they wear the commonest cap, or fold the commonest handkerchief round their luxuriant hair—we say, in a word and out of breath, that taking all these premises into our consideration, it has never been a matter of the least surprise to us that we have never once met, in the cornfields, on the dusty roads, by the breezy windmills, on the plots of short sweet grass overhanging the sea—anywhere—a young fisherman and fisherwoman of our French watering-place together, but the arm of that fisherman has invariably been, as a matter of course and without any absurd attempt to disguise so plain a necessity, round the neck or waist of that fisherwoman. And we have had no doubt whatever, standing looking at their uphill streets, house rising above house, and terrace above terrace, and bright garments here and there lying sunning on rough stone parapets, that the pleasant mist on all such objects, caused by their being seen through the brown nets hung across on poles to dry, is, in the eyes of every true young fisherman, a mist of love and beauty, setting off the goddess of his heart.

Moreover, it is to be observed that these are an industrious people, and a domestic people, and an honest people. And though we are aware that at the bidding of Bilkins it is our duty to fall down and worship the Neapolitans, we make bold very much to prefer the fishing people of our French watering-place—especially since our last visit to Naples within these twelvemonths, when we found only four conditions of men remaining in the whole city: to wit, lazzaroni, priests, spies, and soldiers, and all of them beggars; the paternal government having banished all its subjects except the rascals.

But we can never henceforth separate our French watering-place from our own landlord of two summers, M. Loyal Devasseur, citizen and town-councillor. Permit us to have the pleasure of presenting M. Loyal Devasseur.

His own family name is simply Loyal; but, as he is married, and as in that part of France a husband always adds to his own name the family name of his wife, he writes himself Loyal Devasseur. He owns a compact little estate of some twenty or thirty acres on a lofty hill-side, and on it he has built two country houses which he lets furnished. They are by many degrees the best houses that are so let near our French watering-place; we have had the honour of living in both, and can testify. The entrance-hall of the first we inhabited, was ornamented with a plan of the estate, representing it as about twice the size of Ireland; insomuch that when we were yet new to the

Property (M. Loyal always speaks of it as "la propriété") we went three miles straight on end, in search of the bridge of Austerlitz—which we afterwards found to be immediately outside the window. The Chateau of the Old Guard, in another part of the grounds, and, according to the plan, about two leagues from the little dining-room, we sought in vain for a week, until, happening one evening to sit upon a bench in the forest (forest in the plan), a few yards from the house-door, we observed at our feet, in the ignominious circumstances of being upside down and greenly rotten, the Old Guard himself: that is to say, the painted effigy of a member of that distinguished corps, seven feet high, and in the act of carrying arms, who had had the misfortune to be blown down in the previous winter. It will be perceived that M. Loyal is a staunch admirer of the great Napoleon. He is an old soldier himself—captain of the National Guard, with a handsome gold vase on his chimneypiece, presented to him by his company—and his respect for the memory of the illustrious general is enthusiastic. Medallions of him, portraits of him, busts of him, pictures of him, are thickly sprinkled all over the property. During the first month of our occupation, it was our affliction to be constantly knocking down Napoleon: if we touched a shelf in a dark corner, he toppled over with a crash; and every door we opened, shook him to the soul. Yet M. Loyal is not a man of mere castles in the air, or, as he would say, in Spain. He has a specially practical, contriving, clever, skilful eye and hand. His houses are delightful. He unites French elegance and English comfort, in a happy manner quite his own. He has an extraordinary genius for making tasteful little bedrooms in angles of his roofs, which an Englishman would as soon think of turning to any account, as he would think of cultivating the Desert. We have ourself reposed deliciously, in an elegant chamber of M. Loyal's construction, with our head as nearly in the kitchen chimney-pot as we can conceive it likely for the head of any gentleman, not by profession a Sweep, to be. And into whatsoever strange nook M. Loyal's genius penetrates, it, in that nook, infallibly constructs a cupboard and a row of pegs. In either of our houses, we could have put away the knapsacks and hung up the hats, of the whole regiment of Guides.

Aforetime, M. Loyal was a tradesman in the town. You can transact business with no present tradesman in the town, and give your card "chez M. Loyal," but a brighter face shines upon you directly. We doubt if there is, ever was, or ever will be, a man so universally pleasant in the minds of people as M. Loyal is in the minds of the citizens of our French watering-place. They rub their hands and laugh when they speak of him. Ah, but he is such a good child, such a brave boy, such a generous spirit, that Monsieur Loyal! It is the honest truth. M. Loyal's nature is the nature of a gentleman. He cultivates his ground with his own hands (assisted by one little labourer, who falls into a fit now and then); and he digs and delves from morn to eve in prodigious perspirations—"works always," as he says—but, cover him with dust, mud, weeds, water, any stains you will, you never can cover the gentleman in M. Loyal. A portly, upright, broad-shouldered, brown-faced man, whose soldierly bearing gives him the appearance of being taller than he is, look into the bright eye of M. Loyal, standing before you in his working blouse and cap, not particularly well shaved, and, it may be, very earthy, and you shall discern in M. Loyal a gentleman whose true politeness is in grain, and confirmation of whose word by his bond you would blush to think of. Not without reason is M. Loyal when he tells that story, in his own vivacious way, of his travelling to Fulham, near London, to buy all these hundreds and hundreds of trees you now see upon the Property, then a bare, bleak hill; and of his sojourning in Fulham three months; and of his jovial evenings with the market-gardeners; and of the crowning banquet before his departure, when the market-gardeners rose as one man, clinked their glasses all together (as the custom at Fulham is), and cried, "Vive Loyal!"

M. Loyal has an agreeable wife, but no family; and he loves to drill the children of his tenants, or run races with them, or do anything with them, or for them, that is good-natured. He is of a highly convivial temperament, and his hospitality is unbounded. Billet a soldier on him, and he is delighted. Five-and-thirty soldiers had M. Loyal billeted on him this present summer, and they all got fat and red-faced in two days. It became a legend among the troops that whosoever got billeted on M. Loyal, rolled in clover; and so it fell out that the fortunate man who drew the billet "M. Loyal Devasseur" always leaped into the air, though in heavy marching order. M. Loyal cannot bear to admit anything that might seem by any implication to disparage the military profession. We hinted to him once, that we were conscious of a remote doubt arising in our mind, whether a sou a day for pocket money, tobacco, stockings, drink, washing, and social pleasures in general, left a very large margin for a soldier's enjoyment. Pardon! said Monsieur Loyal, rather wincing. It was not a fortune, but—à la bonne heure—it was better than it used to be! What, we asked him on another occasion, were all those neighbouring peasants, each living with his family in one room, and each having a soldier (perhaps two) billeted on him every other night, required to provide for those soldiers? "Faith!" said M. Loyal, reluctantly; "a bed, monsieur, and fire to cook with, and a candle. And they share their supper with those soldiers. It is not possible that they could eat alone."—"And what allowance do they get for this?"

said we. Monsieur Loyal drew himself up taller, took a step back, laid his hand upon his breast, and said, with majesty, as speaking for himself and all France, "Monsieur, it is a contribution to the State!"

It is never going to rain, according to M. Loyal. When it is impossible to deny that it is now raining in torrents, he says it will be fine—charming—magnificent—to-morrow. It is never hot on the Property, he contends. Likewise it is never cold. The flowers, he says, come out, delighting to grow there; it is like Paradise this morning; it is like the Garden of Eden. He is a little fanciful in his language: smilingly observing of Madame Loyal, when she is absent at vespers, that she is "gone to her salvation"—allée à son salut. He has a great enjoyment of tobacco, but nothing would induce him to continue smoking face to face with a lady. His short black pipe immediately goes into his breast pocket, scorches his blouse, and nearly sets him on fire. In the Town Council and on occasions of ceremony, he appears in a full suit of black, with a waistcoat of magnificent breadth across the chest, and a shirt-collar of fabulous proportions. Good M. Loyal! Under blouse or waistcoat, he carries one of the gentlest hearts that beat in a nation teeming with gentle people. He has had losses, and has been at his best under them. Not only the loss of his way by night in the Fulham times—when a bad subject of an Englishman, under pretence of seeing him home, took him into all the night public-houses, drank "arfanarf" in every one at his expense, and finally fled, leaving him shipwrecked at Cleefeeway, which we apprehend to be Ratcliffe Highway—but heavier losses than that. Long ago, a family of children and a mother were left in one of his houses, without money, a whole year. M. Loyal—anything but as rich as we wish he had been—had not the heart to say "you must go;" so they stayed on and stayed on, and paying-tenants who would have come in could'nt come in, and at last they managed to get helped home across the water, and M. Loyal kissed the whole group, and said "Adieu, my poor infants!" and sat down in their deserted salon and smoked his pipe of peace.—"The rent, M. Loyal?" "Eh! well! The rent!" M. Loyal shakes his head. "Le bon Dieu," says M. Loyal presently, "will recompense me," and he laughs and smokes his pipe of peace. May he smoke it on the Property, and not be recompensed, these fifty years!

There are public amusements in our French watering-place, or it would not be French. They are very popular, and very cheap. The sea-bathing—which may rank as the most favoured daylight entertainment, inasmuch as the French visitors bathe all day long, and seldom appear to think of remaining less than an hour at a time in the water—is astoundingly cheap. Omnibuses convey you, if you please, from a convenient part of the town to the beach and back again; you have a clean and comfortable bathing-machine, dress, linen, and all appliances; and the charge for the whole is half-a-franc, or fivepence. On the pier, there is usually a guitar, which seems presumptuously enough to set its tinkling against the deep hoarseness of the sea, and there is always some boy or woman who sings, without any voice, little songs without any tune: the strain we have most frequently heard being an appeal to "the sportsman" not to bag that choicest of game, the swallow. For bathing purposes, we have also a subscription establishment with an esplanade, where people lounge about with telescopes, and seem to get a good deal of weariness for their money; and we have also an association of individual machine-proprietors combined against this formidable rival. M. Féroce, our own particular friend in the bathing line, is one of these. How he ever came by his name, we cannot imagine. He is as gentle and polite a man as M. Loyal Devasseur himself; immensely stout withal, and of a beaming aspect. M. Féroce has saved so many people from drowning, and has been decorated with so many medals in consequence, that his stoutness seems a special dispensation of Providence to enable him to wear them; if his girth were the girth of an ordinary man, he could never hang them on, all at once. It is only on very great occasions that M. Féroce displays his shining honours. At other times they lie by, with rolls of manuscript testifying to the causes of their presentation, in a huge glass case in the red-sofa'd salon of his private residence on the beach, where M. Féroce also keeps his family pictures, his portraits of himself as he appears both in bathing life and in private life, his little boats that rock by clockwork, and his other ornamental possessions.

Then, we have a commodious and gay Theatre—or had, for it is burned down now—where the opera was always preceded by a vaudeville, in which (as usual) everybody, down to the little old man with the large hat and the little cane and tassel, who always played either my Uncle or my Papa, suddenly broke out of the dialogue into the mildest vocal snatches, to the great perplexity of unaccustomed strangers from Great Britain, who never could make out when they were singing and when they were talking—and indeed it was pretty much the same. But, the caterers in the way of entertainment to whom we are most beholden, are the Society of Welldoing, who are active all the summer, and give the proceeds of their good works to the poor. Some of the most agreeable fêtes they contrive, are announced as "Dedicated to the children;" and the taste with which they turn a small public enclosure into an elegant garden beautifully illuminated; and the thorough-going heartiness and energy with which they personally direct the childish

pleasures; are supremely delightful. For fivepence a head, we have on these occasions donkey races with English "Jokeis," and other rustic sports; lotteries for toys; roundabouts, dancing on the grass to the music of an admirable band, fire-balloons, and fireworks. Further, almost every week all through the summer—never mind, now, on what day of the week—there is fête in some adjoining village (called in that part of the country a Ducasse), where the people—really *the people*—dance on the green turf in the open air, round a little orchestra, that seems itself to dance, there is such an airy motion of flags and streamers all about it. And we do not suppose that between the Torrid Zone and the North Pole there are to be found male dancers with such astonishingly loose legs, furnished with so many joints in wrong places, utterly unknown to Professor Owen, as those who here disport themselves. Sometimes, the fête appertains to a particular trade; you will see among the cheerful young women at the joint Ducasse of the milliners and tailors, a wholesome knowledge of the art of making common and cheap things uncommon and pretty, by good sense and good taste, that is a practical lesson to any rank of society in a whole island we could mention. The oddest feature of these agreeable scenes is the everlasting Roundabout (we preserve an English word wherever we can, as we are writing the English language), on the wooden horses of which machine grown-up people of all ages are wound round and round with the utmost solemnity, while the proprietor's wife grinds an organ, capable of only one tune, in the centre.

As to the boarding-houses of our French watering-place, they are Legion, and would require a distinct treatise. It is not without a sentiment of national pride that we believe them to contain more bores from the shores of Albion than all the clubs in London. As you walk timidly in their neighbourhood, the very neckcloths and hats of your elderly compatriots cry to you from the stones of the streets, "We are Bores—avoid us!" We have never overheard at street corners such lunatic scraps of political and social discussion as among these dear countrymen of ours. They believe everything that is impossible and nothing that is true. They carry rumours, and ask questions, and make corrections and improvements on one another, staggering to the human intellect. And they are for ever rushing into the English library, propounding such incomprehensible paradoxes to the fair mistress of that establishment, that we beg to recommend her to her Majesty's gracious consideration as a fit object for a pension.

The English form a considerable part of the population of our French watering-place, and are deservedly addressed and respected in many ways. Some of the surface-addresses to them are odd enough, as when a laundress puts a placard outside her house announcing her possession of that curious British instrument, a "Mingle;" or when a tavern-keeper provides accommodation for the celebrated English game of "Nokemdon." But, to us, it is not the least pleasant feature of our French watering-place that a long and constant fusion of the two great nations there, has taught each to like the other, and to learn from the other, and to rise superior to the absurd prejudices that have lingered among the weak and ignorant in both countries equally.

Drumming and trumpeting of course go on for ever in our French watering-place. Flag-flying is at a premium, too; but, we cheerfully avow that we consider a flag a very pretty object, and that we take such outward signs of innocent liveliness to our heart of hearts. The people, in the town and in the country, are a busy people who work hard; they are sober, temperate, good-humoured, light-hearted, and generally remarkable for their engaging manners. Few just men, not immoderately bilious, could see them in their recreations without very much respecting the character that is so easily, so harmlessly, and so simply, pleased.

THE HOME OFFICE.

We intend to give, in the way of an occasional sketch, a plain account of the manner in which the government business of this country is transacted.

Our Home Administration is presided over in these days by one of the four principal Secretaries of State. The office of Home Minister is but a young one; indeed, the Secretaries of State have all come into existence since the revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight. Before that event our monarchs not only reigned, but governed; their advisers were made responsible for acts of government, but they were acts conforming strictly to the royal will. The King was advised only by his Privy Council. The Cabinet —which was the name given to a committee chosen from the Privy Council—gradually came to be substituted for the entire body, in transacting government business. The King's secretary acted as the Privy Council's clerk, but had no authority to do more than obey the orders he received from those to whom he was a servant. After the Cabinet had been formed out of the Council, the office of secretary became naturally more important, and it soon happened that next to the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Treasurer he was ranked as one of the chief officers of state.

After the revolution, public business increased, and two Secretaries of State were appointed, between whom the work of the world, so far as England had part in it, was divided: one being secretary for the northern half of the globe: the other for the southern. To the northern department belonged not only

our own island and its domestic affairs, but also the management of its relations with most of the states of Europe, and with many important colonies. Much of the colonial business was, however, taken off the hands of the Secretary of State by the Board of Trade and Plantations. This secretarial division of the north and south continued until the reign of George the Third; when a third Secretary of State was appointed. After the loss of the North American colonies, the office of third secretary was abolished; but it was revived on the breaking out of the French war. Then the business of the country was distributed nearly according to its present form; three secretaries of state presided over three great offices — the Home, the Foreign, and the Colonial. War business was assigned to the Colonial Office; but, very recently, that has been transferred to a fourth secretary, the Minister of War.

Thus we have now four principal Secretaries of State, holding the patents of their appointment under the great seal of the kingdom; but, although each secretary has his own peculiar department over which to preside, his patent does not specify so much. It simply appoints him one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. The department which he is to manage is officially expressed only by the nature of the seals that are entrusted to him by the Crown. This general character of the appointment has its use; for, since all orders of the monarch must be conveyed through a Secretary of State, and since by the theory of our constitution the Queen is supposed always to have a Secretary of State in attendance to receive the royal orders, it is convenient that one secretary should have power to act for another in any case of great emergency, or when the Crown is distant from London.

The Home Secretary has the usual Secretary of State's salary, five thousand pounds a year. It used to be more. He is responsible to Parliament for the right working of our laws in the United Kingdom; but, in practice, his attention is required chiefly on behalf of England. Ireland still has its home affairs managed at a cost of sixty or seventy thousand pounds a year, by a Viceroy, whose single salary is twenty thousand pounds, besides more than another six thousand for his household. In Scotland the Lord Advocate—who is the first law officer of the Crown, and is attached to the political fortunes of the ministry—performs the work of the Home Secretary. Nor has the Home Secretary much patronage. The church patronage chiefly belongs by legal right to the Lord Chancellor, and partly by custom to the Prime Minister. Again, though responsible for the good conduct of judges and county magistrates, the Home Secretary has not the right of appointing them. He transacts business at the Home Office in Whitehall. The cost of this office, with a staff of thirty-eight persons, is about thirty thousand pounds a-year, five thousand of which is expended upon superannuation allowances. The staff is as follows: First there is the chief with five thousand a-year. Next come the two under secretaries. Mr. Under Secretary A is permanent and not political; he receives two thousand a year: generally he is a lawyer of some reputation, who has had large experience in criminal jurisprudence. Mr. Under Secretary B comes in and goes out with the ministry. He is the parliamentary or political under secretary, receives fifteen hundred a-year, represents his chief or assists him as far as may be necessary in the House of Commons, and attends generally to the minor official business of his department. Length of service gives a pension to Permanent Under Secretary A, but none to Political Under Secretary B. Next in importance is the counsel who is the cook and confectioner of acts of Parliament. His salary is two thousand a-year.

Then we come to the clerks, who are arranged in four divisions, with a senior clerk heading each, and a chief clerk over all. Each clerk receives his first appointment at an early age, and undergoes no examination, but works for a twelvemonth on trial; but, once established, the Home Office clerk is, up to a certain point, always improving his position. Thus young Mr. C. begins with one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and every year his income increases by ten pounds, until he is a junior of fifteen years standing, when he receives three hundred a-year. At that sum he may stop for the remainder of his life, if there be any fault in him that impedes his promotion into the next rank of clerkships. If not, he may rise from class to class to receive eight hundred. The chief clerk's salary mounts from nine hundred to a thousand pounds a-year. The senior classes are supplied only by promotion from the junior classes. Thus the income of a government clerk is carefully regulated according to length of service.

Then there are certain retiring allowances and pensions. Some of the great officers of state, including the Home Secretary, are entitled, after two years' service, to a pension of two thousand a-year. But it is provided that there must not be more than four ex-ministers in receipt of such pension at any one time, and that the receiver shall in each case declare that he is a person of small fortune. This pension is therefore seldom sought, and is enjoyed at present only by one gentleman. To form a superannuation fund for permanent officials, an abatement of five per cent is made from all salaries paid to clerks and others, and the retiring allowance is proportioned to the length of previous service. After working for from seventeen to twenty-four years, the pension is a quarter of the salary and so on, more being paid for longer service, up to a service of thirty-five years; which ensures a pension equal to two-thirds

of the salary. No pension is granted to any person under the age of sixty-five, except upon the furnishing of proof that he has become unfit for work.

Business at the Home Office is commenced every day by one of the senior clerks and the librarian, who acts as registrar. These gentlemen open and register the letters brought in by the postman. After registry these are sorted and delivered to the senior clerks of the classes to which they may respectively belong; a senior clerk extracts the pith of each, minutes it in a few words, appends his suggestions, and, in ordinary cases, also the form of answer to a question, or the practical way of dealing with the subject brought under discussion. Where references are required he makes them; where a letter is one link in a long and intricate correspondence, he adds whatever retrospect or analysis he may think necessary to refresh the memory of his chiefs. The senior clerk having thus dealt with them, sends the letters and papers on to the Permanent Under Secretary, who passes them up with his own notes and comments to the Political Under Secretary, through whose hands they reach the head of the department. The Home Secretary having attached statements of his wishes or opinions to the papers laid before him, they are returned, by the same road to the senior clerks. It then becomes the duty of each senior clerk to see that no point in the Home Secretary's instructions is at variance with law, fact, or precedent, and to call attention to any errors that he may detect before executing the orders he receives. Drafts are often prepared by the Permanent Under Secretary; but everything done has to receive the sanction of the Political Under Secretary and of the Secretary of State. The Permanent Under Secretary is the ordinary legal adviser; for the bill-preparing counsel has enough of his own work upon his hands—so much of it, indeed, that as a condition of his appointment he is restrained from private practice. If he should have spare time, he may be required to prepare bills for the government departments.

The four sections of the Home Office business are the following:—The chief clerk is at the head of the most important, namely, that which prepares all commissions, instruments, and appointments that have to receive the Queen's sign manual. They include civil, military, ecclesiastical, peerage, honorary, and other appointments of whatever kind; charters, commissions of inquiry, and licences of sundry sorts. This is of course delicate work, and it is the chief clerk's business to see that the documents issued from his department are made fit to receive and do receive the royal signature, and the counter signature of the chief Secretary. The chief clerk has to superintend also the payment of all salaries, allowances, and bills, and to prepare all returns asked from the Home Office by parliament. Four or five junior clerks are commonly at work under this official.

Another distinct section of Home Office business is formed by the correspondence with lord-lieutenants of counties, and other magistrates in England, and with the chief authorities in Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. A third section has charge of the yeomanry and militia business; and to a fourth is entrusted the correspondence arising out of addresses to the Queen. There is a special section also devoted to criminal business; with a keeper of criminal registers, who analyses and reports annually upon the whole body of criminal returns. Again, there is a clerk who keeps a register of aliens who come into the country, and prepares, when requisite, letters of naturalisation.

One of the peculiar functions of the Home Secretary is to consider appeals on behalf of persons under sentence of death. To him only can appeal in such cases be made. He institutes inquiry, and recommends the Crown to respite, to pardon, or to pass milder sentences. If he can see no cause for interference he is silent, and the law takes its course.

The Home Secretary has charge of the internal defences of the country, and communicates on that subject with the Commander-in-Chief, and the Master-General of the Ordnance. Upon the application of the Secretary-at-War, it is the Home Secretary who orders the issue of arms to the Queen's troops, and who makes out commissions. No Commander-in-Chief is allowed powers that he could pervert on any large scale to the damage of the constitution. The soldiers, however, upon whom the country depends in case of invasion for defence of hearth and home, are the militia—the ancient, national, and permanent body of soldiery as distinguished from the regular army; which is maintained only by parliamentary vote from year to year. The militia is in each county a local force, raised by enlistment and bounty; or, if necessary, by ballot or conscription. The lord-lieutenant is the chief and appoints his own deputy-lieutenants—unpaid officers—who carry out, in their separate districts, all the details of raising the force, except appointing the adjutants. He also nominates all other officers, and these, if above the rank of captain must be county landowners. The ordinary strength of the English militia is fixed at eighty thousand men: in the case of rebellion or invasion as many as a hundred and twenty thousand may be called to serve; but not unless such increase has received the sanction of an assembled parliament within fourteen days after it was ordered. The Irish militia force is twenty thousand strong; the Scotch, ten thousand. The raising of the force is nominally regulated by order of Privy Council, really by the Home Secretary, who also issues

general rules for securing a proper choice of officers, for enabling an abundance of men in one county to compensate for dearth in another, and for ordering a local ballot when in any county there may be an undue paucity of volunteers. He instructs lord-lieutenants in what manner to co-operate; has, in fact, a supreme control over all the arrangements in connexion with this great defensive force. He calls out the bands for training once a year, or absolves them at any time from the performance of that duty. He appoints a general officer to command them, and orders them to fight when they must fight; but only for the protection of their homes. It is only when under training or permanently embodied, that militia-men are paid; although a small permanent staff is commonly maintained in each county-town as a nucleus of organisation, ready against any day of need. Militia pay is at the same rate as the regular pay of the army, and comes out of the resources of the state; not of the county. The last yearly vote for the costs of our militia service was eight hundred thousand pounds. The force consists only of infantry and foot artillery.

Cavalry is provided by the yeomanry, or volunteer corps, over which also the Home Secretary has control. Such corps can only be formed with his sanction, and can be disbanded at his command. They commonly provide their own arms and equipments; but the Home minister can order arms to be supplied to them from public stores. Their private rules must receive his sanction, and, only within the limit of the rules thus sanctioned, can he use their services. The yeomanry that have formed cavalry corps, generally assemble for drill on twelve days in the year; those that have formed infantry corps on twenty-four days. During this time they are exempt from militia service, from tax on horses used in such training, and from turnpike tolls. The officers of these corps are usually country gentlemen; the privates, yeomen. They are liable to be called out by their local magistrates in any case of riot. Some five-and-thirty years ago they were employed to disperse certain public meetings; and, being brought imprudently into collision with the people, were guilty of some cruel excesses, for which they were thanked by government. Discredit was thus cast on voluntary corps; many were disbanded, and there is no great tendency in these days to the formation of others. The present charge incurred by the state on account of the various yeomanry corps, is eighty-eight thousand pounds a year.

Then there is the Police Force, another body charged with preserving peace and good order; but, except in London and in Ireland, the Home Secretary has very little direct power over it. We have no state police, and want none. Of late years county magistrates have been entitled to establish a rural police, and to pay for it out of county rates; but of this right little use is made. The rural police, when it is so established, is entirely managed by the magistrates. In corporate towns the municipal authorities have similar powers, and establish a town police; but this is in some instances insufficient in respect of numbers. The Corporation of the City of London maintain such a police of its own, and quite independent of the metropolitan police, which is under the authority of the Home Office. This force is presided over by a commissioner, whom the Home Secretary appoints, and it may be sent to perform service in any part of England at the bidding of the government. It is paid for out of local rates. There are in London eight police courts, each presided over by two magistrates, paid with salaries of one thousand pounds a year. They are appointed by the Home Secretary, and are responsible to him for their decisions. Their jurisdiction extends to punishment for petty offences, and to the committal of persons charged with grave crimes, for trial, by the higher tribunals. In Ireland there is a state police, or constabulary, under the orders of the Viceroy. The Scotch police system is something like the English.

The Home Office is charged with the general direction and supervision of the inferior magistracy throughout the kingdom. It does not, however, appoint any more than a few stipendiary magistrates in large towns. Justices of the peace, unpaid functionaries who are landowners, or beneficed clergymen, are appointed upon recommendation made by the lord-lieutenants of their counties to the Lord Chancellor, who inserts the names of persons so recommended in the Commission of the Peace. The accepted gentleman may then act as a justice upon the condition of his taking certain oaths. He thereafter meets his brother justices at assemblies called Petty Sessions, held once a week or fortnight—commonly at some respectable inn—to punish petty offenders, and to commit for all grave offence. Four times a year, also, the county magistrates all meet in Quarter Sessions at the county town; then they have power to punish men found guilty by juries of serious crimes, and have also an opportunity of transacting a large amount of county business connected with prisons, police, local taxation, and so forth. In municipal towns, justices of the peace are appointed, not on the recommendation of lord-lieutenant to Lord Chancellor, but of Town Council to Home Secretary. All justices of this kind have authority only among their neighbours. The correction of magisterial abuses—which abound, through ignorance and other causes—lies with the Court of Queen's Bench. Matters of which that court does not take cognisance can be brought under the notice of the Home Secretary, who has power to deprive any backsliding justice of his commission.

The Home Office has also been appointed nurse to sickly turnpike trusts. The turnpike-roads, since railways have carried off much of their traffic, are no longer the great traffic arteries they used to be. They were and are maintained out of parish rates and statute labour. Turnpike trusts are required to make annual returns of their financial state to the Home Office. They are now not very flourishing; the state having hitherto abstained from becoming answerable for any money losses that the stone road has suffered from the iron one.

We have said that there are certain minor departments and administrations doing their work apart from the Home Office, although responsible to the Home Secretary. The most responsible of these are the inspectors of prisons, factories, and mines, and the office of the Registrar-General.

Most of our prisons are maintained by the counties or municipal towns to which they belong; the state paying for the maintenance of prisoners after conviction, and some part of the expense of prosecutions. The counties and towns, however, are subject to certain laws regulating prison discipline, and inspectors are appointed, each to a given district, to see that these laws are carried into effect, and to send to the Home Office reports upon the prisons placed under their supervision. In England there is a chief inspector, who receives a salary of eight hundred, and there are three others with seven hundred pounds a-year, exclusive of travelling expenses. All new prisons have to be built on plans that have been approved by the Surveyor-General of Prisons, whose establishment costs about sixteen hundred pounds a-year. Convicts, under sentence of long imprisonment or transportation, are not usually confined in town or county jails, but in convict prisons, built and maintained by the state under the control of a Home Office Board, called the Board of Directors of Convict Prisons, whereof the surveyor-general just mentioned is the chairman. He has two colleagues with salaries of seven and eight hundred pounds, and the total cost of the establishment, which also publishes regular reports, is about five thousand a-year.

It being found that laws passed for the protection of factory operatives were useless, inspectors were appointed to see them carried into execution. The staff consists of three chief inspectors; each with a thousand a-year for salary, four sub-inspectors at three hundred and fifty pounds, and ten at three hundred. The sub-inspectors are required to reside in their respective districts. A General Factory Inpectors' office is established in London, at which the chief inspectors meet. The whole cost of the department is not quite eleven thousand pounds a-year. There is a similar inspection maintained over mines and collieries, at a cost of between four and five thousand.

The registration of births, deaths, and marriages, throughout the kingdom, made by district registrars, is collected, generalised, and turned to excellent account, in the office of the Registrar-General, who is partly subject to the authority of the Home Office. Weekly and monthly reports on the rates and causes of mortality are published by his department, and an annual general report on vital statistics is also made by it and submitted to the legislature. The cost of the whole department is upwards of forty-five thousand pounds a-year. A special grant is made for the cost of the census,—the taking of which is, of course, one of the duties of the Registration Office.

Connected with the Home Office, though less directly subordinate to it than the departments last mentioned, are the Poor Law Boards, the English Ecclesiastical, the Tithe, the Enclosure, and the Copyhold Commissions.

The administration of the poor law is in the hands of local boards of guardians. The central board has only the task of supervision. It consists of a president (who must be in parliament), paid with two thousand a-year, and a political secretary, with half that sum,—these gentlemen being subordinate members of the existing government, and changing with it. A permanent secretary, with fifteen hundred a-year, is the other member of the board. Under the board, are two assistant secretaries and ten inspectors, each paid with seven hundred a-year, exclusive of his travelling expenses. Every inspector has a clerk, and keeps up constant correspondence with the boards of guardians in his district. Thirty-six thousand a-year is the cost of the Poor Law Board, which, like all other boards, makes annual reports to parliament. The Irish Poor Law Board resembles the English, but costs five thousand a-year more. In Scotland there is no efficient poor law; and the superintendence of what there is, costs only four thousand a-year. The annual expenditure upon the support of poor in this kingdom—all being money paid out of local rates — exceeds six millions sterling. One million a-year wisely spent in the same way for the furtherance of cleanliness and decency and the suppression of disease, would surely save three millions of poor-rates.

The Home Secretary is the official organ of communication with the heads of the Established Church: he watches all legislation on ecclesiastical matters; and the Queen, as head of the church, speaks through him. He is a member of the English Ecclesiastical Commission, which was established for the prudent distribution, over the whole surface of the church, of the surplus wealth accruing from the property of certain episcopal sees and cathedral establishments. There are two paid commissioners: one—who must be in parliament—is appointed by the Crown, and receives two thousand a-year; the other is nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and receives one thousand a-year. Both salaries are charged

against the church property administered; but the cost of the general establishment (about three thousand a-year) is paid by the state. The commission consists of a large number of unpaid members, including all the bishops; but, within it, is a smaller body, consisting of paid members, called the Church Estates Commission, which manages the property,—while the larger body has the disposal of the accruing income; which will soon become five hundred thousand pounds a-year. In Ireland there is a similar body charged with managing the property of ten episcopal sees that were suppressed some twenty years ago.

The Tithe Enclosure and Copyhold Commissions are now united under three commissioners, with one assistant resident commissioner. The commutation of tithes in kind into tithes in money—a work now nearly completed—the superintendence of the conversion of copyholds into freeholds—a change now compulsory—and a superintendence of the enclosure of waste and unappropriated lands, as well as the fresh division of lands inconveniently intermixed, and a consideration of application for loans from the state for purposes of drainage, are the duties of this consolidated commission; of which the cost is something over twenty-four thousand pounds a-year.

Lately, the Home Secretary has come to be more and more charged with a responsibility touching the general health of the kingdom. Parishes are bound to provide places of sepulture for their parishioners. The Home Secretary is empowered to forbid the use of any intramural graveyard dangerous to health; and, upon the receipt of such interdict, it remains with the parish to discover where and how new burial ground shall be provided.

By appointing at the head of the General Board of Health, a Minister of Health, parliament has lately recognised in some degree the necessity of eventually placing so extensive and serious a charge as the care of public health in the hands of a distinct department of the state. At present it depends much on the Home Office; and, where the Board of Health has no authority in the metropolis, a Metropolitan Commission of Sewers has been acting, or professing to act, subject to the Home Department. Its action has produced inadequate, not to say ridiculous, results, and a promise has been made to the public that it shall be soon remodelled! It greatly needs to be.

CHIP.

HENRY THE NINTH OF ENGLAND!

A CORRESPONDENT, writing about a King who does not appear in the history of England, announces that he possesses a medal, bearing the representation in bold relief of a head, apparently that of an ecclesiastic, the circumscription being—"HEN. IX. MAG. BRIT. FR. ET. HIB. REX. FID. DEF. CARD." On the reverse is a large cross supported by the Virgin; a lion sorrowfully crouches at her feet, with eyes directed as it seems to the crown of Britain, lying on the ground.

Behind, to the right, is a bridge, backed by hills and a cathedral, probably St. Peter's at Rome. On this side the inscription is, "NON. DESIDERIIS. HOMINUM. SED. VOLVNTATE. DEI. AN. MDCCLXXXVIII."

The manner in which this medal came into the possession of an Englishman was somewhat singular. At the time when an English army was serving in the Calabrias, and assisting Ferdinand the Fourth of Spain against Bonaparte, a British officer happened to get separated from his regiment, and, while wandering near Canne in Basilicata, in dread of immediate capture (since he was in the rear of Massena's lines), he sought protection at a handsome villa by the roadside. He was hospitably received by a venerable man, who proved to be a Cardinal. The curiosity of the refugee being excited by the interest which the Italian dignitary appeared to take in the welfare of the British, he ventured to demand whom he might have the pleasure of addressing; the reply was simply, "Your King!"

When the officer had recovered from his surprise, the Cardinal presented him with the medal; and, from him, it came to the writer. It was one of those struck upon the death of Prince Charles, to commemorate the imaginary succession to the crown of England of Henry Stuart, the Cardinal Duke of York, in whom the direct line of the Stuart race terminated; and who now sheltered the fugitive soldier.

It is well known that this prelate was, until the day of his death, the secret idol of many in whom the last hopes for the restoration of the kingdom of Great Britain to the family of the Stuarts were centred. He was the second son of the Pretender, and was born at Rome on the twenty-sixth of March, seventeen hundred and twenty-five. When twenty years of age, in the much celebrated "forty-five," he went to France for the purpose of heading fifteen thousand French infantry, which assembled at Dunkirk to invade England, and to re-establish the Stuarts on the throne. But, after the battle of Culloden, the contemplated invasion of England was abandoned. Henry retraced his steps to Rome, and took orders, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views. His advancement in the Church was rapid; for, in seventeen hundred and forty-seven, he was made cardinal by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth.

He lived in tranquillity at Rome for nearly fifty years; but, in seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, when French bayonets drove Pope Pius the Sixth from the pontifical chair, Henry Stuart fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati.

His days were now days of want; his only means of subsistence being the produce of a few articles of silver plate, which he had snatched from the ruin of his property. Infirm in health, a houseless, almost penniless wanderer (Napoleon having robbed him of his estates), he endeavoured, at the age of seventy-three, to seek refuge in forgotten obscurity.

George the Third was informed of the Cardinal Duke's poverty and pitiable situation by the kindly interference of Sir John Cox Hippisley. It is said that the King was much moved by the distressing recital; and, in eighteen hundred Lord Minto was ordered to make a remittance of two thousand pounds, with an intimation that the Cardinal might draw for two thousand more in the following July. It was also made known to the Cardinal that an annuity of four thousand pounds was at his service, so long as his circumstances required it. He was spared seven years to enjoy this munificent pension, and died at Rome in eighteen hundred and seven, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was buried between his father and brother at Frascati. His tomb, sculptured by Canova, bears as inscription, the name of Henry the Ninth.

The Cardinal Duke, down to the very day of his death, although in the receipt of a munificent pension from England, was in communication with several noblemen, who still indulged the hope of placing him upon the throne of Great Britain. Among the Cardinal's papers were discovered letters from active partisans both in Ireland and Scotland; but the English government wisely took no notice of these awkward revelations. Had they done so, many men of high rank and great influence would have been brought to a severe account.

THE MORAL OF THIS YEAR.

O'ER hill and dale, in surging sea, the waving corn-fields smile,
Bringing good store to rich and poor of England's merrie isle;
And many a heart beats gratefully, beams brightly many a hearth,
As the stalwart farmers gather in the kindly fruits of earth.

But white-robed peace droops down and dies, as from a serf-trod shore
Comes o'er the land, like flash of brand, the gathering din of war;
Where sword to sword, and hand to hand, in brotherhood advance
The warriors of England, the chivalry of France!

And whilst with peaceful scythe we cut the poppy-bannered grain;
Whilst crimson War *his* harvest reaps on the sad battle-plain;
Comes yet another enemy, with pain, and ruth, and blight,
To mow another harvest-field—to wage a darker fight!

A Giant-King, a dread disease, with poison in his breath;
At each uplifting of his hand sure pestilence and death;
At every shaking of his torch the human ashes fall
Thickly as leaves when autumn weaves the year's black winter pall.

In every town he has his court; in every street his slaves,
Who deftly ply their hidden work, filling the crowded graves;
Miasma, dank Malaria, man-bred in drain and sewer,
Who strike their blow as reapers mow, so steadily, so sure.

In the squalid den of pallid men, where thousands meet their doom,
As from the moil of daily toil they crowd from mine and loom;
In earthground lair, in garret bare, where Avarice is content
To barter health for sordid wealth, men's lives for cent per cent.

In a dank, unhealthy cellar a mother's cheek is wet,
A little chair is empty there—a heart more empty yet!
The blush upon a young wife's face shall know its place no more,
It writes, in one red line of blood, the sorrows of the poor!

But the sorrows of the poor man are the rich man's trouble too,
And ev'ry hour of Apathy shall England surely rue!
Not alone in dens of squalor hath this Giant-King his lair,
With deadly steps he grimly creeps up many a marble stair!

In such a day small right to pray, when in each street, each lane,
No drain or sewer, with breath impure, but has its list of slain!
Scant right to call on GOD to move this evil from our door,
If man cares naught for brother man, and the rich forget the poor!

Oh brothers! In this day of death, think less of class and creed,
And what *you* can for fellow-man, do in his hour of need;
Let workmen come to decent home, not to an ambush wild,
When in huddled heap at midnight sleep, man, wife, girl, stranger, child!

Drive out the blight with air and light! Instead of sickening gloom,
In this all glorious world of ours, give men fair elbow-room;
Some outlet for the fancy; some interest in their kind;
Some cheering ray of holiday; some sunlight for the mind!

Of the harvest lately garnered in, by Man was sown the grain;
Twas Man's device GOD prospered, on ALMA's well-fought plain;

Heaven helpeth those who help themselves. Go forth with faith and love,
Remembering, what Ye cannot do, will be done by Him above.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

On Margaret's return home she found two letters on the table: one was a note for her mother,—the other, which had come by the post, was evidently from her Aunt Shaw—covered with foreign post-marks — thin, silvery, and rustling. She took up the other, and was examining it, when her father came in suddenly:

"So your mother is tired, and gone to bed early! I'm afraid such a thundery day was not the best in the world for the doctor to see her. What did he say? Dixon tells me he spoke to you about her."

Margaret hesitated. Her father's looks became more grave and anxious:

"He does not think her seriously ill?"

"Not at present; she needs care, he says; he was very kind, and said he would call again, and see how his medicines worked."

"Only care—he did not recommend change of air?—he did not say this smoky town was doing her any harm, did he, Margaret?"

"No! not a word," she replied, gravely. "He was anxious, I think."

"Doctors have that anxious manner; it's professional," said he.

Margaret saw, in her father's nervous ways, that the first impression of possible danger was made upon his mind, in spite of all his making light of what she told him. He could not forget the subject,—could not pass from it to other things; he kept recurring to it through the evening, with an unwillingness to receive even the slightest unfavourable idea, which made Margaret inexpressibly sad.

"This letter is from Aunt Shaw, papa. She has got to Naples, and finds it too hot, so she has taken apartments at Sorrento. But I don't think she likes Italy."

"He did not say anything about diet, did he?"

"It was to be nourishing, and digestible. Mamma's appetite is pretty good, I think."

"Yes! and that makes it all the more strange he should have thought of speaking about diet."

"I asked him, papa." Another pause. Then Margaret went on: "Aunt Shaw says she has sent me some coral ornaments, papa; but," added Margaret, half smiling, "she's afraid the Milton Dissenters won't appreciate them. She has got all her ideas of Dissenters from the Quakers, has not she?"

"If ever you hear or notice that your mother wishes for anything, be sure you let me know. I am so afraid she does not tell me always what she would like. Pray, see after that girl, Mrs. Thornton named. If we had a good, efficient house-servant, Dixon could be constantly with her, and I'd answer for it we'd soon set her up amongst us, if care will do it. She's been very much tired of late, with the hot weather, and the difficulty of getting a servant. A little rest will put her quite to rights—eh, Margaret?"

"I hope so," said Margaret,—but so sadly, that her father took notice of it. He pinched her cheek.

"Come; if you look so pale as this, I must rouge you up a little. Take care of yourself, child, or *you* 'll be wanting the doctor next."

But he could not settle to anything that evening. He was continually going backwards and forwards, on laborious tiptoe, to see if his wife was still asleep. Margaret's heart ached at his restlessness; his trying to stifle and strangle the hideous fear that was looming out of the dark places of his heart.

He came back at last, somewhat comforted.

"She 's awake now, Margaret. She quite smiled as she saw me standing by her. Just her old smile. And she says she feels refreshed, and ready for tea. Where 's the note for her? She wants to see it. I 'll read it to her while you make tea."

The note proved to be a formal invitation from Mrs. Thornton, to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Hale to dinner, on the twenty-first instant. Margaret was surprised to find an acceptance contemplated, after all she had learnt of sad probabilities during this day. But so it was. The idea of her husband's and daughter's going to this dinner had quite captivated Mrs. Hale's fancy, even before Margaret had heard the contents of the note. It was an event to diversify the monotony of the invalid's life; and she clung to the idea of their going with even fretful pertinacity when Margaret objected.

"Nay, Margaret! if she wishes it, I 'm sure we 'll both go willingly. She never would wish it unless she felt herself really stronger—really better than we thought she was, eh, Margaret?" said Mr. Hale, anxiously, as Margaret prepared to write the note of acceptance the next day.

"Eh! Margaret?" questioned he, with a nervous motion of his hands. It seemed cruel to refuse him the comfort that he craved for. And besides, his passionate refusal to admit the existence of fear, almost inspired Margaret herself with hope.

"I do think she is better since last night," said she. "Her eyes look brighter, and her complexion clearer."

"God bless you," said her father, earnestly. "But is it true? Yesterday was so sultry every one felt ill. It was a most unlucky day for Mr. Donaldson to see her on."

So he went away to his day's duties, now increased by the preparation of some lectures he had promised to deliver to the working

people at a neighbouring Lyceum. He had chosen Ecclesiastical Architecture as his subject, rather more in accordance with his own taste and knowledge than as falling in with the character of the place or the desire for particular kinds of information among those to whom he was to lecture. And the institution itself, being in debt, was only too glad to get a gratis course from an educated and accomplished man like Mr. Hale, let the subject be what it might.

"Well, mother," asked Mr. Thornton that night, "who have accepted your invitations for the twenty-first?"

"Fanny, where are the notes? The Slicksons accept, Collingbrooks accept, Stephenses accept, Browns decline. Hales—father and daughter come,—mother too great an invalid—Macphersons come, and Mr. Horsfall, and Mr. Young. I was thinking of asking the Porters, as the Browns can't come."

"Very good. Do you know, I am really afraid Mrs. Hale is very far from well, from what Dr. Donaldson says."

"It is strange of them to accept a dinner-invitation if she's very ill," said Fanny.

"I did not say very ill," said her brother, rather sharply. "I only said very far from well. They may not know it either." And then he suddenly remembered that, from what Dr. Donaldson had told him, Margaret, at any rate, must be aware of the exact state of the case.

"Very probably they are quite aware of what you said yesterday, John—of the great advantage it would be to them—to Mr. Hale, I mean, to be introduced to such people as the Stephenses and the Collingbrooks."

"I am sure, that motive would not influence them. No! I think I understand how it is."

"John!" said Fanny, laughing in her little, weak, nervous way. "How you profess to understand these Hales, and how you never will allow that we can know anything about them. Are they really so very different to most people one meets with?"

She did not mean to vex him; but if she had intended it, she could not have done it more thoroughly. He chafed in silence, however, not deigning to reply to her question.

"They do not seem to me out of the common way," said Mrs. Thornton. "He appears a worthy kind of man enough; rather too simple for trade—so it's perhaps as well he should have been a clergyman first, and now a teacher. She's a bit of a fine lady with her invalidism; and as for the girl—she's the only one who puzzles me when I think about her,—which I don't often do. She seems to have a great notion of giving herself airs; and I can't make out why. I could almost fancy she thinks herself too good for her company at times. And yet they're not rich; from all I can hear they never have been."

"And she's not accomplished, mamma. She can't play."

"Go on, Fanny. What else does she want to bring her up to your standard?"

"Nay! John," said his mother, "that speech of Fanny's did no harm. I myself heard Miss Hale say she could not play. If you would let us alone, we could perhaps like her, and see her merits."

"I'm sure I never could!" murmured Fanny, protected by her mother. Mr. Thornton heard, but did not care to reply. He was walking up and down the dining-room, wishing that his mother would order candles, and allow him to set to work at either reading or writing, and so put a stop to the conversation. But he never thought of interfering in any of the small domestic regulations that Mrs. Thornton observed, in habitual remembrance of her old economies.

"Mother," said he, stopping, and bravely speaking out the truth, "I wish you would like Miss Hale."

"Why?" asked she, startled by his earnest yet tender manner. "You're never thinking of marrying her?—a girl without a penny."

"She would never have me," said he, with a short laugh.

"No, I don't think she would," answered his mother. "She laughed in my face when I praised her for speaking out something Mr. Bell had said in your favour. I liked the girl for doing it so frankly, for it made me sure she had no thought of you; and the next minute she vexed me so by seeming to think—— Well, never mind! Only you're right in saying she's too good an opinion of herself to think of you. The saucy jade! I should like to know where she'd find a better!"

If these words hurt her son, the dusky light prevented him from betraying any emotion. In a minute he came up quite cheerfully to his mother, and putting one hand lightly on her shoulder, said:

"Well, as I'm just as much convinced of the truth of what you have been saying as you can be; and as I have no thought or expectation of ever asking her to be my wife, you'll believe me for the future that I'm quite disinterested in speaking about her. I foresee trouble for that girl—perhaps, want of motherly care—and I only wish you to be ready to be a friend to her in case she needs one. Now, Fanny," said he, "I trust you have delicacy enough to understand that it is as great an injury to Miss Hale as to me—in fact, she would think it a greater—to suppose that I have any reason more than I now give for begging you and my mother to show her every kindly attention."

"I cannot forgive her her pride," said his mother; "I will befriend her, if there is need, for your asking, John. I would befriend Jezebel herself if you asked me. But this girl, who turns up her nose at us all—who turns up her nose at you——"

"Nay, mother; I have never yet put myself, and I mean never to put myself, within reach of her contempt."

"Contempt, indeed!"—(One of Mrs. Thornton's expressive snorts.)—"Don't go on speaking of Miss Hale, John, if I've to be kind to her. When I'm with her, I don't know if I like or dislike her most; but when I think of her, and hear you talk of her, I hate her. I can see she's given herself airs to you as well as if you'd told me out."

"And if she has," said he, and then he paused for a moment; then went on: "I'm not a lad to be cowed by a proud look from a woman, or to care for her misunderstanding me, and my position. I can laugh at it!"

"To be sure! and at her too, with her fine notions, and haughty tosses!"

"I only wonder why you talk so much about her, then," said Fanny. "I'm sure, I'm tired enough of the subject."

"Well!" said her brother, with a shade of bitterness. "Suppose we find some more agreeable subject. What do you say to a strike, by way of something pleasant to talk about?"

"Have the hands actually turned out?" asked Mrs. Thornton, with vivid interest.

"Hamper's men are actually out. Mine are working out their week, through fear of being prosecuted for breach of contract. I would have had every one of them up and punished for it who left his work before his time was out."

"The law expenses would have been more than the hands themselves were worth—a set of ungrateful naughts!" said his mother.

"To be sure. But I would have shown them how I keep my word, and how I mean them to keep theirs. They know me by this time. Hickson's men are off—pretty certain he won't spend money in getting them punished. We're in for a turn-out, mother."

"I hope there are not many orders in hand?"

"Of course there are. They know that well enough. But they don't quite understand all, though they think they do."

"What do you mean, John?"

Candles had been brought, and Fanny had taken up her interminable piece of worsted-work, over which she was yawning; throwing herself back in her chair from time to time to gaze at vacancy, and think of nothing, at her ease.

"Why," said he, "the Americans are getting their yarns so into the general market, that our only chance is producing them at a lower rate. If we can't, we may shut up shop at once, and hands and masters go alike on tramp. Yet these fools go back to the prices paid three years ago—nay, some of their leaders quote Dobbinson's prices now—though they know as well as we do that, what with fines pressed out of their wages as no honourable men would extort them, and other ways which I for one would scorn to use, the real rate of wage paid at Dobbinson's is less than at ours. Upon my word, mother, I wish the old combination-laws were in force. It is too bad to find out that fools—ignorant, wayward men like these—just by uniting their weak silly heads, are to rule over the fortunes of those who bring all the wisdom that knowledge and experience, and often painful thought and anxiety, can give. The next thing will be—indeed we're all but come to it now—that we shall have to go and ask—stand hat in hand—and humbly ask the secretary of the Spinners' Union to be so kind as to furnish us with labour at their own price. That's what they want—they, who have not the sense to see that, if we don't get a fair share of the profits to compensate us for our wear and tear here in England, we can move off to some other country; and that, what with home and foreign competition, we are none of us likely to make above a fair share, and may be thankful enough if we can get that in an average number of years."

"Can't you get hands from Ireland? I wouldn't keep these fellows a day. I'd teach them that I was master, and could employ what servants I liked."

"Yes! to be sure I can; and I will, too, if they go on long. It will be trouble and expense, and I fear there will be some danger; but I will do it, rather than give in."

"If there is to be all this extra expense, I'm sorry we're giving a dinner just now."

"So am I,—not because of the expense, but because I shall have much to think about, and many unexpected calls on my time. But we must have had Mr. Horsfall, and he does not stay in Milton long. And as for the others, we owe them dinners, and it's all one trouble."

He kept on with his restless walk, not speaking any more, but drawing a deep breath from time to time, as if endeavouring to throw off some annoying thought. Fanny asked her mother numerous small questions, all having nothing to do with the subject, which a wiser person would have perceived was occupying her attention. Consequently, she received many short answers. She was not sorry when, at ten o'clock, the servants filed in to prayers. These her mother always read,—first reading a chapter. They were now working steadily through the Old Testament. When prayers were ended, and his mother had wished him good-night, with that long steady look of hers which conveyed no expression of the tenderness that was in her heart, but yet had the intensity of a blessing, Mr. Thornton continued his walk. All his business plans had received a check, a sudden pull-up, from this approaching turn-out. The forethought of many anxious hours was thrown away, utterly wasted by their insane folly, which would injure themselves even more than him, though no one could set any limit to the mischief they were doing.

And these were the men who thought themselves fitted to direct the masters in the disposal of their capital! Hamper had said, only this very day, that if he were ruined by the strike, he would start life again, comforted by the conviction that those who brought it on were in a worse predicament than he himself,—for he had head as well as hands, while they had only hands; and if they drove away their market, they could not follow it, nor turn to anything else. But this thought was no consolation to Mr. Thornton. It might be that revenge gave him no pleasure; it might be that he valued the position he had earned with the sweat of his brow, so much that he keenly felt its being endangered by the ignorance or folly of others,—so keenly that he had no thoughts to spare for what would be the consequences of their conduct to themselves. He paced up and down, setting his teeth a little now and then. At last it struck two. The candles were flickering in their sockets. He lighted his own, muttering to himself,

"Once for all, they shall know whom they have got to deal with. I can give them a fortnight,—no more. If they don't see their madness before the end of that time, I must have hands from Ireland. I believe it's Slickson's doing, — confound him and his dodges! He thought he was overstocked; so he seemed to yield at first, when the deputation came to him,—and, of course, he only confirmed them in their folly, as he meant to do. That's where it spread from."

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

Mrs. Hale was curiously amused and interested by the idea of the Thornton dinner party. She kept wondering about the details; with something of the simplicity of a little child, who wants to have all its anticipated pleasures described beforehand. But the monotonous life led by invalids often makes them like children, inasmuch as they have neither of them any sense of proportion in events, and seem each to believe that the walls and curtains which shut in their world, and shut out everything else, must of necessity be larger than anything hidden beyond. Besides, Mrs. Hale had had her vanities as a girl; had perhaps unduly felt their mortification when she became a poor clergyman's wife;—they had been smothered and kept down; but they were not extinct; and she liked to think of seeing Margaret dressed for a party, and discussed what she should wear with an unsettled anxiety that amused Margaret, who had been more accustomed to society in her one year in Harley Street than her mother in five and twenty years of Helstone.

"Then you think you shall wear your white silk. Are you sure it will fit? It's nearly a year since Edith was married!"

"Oh yes mamma! Mrs. Murray made it, and it's sure to be right; it may be a straw's breadth shorter or longer-waisted, according to my having grown fat or thin. But I don't think I've altered in the least."

"Had'nt you better let Dixon see it? It may have gone yellow with lying by."

"If you like, mamma. But if the worst comes to the worst, I've a very nice pink gauze which aunt Shaw gave me, only two or three months before Edith was married. That can't have gone yellow."

"No! but it may have faded."

"Well! then I've a green silk. I feel more as if it was the embarrassment of riches."

"I wish I knew what you ought to wear," said Mrs. Hale, nervously.

Margaret's manner changed instantly. "Shall I go and put them on one after another, mamma, and then you could see which you liked best?"

"But—yes! perhaps that will be best."

So off Margaret went. She was very much inclined to play some pranks when she was dressed up at such an unusual hour; to make her rich white silk balloon out into a cheese, to retreat backwards from her mother as if she were the queen; but when she found that these freaks of hers were regarded as interruptions to the serious business, and as such annoyed her mother, she became grave and sedate. What had possessed the world (her world) to fidget so about her dress she could not understand; but that very afternoon, on naming her engagement to Bessy Higgins (apropos of the servant that Mrs. Thornton had promised to inquire about), Bessy quite roused up at the intelligence.

"Dear! and are you going to dine at Thornton's at Marlborough Mills?"

"Yes, Bessy. Why are you so surprised?"

"Oh, I dunno. But they visit wi' a' the first folk in Milton."

"And you don't think we're quite the first folk in Milton, eh, Bessy?"

Bessy's cheeks flushed a little at her thought being thus easily read.

"Well," said she, "yo see, they thinken a deal o' money here; and I reckon yo've not getten much."

"No," said Margaret, "that's very true. But we are educated people, and have lived amongst educated people. Is there anything so wonderful in our being asked out to dinner by a man who owns himself inferior to my father by coming to him to be instructed? I don't mean to blame Mr. Thornton. Few drapers' assistants, as he was once, could have made themselves what he is."

"But can yo give dinners back, in yo're small house. Thornton's house is three times as big."

"Well, I think we could manage to give Mr. Thornton a dinner back, as you call it. Perhaps not in such a large room, nor with so many people. But I don't think we've thought about it at all in that way."

"I never thought yo'd be dining with Thorntons," repeated Bessy. "Why, the mayor hissel' dines there; and the members of Parliament and all."

"I think I could support the honour of meeting the mayor of Milton."

"But them ladies dress so grand!" said Bessy, with an anxious look at Margaret's print gown, which her Milton eyes appraised at sevenpence a yard.

Margaret's face dimpled up into a merry laugh. "Thank you, Bessy, for thinking so kindly about my looking nice among all the smart people. But I've plenty of grand gowns,—a week ago I should have said they were far too grand for anything I should ever want again. But as I'm to dine at Mr. Thornton's, and perhaps to meet the mayor, I shall put on my very best gown, you may be sure."

"What win yo wear?" asked Betty, somewhat relieved.

"White silk!" said Margaret. "A gown I had for a cousin's wedding, a year ago."

"That'll do!" said Bessy, falling back in her chair. "I should be loth to have yo looked down upon."

"Oh! I'll be fine enough, if that will save me from being looked down upon in Milton."

"I wish I could see you dressed up," said Bessy. "I reckon yo're not what folk would ca' pretty; yo've not red and white enough for that. But dun yo know, I ha' dreamt of yo, long afore ever I seed yo."

"Nonsense, Bessy!"

"Ay, but I did. Yo'r very face,—looking wi' yo'r clear steadfast eyes out o' th' darkness, wi' yo'r hair blown off from yo'r brow, and going out like rays round yo'r forehead, which was just as smooth and as straight as it is now,—and yo always came to give me strength, which I seemed to gather out o' yo'r deep comforting eyes,—and yo were drest in shining raiment—just as yo'r going to be drest. So, yo see, it was yo!"

"Nay, Bessy," said Margaret gently, "it was but a dream."

"And why might na I dream a dream in my affliction as well as others. Did not many a one i' the Bible? Ay, and see visions too! Why, even my father thinks a deal o' dreams! I tell yo again, I saw yo as plainly, coming swiftly towards me, wi' yo'r hair blown back wi' the very swiftness o' the motion, just like the way it grows, a little standing off like; and the white shining dress on yo've getten to wear. Let me come and see yo in it. I want to see yo and touch yo as in very deed yo were in my dream."

"My dear Bessy, it is quite a fancy of yours."

"Fancy or no fancy,—yo've come, as I knew yo would, when I saw yo'r movement in my dream,—and when yo're here about me, I reckon I feel easier in my mind, and comforted, just as a fire comforts one on a dree day. Yo said it were on th' twenty-first; please God I'll come and see yo."

"Oh Bessy! you may come and welcome; but don't talk so—it really makes me sorry. It does indeed."

"Then I'll keep it to mysel', if I bite my tongue out. Not but what it's true for all that."

Margaret was silent. At last she said,

"Let us talk about it sometimes, if you think it true. But not now. Tell me, has your father turned out?"

"Ay!" said Bessy, heavily—in a manner very different from that she had spoken in, but a minute or two before. "He and many another,—all Hamper's men,—and many a one besides. Th' women are as bad as th' men in their savageness, this time. Food is high,—and they mun have food for their childer, I reckon. Suppose Thorntons sent 'em their dinner out,—th' same money spent on potatoes and meal would keep many a crying babby quiet, and hush up its mother's heart for a bit!"

"Don't speak so!" said Margaret. "You'll make me feel wicked and guilty in going to this dinner."

"No!" said Bessy. "Some's pre-elected to sumptuous feasts, and purple and fine linen,—may be yo're one on 'em. Others toil and moil all their lives long—and the very dogs are not pitiful in our days, as they were in the days of Lazarus. But if yo ask me to cool yo'r tongue wi' th' tip of my finger, I'll come across the great gulf to yo just for th' thought o' what yo've been to me here."

"Bessy! you're very feverish! I can tell it in the touch of your hand, as well as in what you're saying. It won't be division enough in that awful day that some of us have been beggars here, and some of us have been rich,—we shall not be judged by that poor accident, but by our faithful following of Christ."

Margaret got up, and found some water: and soaking her pocket handkerchief in it, she laid the cool wetness on Bessy's forehead, and began to chafe the stone-cold feet. Bessy shut her eyes, and allowed herself to be soothed. At last she said,

"Yo'd ha' been deaved out o' your five wits, as well as me, if yo'd had one body after another coming in to ask for father, and staying to tell me each one their tale. Some spoke o' deadly hatred, and made my blood run cold wi' the terrible things they said o' th' masters,—but more, being women, kept plaining, plaining (wi' the tears running down their cheeks, and never wiped away, nor heeded), of the price o' meat, and how their childer could na sleep at nights for th' hunger."

"And do they think the strike will mend this?" asked Margaret.

"They say so," replied Bessy. "They do say trade has been good for long, and the

masters has made no end o' money; ho' much father doesn't know, but in cours th' Union does; and, as is natural, they wan their share o' th' profits, now that food i getting dear; and th' Union says they'll no be doing their duty if they don't make the masters give 'em their share. But masters has getten th' upper hand somehow; and I'm feared they'll keep it now and evermore. It's like th' great battle o' Armageddon, the way they keep on, grinning and fighting at each other, till even while they fight, they are picked off into the pit."

Just then, Nicholas Higgins came in. He caught his daughter's last words.

"Ay! and I'll fight on too; and I'll get it this time. It will not take long for to make 'em give in, for they've getten a pretty lot o orders, all under contract; and they'll soon find out they'd better give us our five per cent, than lose the profit they'll gain; let alone the fine for not fulfilling the contract. Aha, my masters! I know who'll win."

Margaret fancied from his manner that he must have been drinking, not so much from what he said, as from the excited way in which he spoke; and she was rather confirmed in this idea by the evident anxiety Bessy showed to hasten her departure. Bessy said to her,—

"The twenty-first—that's Thursday week I may come and see yo dressed for Thornton's, I reckon. What time is yo'r dinner?'

Before Margaret could answer, Higgins broke out,

"Thornton's! Ar' t' going to dine at Thornton's? Ask him to give yo a bumper to the success of his orders. By th' twenty-first, I reckon, he'll be pottered in his brains how to get them done in time. Tell him there's seven hundred 'll come marching into Marlborough Mills the morning after he gives the five per cent, and will help him through his contract in no time.—You'll have 'em all there. My master, Hamper. He's one o' th' oud-fashioned sort. Ne'er meets a man bout an oath or a curse; I should think he were going to die if he spoke me civil; but arter all, his bark's waur than his bite, and yo may tell him one o' his turn-outs said so, if you like. Eh! but yo'll have a lot of prize millowners at Thornton's! I should like to get speech o' them when they're a bit inclined to sit still after dinner, and could na run for th' life on 'em. I'd tell 'em my mind. I'd speak up again the hard way they're driving on us!"

"Good-bye!" said Margaret, hastily. "Good-bye, Bessy! I shall look to see you on the twenty-first, if you're well enough."

The medicines and treatment which Dr. Donaldson had ordered for Mrs. Hale did her so much good at first that not only she herself, but Margaret, began to hope that he might have been mistaken, and that she could recover permanently. As for Mr. Hale, although he had never had an idea of the serious nature of their apprehensions, he triumphed over their fears with an evident relief, which proved how much his glimpse into the nature of them had affected him. Only Dixon croaked for ever into Margaret's ear. However, Margaret defied the raven, and would hope.

They needed this gleam of brightness indoors, for out-of-doors, even to their uninstructed eyes, there was a gloomy, brooding appearance of discontent. Mr. Hale had his own acquaintances among the working men, and was depressed with their earnestly-told tales of suffering and long-endurance. They would have scorned to speak of what they had to bear to any one who might, from his position, have understood it without their words. But here was this man, from a distant county, who was perplexed by the workings of the system he was thrown amongst, and each was eager to make him a judge, and to bring witness of his own causes for irritation. Then Mr. Hale brought all his budget of grievances, and laid it before Mr. Thornton, for him, with his experience as a master, to arrange them, and explain their origin; which he always did, on sound economical principles, showing that as trade was conducted there must always be a waxing and waning of commercial prosperity; and that in the waning a certain number of masters, as well as of men, must go down into ruin, and be no more seen among the ranks of the happy and prosperous. He spoke as if this consequence were so entirely logical, that neither employers nor employed had any right to complain if it became their fate: the employer to turn aside from the race he could no longer run, with a bitter sense of incompetency and failure—wounded in the struggle—trampled down by his fellows in their haste to get rich—slighted where he once was honoured—humbly asking for instead of bestowing employment with a lordly hand. Of course, speaking so of the fate that, as a master, might be his own in the fluctuations of commerce, he was not likely to have more sympathy with that of the workmen, who were passed by in the swift merciless improvement or alteration; who would fain lie down and quietly die out of the world that needed them not, but felt as if they could never rest their graves for the clinging cries of the beloved and helpless they would leave behind; who envied the power of the wild bird, that can feed her young with her very heart's blood. Margaret's whole soul rose up against him as he reasoned in this way—as if commerce were everything, and humanity nothing. She could hardly thank him for the individual kindness which brought him that very evening to offer her—for the delicacy which made him understand that he must offer her privately—every convenience for illness that his own wealth or his mother's foresight had caused them to accumulate in their household, and which, as he learnt from Dr. Donaldson,

Mrs. Hale might possibly require. His presence, after the way he had spoken—his bringing before her the doom which she was vainly trying to persuade herself might yet be averted from her mother—all conspired to set Margaret's teeth on edge as she looked at him, and listened to him. What business had he to be the only person, except Dr. Donaldson and Dixon, admitted to the awful secret which she held shut up in the most dark and sacred recess of her heart—not daring to look at it, unless she invoked heavenly strength to bear the sight—that some day soon she should cry aloud for her mother, and no answer would come out of the blank, dumb darkness? Yet he knew all. She saw it in his pitying eyes. She heard it in his grave and tremulous voice. How reconcile those eyes, that voice, with the hard, reasoning, dry, merciless way in which he laid down axioms of trade, and serenely followed them out to their full consequences? The discord jarred upon her inexpressibly. The more because of the gathering woe of which she heard from Bessy. To be sure, Nicholas Higgins, the father, spoke differently. He had been appointed a committee-man, and said that he knew secrets of which the exoteric knew nothing. He said this more expressly and particularly on the very day before Mrs. Thornton's dinner party, when Margaret, going in to speak to Bessy, found him arguing the point with Boucher, the neighbour of whom she had frequently heard mention, as by turns exciting Higgins's compassion as an unskilful workman with a large family depending upon him for support, and at other times enraging his more energetic and sanguine neighbour by his want of what the latter called spirits. It was very evident that Higgins was in a passion when Margaret entered. Boucher stood with both hands on the rather high mantelpiece, swaying himself a little on the support his arms, thus placed, gave him, and looking wildly into the fire, with a kind of despair that irritated Higgins, even while it went to his heart. Bessy was rocking herself violently backwards and forwards as was her wont (Margaret knew by this time), when she was agitated. Her sister Mary was tying on her bonnet (in great clumsy bows, as suited her great clumsy fingers), to go to her fustian-cutting, blubbering out loud the while, and evidently longing to be away from a scene that distressed her.

Margaret came in upon this scene. She stood for a moment at the door—then, her finger on her lips, she stole to a seat on the squab near Bessy. Nicholas saw her come in, and greeted her with a gruff but not unfriendly nod. Mary hurried out of the house, catching gladly at the open door, and crying out aloud when she got away from her father's presence. It was only John Boucher that took no notice whatever who came in and who went out.

"It's no use, Higgins. Hoo cannot live long a' this'n. Hoo 's just sinking away—not for want o' meat hersel'—but because hoo cannot stand th' sight o' the little ones clemming. Ay, clemming! Five shilling a week may do well enough for thee, wi' but two mouths to fill, and one on 'em a wench who can welly earn her own meat. But it's clemming to us. An' I tell thee plain—if hoo dies, as I'm 'feared hoo will afore we've getten th' five per cent, I'll fling th' money back i' th' masters' face, and say, 'Be domned to yo; be domned to th' whole cruel world o' yo; that could na leave me the best wife that ever bore childer to a man!' An' look thee, lad, I'll hate thee, and th' whole pack o' th' Union. Ay, an' chase yo through heaven wi' my hatred,—I will, lad! I will,—if yo're leading me astray i' this matter. Thou saidst, Nicholas, on Wednesday sennight—and it's now Tuesday i' th' second week—that afore a fortnight we'd ha' the masters coming a-begging to us to take back our work, at our own wage,—and time's nearly up,—and there's our lile Jack lying a-bed, too weak to cry, but just every now and then sobbing up his heart for want o' food,—our lile Jack, I tell thee, lad! Hoo's never looked up sin' he were born, and hoo loves him as if he were her very life,—as he is,—for I reckon he'll ha' cost me that precious price,—our lile Jack, who wakened me each morn wi' putting his sweet little lips to my great rough fou' face, a-seeking a smooth place to kiss,—an' he lies clemming." Here the deep sobs choked the poor man, and Nicholas looked up, with eyes brimful of tears to Margaret, before he could gain courage to speak.

"Hou'd up, man. Thy lile Jack shall na' clem. I ha' got brass, and we'll go buy the chap a sup o' milk an' a good four-pounder this very minute. What's mine's thine, sure enough, i' thou'st i' want. Only, dunnot lose heart, man!" continued he, as he fumbled in a teapot for what money he had. "I lay yo my heart and soul we'll win for a' this: it's but bearing on one more week, and yo just see th' way th' masters will come round, praying on us to come back to our mills. An' th' Union,—that's to say, I—will take care yo've enough for th' childer and the missus. So dunnot turn faint-heart, and go to th' tyrants a-seeking work."

The man turned round at these words,—turned round a face so white, and gaunt, and tear-furrowed, and hopeless, that its very calm forced Margaret to weep.

"Yo know well that a worser tyrant than e'er th' masters were says, 'Clem to death, and see 'em a' clem to death, ere yo dare go again th' Union.' Yo know it well, Nicholas, for a' yo're one on 'em. Yo may be kind hearts, each separate; but once banded together, yo' ve no more pity for a man than a wild hunger-maddened wolf."

Nicholas had his hand on the lock of the door—he stopped, and turned round on Boucher, close following:

"So help me God! man alive—if I think not I'm doing best for thee, and for all on us. If I'm going wrong where I think I'm going right, it's their sin who ha' left me where I am, in my ignorance. I ha' thought till my brains ached,—Beli' me, John, I have. An' I say again, there's no help for us but having faith i' th' Union. They'll win the day, see if they dunnot!"

Not one word had Margaret or Bessy spoken. They had hardly uttered the sighing that the eyes of each called to the other to bring up from the depths of her heart. At last Bessy said,

"I never thought to hear father call on God again. But yo heard him say "So help me God!"

"Yes!" said Margaret. "Let me bring you what money I can spare,—let me bring you a little food for that poor man's children. Don't let them know it comes from any one but your father. It will be but little."

Bessy lay back without taking any notice of what Margaret said. She did not cry—she only quivered up her breath.

"My heart's drained dry o' tears," she said. "Boucher's been in, these days past, a telling me of his fears and his troubles. He's but a weak kind o' chap, I know, but he's a man for a' that; and tho' I have been angry many a time afore now wi' him an' his wife, as knew no more nor him how to manage, yet, yo see, all folk is not wise, yet God lets 'em live—ay, an' gives 'em some one to love, and be loved by, just as good as Solomon. An', if sorrow comes to them they love, it hurts 'em as sore as e'er it did Solomon. I can't make it out. Perhaps it's as well such a one as Boucher has th' Union to see after him. But I'd just like for to see th' men as make th' Union, and put 'em one by one face to face wi' Boucher. I reckon if they heard him they'd tell him (if I cotched 'em one by one), he might go back and get what he could for his work, even if it weren't so much as they ordered."

Margaret sat utterly silent. How was she ever to go away into comfort and forget that man's voice, with the tone of unutterable agony telling more by far than his words, of what he had to suffer? She took out her purse; she had not much in it of what she could call her own, but what she had she put into Bessy's hand without speaking.

"Thank yo. There's many on 'em gets no more, and is not so bad off,—leastways does not show it as he does. But father won't let 'em want, now he knows, yo see, Boucher's been pulled down wi' his childer,—and her being so cranky, and a' they could pawn has gone this last twelvemonth. Yo're not to think we'd ha' letten 'em clem, for all we're a bit pressed oursel'; if neighbours does not see after neighbours, I dunno who will." Bessy seemed almost afraid lest Margaret should think they had not the will, and, to a certain degree, the power of helping one whom she evidently regarded as having a claim upon them. "Besides," she went on, "father is sure and positive the masters must give in within these next few days,—that they canna hould on much longer. But I thank yo all the same,—I thank yo for mysel', as much as for Boucher, for it just makes my heart warm to yo more and more."

Bessy seemed much quieter to-day, but fearfully languid and exhausted. As she finished speaking, she looked so faint and weary that Margaret became alarmed.

"It's nout," said Bessy. "It's not death yet. I had a fearfu' night wi' dreams—or somewhat like dreams, for I were wide awake,—and I'm all in a swounding daze to-day,—only yon poor chap made me alive again. No! it's not death yet, but death is not far off. Ay. Cover me up, and I'll may be sleep if th' cough will let me. Good night—good afternoon, m'appen I should say—but th' light is dim an' misty to-day."

ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

We set off along a pretty rustic lane besprinkled with honeysuckle, and with blue "mute curfew bells," leaving open way sometimes through hedges of trailing briar into a waving cornfield, out of which the epicure in that line might pluck ears and eat. We were on the high road to one of the most extensive of the Yorkshire moors.

A dead halt. "Where are the donkeys for the ladies?" A scout was instantly dispatched to the hill-top, and, after often inquiring, from "sister Ann" for the time being, whether she saw anything coming, a cloud of dust proclaimed the advance of our cavalry. So we mounted with a bashi-bazouk feeling at our hearts, however little of it there might be in the steps of our steeds. An artist could have chosen many a less interesting group than that one made by Fanny, Conqueror, Jenny, and Betsy, toiling up the heathery hill-side; with their crimson-shawled and neat-figured riders, and their couple of outriders, with whom they had at least one common thought. It was a first day on the moors to them all.

"What mean ye, donkeys, by this sudden halt? Do ye scent game, or are your gentle ears stunned by that loud report?" From the hill-side it comes. It came indeed from the gun of our generous host, Mr. Aibee, whose gamekeeper Sam was on the ground awaiting us.

"What sport to-day, Sam?"

Happy the man who has set eyes on Sam! As Mr. Aibee accosted him, he rose up to his full height, six feet four out of his shoes. When we first saw him, he was setting, dog-wise, his eager face bent forwards, listening for game; but, as he crouched with his hands resting on his knees, and his neck stretched out, he looked more like some antediluvian bird than anything four-footed.

"What sport to day, Sam?"

"Weal, zir, nawat mooch. Win law-ast three birds."

"Ah, that was bad! How did that happen?"

"Weal, ye zee, we shot t' first reet deead—deead as a stone, and then it spired oop i' t' sky; fell plop dooan and theen took to t' wing agen, flying oop like a good un. Then anoother we left o' t' black bank, and won's soom wheere aboot t' road we cum."

"Well, Sam, that's bad luck indeed; you must try and redeem your character, and not waste good powder and shot on such unfortunate chances."

Sam did try very hard for the redemption of his character, as far as listening and looking went, but it was the hardest of all trials for him to give up his gun to a stranger gentleman, who "spiled spoart," and didn't seem inclined to give him the opportunity of pocketing the eight or nine brace of birds which he contended that his shooting pouch was made to hold. Nay, he even went so far as to hint that the stranger gent didn't properly know how to hold his gun, alleging, as proof of his remark, that if he kept it "up o' shoulder, t' ladies needn't be so feard o' bein shot."

There is Sam again, making a Dinornis of himself; and this time the stranger gent has taken his advice and fired. A bird drops wounded, then again soars up faintly—more faintly—flutters away from the rush of dogs and men—away under the deep heather, which at last only is stirred gently by its weak exhausted efforts. So the bird falls an unresisting prey into the hands of the sportsman. Perhaps as it was the first of its tribe I had seen so captured, I may be excused for the sadness which crept over me when the dying bird lay passive in my hand, its beautifully tinted plumes, which had so lately borne it joyously among its fellows, clotted with blood-stains; its bright eyes, only just now flying straightway to the light, dimmed; and the life which had been maintained in so exquisite a palace cast out and sent—whither? Sam might be glad enough to bag his eight or nine brace of such fair-fashioned creatures, and might cry, "Anan!" over my regret at the death of this one among the thousands shot, or hundreds left to die of their wounds, among the heather. Did the young sportsman, who stood on a much higher grade of civilisation than poor Sam, sympathise with the woman's feeling? Evidently not; for there he was, with a swell of self-gratulation over his whole figure. It was his first bird; and no maiden fresh from her first ball-room conquest; no matron brooding over her first-born; no painter exultant at his first harmony of colouring; no child-poet fancying himself a future Shakspeare; could have looked more elate at his success than our sportsman over his first victim. It must be gently, tenderly smoothed down; handed round to the assembled coterie for approbation; carefully wrapped in paper—no—on second thoughts, held carelessly dangling from our sporting wrist. In fine, when hand, and horse, and steam had done their duty, and conveyed the treasure safely home to a far distant house, it must be stuffed and set on high as a memento of our prowess and of this glorious day's sport.

Vainly we strove to improve our prentice hand. No comrade was vouchsafed to one cock o' the moors. Birds there were by hundreds, but we were told they were shy. We followed them slowly, we followed them quickly, we skirted the hill-side to come down unawares on their unsuspecting innocence, but it wouldn't do. Shy! Never before did shyness assume an air of such offensive impudence! But those odd fellows, those solitary misanthropes of grouses, who prefer picking their tit-bits of crowberry lonely and forlorn, surely we can surprise one or two of them in their hermit haunts. The two setters Fine-Scent and Sweet-Lips, are as busy as such important adjutants ought to be; there they go—hither and thither—their white bodies now gleaming above, now lost in the depths of the rich thick heather. Fine-Scent sets, and one sportsman advances—slowly, cautiously. Out flies a hoped-for victim. Bang—fire—bang! He missed his mark, and the bird, victorious as an Austerlitz eagle, floats over our disappointed heads.

'Twas ever thus. Our fondest hopes, &c. &c.

Our *first* bird has tenfold duty to perform. Stoicism, philosophy, wounded pride, disappointed hope, "recoil from incompleteness in the face of what is won." All fly for refuge and compensation under the wing of that poor first wounded bird.

Accompanied by our host, Mr. Aibee—one of the most good-natured of our good-natured independent English landowners, whom poverty and care never approach, and in whom perhaps good-nature is on that account of little merit—we explored every object of interest on the moor; here, a magnificent panorama of unrivalled picturesque scenery, backed by a range of purple hills; there, a deep ravine overgrown with fern and bell-heather, worn precipitous by some hill-stream. Below this, down in the silvery wharf of the trout-stream, the otter—that villanous vermin, as Master Isaac Walton calls him—has often given the chase which proves so much pleasanter than any other whatever; there, lurks that dog-fisher of the Latins, about whom a question hath been debated by so many "great clerks, and they seem to differ whether she be a beast or a fish."

Sometimes we jogged along a Roman road or halted by the remains of an old cromlech. A cromlech, our guide said it was. A huge flat stone in the middle of the moor, whereby speculative men from Bradford city try their lucks or tempt fortune by betting on the flight of pigeons. Our host told us

how one day he met a whole troop of these speculative characters, each with his bird in basket immured. He made a feint of being angry with the trespassers, threatening to take them into custody, unless they emptied all their pockets on the stone and turned out their birds for him to fire at. The first command was obeyed promptly, and the stone table was quickly covered with a medley of halfpence, shillings, and raw steaks; but there was considerable hesitation in obeying the other half of the order, as each man was unwilling to risk the life of his pigeon. I need scarcely say that the pigeons were left as unharmed as the people by whom they were owned. The steaks were all cooked at the nearest inn, and his honour's health was drunk in foaming glasses. This story reminded us, that the moor air had sharpened our own appetites; so, to gratify them, we went our way to the gamekeeper's lodge.

This was a small cottage in a genuine oasis of green field. We were met by one of Sam's seventeen; a boy with swollen eyes and a face like a huge Christmas pudding with the spice left out. "Why, Tommy, what ails thee?"—"T'bays stanged me." And there were the bees sure enough, by hundreds, ready to sting us had we meddled in their housekeeping. There was a city of bees lodged in two or three hundred hives, forming a picturesque finish to the low hedges surrounding the lodge. For the payment of a shilling each neighbour is privileged to bring his or her hive out to this place among the heather, where the bees remain for the whole summer, toiling and taking spoils that they are never destined to enjoy. Poor Tommy, so terribly bee-stanged, what is he about now? Quietly rocking himself in a huge chair, revelling in the spectacle of a try-contest between two of his beloved brothers. Even in this smiling oasis of the desert there is strife. The sons of Sam were fighting for possession of a stocking. The prize was worth defending, as the possessor of it thought, according to the report of his envious brother who stayed his hand in battle only long enough to explain to us how "I says, I munna ha' it till I pughs his leg off."

Having quieted the disputants with a few sweetmeats, we repaired to a barn-shed, where we were as merry as Moselle and a good dinner could make us. Horace himself might have been disposed to fight us for our luscious wine and grapes iced in the mountain streamlet. Our feast was served on china, with a device adapted to the occasion—to wit, a cock grouse for centre ornament, surrounded by heather and fern-leaves. Then, for siesta afterwards, commend me to the sweet heather couch, with the blue sky for a tent and the whizzing of the startled moor-game for lullaby. If one wished to hear the end of the moor anecdotes which Mr. Aibee began and I dare say brought to a close, it would have been well to have reclined on something much less comfortable. I must confess I was asleep before we had heard all the effect of the great storm of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven on the neighbouring cottages. One poor woman (I remember so much) got out of bed and hastened up to the moor, as the safest place to sleep in. "But I soon turned back," said she, "for I met a haystack and a cottage coomin dowan right i' my road."

Over the hilltop, through sundry bogginesses, and taking [illegible]-leaps over many a streamlet, we journeyed next to the lane by the highroad, and came to the summer-residence of the Hermit of Heatly. Our way in, was through a gateway guarded by a massive log of wood, which threatened to come down upon the head of any one who did not use his hand in pushing it aside. The log, or door, barred the way into a small enclosure of cultivated potato ground. At the extreme end of another small potato-field, two little girls—one holding a pitcher of milk—were guarding, like two Caryatides, a confused pile of stones. Is it possible that a human creature can actually choose to live in such a sty? We peered into the interior of one-half of this miserable heap of paving-stones—for it is divided into two with the idea, perhaps, of supplying a spare bed-chamber to any friend. A man, or I had better say a beast, upwards of seventy years old, lay coiled inside, buried among straw. "Little girl, tell me, does he always sleep here?" "Aye, he ligs i' his clooas," said she. Nothing more could we learn from the terrified little children, who clung to each other whispering confidence and encouragement, as the old hermit, seeing company, pushed away his bedclothes of straw with a thick stick. This was preparatory to rising: but rising was no easy matter, as his apartment was contrived after the fashion of a low tomb or a mummy-case. The hermit's stick inserted in the projecting stones above, served as a pivot on which he could turn himself round. That evolution effected with difficulty, he managed to come out to us backwards, in a most undignified manner, and, seating himself on a stone began to sing verses of Scripture and profane songs intermingled, with such mad incoherency, and in so rich a tone, that we knew not whether we were shocked or pleased. While he was chanting, one of us directed his attention to a timid bachelor of the party: to whom the hermit hymned out, with the whole force of his lungs, much to the quiet man's annoyance,

> Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,
> And round thy neck her arms shall twine.
> Ten olive branches in a row
> Shall round about thy table go.

"Do you always live here?" ventured a little female voice, hoping to divert atten-

tion from the blushes of the gentleman so liberally blessed. The rejoinder was an impious comparison:

> Our Lord did in a manger lay
> And wore a crown of prickly thorn;
> Like him, I tarry here all day;
> Like him, I'm wretched and forlorn.

Wonder predominated until we began to detect in the old man more of cunning than of wretchedness. There was method in his madness. His dress, which he boasted of having never put off for upwards of twenty years, was of old fustian, shining with age and filth. A strap, belonging to some old donkey-gear, confined this vesture round his waist; his sleeves were fastened by thongs. He had on his feet huge pair of cracked and worn-out sailor's boots.

We afterwards learnt that this holy man was a perpetual object of surveillance to the police; and that it was more by luck than desert that he is now what he calls himself in one of his songs—a bird of liberty: jail-bird is what he ought to be. By his own account, he was brought to his present sad pass, by grief for the loss of a dearly-beloved wife. But he is so vile an impostor that he is even suspected of having murdered his wife. He has more than once been brought before the magistrates for misdemeanours.

MR. WHITTLESTICK.

In the San Francisco newspaper, entitled the Wide West, Mr. Whittlestick amused the people at the diggins with a sketch of Californian character. The diggers liked to see their every-day acquaintances in print, and called for a corrected and revised edition of Whittlestick's works. This has duly appeared in twenty-four pages large octavo, from the press of "Bonestell and Williston, Court Block, Clay Street, one door below the Post Office, San Francisco."

Herein the miner may read about himself. If he be an unsuccessful miner, this is his character:—He knows California to be a humbug. In his judgment the mines must soon give out. He thinks that if he had arrived in 'forty-nine he could have made his fortune. But not in digging. No! Head-work is what he was cut out for. There was a fine opening in forty-nine 'for any man of talent and energy to speculate in real estate. He don't believe half the tales told about profitable mining. People can't fool *him* with their stories. California being a humbug, he would go home if he hadn't to admit when he got home that Jim and Tom knew just how it would be—that they were right and that he was wrong. He won't admit that. He will starve first. He *is* pretty nigh starving. He could go and work by the day for the Rattle Gulch Water and Mining Company, but he likes independence; and, as he has his mind to cultivate, objects to doing forced labour for more than eight hours a day. Prospecting is, in his opinion, the only way to strike a lead. The big strokes are what he is after. He don't want merely to make a living—he could have done that at home. His luck will turn some day. It is all luck. Brooks went home with a fortune, and told the unsuccessful miner's friends that the unsuccessful miner hadn't half worked. It isn't work that does it—it is luck. Brooks would have worked for nothing if he hadn't been so lucky; besides Brooks was avaricious. The unsuccessful miner has slaved it in California long enough: Australia is the place for him; wishes that he had gone there at once; want of capital is the only thing that hinders him from going now. Too many persons are allowed to come into the diggins. In his opinion it is immigration that has ruined the mines. He believes in quartz mining. Thinks that the directors of a quartz mining company make a snug thing of it, and wouldn't mind starting such a company himself, if he could find purchasers for stock. Seldom writes home.

The glass is next presented to the face of the successful miner:—In the opinion of the successful miner, the idea that the mines are worked out is all stuff. He does not believe in luck; attributes his own good fortune to innate force of character. Believes that he would have got along anywhere, and that any man who really works in the mines can do well. Never wearies of writing home to his friends, especially to those who always told him, &c. Thinks the unsuccessful miner rather green in his speculations, but sees clearly that his own losses in quartz-mining and town-lots were entirely unavoidable. Has an interest in one or two stores in different parts of the mines, and is very apt to mention those localities to the new-comers who may ask his opinion, as the likeliest places at which to begin. Considers prospecting a very good thing; but as long as he has a chain affording an average yield, prefers that some one else should do it. Is confident that he can wash a pan-ful of dirt quicker, and get more gold out of it, than any other man in the mines. Claims to be the original inventor of the long-tom, and knew that a sluice was first-rate for washing gold long before it was introduced. Looks upon sleeping in a tent as an enervating luxury. Give *him* a blanket and a stone.

Another kind of digger is the digger-Indian. He is clumsy; has black, matted hair; is coarse-featured; wears anything or nothing—that is to say, wears whatever clothes he gets and all that he possesses. If he has been fortunate, he may be met attired in several shirts, coats and pantaloons, one over the other. If he has not been fortunate, he wears, perhaps, nothing but a single pair of stockings. Of soap he has no know-

ledge—water touches his skin only when he goes into it for fish. He eats acorns, and grasshoppers crushed together when fresh into a pasty mass, or sun-dried for winter use. He gets up dances, at which he appears not in full dress, but strictly and always in full undress, while his wives and his daughters appear in the usual variety of costume. He gambles deeply, at a game known by our children as Which hand will you have? He eats no pork, but rejoices with his whole tribe at the stranding of a whale. He takes a wife, or a family of wives, by exchange of gifts, giving a jug and taking in exchange a net. His body, when he dies, is burnt, and it is a point of honour with his relatives to stand in a ring as near as possible to the burning pile until it is consumed; his bereaved wife puts on a widow's cap of pitch; which she wears on her head for several months, according to the digger-Indian way of going into black.

Another of the noticeable characters is the Chinaman. Wherever there is money to be earned, John Chinaman is earning it. He is a butcher in Dupont Street, a merchant at Sacramento, a fisherman and fish-drier on Rincon Point, a washerman at the Lagoon; and his idea of what will do for a flat-iron there amazes the Anglo-Saxons. His enemies insinuate that linen has a tendency to return as cotton from his hands. In everything, as in washing, his notions of work are Asiatic. If Chinamen have anything to lift they first ascertain whether one man can lift it; and, if he can, they send four to perform the duty. All their work is done on the same scale. For ease in carrying heavy burdens, the Chinaman depends on the balancing of weights at each end of a pole carried on his shoulder. If he has a bundle weighing fifty pounds to hang on one end of his pole, he will hang fifty pounds of anything as ballast on the other. John Chinaman, in figure and costume, much differs from western notions of the graceful or the beautiful. Little Californian boys shoot at him arrows barbed with pins; men passing him on the pavement jostle him; dogs snap at his heels. He is disliked, except by his countrymen; but they back him with energy. Is he before the recorder, and wants an alibi? Twenty John Chinamen will prove that he was in twenty other places at the time in question. John Chinaman has his own way of shopping. He enters a store and gazes for a long time silently and stolidly at the object of his desire. The storekeeper at last retires in dudgeon. John attempts then the expression of his mind in English, ascertains the price asked for the article, and bids about one-tenth of it. His offer is refused, and he departs; he never offers more at the first visit. After a few days he returns to renew his offer, and, if it be refused, to buy on the storekeeper's terms. The Chinaman is successful as a miner, but he dislikes digging; for rocking and tom-washing he displays genius. He lives sparingly, unless poultry be put in his way; for he has a wonderful greed for chickens. In 'forty-nine, the Chinese were eminent in San Francisco as keepers of the cheapest and best-frequented eating-houses. They were the only men who had on hand an unlimited supply of potatoes—then a Californian luxury. These trades have now declined. The founder of the best of them has removed, and is said to be a thriving eating-house keeper in the Sandwich Islands.

The genius of a poor Frenchman first struck out a line of business as bootblack, and the French bootblack soon became a stock Californian character. A file of bootblacks now does duty in front of the California Exchange, and the man with dirty boots who passes them and is no customer must run the gauntlet. The first bootblack provided for his customer a wooden stool. Competition led to the introduction of a chair with a back to it. Capital then entered the field with arm-chairs and cushions; and, to the arm-chairs and cushions, newspapers were added. There, invention was exhausted until somebody hit upon the idea of blacking boots in-doors. Californian boots are not all to be blacked with ease. A respectable city bootblacking establishment that had suffered much grievous wrong at the feet of possessors of greased or wet boots, posts in front of the customer's seat—close to his eyes—this placard:

Boots blacked (not wet or greased) .	25 cents.
Boots blacked (all over, legs, &c.) .	50 cents.
Boots blacked (when wet or greased) .	50 cents.

☞ Persons considering these rates too high are recommended to visit the Plaza, where expenses are not so heavy.

The Californians have a decided taste for sugar candy. One of the most imposing and imperturbable of public characters at San Francisco, who with a rough bass voice pursues the even tenor of his way, is the "Big Lump Candy Man." Grateful to all men is the sound of his—"Here you are!—Big Lumps and str-r-r-ongly flavoured. Ever-r-ybody buys them! Sam Br-r-annan buys them! Kate Hayes buys them." There have arisen lately, base men copying his cry, and intercepting some part of his custom; so that he is bound now to cry his big lumps as "the Old Or-r-riginal," to assert himself occasionally, as the man "the papers tell about."

We have given very reduced copies of Mr. Whittlestick's sketches, and have omitted from the series two most important characters, the newsboy and the grizzly bear.

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By the AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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AN UNSETTLED NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IT is not my intention to treat of any of those new neighbourhoods which a wise legislature leaves to come into existence just as it may happen; overthrowing the trees, blotting out the face of the country, huddling together labyrinths of odious little streets of vilely constructed houses; heaping ugliness upon ugliness, inconvenience upon inconvenience, dirt upon dirt, and contagion upon contagion. Whenever a few hundreds of thousands of people of the classes most enormously increasing, shall happen to come to the conclusion that they have suffered enough from preventible disease (a moral phenomenon that may occur at any time), the said wise legislature will find itself called to a heavy reckoning. May it emerge from that extremity as agreeably as it slided in. Amen!

No. The unsettled neighbourhood on which I have my eye—in a literal sense, for I live in it, and am looking out of window—cannot be called a new neighbourhood. It has been in existence, how long shall I say? Forty, fifty, years. It touched the outskirts of the fields, within a quarter of a century; at that period it was as shabby, dingy, damp, and mean a neighbourhood, as one would desire not to see. Its poverty was not of the demonstrative order. It shut the street-doors, pulled down the blinds, screened the parlour-windows with the wretchedest plants in pots, and made a desperate stand to keep up appearances. The genteeler part of the inhabitants, in answering knocks, got behind the door to keep out of sight, and endeavoured to diffuse the fiction that a servant of some sort was the ghostly warder. Lodgings were let, and many more were *to* let; but, with this exception, signboards and placards were discouraged. A few houses that became afflicted in their lower extremities with eruptions of mangling and clear-starching, were considered a disgrace to the neighbourhood. The working bookbinder with the large door-plate was looked down upon for keeping fowls, who were always going in and out. A corner house with "Ladies' School" on a board over the first floor windows, was barely tolerated for its educational facilities; and Miss Jamanne the dressmaker, who inhabited two parlours, and kept an obsolete work of art representing the Fashions, in the window of the front one, was held at a marked distance by the ladies of the neighbourhood—who patronised her, however, with far greater regularity than they paid her.

In those days, the neighbourhood was as quiet and dismal as any neighbourhood about London. Its crazily built houses—the largest, eight-roomed—were rarely shaken by any conveyance heavier than the spring van that came to carry off the goods of a "sold up" tenant. To be sold up was nothing particular. The whole neighbourhood felt itself liable, at any time, to that common casualty of life. A man used to come into the neighbourhood regularly, delivering the summonses for rates and taxes as if they were circulars. We never paid anything until the last extremity, and Heaven knows how we paid it then. The streets were positively hilly with the inequalities made in them by the man with the pickaxe who cut off the company's supply of water to defaulters. It seemed as if nobody had any money but old Miss Frowze, who lived with her mother at Number fourteen Little Twig Street, and who was rumoured to be immensely rich; though I don't know why, unless it was that she never went out of doors, and never wore a cap, and never brushed her hair, and was immensely dirty.

As to visitors, we really had no visitors at that time. Stabbers's Band used to come every Monday morning and play for three quarters of an hour on one particular spot by the Norwich Castle; but, how they first got into a habit of coming, or even how we knew them to be Stabbers's Band, I am unable to say. It was popular in the neighbourhood, and we used to contribute to it: dropping our halfpence into an exceedingly hard hat with a warm handkerchief in it, like a sort of bird's-nest (I am not aware whether it was Mr. Stabbers's hat or not), which came regularly round. They used to open with "Begone dull Care!" and to end with a tune which the neighbourhood recognised as "I'd rather have a Guinea than a One-pound Note." I think any reference to money, that was not a summons or an execution, touched us melodiously. As to Punches, they knew better than to do anything but squeak and drum in the neighbourhood,

unless a collection was made in advance —which never succeeded. Conjurors and strong men strayed among us, at long intervals; but, I never saw the donkey go up once. Even costermongers were shy of us, as a bad job: seeming to know instinctively that the neighbourhood ran scores with Mrs. Slaughter, Greengrocer, &c., of Great Twig Street, and consequently didn't dare to buy a ha'porth elsewhere: or very likely being told so by young Slaughter, who managed the business, and was always lurking in the Coal Department, practising Ramo Samee with three potatoes.

As to shops, we had no shops either, worth mentioning. We had the Norwich Castle, Truman Hanbury and Buxton, by J. Wigzell: a violent landlord, who was constantly eating in the bar, and constantly coming out with his mouth full and his hat on, to stop his amiable daughter from giving more credit; and we had Slaughter's; and we had a jobbing tailor's (in a kitchen), and a toy and hardbake (in a parlour), and a Bottle Rag Bone Kitchen-stuff and Ladies' Wardrobe, and a tobacco and weekly paper. We used to run to the doors and windows to look at a cab, it was such a rare sight; the boys (we had no end of boys, but where *is* there any end of boys?) used to Fly the garter in the middle of the road; and if ever a man might have thought a neighbourhood was settled down until it dropped to pieces, a man might have thought ours was.

What made the fact quite the reverse, and totally changed the neighbourhood? I have known a neighbourhood changed, by many causes, for a time. I have known a miscellaneous vocal concert every evening, do it; I have known a mechanical waxwork with a drum and organ, do it; I have known a Zion Chapel do it; I have known a firework-maker's do it; or a murder, or a tallow-melter's. But, in such cases, the neighbourhood has mostly got round again, after a time, to its former character. I ask, what changed our neighbourhood altogether and for ever? I don't mean what knocked down rows of houses, took the whole of Little Twig Street into one immense hotel, substituted endless cab-ranks for Fly the garter, and shook us all day long to our foundations with waggons of heavy goods; but, what put the neighbourhood off its head, and wrought it to that feverish pitch that it has ever since been unable to settle down to any one thing, and will never settle down again? THE RAILROAD has done it all.

That the Railway Terminus springing up in the midst of the neighbourhood should make what I may call a physical change in it, was to be expected. That people who had not sufficient beds for themselves, should immediately begin offering to let beds to the travelling public, was to be expected. That coffee-pots, stale muffins, and egg-cups, should fly into parlour windows like tricks in a pantomime, and that everybody should write up Good Accommodation for Railway Travellers, was to be expected. Even that Miss Frowze should open a cigar-shop, with a what's-his-name that the Brahmins smoke, in the middle of the window, and a thing outside like a Canoe stood on end, with a familiar invitation underneath it, to "Take a light," might have been expected. I don't wonder at house-fronts being broken out into shops, and particularly into Railway Dining Rooms, with powdered haunches of mutton, powdered cauliflowers, and great flat bunches of rhubarb, in the window. I don't complain of three eight-roomed houses out of every four taking upon themselves to set up as Private Hotels, and putting themselves, as such, into Bradshaw, with a charge of so much a day for bed and breakfast, including boot-cleaning and attendance, and so much extra for a private sitting-room—though where the private sitting-rooms can be, in such an establishment, I leave you to judge. I don't make it any ground of objection to Mrs. Minderson (who is a most excellent widow woman with a young family) that, in exhibiting one empty soup-tureen with the cover on, she appears to have satisfied her mind that she is fully provisioned as "The Railway Larder." I don't point it out as a public evil that all the boys who are left in the neighbourhood, tout to carry carpet bags. The Railway Ham, Beef, and German Sausage Warehouse, I was prepared for. The Railway Pie Shop, I have purchased pastry from. The Railway Hat and Travelling Cap Depot, I knew to be an establishment which in the nature of things must come. The Railway Hair-cutting Saloon, I have been operated upon in; the Railway Ironmongery, Nail and Tool Warehouse; the Railway Bakery; the Railway Oyster Rooms and General Shell Fish Shop; the Railway Medical Hall; and the Railway Hosiery and Travelling Outfitting Establishment; all these I don't complain of. In the same way, I know that the cabmen must and will have beer-shops, on the cellar-flaps of which they can smoke their pipes among the waterman's buckets, and dance the double shuffle. The railway porters must also have *their* houses of call; and at such places of refreshment I am prepared to find the Railway Double Stout at a gigantic threepence in your own jugs. I don't complain of this; neither do I complain of J. Wigzell having absorbed two houses on each side of him into The Railway Hotel (late Norwich Castle), and setting up an illuminated clock, and a vane at the top of a pole like a little golden Locomotive. But what I do complain of, and what I am distressed at, is, the state of mind—the moral condition—into which the neighbourhood has got. It is unsettled, dissipated, wandering (I believe nomadic is the crack word for that sort of thing just at present), and don't know its own mind for an hour.

I have seen various causes of demoralisation learnedly pointed out in reports and speeches, and charges to grand juries; but, the most demoralising thing *I* know, is Luggage. I have come to the conclusion that the moment Luggage begins to be always shooting about a neighbourhood, that neighbourhood goes out of its mind. Everybody wants to be off somewhere. Everybody does every thing in a hurry. Everybody has the strangest ideas of its being vaguely his or her business to go "down the line." If any Fast-train could take it, I believe the whole neighbourhood of which I write: bricks, stones, timber, ironwork, and everything else: would set off down the line.

Why, only look at it! What with houses being pulled down and houses being built up, is it possible to imagine a neighbourhood less collected in its intellects? There are not fifty houses of any sort in the whole place that know their own mind a month. Now, a shop says, "I'll be a toy-shop." To-morrow it says, "No I won't; I'll be a milliner's." Next week it says, "No I won't; I'll be a stationer's." Next week it says, "No I won't; I'll be a Berlin wool repository." Take the shop directly opposite my house. Within a year, it has gone through all these changes, and has likewise been a plumber's painter's and glazier's, a tailor's, a broker's, a school, a lecturing-hall, and a feeding-place, "established to supply the Railway public with a first-rate sandwich and a sparkling glass of Crowley's Alton Ale for threepence." I have seen the different people enter on these various lines of business, apparently in a sound and healthy state of mind. I have seen them, one after another, go off their heads with looking at the cabs rattling by, top-heavy with luggage, the driver obscured by boxes and portmanteaus crammed between his legs, and piled on the footboard—I say, I have seen them with my own eyes, fired out of their wits by luggage, put up the shutters, and set off down the line.

In the old state of the neighbourhood, if any young party was sent to the Norwich Castle to see what o'clock it was, the solid information would be brought back—say, for the sake of argument, twenty minutes to twelve. The smallest child in the neighbourhood who can tell the clock, is now convinced that it hasn't time to say twenty minutes to twelve, but comes back and jerks out, like a little Bradshaw, "Eleven forty." Eleven forty!

Mentioning the Norwich Castle, reminds me of J. Wigzell. That man is a type of the neighbourhood. He used to wear his shirt-sleeves and his stiff drab trowsers, like any other publican; and if he went out twice in a year, besides going to the Licensed Victuallers' Festival, it was as much as he did. What is the state of that man now? His pantaloons must be railway checks; his upper garment must be a cut-away coat, perfectly undermined by travelling pockets; he must keep a time-bill in his waistcoat—besides the two immense ones, UP and DOWN, that are framed in the bar—he must have a macintosh and a railway rug always lying ready on a chair; and he must habitually start off down the line, at five minutes' notice. Now, I *know* that J. Wigzell has no business down the line; he has no more occasion to go there than a Chinese. The fact is, he stops in the bar until he is rendered perfectly insane by the Luggage he sees flying up and down the street; then, catches up his macintosh and railway rug; goes down the line; gets out at a Common, two miles from a town; eats a dinner at the new little Railway Tavern there, in a choking hurry; comes back again by the next Up-train; and feels that he has done business!

We dream, in this said neighbourhood, of carpet-bags and packages. How can we help it? All night long, when passenger trains are flat, the Goods trains come in, banging and whanging over the turning-plates at the station like the siege of Sebastopol. Then, the mails come in; then, the mail-carts come out; then, the cabs set in for the early parliamentary; then, we are in for it through the rest of the day. Now, I don't complain of the whistle, I say nothing of the smoke and steam, I have got used to the red-hot burning smell from the Breaks which I thought for the first twelvemonth was my own house on fire, and going to burst out; but, my ground of offence is the moral inoculation of the neighbourhood. I am convinced that there is some mysterious sympathy between my hat on my head, and all the hats in hat-boxes that are always going down the line. My shirts and stockings put away in a chest of drawers, want to join the multitude of shirts and stockings that are always rushing everywhere, Express, at the rate of forty mile an hour. The trucks that clatter with such luggage, full trot, up and down the platform, tear into our spirits, and hurry us, and we can't be easy.

In a word, the Railway Terminus Works themselves are a picture of our moral state. They look confused and dissipated, with an air as if they were always up all night, and always giddy. Here, is a vast shed that was not here yesterday, and that may be pulled down to-morrow; there, a wall that is run up until some other building is ready; there, an open piece of ground, which is a quagmire in the middle, bounded on all four sides by a wilderness of houses, pulled down, shored up, broken-headed, crippled, on crutches, knocked about and mangled in all sorts of ways, and billed with fragments of all kinds of ideas. We are, mind and body, an unsettled neighbourhood. We are demoralized by the contemplation of luggage in perpetual motion. My conviction is, that you have only to circulate luggage enough—it is a mere question of

quantity—through a Quakers' Meeting, and every broad-brimmed hat and slate-coloured bonnet there, will disperse to the four winds at the highest possible existing rate of locomotion.

A HOME QUESTION.

In the war that we now wage with Russia, should it be ended in another year or two, we shall scarcely have lost upon all the fields of Alma, and before all the Sebastopols, in all the campaigns, as many of our fellow-countrymen as cholera has slain DURING THE PAST FEW WEEKS in London. Even to our troops in the East, Pestilence has proved incomparably more destructive than the redoubts and batteries of any mortal foe. By fever and by sickness bred of gross neglect, this country alone has probably lost more lives than have been sacrificed in all the battles ever fought in the whole of Europe since its history began. And the neglect continues. Observe! In the immensely advanced civilisation of which we hear a great deal, the guilty, unchristian, frightful neglect, continues.

We urged lately upon working men a desire elsewhere most worthily expressed, that among just efforts for the bettering of their condition they should not forget to give due prominence to a consideration of their right to healthy homes. The best of franchises—the freedom to possess one's natural health—has to be battled for by thousands of us. In London, and in many towns, we are denied even the right use of our skins, by the denial of a fair supply of water. To inhale the air of Heaven is our birthright, but we do not get fresh air into our mouths until disgusting poisons have been mixed with it. Against all this, and against the most atrocious of existing taxes, we incite the people to rise up in strong constitutional and peaceful rebellion. What do we call the most atrocious of all taxes? It is surely that upon uncleanness, which the most relentless of tax-gatherers, Death himself, knocks at our doors day and night to levy. He distrains upon us, not by seizure of our goods and chattels, but of possessions infinitely dearer; of our young children; of our sons whom we have brought with fond care through a paradise of hope to the very verge of manhood, and there lose; of our wives snatched from their infants while the little arms are stretching hungrily towards the breast; of fathers in the years that should be those of greatest vigour, who have been allowed time to surround themselves with families, and then, when they have become essential to the life of others, are destroyed. We are not such a free people as we claim to be considered, if we endure all this.

Once upon a time large bodies of working men were concerned to secure the five points of what a leader who gave unsound counsel called the People's Charter. They marched to Parliament with a petition we think more than a mile long, and produced little result; because they behaved like thirsty men, who preferred froth to beer. When they shall have asked for beer and got it, they shall not lack froth upon the top. Working men asked for, and helped mainly to secure, something more substantial—bread itself—when they were agitating for free trade. Is it not worth their while to agitate also for the protection of their households from disease, and in that only sensible sense turning Protectionist, look after their air and water as they have already looked after their bread? Hereby we advertise that there is Wanted a People's Charter, of which the five points are to be: Firstly, the abolition of cesspool and sewer-poison from all houses, courts, and streets; secondly, the fit construction of all dwelling-places; thirdly, the prompt removal of all nuisances dangerous to health (including burial grounds, gut boilers' heaps, and a great multitude of other things down to the cabbage leaf that rots before the costermonger's window); fourthly, the constant and therefore unlimited supply at a just price, of wholesome water to every tenement; and, fifthly, the suppression of preventible accidents in factories, mines, ships, and elsewhere, by making those persons strictly and criminally responsible who could have prevented them, and who failed in the duty so to do. We should like to see the working men of England fairly mastering these points, and shaming the inaction of our legislature by the urgency of their petitions and the strength of their union.

There are persons in all grades of authority, who, in as far as these matters are concerned need greatly to be put to shame. The labouring man who has no power to get drainage for his neighbourhood, or any other water than that which at stated times is turned into his cistern, who has little or no choice to exercise as to his place of abode, and who, being rarely able to ensure absolute punctuality in the discharge of rent, dares not complain against his landlord or ask of him more accommodation than he finds, is not to be held guilty of unpardonable negligence, when it is discovered that he bears his miseries in silence. If he desired to move upon his own behalf in what direction could he look for efficacious help?

Local authorities more frequently make it their business to hide than to discover, facts discreditable to the district over which they happen to preside. The guardians of Clerkenwell, the other day, were pilloried by the New Board of Health, as an example and warning to the country. They had refused to exercise their powers for the removal of a most vile nuisance, established, we suppose, by an influential rate-payer, of which it was proved that it had destroyed more than one life in its vicinity; they had refused as long as they could, to recognise the existence of cholera in their

parish; and to take the necessary measures of precaution on behalf of the poor under their charge. Will any reader look at Clerkenwell—go into the odious by-streets of Clerkenwell—and sit down to dinner afterwards with what little appetite he may, and think of these Guardians in this present advanced year of grace! The ordinary causes of this kind of blindness on the part of local boards are notorious enough. Some members think more of their own shops than of their neighbours' homes, and say to themselves, "Why should we offend or frighten away customers?" Perish the thought. Perish the neighbours, and success to trade! That last sentiment may not occur to them, but certainly it should. This unwillingness to lie under the imputation of begetting or harbouring anything pestilential is manifest enough whenever there is general attention paid to a prevailing epidemic. Towns and even cities, against which a faint accusation of infection may have been made, rush to the advertising columns of the Times, and there, if their doctors guarantee them to be clean, placard their cleanness. Even the great city of York during the late visitation, having been wrongfully accused of harbouring the cholera, advertised a disclaimer signed by a brigade of doctors. It is in this spirit that, when infection does appear in any place, the local managers of its affairs are so often disposed to remain blind to it as long as possible. Not only they who represent the meaner interests of trade, but they who are concerned about house property—small or large house owners, being guardians or town councillors—are apt to oppose ideas that lead to the cost of altering and amending houses ill-equipped or ill-constructed. There prevails also a mistaken idea of economy in the administration of parish or district affairs. It would be a task of no great difficulty to teach an ordinarily tractable Idiot, that the economy which cripples health is, of all kinds of extravagance, the worst.

At Newcastle, great numbers of people have been killed by the refusal of the Corporation to interfere for the removal of unhealthy conditions, upon which a special commission had reported in the strongest terms to Parliament. Of the report of the commission the authorities of Newcastle took little or no notice. One of the greatest conflagrations known in England by the present generation has very lately been committing havoc upon Tyne-side. Thereupon men thank Heaven, and refer to the days when the plague of London was killed by the great fire of London, that devoured the food on which the plague was nourished. With certain factories and shops, there have been burnt to the ground at Newcastle and Gateshead many of the worst of those filthy chares and dwellings by the water-side, in which fever had fixed its permanent abode. But is that not a great calamity which has destroyed forty or fifty human lives? That is a great calamity which at any time destroys the lives of innocent and useful people—of whom there were many in this case—but we think the Newcastle fire a less calamity than that which it has superseded,—the existence of a bit of town destroying hundreds yearly; we think it not so much a calamity as the possession by any town of a town council, or by any parish of a governing board, under any name that allows pestilence to slaughter men from day to day, from year to year, from generation to generation, and opposes no check to its cruelty.

Men higher in rank, who should have ampler knowledge, need also to be instructed in their duty by the public. A nobleman whose character as a paid protector of the public health was very bad, might be so far ashamed of it as to desire its complete destruction. He might destroy it, no doubt, perfectly, by rising in his place in Parliament, and there making some joke, awfully ill-timed, about the cholera. But such a public act would be a solemn affair in its way. It would be serious as formal suicide in Japan; where, it is said, that any gentleman who has found life a burden asks his friends to dinner; and, when they are all seated together, rises, delivers a neat sentiment, and gives it emphasis by ripping himself open. By such an act of what we should take to be political suicide, Lord Seymour, late Chief Commissioner of Public Works, distinguished himself towards the close of last session in the House of Commons. But the jeer with which he slew himself was taken up by his companions. They chose to die by the same weapon. The jest from which a nation shrank appalled, awakened, among members of the House of Commons, Cheers and laughter.

From whom then is to come help against the ravages of death by which we are afflicted? There can scarcely be one reader of these pages, out of his first childhood, who has not lost by cholera, typhus-fever, small-pox, wreck at sea, or other preventible calamity, some house companion, or relative, or friend, whose life he prized, and who might have been living now, had all men done their duty. The question about Public Health is a Home Question to us all, affecting us more nearly than any other conceivable question terminating on this side of the grave. Nevertheless it is proved by hard experience that in this, as in every other domestic movement calling for large measures of reform, no progress can be made unless the Nation as a body works at it. We must all tug at the ropes, or push behind to move the dead weight forward. We must agree in demanding of our lawgivers efficient service; and, that our demands may be to the purpose, we must, as we do generally in such cases, study to master the chief points which we require to see decided. During the past session, upon the excuse that War was coming,

Parliament joyfully did nothing for the welfare of the people. The removal of some grave social evils—the existing laws of Settlement and Poor Removal, for example—had been promised, but the merest fiction of pre-occupation with a subject which required little or no parliamentary discussion, was held sufficient to excuse in our law-makers the neglect of almost all their proper duties. So it was when war was coming: and we shall not fare better now that war is come; unless we take pains to help ourselves. It is precisely in a land burdened with foreign war that a true statesman would labour most to compensate for trouble so incurred by the relief of home vexations and distresses. Plans for the bettering of our social state are precisely the plans which ought not, when we are paying war taxes, to be voted inopportune. The calamity of war is doubled, if we must needs stand still in our civilisation while it lasts.

The calamity of war is great, and so is its responsibility. And great is the need that we act vigorously for the sake of bringing it to a right close. But, greater still is the calamity of pestilence; and as, to us at least, heavier responsibilities attend upon it, inasmuch as it is kept on foot, not by the Bedlamite ambition of one foreign madman, but by our own neglect. Is then the need of vigorous action for the sake of checking the incessant ravages of death among ourselves so small, that we may set it aside for years on the excuse of engagement in another sort of war? If the Duke of Fussy Munchasausage declared war to-morrow against England, should we leave the Russians free to invade all our coasts, because, in defending ourselves against Munchasausage, it would be necessary to attend to nothing else, and because it would be absolutely necessary to neglect defence against the greater enemy while we opposed the lesser? By as much as the Czar is more formidable than any such Duke, by so much is Typhus a more deadly enemy than any Czar. Let us therefore, by all means carry on both wars: we can; nay, if we are to carry on any war long, and not be driven to recruit our soldiers from a disheartened and enfeebled people, we must.

But, as we said before, the Must has to be spoken by the people. It is necessary that we pay attention to our own affairs, and look after our servants. They excuse a want of cleanliness by bluntly accusing their employers of a taste for dirt. Sir William Molesworth, sitting as a government official at the Board of Health, would not allow the Public Health Act to be introduced in any place, or under any circumstances, where the majority of the inhabitants were against it. Within a certain limit, until ignorance and prejudice are somewhat dissipated, this is wise policy,—and by the act itself such policy was recognised. But it was provided also, and most righteously provided, that if in any place the yearly mortality exceeded twenty-three in a thousand, the board might, as it saw fit, interfere on behalf of sufferers. The representative of government never saw fit so to interfere. All the medical men of Portsmouth, the clergy and the whole intelligence of the place, declared for the introduction into that town of the Public Health Act. The mortality from preventible disease was so excessive, that it would have been most fit to interfere; but no interference was allowed by government, because a bare majority petitioned to be left alone. And yet it was known that this majority was due to the exertions of small landlords, by whom the poorer tenants were compelled to sign against their own relief.

The Board of Health as it is now constituted has worked to the extent of its powers indefatigably; but, for the performance of its duties, it is equipped with funds and powers miserably scanty. Few things are more necessary to the maintenance of health in towns than a system of industrious inspection. The smallness of the number of deaths in the City of London during the late epidemic, has been due mainly to the fact that the City Sewers Commission is served by a most energetic officer of health, whose services are above all praise; and who has, established under him, a staff of vigilant inspectors visiting from house to house and room to room, all places likely to breed fever, and by whose oversight, landlords and tenants are compelled to maintain their premises free from pollution. Water supply has been to a certain extent superintended, all house drains have been trapped, and the best been made of such imperfect provision for the maintenance of health as, at this time, exists in London.

The other parts of the metropolis have been less favoured and have suffered in proportion. The Metropolitan Sewers Commissioners who have dominion in the metropolis outside the City, constitute another of those boards from which nothing is to be had and nothing hoped. It behaves in the spirit of a select body of engineers looking upon a consideration of public health when applied to public works, as a ridiculous innovation and a great stretch of impertinence. Its engineer issues reports, and gives evidence, manifesting a gross ignorance or disregard of the elementary principles of sanitary science. Its members absolutely scoff at ideas which concern the lives of the inhabitants of London.

Some time ago the dangerous state of the drains under our streets and houses was pointed out in this journal in an article entitled, A Foe Underfoot. "A Foe Underfoot!" said a leading Commissioner merrily to his comrades when they met upon a subsequent occasion. "Where else would you have him? I like to have my enemy under my foot." The enemy in question being a poisonous gas, the sense of the joke was not much better than the feeling that it mani-

fested. The chairman of the same board, at a recent sitting—and that, too, in the midst of the cholera season—undertook also to be facetious. He recommended people, who complained of the smell from gully-holes, to—get out of their way! He urged, as infallibly correct, the report of the engineer employed by the commission, that the sewers were quite wholesome; medical men, he said, had been frequently invited to go in and satisfy themselves, but never did. He, Mr. Chairman, did'nt wonder at that; he should'nt himself like to go into a sewer. They had able engineers whose report was entitled to their perfect confidence. They proved the sewers to be in a wholesome state. Some people asked to have gully-holes trapped. But let them take warning. If they trapped the holes in the streets, noxious matter would be forced into the houses, and there would be such a pestilence as never had occurred since the great plague of London. Another plague of London, we were thus told, could arise out of these perfectly wholesome sewers! In that way, between the maintaining of a fiction that all is right in the teeth of a consciousness that all is wrong, the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers discourse, periodically, the most astounding nonsense. These gentlemen, in fact, who have charge of one of the most important administrations in connection with the public health, can be regarded only as avowed opponents of all sanitary progress. They point to the healthiness of men who go into sewers just as the supporters of the old infected jails pointed to jolly jailors, or as the protectors of intramural churchyards talk sometimes of the longevity of sextons.

In London, too, we are under the authority of water-companies who give us bad water in a bad way, and ask for it a price greater than would be the cost of a good article. We are entirely in their hands at present. For example, the subjects or slaves of the Hampstead waterwork dynasty must get what they can in their cisterns on three days a week, and make the Friday's allowance last, if they can, until Monday. They must give up all idea of the necessity of free and copious ablution, or, if two or three in one household use a bath, they must all be content to leave the house unscoured. There is no remedy. Under the Hampstead dynasty, established very long ago—in the time, we believe, of King Henry the Eighth—one is bound to submit to Hampstead laws. If the whole population rose in a mass to beg its rulers for a little water on a Saturday, it could put no compulsion on those water kings. Each company has its own laws. Some exercise a milder sway than others; but the rule of each is so absolute, that it behoves any man looking for a house in the metropolis to take heed into what sort of slavery he goes. And a feeble government, always looking out for a miserable vote in the House of Commons, smirks at these water companies.

Here, then, is another part of the great home question, nearly concerning our comfort in the bedroom, our refreshment at the table, our cleanliness in dress and dwelling, lying, so far as London is concerned, unsolved. Of course there are engineers, whose interest it is to maintain existing water companies, ready enough to pronounce their intentions nobly disinterested, and their water nectar. Such an engineer wrote to the Times the other day in defence of the existing water kings; and, as was natural, at the same time in the interests of dirt. It did not concern us in the least, he was of opinion, what water we drank. We had no business with it but to swallow it. He poured out his wrath against the late Board of Health, the present Board of Health, and the Registrar-General—which, in the war against disease, are certainly the three very best helpers that the public hitherto has had; and he went out of his way to make an attack upon pipe drainage in relation among other things to the cholera at Dartford, from which town another surveyor writes to say that there is not a house in it with pipe sewers, and that it has been particularly free from the late epidemic. We doubt whether the public knows to how large an extent attempts—not unsuccessful—have been made to deaden its perception of its own best interests by random statements of this kind. We must be on our guard against them; and, to avoid being misled must take some pains to obtain precise information for ourselves. The slight illustration we have given of the flippancy with which questions of public health are discussed by the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, may, for example, put us on our guard against the too hasty assent to opinions expressed by gentlemen connected with that body. But we shall take an early opportunity of showing infinitely stronger reasons for distrusting them.

In this paper it has been our only business to point out that the public health is cared for, insufficiently, by public bodies who have power to act for its interests. The only public body that might act with vigour is exceedingly restricted in its power. We have just passed through a period of domestic calamity, causing beyond all measure more private affliction to us than the Russian war. There is caused every year more household grief among us by preventible deaths than could arise out of a dozen wars all waged together. A long series of epidemics, an annual sacrifice of many thousand lives, will continue to bring desolation to our homes until there shall set in against do-nothing bodies and obstructive boards a strong current of that public opinion by which alone any great question in this country can be fairly set afloat. Measures essential to the public health necessarily entail the necessity of changes in existing systems, against which existing interests band themselves strongly.

We do not mean to say that all such opposition is dishonest. We think it is very rarely so. Men easily slip into delusions and mistakes, even of the most obvious kind, when such pitfalls lie upon the path of their self-interest. They push their way along that path with strong determination to go forward; and if guide-posts, set up in the interests of a reformed doctrine of any kind whatever, direct them to go back, or turn off to the right or left of their main road, they may perhaps honestly be angry with the post, and think it a false guide. Sanitary reform has many such enemies; who say of it what may be true to them in their anger, but of which the falsehood ought to be apparent to the public. It is not so apparent, because information never has kept pace with misrepresentation upon matters that concern the public health.

Believing these things, and desiring that every man should engage actively in the discussion of affairs that concern, in a direct way, the life and health of his own household, we shall henceforth take additional pains in pointing out, as far as we are able, what truths lie under those discussions upon points of public health that constantly arise among us. This journal never has been idle in the work of seeking and communicating information on such subjects; but, we must now all arm ourselves afresh. There is little hope now left to us of success for the next ten years in the war against pestilence, unless—every man volunteering as a sanitary militia-man for the defence of his own hearth—the whole public goes into training, and, equipped with the right knowledge, fights for itself the battles that will then assuredly be won.

MILDRED'S LOVERS.

"Such presumption!" said Mrs. Lyndon, the stockbroker's wife, frowning; and "Such forwardness!" returned Miss Manvers, the lady, par excellence, of the establishment, tossing her head.

"A man with five hundred a year and expectations!" said Mrs. Lyndon, disdainfully. Mrs. Lyndon, though at present in difficulties, had married, as people say, above her, and was consequently very bitter against mésalliances.

"And one who cares nothing about her!—as how could he, such a plain little hodmadod as she is! Quite forced, as one may say, into paying her attention!

"I have no patience with that girl's boldness!" sneered Miss Manvers, who, by virtue of a traditional beauty, had a private patent for propriety, being supposed to know what temptation meant. So they settled it between them, that poor Mildred, the daughter of the house (it was a boarding-house), was an arrant little minx. And there they left her.

Mildred came into the room a moment after they had so prettily arranged her, as the French say, with her shy look and queer, embarrassed step, as usual—a step that seemed to stumble over itself, as if her feet were too long at the toes, and caught in each other's way. She always walked, too, with her head down and her eyes cast up from under her eyebrows. She was very shortsighted as well as nervous, and her shoulders and hands were conscious and restless. She was not pretty, but interesting in face; and as she attracted more attention than many handsomer women, this, of course, was a truer criterion of her powers of pleasing than mere regularity of line and feature. She was quaint, and original, and clever—sarcastic, too and said odd, out of the way things; and put matters in a new light; and had always something striking to add to every discussion, which made other people feel that they had been very tame and common-place and stupid: and she sometimes ventured on extremely beautiful illustrations, all in her little nervous, hesitating, unequal manner; and intellectually was worth half a dozen of the fine ladies who despised her with such comfortable contempt. Then she was young and had good eyes—those large, dreamy, innocent, shortsighted eyes, which she was fully conscious were good, and which her way of looking up from under her brows made yet more remarkable; and she was openly slighted by the ladies, because she was poor, and because she flirted—a combination of offences few women forgive. And she had a good deal of artistic taste and feeling, which always lightens up a character; so that in consideration of all these facts, the men paid her vast attention; and she generally had one or two flirtations on hand at the same time—the intricacies of which she managed with the skill of an old general.

The foolish child rejoiced in her triumphs, as perhaps was natural, and managed to display them before her main enemies, Mrs. Lyndon and Miss Manvers, without showing that she did it intentionally, as perhaps was only natural too, though unwise. But Mildred, in her secret heart, was one of the most reckless creatures imaginable, like many other quiet and compressed people; and at any time would have hazarded all her future for the pleasure of half an hour's evident success. It was so glorious to be able to revenge herself on those who despised her, by showing them that she could triumph both over them and fate; and that meanly as they thought of her, there were others who placed her far before even them; and that though they looked on her with contempt, other people worshipped her with enthusiasm—with other like thoughts and feelings always busy in a slighted woman's brain. But she had to pay dearly for her naughty pride afterwards, poor little soul!

While she was fidgeting over the music-

books, looking for something—she had forgotten what already—Mr. Kelly lounged in. Mrs. Lyndon and Miss Manvers glanced at each other, and each lady drew herself up tight in her particular corner of the sofa, with a soldier-in-a-sentry-box kind of look, that told plainly enough they were on guard, and could not be bought off at any price.

Mr. Kelly was the gentleman alluded to in the opening conversation; that boarding-house miracle, a man of five hundred a year and expectations. He was always very attentive, according to his own notions of attention, to Mildred Smith; or, as Mrs. Lyndon phrased it, "was being taken in by that artful girl." And as he was the richest and best born man of the establishment, his regard was a great deal prized, and pronounced decidedly too good a thing for Mildred. And more than once he had been attacked both by open accusation and covert sneer about her, and had been asked "When the day was to be?" and she had been alluded to as "the future Mrs. K.;" and if by chance she was absent at dinner, Kelly was exhorted to keep up his appetite, and delicate things were pressed on him because he was down-hearted and could not eat; with sundry other well-known arts by which hostile women prejudice men against one of their own sex in the beginning of an affair. But Mr. Kelly, who was a curious, loose-limbed, lounging fellow, enamoured of old curiosity shops, and all manner of out-of-the-way things, did not care much what any one said, whether for praise or ridicule; but shambled on in his own way, and made queer love to Mildred, to the scandal of the other ladies, mainly attracted to her because she was about as odd as himself, in a different way. She was morally what a rare bit of Dresden, or a monumental brass, or a unique species of scarabæus or trochilus was artistically; and he valued her accordingly.

He went now directly to the piano where she stood, speaking to her in his slow, drawling voice, with all the words looped together by a thin line of sound, and all the a's pronounced aws. But he spoke gently, and flatteringly too. The sentinels glanced again, and Miss Manvers broke the knot of her netting by drawing the stitch too sharply home. Mildred coloured as she answered his question: it was only "What was she looking for?"—speaking in her queer little way, half-glancing up, and half-turning her back—or, at least, one shoulder—with a coaxing, pretty kind of shyness, that makes a man inclined to treat a woman like a child.

"I am looking for Herz, mein Herz," said Mildred, peering over the pages, and fluttering them about.

"Can I help you?" he asked, lounging on to his other leg, and shuffling with his elbows on the piano.

"No, thank you, Mr. Kelly."

"May I never help you?" he added in a lower voice, but very much as if he had asked the price of a marble Venus, or an embroidered stole, it was so lazily and shamblingly said.

"Oh yes! perhaps I shall some day ask you for your help, very boldly," said Mildred, looking straight into his eyes; and looking so that the sentinels could see her.

"What the deuce does she mean?" thought the possessor of five hundred a year. "Does she understand me, or is she only playing with me? Or is she as innocent as she pretends to be, and knows no more of love than she does of archæology?"

"Will you be kind enough to copy this for me to-night?" said Mildred, suddenly coming back, and holding out her piece of music. She spoke then like a spoiled beauty, with her head up and her eyes wide open, and she held out her music royally. All this to show off before her enemies.

"Certainly—yes," said Mr. Kelly, with wonderful vivacity.

Mildred smiled her triumphant smile, and then clouding down into nervousness and embarrassment again, stumbled over her feet out of the room, her head bent quite into her twitching shoulders.

"Did you see her look at him?" whispered Mrs. Lyndon. "Did you ever see such presumption?"

"Never," answered Miss Manvers; "her effrontery is quite frightful! What Mr. Kelly can see in her, I cannot imagine! Why, her nose is a mere snub, and she has no eyebrows!" Miss Manvers had a Grecian nose pointed at the end, and a pair of pencilled eyebrows; they were her own facial points d'appui, and her essentials of beauty in others. For she would have allowed Aspasia no loveliness, nor even Venus herself, without straight noses and narrow lines above the eye.

Mr. Kelly took no notice of their whisperings, but lounged to the opposite sofa, where he flung himself at full length, with his feet on the end cushion; as men do in boarding-houses. And, let us hope, no where else. And there he remained with his eyes closed, and his crossed ankles drumming against each other, until the bell rang for dinner.

As Mildred went down stairs, she met Henry Harley coming in from the Academy, where he had been spending his morning. Henry was an amateur artist, who drew lengthy figures with attenuated limbs, and heads without any place for the brains; for his style was elegance rather than power, he used to say:—"a disciple of Raphael, my dear sir, more than of Michael Angelo." He used to teach Mildred, for love; and make the most of the bargain; for he got more love than he gave knowledge by a vast deal, spending the hours he was assumed to be giving drawing-lessons in discussions not calculated to do a young girl any good.

"My little Mildred!" he cried, seizing her

hands. He did something more, I believe; but I don't know what. Only it made Mildred blush, whatever it was. "I have been longing for you all this morning at the Academy; upon my word I have! Don't you believe me?" All said very quickly, but not so much in the artist rollicking voice, as in the manner of a man grown fine from original vulgarity, and now affecting superior fashions.

Mildred looked up, a different creature now to the girl who had stumbled over her toes in the drawing-room not a minute ago, and even to the one who had enacted the part of a society queen, when she handed Mr. Kelly the music, and showed her superiors how that five hundred a year was her slave and humble admirer. She had looked pretty then, but forced and conscious, while now she was quite beautiful in the sudden rush of love and self-abandonment, bursting through the cloud of timidity ever on her face, like a noble song breaking through deep silence. She put her hand frankly into his, and they went together into the dining-room — a grand place for boarding-house flirtations; being supposed to be safe.

"And have you thought of me, little Mildred?" said Mr. Henry Harley in the same off-hand way, twirling his hair just at the corner curls.

"A little," said Mildred quietly, creeping closer to him.

After a little while longer Mildred said she must go; "it was getting near dinner-time, and the servants would be coming in to lay the cloth." Mr. Harley, after a show of sorrow and persuasion, caught hold of her as she turned to leave the room, when the servant opened the door; opening it full on Miss Mildred in the very fact of having an offer made by Mr. Harley. So at least was her version down stairs to cook, where they laughed over the matter together. Ann shut the door with praiseworthy discretion, and Mr. Harley made half a pirouette, and said—"Mildred, we were fairly caught then!"

Of course Ann told Mrs. Smith. And of course Mrs. Smith spoke to Mr. Harley, and asked him what he meant, and what were his intentions.

Mr. Henry Harley fidgeted about the fireplace like a stoker with St. Vitus's dance. Intentions? Mildred was, he said, a very nice girl—odd, amusing, clever, and all that—but—a—he had, in short, no intentions. And Mr. Harley hummed a few bars of "Non Andrai," and poked the fire furiously.

Tears came into Mrs. Smith's mild blue eyes. This would have been such a good match for Mildred, friendless, fatherless, penniless as she was; for though Mr. Harley was not as rich as Mr. Kelly by two hundred a year, yet a man of any income whatever, is a good match for a dowerless girl. So, at least, most mothers think. And it had been part of Mrs. Smith's hopes in the future, that her child might meet with a partner, as she used to call it, among her boarders, and so be saved from the miseries of an uncertain and dependent position. Of course she would have preferred Mr. Kelly; but she would have been well content with Mr. Harley, who was such a kind-hearted creature, and such an elegant artist. The blow was severe.

"I am sure, Mrs. Smith," continued Mr. Henry, with considerable embarrassment, and a guilty blinking of the eyes; "I am sure I was not aware your daughter did me the honour of caring more about me than about anybody else. I have laughed and flirted a little with her, of course—all men flirt with nice girls, and Mildred is a very nice girl—but I never thought of gaining her affections—upon my word, I didn't!"

"I hope not, Mr. Harley," said Mrs. Smith, wiping her eyes. "It is very unfortunate, I am sure, for there's Mr. Kelly——"

"Ah—yes!" cried Mr. Henry Harley, making as if he would poke his respectable landlady, as she stood soft and solid before him, "Kelly's the man. Of course he is. All the house is talking of it. Of course—Kelly, Kelly. He *is* a catch, he is; and Miss Mildred had better make up to him. *I* have nothing, and should not dream of marrying a nice girl like that, and not be able to keep her like a lady. I think *that*, if you like, the most dishonourable thing a man can do. However much I loved a girl, I wouldn't marry her unless I could keep her properly. No, Kelly's the man. He can afford the luxury of a wife—I can't!"

"But then, Mr. Harley, if you did not mean to marry Mildred, how was it that, as Ann said——" began Mrs. Smith, with a puzzled air.

"Servants are invariable fibbers," interrupted Mr. Harley. "Whatever Ann said, it was an untruth, be assured. There now, I don't want to know what it was; but I tell you beforehand it was false."

"But, I think," urged Mrs. Smith, faintly, after a moment's pause to take breath and recover from the effects of this moral blow, "for Mr. Kelly's sake, and Mildred's, Mr. Harley, I think you had better——"

"Go?" said Mr. Harley.

"Go," said Mrs. Smith; and she twirled her cap-string.

"That is a hard punishment," said Mr. Harley. "How have I deserved it?"

"No, no,—not a punishment."

"A precaution, then?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Harley." And the widow's blue eyes looked up from the ground, much as Mildred's would have done, and then looked stolidly down again.

But Mr. Harley would not admit that. He pleaded his cause with a vast deal of fervour, vowing that if suffered to remain, it should be better for Mildred, for that he would treat her so judiciously, so tenderly, and yet

so strictly, that insensibly her feelings would slide into the merest sisterly interest, and so she would be prepared to accept any other eligible offer that came in her way. In fact, Mr. Henry Harley demonstrated to Mrs. Smith in the clearest and most logical manner, that the best way to cure a girl of an unfortunate attachment was for her lover to remain in the same house with her, seeing her every day, constantly employed in friendly offices for her, such as teaching her drawing—figures of Cupids and Ariadnes, and pretty little Psyches; reading poetry to her while she sketched; discussing with her matters of psychological interest; and so taming her feelings down to a sisterly attachment by tenderness and affection. And then in the end, he assured Mrs. Smith, Mildred would cease to love him, and be the happy wife of some one else! It was quite affecting, the picture he drew of the beneficent effects of his remaining always near her!

Mrs. Smith, being a guileless, innocent woman, believed him, and consented to his arrangement; and told Mildred not to be silly, but to love Mr. Harley from henceforth as a brother. At which Mildred cried, and said she would.

Matters now went on oiled hinges; and every one was satisfied. Mr. Harley was glad not to be turned out of a comfortable house where he had all his own way, and a pretty girl to love him into the bargain; Mrs. Smith was glad not to lose a boarder; and Mildred glad not to lose a lover. For, of course, they were still lovers; Mr. Harley taking no notice of her in public, had to make up for it in private, to Mildred's great bewilderment and the increase of her passion: perhaps, because of this secresy, loving her artistic reprobate more than if all had been confessed and common-place. They managed their affairs so well, however, that no one in the house—not even Ann—suspected Mildred Smith of loving Mr. Harley; still less did any one suspect Mr. Harley of making the most violent love to Mildred Smith, whenever he was a moment alone with her, which moments, he contrived, should be pretty frequent.

Least of all did Mr. Kelly suspect that he had a rival; and that his rival was master of the situation.

What a strange life was Mildred's now! Openly slighted, and sometimes fairly insulted, by the ladies; disowned by her lover in society, to be so fervently indemnified in private; knowing that she had five hundred a year and expectations waiting for her acceptance, which, if she accepted, Mrs. Lyndon, the stockbroker's wife in difficulties, and Miss Manvers, of the good family and traditional beauty, would then be obliged to look up to her, yield her precedence, and be thankful to be patronised by her: her private life, and her public standing in this boarding house society so different from each other, her head was sometimes giddy with the various thoughts and feelings that used to rush so tumultuously through it. And as she thought of the position he was merely waiting for an opportunity to offer her, Mildred would look up gratefully at Mr. Kelly, with her sweet, dreamy eyes; at which that loose-limbed gentleman would knot himself up into an angular conglomeration of misfitting members, and feel almost as joyous as if he had found a new coinage of the time of Alfred.

Mr. Kelly, never very precipitate, at last made up his mind to write to Mildred. He had been a long time about it, but he was one of those queer men without impulse who find as much satisfaction in thoughts as they do in facts. And as he believed that Mildred loved him, belief was quite as good as knowledge. However, he did write at last, and made her an offer of his hand and heart, his present goods and future expectations, and concluded by expressing his conviction that she was an unique specimen of womanhood, and one that any man might be proud of possessing in his collection.

Mildred kept the letter for some days unanswered. It was such a triumph to hold in her hand the veritable offer the ladies said she had manœuvred so hard to get—to hold it to refuse! It was such a luxury to sacrifice this splendid position to her love. She could not better prove the intensity and singleness of her feelings for her double-dealing lover; and she gloried in her sacrifice as a martyr suffering for his faith.

She wrote to Mr. Kelly; kindly, gently, gratefully, coaxingly. But she said no. Mr. Kelly rubbed his eyes, winked, carried the letter into the sunlight, turned it round and about, and inside out, and upside down, and still could make out only the same startling words,—"thanks; sorrow; no."

Not a syllable more passed on the subject. All had been said that need be said, and Mildred was now left the only sufferer. The offer, with its rejection, was kept a profound secret from every one; from Mrs. Smith, more carefully than from the rest; for if she had known that Mildred had refused such a magnificent settlement for love of Mr. Henry Harley, she would have banished that undesirable individual forthwith, as indeed he deserved; and would so have cut off all Mildred's happiness at a blow. For, as is but natural, Mildred loved all the more because of the sacrifice her love had cost her—a sacrifice Mr. Henry Harley showed himself in no wise grateful for, merely giving her a kiss, and calling her a "regular little trump," when she told him.

But she had a bitter punishment to undergo now. Mr. Kelly, in the midst of all his queer shambling ways, had the very pride of Lucifer in his heart, and the little girl's refusal roused it to the full. He was at first speechless with indignation; and then angry;

so he took to revenge, which he found a wonderful solace. And he performed his part to perfection. For there was not a petty spite, I grieve to say, in which he did not indulge; not a malicious expression, not an evidence of contempt, that he let pass, whether to be understood by the company at large, or by their two selves alone. Every form and phase of disdain he showed her by turns; every kind of galling allusion he made spitefully and continually; Mildred sitting by with her shoulders twitching painfully, and her large eyes raised with a kind of imploring wonder to his face. This secret persecution continued a long time, the poor little girl growing paler and more nervous every day under it; Mr. Henry Harley cooling towards her too; till it became a sad and melancholy sight to witness the gradual fading of the poor child's life, and the patient despair with which she sat by the closing tomb of her happiness.

In the very blackest hour of her desolation Mr. Henry Harley went away. No tears, no prayers from Mildred, could keep him. He had fallen in love with a painting lady at another boarding-house, where he had been to visit a friend—for people who live in boarding-houses are a peculiar race, almost as exclusive and well-known among each other as the gipsies or the Jews—and Mr. Harley's artistic tastes were called in action: he must go to study her effects. So he went, and none could stay him. And now poor Mildred was left alone; left to reflect on the past, and perhaps to learn from disappointment that saddest scepticism of all—as to whether the sacrifice of worldly advantage to principle, of ambition to love, were a folly or a good. But she kept her faith in principle too, and her pride and her secret as well; and no one knew that Mr. Kelly who treated her now with such bitter contempt, had once asked her to become his wife, and had punished her thus for refusing him.

Years rolled by, and still this strange girl kept faithful to her first love, who now had wholly deserted her: and still Mr. Kelly stayed on and on in the same dull boarding-house, as if for the one express purpose of insulting the poor child with an endless ruthless punishment. Till at last Mildred could bear it no longer. Too timid to resent, she was too sensitive to endure this kind of life, which seemed to have no term to its sufferings. So one morning she quietly walked out of the house, leaving no address; and after a long time of silence and of fearful suspense to Mrs. Smith, she wrote to her, saying that she had entered a family as governess, and that she was going abroad next week. The reason why she had not written before, she said, was because she wished to be settled and well provided for, before she met her mother again. Her pride would not allow her to undertake any matter like this, and then fail, or be dependent on her friends for success.

"Ah, she was always a proud child!" sighed Mrs. Smith tenderly; "and none the worse for it!"

When Mr. Kelly heard where Mildred had gone, and what she was doing, he paid his bill, packed up his effects, and drove away into the fog. And if a clairvoyante had described what he was about, and how he looked that day when rattling through the streets of murky London, he would have been seen huddled up in a corner of the cab, sobbing like a child, and crying, "Mildred! Mildred! I have driven you to this!"

Perhaps I may have more to tell of poor Mildred Smith some day. And of Mr. Kelly too.

A VISION.

Gloomy and black are the cypress trees,
Drearily waileth the chill night breeze.
The long grass waveth, the tombs are white,
And the black clouds flit o'er the chill moonlight.
Silent is all save the dropping rain,
When slowly there cometh a mourning train.
The lone churchyard is dark and dim,
And the mourners raise a funeral hymn:

"Open, dark grave, and take her;
Though we have loved her so,
Yet we must now forsake her,
Love will no more awake her;
(Oh, bitter woe!)
Open thine arms and take her
To rest below!

"Vain is our mournful weeping,
Her gentle life is o'er;
Only the worm is creeping
Where she will soon be sleeping,
For evermore—
Nor joy nor love is keeping
For her in store!"

Gloomy and black are the cypress trees,
And drearily wave in the chill night breeze.
The dark clouds part and the heavens are blue,
Where the trembling stars are shining through.
Slowly across the gleaming sky,
A crowd of white angels are passing by.
Like a fleet of swans they float along,
Or the silver notes of a dying song.
Like a cloud of incense their pinions rise,
Fading away up the purple skies.
But hush! for the silent glory is stirred,
By a strain such as earth has never heard:

"Open, O Heaven! we bear her,
This gentle maiden mild,
Earth's griefs we gladly spare her,
From earthly joys we tear her,
Still undefiled;
And to thy arms we bear her,
Thine own, thy child.

"Open, O Heaven! no morrow
Will see this joy o'ercast,
No pain, no tears, no sorrow,
Her gentle heart will borrow;
Sad life is past.
Shielded and safe from sorrow,
At home at last."

But the vision faded and all was still,
On the purple valley and distant hill.
No sound was there save the wailing breeze,
The rain, and the rustling cypress trees.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

—♦—

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

MARGARET went home so painfully occupied with what she had heard and seen that she hardly knew how to rouse herself up to the duties which awaited her; the necessity for keeping up a constant flow of cheerful conversation for her mother, who, now that she was unable to go out, always looked to Margaret's return from the shortest walk as bringing in some news.

"And can your factory friend come on Thursday to see you dressed?"

"She was so ill I never thought of asking her," said Margaret, dolefully.

"Dear! Everybody is ill now, I think," said Mrs. Hale, with a little of the jealousy which one invalid is apt to feel of another. "But it must be very sad to be ill in one of those little back streets." (Her kindly nature prevailing, and the old Helstone habits of thought returning.) "It's bad enough here. What could you do for her, Margaret? Mr. Thornton has sent me some of his old port wine since you went out. Would a bottle of that do her good, think you?"

"No, mamma! I don't believe they are very poor,—at least, they don't speak as if they were; and, at any rate, Bessy's illness is consumption—she won't want wine. Perhaps, I might take her a little preserve, made of our dear Helstone fruit. No! there's another family to whom I should like to give—Oh mamma, mamma! how am I to dress up in my finery, and go off and away to smart parties, after the sorrow I have seen to-day?" exclaimed Margaret, bursting the bounds she had preordained for herself before she came in, and telling her mother of what she had seen and heard at Higgins's cottage.

It distressed Mrs. Hale excessively. It made her restlessly irritated till she could do something. She directed Margaret to pack up a basket in the very drawing-room, to be sent there and then to the family; and was almost angry with her for saying that it would not signify if it did not go till morning, as she knew Higgins had provided for their immediate wants, and she herself had left money with Bessy. Mrs. Hale called her unfeeling for saying this; and never gave herself breathing-time till the basket was sent out of the house. Then she said:

"After all, we may have been doing wrong. It was only the last time Mr. Thornton was here that he said, those were no true friends who helped to prolong the struggle by assisting the turn-outs. And this Boucher-man was a turn-out, was he not?"

The question was referred to Mr. Hale by his wife when he came up-stairs, fresh from giving a lesson to Mr. Thornton, which had ended in conversation, as was their wont. Margaret did not care if their gifts had prolonged the strike; she did not think far enough for that in her present excited state.

Mr. Hale listened, and tried to be as calm as a judge; he recalled all that had seemed so clear not half-an-hour before, as it came out of Mr. Thornton's lips; and then he made an unsatisfactory compromise. His wife and daughter had not only done quite right in this instance, but he did not see for a moment how they could have done otherwise. Nevertheless, as a general rule, it was very true what Mr. Thornton said, that as the strike, if prolonged, must end in the masters' bringing hands from a distance (if, indeed, the final result were not, as it had often been before, the invention of some machine which would diminish the need of hands at all), why, it was clear enough that the kindest thing was to refuse all help which might bolster them up in their folly. But, as to this Boucher, he would go and see him the first thing in the morning, and try and find out what could be done for him.

Mr. Hale went the next morning, as he proposed. He did not find Boucher at home, but he had a long talk with his wife; promised to ask for an Infirmary order for her; and, seeing the plenty provided by Mrs. Hale, and somewhat lavishly used by the children, who were masters down-stairs in their father's absence, he came back with a more consoling and cheerful account than Margaret had dared to hope for; indeed, what she had said the night before had prepared her father for so much worse a state of things that, by a re-action of his imagination, he described all as better than it really was.

"But I will go again, and see the man himself," said Mr. Hale. "I hardly know as yet how to compare one of these houses with our Helstone cottages. I see furniture here which our labourers would never have thought of buying, and food commonly used which they would consider luxuries; yet for these very families there seems no other resource, now that their weekly wages are stopped, but the pawn-shop. One had need to learn a different language, and measure by a different standard, up here in Milton."

Bessy, too, was rather better this day. Still she was so weak that she seemed to have entirely forgotten her wish to see Margaret dressed—if, indeed, that had not been the feverish desire of a half-delirious state.

Margaret could not help comparing this strange dressing of hers to go where she did not care to be—her heart heavy with various anxieties — with the old, merry, girlish toilettes that she and Edith had performed scarcely more than a year ago. Her only

pleasure now in decking herself out was in thinking that her mother would take delight in seeing her dressed. She blushed when Dixon, throwing the drawing-room door open, made an appeal for admiration.

"Miss Hale looks well, ma'am,—does not she? Mrs. Shaw's coral could not have come in better. It just gives the right touch of colour, ma'am. Otherwise, Miss Margaret, you would have been too pale."

Margaret's black hair was too thick to be plaited; it needed rather to be twisted round and round, and have its fine silkiness compressed into massive coils, that encircled her head like a crown, and then were gathered into a large spiral knot behind. She kept its weight together by two large coral pins, like small arrows for length. Her white silk sleeves were looped up with strings of the same material, and on her neck, just below the base of her curved and milk-white throat, there lay heavy coral beads.

"Oh, Margaret! how I should like to be going with you to one of the old Barrington assemblies, — taking you as Lady Beresford used to take me."

Margaret kissed her mother for this little burst of maternal vanity; but she could hardly smile at it, she felt so much out of spirits.

"I would rather stay at home with you,—much rather, mamma."

Nonsense, darling! Be sure you notice the dinner well. I shall like to hear how they manage these things in Milton. Particularly the second course, dear. Look what they have instead of game."

Mrs. Hale would have been more than interested,—she would have been astonished, if she had seen the sumptuousness of the dinner-table and its appointments. Margaret, with her London-cultivated taste, felt the number of delicacies to be oppressive; one half of the quantity would have been enough, and the effect lighter and more elegant. But it was one of Mrs. Thornton's rigorous laws of hospitality, that of each separate dainty enough should be provided for all the guests to partake, if they felt inclined. Careless to abstemiousness in her daily habits, it was part of her pride to set a feast before such of her guests as cared for it. Her son shared this feeling. He had never known—though he might have imagined, and had the capability to relish—any kind of society but that which depended on an exchange of superb meals: and even now, though he was denying himself the personal expenditure of an unnecessary sixpence, and had more than once regretted that the invitations for this dinner had been sent out, still, as it was to be, he was glad to see the old magnificence of preparation.

Margaret and her father were the first to arrive. Mr. Hale was anxiously punctual to the time specified. There was no one upstairs in the drawing-room but Mrs. Thornton and Fanny. Every cover was taken off, and the apartment blazed forth in yellow silk damask and a brilliantly-flowered carpet. Every corner seemed filled up with ornament, until it became a weariness to the eye, and presented a strange contrast to the bald ugliness of the look-out into the great mill-yard, where wide folding gates were thrown open for the admission of carriages. The mill loomed high on the left-hand side of the windows, casting a shadow down from its many stories which darkened the summer evening before its time.

"My son was engaged up to the last moment on business. He will be here directly, Mr. Hale. May I beg you to take a seat?"

Mr. Hale was standing at one of the windows as Mrs. Thornton spoke. He turned away, saying,

"Don't you find such close neighbourhood to the Mill rather unpleasant at times?"

She drew herself up:

"Never. I am not become so fine as to desire to forget the source of my son's wealth and power. Besides, there is not such another factory in Milton. One room alone is two hundred and twenty square yards."

"I meant that the smoke and the noise—the constant going out and coming in of the work-people, might be annoying!"

"I agree with you, Mr. Hale!" said Fanny. "There is a continual smell of steam, and oily machinery — and the noise is perfectly deafening."

"I have heard noise that was called music far more deafening. The engine-room is at the street-end of the factory; we hardly hear it, except in summer weather when all the windows are open; and as for the continual murmur of the work-people, it disturbs me no more than the humming of a hive of bees. If I think of it at all, I connect it with my son, and feel how all belongs to him, and that his is the head that directs it. Just now there are no sounds to come from the mill; the hands have been ungrateful enough to turn out, as perhaps you have heard. But the very business (of which I spoke, just now), had reference to the steps he is going to take to make them learn their place." The expression on her face, always stern, deepened into dark anger, as she said this. Nor did it clear away when Mr. Thornton entered the room; for she saw in an instant the weight of care and anxiety which he could not shake off, although his guests received from him a greeting that appeared both cheerful and cordial. He shook hands with Margaret. He knew it was the first time their hands had met, though she was perfectly unconscious of the fact. He inquired after Mrs. Hale, and heard Mr. Hale's sanguine hopeful account; and glancing at Margaret, to understand how far she agreed with her father, he saw that no dissenting shadow crossed her face. And as he looked with this intention, he was struck anew with her great beauty. He had never

seen her in such dress before; and yet now it appeared as if such elegance of attire was so befitting her noble figure and lofty serenity of countenance, that she ought to go always thus apparelled. She was talking to Fanny; about what he could not hear; but he saw his sister's restless way of continually arranging some part of her gown, her wandering eyes, now glancing here, now there, but without any purpose in her observation; and he contrasted them uneasily with the large soft eyes that looked forth steadily at one object, as if from out their light beamed some gentle influence of repose: the curving lines of the red lips, just parted in the interest of listening to what her companion said—the head a little bent forwards, so as to make a long sweeping line from the summit where the light caught on the glossy raven hair, to the smooth ivory tip of the shoulder; the round white arms, and taper hands, laid lightly across each other, but perfectly motionless in their pretty attitude. Mr. Thornton sighed as he took in all this with one of his sudden comprehensive glances. And then he turned his back to the young ladies, and threw himself, with an effort, but with all his heart and soul, into a conversation with Mr. Hale.

More people came—more and more. Fanny left Margaret's side, and helped her mother to receive her guests. Mr. Thornton felt that in this influx no one was speaking to Margaret, and was restless under this apparent neglect. But he never went near her himself; he did not look at her. Only he knew what she was doing—or not doing—better than he knew the movements of any one else in the room. Margaret was so unconscious of herself, and so much amused by watching other people, that she never thought whether she was left unnoticed or not. Somebody took her down to dinner; she did not catch the name; nor did he seem much inclined to talk to her. There was a very animated conversation going on among the gentlemen; the ladies, for the most part, were silent, employing themselves in taking notes of the dinner and criticising each other's dresses. Margaret caught the clue to the general conversation, grew interested and listened attentively. Mr. Horstall, the stranger, whose visit to the town was the original germ of the party, was asking questions relative to the trade and manufactures of the place; and the rest of the gentlemen—all Milton men,—were giving him answers and explanations. Some dispute arose, which was warmly contested; it was referred to Mr. Thornton, who had hardly spoken before; but who now gave an opinion, the grounds of which were so clearly stated that even the opponents yielded. Margaret's attention was thus called to her host; his whole manner, as master of the house, and entertainer of his friends, was so straightforward, yet simple and modest, as to be thoroughly dignified. Margaret thought she had never seen him to so much advantage. When he had come to their house, there had been always something, either of over-eagerness or of that kind of vexed annoyance which seemed ready to pre-suppose that he was unjustly judged, and yet felt too proud to try and make himself better understood. But now, among his fellows, there was no uncertainty as to his position. He was regarded by them as a man of great force of character; of power in many ways. There was no need to struggle for their respect. He had it, and he knew it; and the security of this gave a fine grand quietness to his voice and ways, which Margaret had missed before.

He was not in the habit of talking to ladies; and what he did say was a little formal. To Margaret herself he hardly spoke at all. She was surprised to think how much she enjoyed this dinner. She knew enough now to understand many local interests—nay, even some of the technical words employed by the eager millowners. She silently took a very decided part in the question they were discussing. At any rate, they talked in desperate earnest,—not in the used-up style that wearied her so in the old London parties. She wondered that, with all this dwelling on the manufactures and trade of the place, no allusion was made to the strike then pending. She did not yet know how coolly such things were taken by the masters, as having only one possible end. To be sure, the men were cutting their own throats, as they had done many a time before; but if they would be fools, and put themselves into the hands of a rascally set of paid delegates, they must take the consequence. One or two thought Thornton looked out of spirits; and, of course, he must lose by this turn-out. But it was an accident that might happen to themselves any day; and Thornton was as good to manage a strike as any one; for he was as iron a chap as any in Milton. The hands had mistaken their man in trying that dodge on him. And they chuckled inwardly at the idea of the workmen's discomfiture and defeat, in their attempt to alter one iota of what Thornton had decreed.

It was rather dull for Margaret after dinner. She was glad when the gentlemen came, not merely because she caught her father's eye to brighten her sleepiness up; but because she could listen to something larger and grander than the petty interests which the ladies had been talking about. She liked the exultation in the sense of power which these Milton men had. It might be rather rampant in its display, and savour of boasting; but still they seemed to defy the old limits of possibility in a kind of fine intoxication, caused by the recollection of what had been achieved, and what yet should be. If in her cooler moments she might not approve of their spirit in all things, still there was much to admire in their forgetfulness of themselves and the present, in their anticipated triumphs over all inanimate matter at some

future time which none of them should live to see. She was rather startled when Mr. Thornton spoke to her, close at her elbow:

"I could see you were on our side in our discussion at dinner, were you not, Miss Hale?"

"Certainly. But then I know so little about it. I was surprised, however, to find from what Mr. Horsfall said, that there were others who thought in so diametrically opposite a manner, as the Mr. Morison he spoke about. He cannot be a gentleman—is he?"

"I am not quite the person to decide on another's gentlemanliness, Miss Hale. I mean, I don't quite understand your application of the word. But I should say that this Morison is no true man. I don't know who he is; I merely judge him from Mr. Horsfall's account."

"I suspect my 'gentleman' includes your 'true man.'"

"And a great deal more, you would imply. I differ from you. A man is to me a higher and a completer being than a gentleman."

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret. "We must understand the words differently."

"I take it that 'gentleman' is a term that only describes a person in his relation to others; but when we speak of him as 'a man,' we consider him not merely with regard to his fellow-men, but in relation to himself, —to life—to time—to eternity. A castaway lonely as Robinson Crusoe, a prisoner immured in a dungeon for life; nay, even a saint in Patmos, has his endurance, his strength, his faith, best described by being spoken of as 'a man.' I am rather weary of this word 'gentlemanly,' which seems to me to be often inappropriately used, and often too with such exaggerated distortion of meaning, while the full simplicity of the noun 'man,' and the adjective 'manly' are unacknowledged, —that I am induced to class it with the cant of the day."

Margaret thought a moment,—but before she could speak her slow conviction, he was called away by some of the eager manufacturers, whose speeches she could not hear, though she could guess at their import by the short clear answers Mr. Thornton gave, which came steady and firm as the boom of a distant minute gun. They were evidently talking of the turn-out, and suggesting what course had best be pursued. She heard Mr. Thornton say:

"That has been done." Then came a hurried murmur, in which two or three joined.

"All those arrangements have been made."

Some doubts were implied, some difficulties named by Mr. Slickson, who took hold of Mr. Thornton's arm, the better to impress his words. Mr. Thornton moved slightly away, lifted his eyebrows a very little, and then replied:

"I take the risk. You need not join in it unless you choose." Still some more fears were urged.

"I am not afraid of anything so dastardly as incendiarism. We are open enemies; and I can protect myself from any violence that I apprehend. And I will assuredly protect all others who come to me for work. They know my determination by this time as well and as fully as you do."

Mr. Horsfall took him a little on one side, as Margaret conjectured, to ask him some other question about the strike; but, in truth, it was to inquire who she herself was —so quiet, so stately, and so beautiful.

"A M'lton lady?" asked he as the name was given.

"No! from the south of England—Hampshire, I believe," was the cold, indifferent answer.

Mrs. Slickson was catechising Fanny on the same subject.

"Who is that fine distinguished-looking girl? a sister of Mr. Horsfall's?"

"Oh dear no! That is Mr. Hale, her father, talking now to Mr. Stephens. He gives lessons; that is to say, he reads with young men. My brother John goes to him twice a week, and so he begged mamma to ask them here in hopes of getting him known. I believe we have some of their prospectuses, if you would like to have one."

"Mr. Thornton! Does he really find time to read with a tutor in the midst of all his business,—and this abominable strike in hand as well?"

Fanny was not sure, from Mrs. Slickson's manner, whether she ought to be proud or ashamed of her brother's conduct; and, like all people who try and take other people's "ought" for the rule of their feelings, she was inclined to blush for any singularity of action. Her shame was interrupted by the dispersion of the guests.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MARGARET and her father walked home. The night was fine, the streets clean, and, with her pretty white silk, like Leezie Lindsay's gown o' green satin, in the ballad, kilted up to her knee, she was off with her father, ready to dance along with the excitement of the cool, fresh night air.

"I rather think Thornton is not quite easy in his mind about this strike. He seemed very anxious to-night."

"I should wonder if he were not. But he spoke with his usual coolness to the others when they suggested different things, just before we came away."

"So he did after dinner as well. It would take a good deal to stir him from his cool manner of speaking; but his face strikes me as anxious."

"I should be if I were he. He must know of the growing anger and hardly-smothered hatred of his workpeople, who all look upon him as what the Bible calls a 'hard man,'—

not so much unjust as unfeeling; clear in judgment, standing upon his 'rights' as no human being ought to stand, considering what we and all our petty rights are in the sight of the Almighty. I am glad you think he looks anxious. When I remember Boucher's half-mad words and ways, I cannot bear to think how coolly Mr. Thornton spoke."

"In the first place, I am not so convinced as you are about that man Boucher's utter distress; for the moment he was badly off, I don't doubt. But there is always a mysterious supply of money from these Unions; and from what you said, it was evident the man was of a passionate, demonstrative nature, and gave strong expression to all he felt."

"Oh, papa!"

"Well! I only want you to do justice to Mr. Thornton, who is, I suspect, of an exactly opposite nature,—a man who is far too proud to show his feelings. Just the character I should have thought beforehand you would have admired, Margaret."

"So I do,—so I should; but I don't feel quite so sure as you do of the existence of those feelings. He is a man of great strength of character,—of unusual intellect, considering the few advantages he has had."

"Not so few. He has led a practical life from a very early age; has been called upon to exercise judgment and self-control. All that developes one part of the intellect. To be sure, he needs some of the knowledge of the past, which gives the truest basis for conjecture as to the future; but he knows this need,—he perceives it, and that is something. You are quite prejudiced against Mr. Thornton, Margaret."

"He is the first specimen of a manufacturer—of a person engaged in trade—that I had ever the opportunity of studying, papa. He is my first olive: let me make a face while I swallow it. I know he is good of his kind, and by and by I shall like the kind. I rather think I am already beginning to do so. I was very much interested by what the gentlemen were talking about, although I did not understand half of it. I was quite sorry when Miss Thornton came to take me to the other end of the room, saying she was sure I should be uncomfortable at being the only lady among so many gentlemen. I had never thought about it, I was so busy listening; and the ladies were so dull, papa — oh, so dull! Yet I think it was clever too. It reminded me of our old game of having each so many nouns to introduce into a sentence."

"What do you mean, child?" asked Mr. Hale.

Why, they took nouns that were signs of things which gave evidence of wealth, — housekeepers, under-gardeners, extent of glass, valuable lace, diamonds, and all such things; and each one formed her speech so as to bring them all in, in the prettiest accidental manner possible."

"You will be as proud of your one servant when you get her, if all is true about her that Mrs. Thornton says."

"To be sure, I shall. I felt like a great hypocrite to-night, sitting there in my white silk gown, with my idle hands before me, when I remembered all the good, thorough, house-work they had done to-day. They took me for a fine lady, I'm sure."

"Even I was mistaken enough to think you looked like a lady, my dear," said Mr. Hale, quietly smiling.

But smiles were changed to white and trembling looks when they saw Dixon's face, as she opened the door.

"Oh, master!—Oh, Miss Margaret! Thank God, you are come! Dr. Donaldson is here. The servant next door went for him, for the charwoman is gone home. She's better now; but, oh sir! I thought she'd have died an hour ago."

Mr. Hale caught Margaret's arm to steady himself from falling. He looked at her face, and saw an expression upon it of surprise and extremest sorrow, but not the agony of terror that contracted his own unprepared heart. She knew more than he did, and yet she listened with that hopeless expression of awed apprehension.

"Oh! I should not have left her—wicked daughter that I am!" moaned forth Margaret, as she supported her trembling father's hasty steps up-stairs. Dr. Donaldson met them on the landing.

"She is better now," he whispered. "The opiate has taken effect. The spasms were very bad: no wonder they frightened your maid; but she'll rally this time."

'This time! Let me go to her!" Half an hour ago, Mr. Hale was a middle-aged man; now his sight was dim, his senses wavering, his walk tottering, as if he were seventy years of age.

Dr. Donaldson took his arm, and led him into the bedroom. Margaret followed close. There lay her mother, with an unmistakeable look on her face. She might be better now; she was sleeping, but Death had signed her for his own, and it was clear that ere long he would return to take possession. Mr. Hale looked at her for some time without a word. Then he began to shake all over, and, turning away from Dr. Donaldson's anxious care, he groped to find the door; he could not see it, although several candles, brought in their sudden affright, were burning and flaring there. He staggered into the drawing-room, and felt about for a chair. Dr. Donaldson wheeled one to him, and placed him in it. He felt his pulse.

"Speak to him, Miss Hale. We must rouse him."

"Papa!" said Margaret, with a crying voice that was wild with pain. "Papa! Speak to me!" The speculation came again into his eyes, and he made a great effort.

"Margaret, did you know of this? Oh, it was cruel of you!"

"No, sir, it was not cruel!" replied Dr. Donaldson, with quick decision. "Miss Hale acted under my directions. There may have been a mistake, but it was not cruel. Your wife will be a different creature to-morrow, I trust. She has had spasms, as I anticipated, though I did not tell Miss Hale of my apprehensions. She has taken the opiate I brought with me; she will have a good long sleep; and to-morrow, that look which has alarmed you so much will have passed away."

"But not the disease?"

Dr. Donaldson glanced at Margaret. Her bent head, her face raised with no appeal for a temporary reprieve, showed that quick observer of human nature that she thought it better that the whole truth should be told.

"Not the disease. We cannot touch the disease, with all our poor vaunted skill. We can only delay its progress—alleviate the pain it causes. Be a man, sir—a Christian. Have faith in the immortality of the soul, which no pain, no mortal disease, can assail or touch!"

But all the reply he got was in the choked words, "You have never been married, Dr. Donaldson; you do not know what it is," and in deep, manly sobs, which went through the stillness of the night like heavy pulses of agony.

Margaret knelt by him, caressing him with tearful caresses. No one, not even Dr. Donaldson, knew how the time went by. Mr. Hale was the first to dare to speak of the necessities of the present moment.

"What must we do?" asked he. "Tell us both. Margaret is my staff—my right hand."

Dr. Donaldson gave his clear, sensible directions. No fear for to-night—nay, even peace for to-morrow, and for many days yet. But no enduring hope of recovery. He advised Mr. Hale to go to bed, and leave only one to watch the slumber, which he hoped would be undisturbed. He promised to come again early in the morning. And, with a warm and kindly shake of the hand, he left them.

They spoke but few words; they were too much exhausted by their terror to do more than decide upon the immediate course of action. Mr. Hale was resolved to sit up through the night, and all that Margaret could do was to prevail upon him to rest on the drawing-room sofa. Dixon stoutly and bluntly refused to go to bed; and, as for Margaret, it was simply impossible that she should leave her mother, let all the doctors in the world speak of "husbanding resources," and "one watcher only being required." So Dixon sat, and stared, and winked, and drooped, and picked herself up again with a jerk, and finally gave up the battle, and fairly snored. Margaret had taken off her gown and tossed it aside with a sort of impatient disgust, and put on her dressing gown. She felt as if she never could sleep again; as if her whole senses were acutely vital, and all endued with double keenness, for the purposes of watching. Every sight and sound—nay, even every thought, touched some nerve to the very quick. For more than two hours she heard her father's restless movements in the next room. He came perpetually to the door of her mother's chamber, pausing there to listen, till she, not hearing his close unseen presence, went and opened it to tell him how all went on, in reply to the questions his baked lips could hardly form. At last he, too, fell asleep, and all the house was still. Margaret sate behind the curtain thinking. Far away in time, far away in space, seemed all the interests of past days. Not more than thirty-six hours ago she cared for Bessy Higgins and her father, and her heart was wrung for Boucher; now, that was all like a dreaming memory of some former life,—everything that had passed out of doors seemed dissevered from her mother, and therefore unreal. Even Harley Street appeared more distinct; there she remembered, as if it were yesterday, how she had pleased herself with tracing out her mother's features in her Aunt Shaw's face,—and how letters had come, making her dwell on the thoughts of home with all the longing of love. Helstone, itself, was in the dim past. The dull gray days of the preceding winter and spring, so uneventless and monotonous, seemed more associated with what she cared for now above all price. She would fain have caught at the skirts of that departing time, and prayed it to return, and give her back what she had too little valued while it was yet in her possession. What a vain show Life seemed! How unsubstantial, and flickering, and flitting! It was as if from some aerial belfry, high up above the stir and jar of the earth, there was a bell continually tolling, "All are shadows!—all are passing!—all is past!" And when the morning dawned, cool and gray, like many a happier morning before—when Margaret looked one by one at the sleepers, it seemed as if the terrible night were unreal as a dream; it, too, was a shadow. It, too, was past.

Mrs. Hale herself was not aware when she awoke how ill she had been the night before. She was rather surprised at Dr. Donaldson's early visit, and perplexed by the anxious faces of husband and child. She consented to remain in bed that day, saying she certainly was tired; but the next she insisted on getting up; and Dr. Donaldson gave his consent to her returning into the drawing-room. She was restless and uncomfortable in every position, and before night she became very feverish. Mr. Hale was utterly listless, and incapable of deciding on anything.

"What can we do to spare mamma such another night?" asked Margaret on the third day.

"It is to a certain degree, the reaction after the powerful opiates I have been obliged to use. It is more painful for you to see than for her to bear, I believe. But, I think, if we could get a water-bed it might be a good thing. Not but what she will be better to-morrow; pretty much like herself as she was before this attack. Still, I should like her to have a water-bed. Mrs. Thornton has one, I know. I'll try and call there this afternoon. Stay," said he, his eye catching on Margaret's face, blanched with watching in a sick-room, "I'm not sure if I can go; I've a long round to take. It would do you no harm to have a brisk walk to Marlborough Street, and ask Mrs. Thornton if she can spare it."

"Certainly," said Margaret. "I could go while mamma is asleep this afternoon. I am sure Mrs. Thornton would lend it to us."

Dr. Donaldson's experience told them rightly. Mrs. Hale seemed to shake off the consequences of her attack, and looked brighter and better this afternoon than Margaret had ever hoped to see her again. Her daughter left her after dinner, sitting in her easy chair, with her hand lying in her husband's, who looked more worn and suffering than she by far. Still, he could smile now—rather slowly, rather faintly, it is true; but a day or two before, Margaret never thought to see him smile again.

It was about two miles from their house in Crampton Crescent to Marlborough Street. It was too hot to walk very quickly. An August sun beat straight down into the street at three o'clock in the afternoon. Margaret went along without noticing anything very different from usual in the first mile and a half of her journey; she was absorbed in her own thoughts, and had learnt by this time to thread her way through the irregular stream of human beings that flowed through Milton streets. But, by and by, she was struck with an unusual heaving among the mass of people in the crowded road on which she was entering. They did not appear to be moving on so much as talking, and listening, and buzzing with excitement, without much stirring from the spot where they might happen to be. Still, as they made way for her, and, wrapt up in the purpose of her errand, and the necessities that suggested it, she was less quick of observation than she might have been, if her mind had been at ease, she had got into Marlborough Street before the full conviction forced itself upon her that there was a restless oppressive sense of irritation abroad among the people; a thunderous atmosphere, morally as well as physically, around her. From every narrow lane opening out on Marlborough Street came up a low distant roar, as of myriads of fierce, indignant voices. The inhabitants of each poor squalid dwelling were gathered round the doors and windows, if indeed they were not actually standing in the middle of the narrow ways—all with looks intent towards one point. Marlborough Street itself was the focus of all those human eyes, that betrayed intensest interest of various kinds; some fierce with anger, some lowering with relentless threats, some dilated with fear, or imploring entreaty; and, as Margaret reached the small side-entrance by the folding doors, in the great dead wall of Marlborough mill-yard, and awaited the porter's answer to the bell, she looked round and heard the first long far-off roll of the tempest; saw the first slow-surging wave of the dark crowd come, with its threatening crest, tumble over, and retreat, at the far end of the street, which a moment ago seemed so full of repressed noise, but which now was ominously still;—all these circumstances forced themselves on Margaret's notice, but did not sink down into her pre-occupied heart. She did not know what they meant—what was their deep significance; while she did know, did feel the keen sharp pressure of the knife that was soon to stab her through and through, by leaving her motherless. She was trying to realise that, in order that when it came she might be ready to comfort her father.

The porter opened the door cautiously, not nearly wide enough to admit her.

"It's you, is it, ma'am?" said he, drawing a long breath, and widening the entrance, but still not opening it fully. Margaret went in. He hastily bolted it behind her.

"Th' folk are all coming up here, I reckon?" asked he.

"I don't know. Something unusual seemed going on; but this street is quite empty I think."

She went across the yard and up the steps to the house-door. There was no near sound,—no steam-engine at work with beat and pant,—no click of machinery, or mingling and clashing of many sharp voices; but far away, the ominous gathering roar, deep-clamouring.

JEAN RAISIN.

It has been my lot, of late, to take outdoor exercise on the skirts of an extensive forest which crowns the summit of a range of hills. Its length is so considerable, that to walk from one end of it to the other is more than my legs, though good legs, would like; but its breadth, in most parts, is more easily traversable. I can enter on one side, and by means of a mental mariner's compass, which phrenologists would call the organ of locality, can pursue my way to the opposite side, to enjoy the prospect which meets me there. During the transit I am overshadowed by oaks and beeches. The ground in some places is covered by a dense thicket of underwood, whose branches I am obliged to put aside with my arms, in order to pursue my

way. In other spots, where the brushwood has been cleared, the ground is covered with violets and periwinkle,—to be succeeded in turn by pale Solomon's-seals and spotted orchises. Among these scattered tufts of flowers and last year's dry leaves, that are mingled with them, the viper and the sloe-worm come out to bask after their winter's sleep is ended. Just now, in these autumnal days, rank grass, a few late flowers, and abundant bunches of shining blackberries, are the prevailing occupants of such open clearings. As I pass on, my ears are entertained by the croakings of that shabby thief the carrion crow; my eyes are amused by the graceful flittings of the pertest of magpies; while the jay, darting off from the branch of an ash, gives harsh warning of my approach to all whom it may concern. The air is close; not a breeze is astir; the view is limited; I am covered in by a roof of verdure; and the monotonous slight noises which alone disturb the silence of the wood, give the impression of being either in solitary imprisonment or utter exile, until I can emerge again upon the open down.

By one of those miraculous changes of scene which are the result of coals, hot water, and horizontal bars of iron, I find myself walking in another forest which is utterly dissimilar to my usual haunts. Hills there are in every direction, covered throughout with a woody plantation of a strangely uniform character and height. The prevailing colour of the foliage is a bright light green; here, melting into yellow; there, tinged in strong contrast with a deep blood-red; and occasionally, down in the valley especially, overcast with a shade of rusty brown. No turf, or wild flowers, or underwood, are to be seen on the ground, where visible, but all is bare and naked as a stony desert, except the wood which covers it. The only birds I see are a few sad survivors of a covey of partridges and thrushes, which conduct themselves so strangely that the foresters assert that they are tipsy. "As drunk as a thrush" is a proverb here. The most remarkable point is, that I can walk through this forest, which reaches further than the eye can follow it, with my head and shoulders above its summit. I (no Colossus) can look down upon the wood, and inhale the breeze, and feel the sunshine, and behold the most distant objects of the landscape, all the while I am sauntering through its steep and narrow paths. I am strolling on the borderland where Champagne unites with Burgundy; and the interminable forest which clothes the hills is no other than the forest of Jean Raisin.

But who, then, is Jean Raisin? Jean is a personage of ancient renown, of noble rank, and distantly related to his humbler cousin, our own respected John Barleycorn. It is true they differ in several respects. John is of a hardier constitution than Jean, and is capable of making himself more generally useful. John is content to live on sandy, loamy plains, in northern latitudes and ungenial climates, where summers are short and winters long. Jean delights to bask on the slopes of sunny hills, and prefers the warm dry foot of the mountain to the damper, though richer lap of the valley. To his credit be it said, he is not nice about several particulars. A hard bed, even a bed of rock, makes him neither sulky nor sour. He laughs at limestone. A month's drought, such as would kill cousin John in his early youth, only puts Jean into better spirits; while a baking that would make many an ailing John give up the ghost, merely renders *his* natural good disposition milder and sweeter. Jean and John have long been rivals; they have now determined to become allies. A worthy ambassador, one Oliveira, is doing his best to negotiate the terms; and the result may be that Jean and John will appear side by side, as they ought, at all the festive boards of England and France. For though I love John very much indeed, that is no reason why I should be compelled to cut Jean dead; and though I am on very intimate terms with Jean, (or rather, Jean is intimate with me,) I experience considerable difficulty in saying, "How do you do?" to John now and then. The grand object of diplomacy at present is to enable Jean to send a sealed black bottle, and to authorize John to introduce a foaming pewter pot, into places where, respectively, they never made their appearance before.

John and Jean are good-looking fellows. The ladies are decidedly fond of both of them. But by a reversion of national characteristics, John has a yellow complexion, and is garnished with a fiercely bristling beard, whereas Jean has nothing of the kind to show, and can only boast of a delicate bloom on his cheek. His hue is as various as that of the human race itself. He is black like the negro, fair like the Circassian, yellow like the Chinaman, tawny like the Moor, red like the American Indian, and I have even seen him with a spotted skin. Jean is potent; yet, Samson-like, he submits to be confined with osier-withes, sometimes even with a bit of rye-straw. He allows women to bind him to a stake with such contemptible fetters as those, to prevent his Raisinship from running out of bounds.

Jean Raisin has lately been somewhat sick, suffering from a malady to which John has never been subject. Insular vigour has stood firm, while continental delicacy has pined and threatened to go into a consumption. But it is unlucky to boast of one's self and one's friends, and the last news of Jean is favourable—as far, at least, as concerns his illness. This sickness cannot be accounted for by any peculiarly imprudent conduct on the part of Jean. In respect to sobriety there is not a pin to choose between them: for if John is

now and then in his cups, Jean is quite as often in his glasses.

John Barleycorn is an ephemeral being, bodily, though his blood renders him immortal in point of fact. Comparatively pigmy, too, in stature, being rarely, if ever, quite tall enough to make a French foot-soldier of. The term of Jean Raisin's life occasionally approaches the antediluvian standard. In a comfortable home, he is half a Methuselah. His growth, like that of the cartilaginous fishes, appears to be indefinitely extensible, varying like those fantoccini which change from a dwarf to a giant at pleasure. Here, he is seldom more than three or four feet high; but in Italy I have seen him as tall as an elm, with arms long enough to reach from tree to tree. In another well-authenticated instance, a body as big round as that of a full-grown man, with limbs capable of sustaining a weight equivalent to that of four thousand fine bunches of grapes, must be allowed to be a tolerably fair specimen of vigour and capability. For further particulars (price sixpence) apply at the vinery, Hampton Court.

Hurrah, then, for Jean Raisin! for the generous grape; for the noble vine! Hurrah, too, for the golden Barleycorn! the dulcet malt, the invigorating ale and porter! No longer let them envy each other's fame, but shake hands and be friends, standing shoulder to shoulder on every French and English sideboard without a shadow of ill-will or jealousy! Burton-on-Trent shall exchange wares with Bordeaux; pale ale shall restore the tone of the millions of French stomachs that long for bitters; while claret and burgundy, and the wines of the south, at last uncorked for the multitude, shall cause fevers and agues to loose their hold on many a hard-worked Englishman's frame, and—true, though you may call it disgusting—free many an English child from intestinal worms.

Jean Raisin's forest is the land of good cheer. Fancy, not a small stage-coachman, but the coachman of a small stage-coach, quartering peaches and soaking them in burgundy, as his ordinary dessert during the first days of October! We observe this while picking a partridge and quaffing much better than ordinary wine at tenpence a bottle. Wine for breakfast, wine for dinner, and wine again, if you like it, for supper. But people hearing talk of the price of French wines in France, imagine that a bottle of the genuine article goes as far as port and sherry in England. Alas! no. It does not burn half so big a hole in your stomach when you swallow it. It may be, and consequently is, absorbed in immensely greater quantities without any harm done. Some English go so far as to say that it is wasting your time to try to get drunk with it. As a matter of amusement, there are certain public-houses where they ask you whether you will drink by the bottle or the hour. The afternoon's diversion generally costs much about the same, whichever mode of measurement you may decide upon; the only difference being that what you gain in quantity you lose in quality, and vice-versa.

Nowhere are the cooks less liable to the charge of being satanic emissaries for the purpose of spoiling the gifts of Heaven, than in Jean's dominions. But nowhere have cooks such materials to deal with. It is true that Lower Burgundy possesses a breed of pigs whose proportions are the reverse of the cameleopard's, inasmuch as they slope down with a steep descent from the insertion of the tail to the nape of the neck. A herd of Tonnerre pigs, when standing still, resemble a collection of letters A. They would gain no prize at the Birmingham show; but that does not hinder them from making excellent pig-meat. The sheep are better than are usually seen in France, being evidently a collateral branch of our own Southdown family. Their cutlets, washed down with a glass of sparkling Eperneuil, are popularly believed to be restorative of the traveller's strength after a long day's journey. The very house-doors manifest the gaminess of Raisinland, by hanging out inviting bell-pulls made of roe-deer's feet and ankles. The game of the vineyards is the most exquisite in the world. Grapes communicate to the creatures which have once tasted them, a succulence of flesh and a superiority of flavour, which indisputably promote them to the place of honour, upon whatever table they deign to appear. Nothing on earth is comparable to the fig-pecker of the vineyards, who requires not that we should fatten him, like the lazy ortolan. The fig-pecker is a marvel of plumpness and delicacy, of whom it has been observed that, if he had the stature of the turkey, no fortune in the world would be large enough to purchase him at the price he deserves. Nothing comes near the fig-peckers of the vineyards, unless it be the quail of the vineyards, the thrush of the vineyards (and, faut des grives on prend des merles—when thrushes run short, we are glad to get blackbirds), and the pheasant of the vineyards. Observe, there is not the slightest proof that the fig-pecker and the quail fatten on the grapes. It is a well-known fact that both those succulent species frequent the vines for some insectivorous and frugivorous motive, and that their sojourn thereamong has the property of improving their flesh. Bees, too, abound in Burgundy. What beautiful honey the vine-blossoms make!

Vine-leaves, wrapped round roasting pigeons and quails, and so impregnated with the gravy, become themselves a dainty morsel. The goats whose milk is made use of to manufacture the famous Mont d'Or cheese, are fed on vineleaves that have been pounded, pressed, and salted down according to a

learned and peculiar method. The red leaves of the Teinturier, or Dyer grape, so called because its ruby juice stains whatever it drops upon, are gathered as astringents; and the herboristes of Paris, rather a numerous body of tradesmen, find it worth their while to dry them for sale. In short, whether vitis, a vine, is derived from vita, life; or vita, life, from vitis, a vine, there is one fact that etymologists can never unsettle; namely, that vitis vinifera is the most vivifying vegetable that grows. Raisinland, besides, has plenty of truffles; the diamonds of the kitchen, according to Brillat-Savarin; toadstools and creosote, according to me. Another delicacy is the edible snail, helix pomatia of learned men and escargot of nut-brown vintagers, which, however you may sneer at it, is not to be despised, seeing that it is in such favour with certain amateurs as to be greedily hunted for and sent off by hundreds of thousands to distant non-snail-producing regions. Troyes (whence troy-weight), boasts an eating-house, Aux deux Couronnes, with the sign of The Two Garlands of Grapes, whose principal attraction is BONS ESCARGOTS, in conspicuously large capitals, just as NATIVE OYSTERS would be with us. In one canton near me, Les Riceys, there are dealers in escargots who send whole cart-loads to Troyes, Auxerre, and other large towns, whence they find their way to Paris, where they fetch a sou a-piece. Of late years their price has doubled; they are now sold wholesale from four to five francs the thousand.

One more word on edible snails, and I have done with them. They are larger than the large brown garden snail (which is also eaten in other parts of France) more conical in shape, and of the colour of those nankin pantaloons, which were the delight of the bucks of the last generation. The best are gathered amongst the vines that grow upon a reddish soil composed of bits of crumbling rock. The season to eat them is during the dead months of the year, when they are sealed up asleep in their winter quarters. If by accident they are consumed in summer, they are first made to fast for several days. After boiling them in salt and water, and tossing them up in butter and sweet herbs, some cooks restore each snail to its own private shell, with just the black tip of its tail cut off, and serve them neatly piled on a plate, like a pyramid of fruit or cakes; others combine the whole into a fricassee, and send them to table more naked than they were born.

Jean Raisin's family is exceedingly numerous; and, between us be it said, there are more of them than good ones. It has somewhat diminished since Virgil's days, when it numbered more than the sands of the desert; but it is still sufficiently multitudinous to throw dust into the eyes of Jean's best friends. Bosc collected more than fourteen thousand individual raisins at a family party given in the Luxembourg gardens. What is odd, the most deserving members are known by the greatest number of aliases. Domitian, to avenge himself on the ancient Gauls, laid low every Raisin he could happen with. His services would be useful at the present day in exterminating undeserving Raisins from the positions they occupy throughout the land. All that would be wanted is a second Probus to replace them with strong and healthy young fellows whose characters will bear strict investigation. But Jean Raisin hardly knows his own relations, either by sight or by name; every district has its favourites, which happen to take the farmer's fancy. The usual inmates of gardens, such as the Messieurs Chasselas, do not thrive in the field satisfactorily; and vice-versa, though probably in a less degree. It is much to be desired that some enterprising ampelologist would travel through the country to make a list of them and take their portraits. A genealogical tree has long been threatened, but still remains to be completed.

As to aliases; I myself discovered at Chablis that Gros-plant, Lombard, and Charniaux, are one. Gouais is another name of the same individual, who turns out troublesome if you cut him too short. Again; Pierre, Jean, Pineau, Auxerrois, Pied-de-Perdrix, Grappe-Rouge, and Plant-de-Medoc, differ so little in their real physiognomy and character, that they may safely be regarded as different forms assumed by one and the same actor of all-work. Again; Beurot and Pineau-Gris of the Departments of the Aube, the Côte-d'Or, the Cher, and the Vosges ought both to be compelled to drop those titles. The same of Auxois and the Affamé of the Meuse, Ascot of the Lower Rhine, Braguet-Gris of the Alps, Fromenteau-Gris of the Jura, Muscadet of the Indre and the Seine-et-Oise, and Tokai of the Upper Rhine. All those titles are merely synonymous with that respectable name, Cordelier-Gris. Let not the above sentences be looked upon as a useless parade of pedantic learning.

There are two leading varieties of grape, the heads of the family of Jean Raisin, from which the main supply of French red wines is obtained. The first and highest in excellence is the Pineau, or Pinot, names guessed to be derived from πινω, I drink. Under the name of Noirien (please do not confound this with Nairien, a long-bunched grape which ripens badly), it furnishes, in Upper Burgundy, wines whose reputation is deservedly world-famous. Morillon-noir is another of its names. At Orleans it is called Auvernas, because it was introduced thence from Auvergne. The Pineau is a small black grape, exceedingly sweet and pleasant to the taste. "Does it not glue your lips and fingers together? That is the sign it will make good wine;" said a jolly Burgundian, as he led me through his vineyard, and pressed me to eat till I could eat no more. The bunches are not large, the berries are irregular in size,

and to look at it, you would say, that can never be the fruit which established Jean Raisin's glorious fame. A basket of Pineaus in Covent Garden market would be scorned and scoffed at as good for nothing by every passing greenhouse gardener. Notwithstanding which, the Pineau occupies the place of honour in France, on the sunniest slopes and the most sheltered hills. The wine made of the Pineau is the wine that is exported to supply the tables of nobles and princes. The Pineau represents the aristocracy.

The next in importance and consideration, and perhaps the first in usefulness, is the Gamais (perhaps named after the village Gamay, near Beaune), a black grape, with larger and better-looking bunches and berries than those of the Pineau. It is excellent to eat; and an inexperienced taster would be at a loss to guess that its wine should turn out inferior in quality. It is the main stock of the vineyards of the plain and the valley,—the Pineau above, and the Gamais below. The Gamais is the only kind which, after being frozen in spring, will reproduce fruit; even then, it will bear an abundant crop. And the low bottoms between a line of hills are much more liable to frost than the hills themselves. The kindly Gamais gives wine for the multitude. Its humbler pretensions cause it to stop at home. When it does travel abroad, it is mostly in partnership or combined association with its grander relative, or else decorated with heraldic bearings to which it has no right. Were it not for the good-natured Gamais, the farmer and the vinedresser would often have no wine at all to drink. And I hereby certify that a bottle of wine from a Gamais vineyard is a much more cheering beverage than water from the pump. In short, the Gamais represents the people. In thirteen hundred and ninety-five, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, made an ordonnance, forbidding to plant the Gamais or to manure the vineyards. Exclusiveness, then, found its way into wine-bibbing. His highness wanted nectar for his court, not drink for his subjects. Notwithstanding which prohibition, the Gamais flourishes, in eighteen hundred and fifty-four, in greater abundance than ever it did, and the vineyards receive a dressing of manure as often as their owners can spare it them.

Vineyards are seldom or never exclusively planted with one, or even two, or three, kinds of grapes. The Pineau or the Gamais may predominate, as the case may be; but amongst them are scattered single plants or small groups of other less-esteemed varieties. This is done purposely, in order that the farmer, as he says, may have some fruit and wine that he can consume himself, after the best has gone to his customers. One does not see why, except for French thrift, he could not reserve a share of the best, as the vines producing it do not occupy an inch more ground. But so it is. Of these permitted intruders, the most frequent is the Pineau blanc, a golden-white grape, to which an entire hill is sometimes devoted; the Troyen, a merry-looking round black grape, which ripens so suddenly during the week preceding the vintage that the vintagers say it will not begin to change colour till it hears the tubs of preparation rolling about. The Troyen meritoriously adapts itself to the flat places and little bits of table-land that lie on the upper parts of the hills, where the Pineau would not do so well. It also bears a stiffer and more clayey soil; but not only is the Troyen inferior to the Gamais, but it is difficult to keep it hanging on the stem. The grapes fall to the ground if they are not gathered as soon as ripe. The wine it gives, though pleasant enough the first year or two, soon turns flat and loses its goodness. But the quantity it produces is a point of considerable importance, which is likely to increase rather than diminish under the present circumstances of Jean Raisin's affairs. Besides these, the Trousseaux, or Bourguignon, black and better for wine than eating, is tolerated; the Teinturier is useful to colour the wine, and for not much else; the Meunier, or Miller, is a black grape, whose leaves are covered with cottony down. The best white wines, champagne included, are made of a little sweet grape called the Beaunoir, which is extensively cultivated in its place. There are also pink grapes, such as the Chasselas rouge, the Raisin de Nuits (if it is not the same), and the Arbanne rouge, which are merely allowed standing-room, in order that their fruit may appear at table.

Jean Raisin has enemies. Of course he has. He is much too conspicuous a personage to be allowed to go through the world quietly. I do not here allude to Whole Hogs, but to Jack Frost, and Daddy Longlegs and company. The latter adversaries are the least formidable, the worst of them being the rhynchites of the birch tree, a pretty shining insect, with a head terminating in a sharp snout. In the middle of June, the female rhynchites roll up the leaves of the vines into cigars: not to smoke them, but as cradles for their young. La lune rousse, that horrid red moon which shines in spring, is believed to effect Jean Raisin's health in the same way as the evil eye would. The warm spring day, which tempts the leaf-buds to open too soon, and then betrays them to hoar-frost or the biting east wind, is also a bitter enemy. The same of a sun-stroke after a mist. These, combined with cold rains in early summer, which wash the pollen out of the anthers, together bring about the misfortune called coulure, or the abortion and dropping off of the blossom. Atmospheric variations sometimes thus destroy, in a few days, the entire hopes of the vinegrower. Now and then, a single day has seen the pistil fertilized, and the harvest destroyed, by a burning sunstroke. So liable to injury are the delicate and sweetscented

bouquets with which Jean Raisin bedecks himself, that while they remain in bloom the labourers avoid, as much as possible, even passing up and down amongst the vines.

It was the long, cold spring—coulure in fact, and not the vine disease—which has caused the vintage to fail this year. The degree of failure, happily, varies. The neighbourhood of Tonnerre has suffered the most severely. There, they may dolefully sing, as soon as a dozen bunches are gathered, "Adieu, paniers, vendages sont faites;" Baskets, good-bye. The vintage is done. Champagne cries out that her crop is null. In good years, the prating and laughter and hum of the vintagers is heard all over the face of the hills; there is a difficulty in procuring sufficient hands to make the work go off quickly enough. This time, the country is almost as dull and still as midnight. In Upper Burgundy, though matters are better, the result is more deplorable than was expected. One proprietor of fifteen acres of choice vines has only gathered seven baskets of grapes, which make less than three-quarters of a hogshead of wine. On some spots, the scarcity of grapes is such, that they scarcely pay for the expense of gathering them.—"With your permission, I am come to see your vintage," I said to a maker of sparkling burgundy, into whose saloon an acquaintance conducted me. "We have no vintage this year," he abruptly answered, with indescribable gestures and tones. "To see that, you must travel further." The fact is, every wine-grower in France is watching to see how high the price will rise.

The extreme south, as might be expected, has suffered the least; and many speculators have sent empty tubs into Spain to be brought back full. 'Fifty-four wine will be therefore dear; not only because there is little of it, but because that little is likely to be good; unless the Parisian wine-doctors spoil the claret and burgundy with brandy and water coloured with deep red wine from the south, and drown the white wines under a cataract of cider.

Hail is another of Jean Raisin's fearful enemies, scattering the ground with half-grown grapes. The worst foe of all is the sloth, or sometimes the poverty, of the vine-dresser. Weeds are the slow but sure assailants that fight behind the shield of indolence. A vineyard ought to be the emblem of labour, as well as of friendship and other pleasant things. Omit the labour, and joy takes flight.

Jean Raisin's personal appearance is extremely prepossessing. It is better than the most flattering letter of recommendation. I am not talking of dandy Raisins coddled in greenhouses and nursed in hotbeds. They are beaux and fine gentlemen, not without merit in their own dandy way. But stroll (with leave) on a vine-clad hill, peep under the leaves, admire the bunches at the foot of the stem, cut off a sample, taste, and then tell me where you think Jean Raisin is most at home.

If we proceed to dissect Jean Raisin, we find that a bunch of grapes, besides its juice, consists, first of the stones, whence, both in Italy and France, oil has been extracted to burn in lamps; secondly, of the skin, coloured in black grapes, and the sole source of colour in all genuine red wines, tawny in the Muscat and the Orleans variety, and greenish in the grapes which are popularly called white (delicate folks do right to reject the skins in eating grapes; as, although not injurious they distend the stomach with indigestible matter); thirdly, of the stalks, which are removed in districts where they strip the grapes, because it is fancied they damage the wine, but which in general are allowed to remain. It is remarkable that stripping is most in favour in the south, where they have the greatest reason to abstain from the practice; whilst in the north, where the stalks increase the roughness of the produce, they are allowed to remain. In hot years, it is necessary to keep the stalks, to fulfil the office of hops in beer, giving body, astringency, and keeping qualities to the wine, which otherwise turns flat and vapid. In cold years, too much stalk is injurious, by adding a superabundance to the acid and saline principles of the grape.

These three together constitute the marc of grapes. The same word, marc, is used to denote the pasty mass of crushed flax or colza seed in an oil-mill. Grape-marc contains one-fourth part of pips, which are never made use of to reproduce the plant. It still retains a portion of juice which has not been extracted by the pressure it has undergone. It therefore ferments, and may be converted to various purposes, such as to make piquette, or the smallest of small wine, with. Steeped in water for a longer or shorter period, it thus forms the beverage of the poor in wine countries. It is also employed to furnish alcohol. Baths of dry marc in a state of fermentation have been prescribed for chronic rheumatism, scrofula, and other obstinate maladies. The patient is buried up to the neck in the mass, and it requires some care to save him from being stifled. After the remaining goodness of the marc has been extracted, in the shape either of piquette or alcohol, it is good for nothing but to burn as fuel. It is sometimes, however, spread on the land as manure. It has been proposed, moreover, to make use of it in tanning.

I have many other details to mention; but Jacques Bonhomme and Jean Guêtre, my rustic viticultural friends, tell me that I must pack up my carpet-bag and be off to-morrow morning, if I have a mind to see with my own eyes how Jean Raisin is metamorphosed into wine.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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REFLECTIONS OF A LORD MAYOR.

"I HAVE been told," said the Lord Mayor of London, left alone in his dressing-room after a state occasion, and proceeding to divest himself of the very large chain the Lord Mayor of London wears about his neck, according to the manner of the President of the Royal Academy of Arts, and the watermen of the principal hackney-coach stands: "I say, I have been told," repeated the Lord Mayor, glancing at himself in the glass, "rather frequently now, in cotemporary history, that I am a Humbug."

No matter what particular Lord Mayor of London thus delivered himself. Any modern Lord Mayor of London may have recalled, with the fidelity here quoted, the homage widely offered to his position.

"I have been told so," continued the Lord Mayor of London, who was in the habit of practising oratory when alone, as Demosthenes did, and with the somewhat similar object of correcting a curious impediment in his speech, which always thrust the letter H upon him when he had no business with it, and always took it away from him when it was indispensable; "I have been told so," pursued the Lord Mayor, "on the ground that the privileges, dues, levies, and other exactions of my government, are relics of ages in all respects unlike the present; when the manners and customs of the people were different, when commerce was differently understood and practised, when the necessities and requirements of this enormous metropolis were as unlike what they are now, as this enormous metropolis itself on the map of Queen Victoria's time is unlike the scarcely recognisable little mustard-seed displayed as London on the map of Queen Elizabeth's time. I have been told so, on the ground that whereas my office was a respectable reality when the little city in which I hold my state was actually London, and its citizens were the London people, it is a swaggering sham when that little city's inhabitants are not a twelfth part of the metropolitan population, and when that little city's extent is not a tenth part of the metropolitan surface. These, I am informed, are a short summary of the reasons why the London citizens who stand foremost as to the magnitude of their mercantile dealings and the grasp of their intelligence, always fly from the assumption of my blushing honours; and why formally constituted Commissions have admitted, not without some reluctance, that I am—officially," said the Lord Mayor twice—"officially—a most absurd creature, and, in point of fact, the Humbug already mentioned."

The Lord Mayor of London having thus summed up, polished his gold chain with his sleeve, laid it down on the dressing-table, put on a flannel gown, took a chair before the glass, and proceeded to address himself in the following neat and appropriate terms:

"Now, my Lord," said the Lord Mayor of London; and at the word he bowed, and smiled obsequiously; "you are well aware that there is no foundation whatever for these envious disparagements. They are the shadows of the light of Greatness." (The Lord Mayor stopped and made a note of this sentiment, as available after dinner some day.) "On what evidence will you receive your true position? On the City Recorder's? On the City Remembrancer's? On the City Chamberlain's? On the Court of Common Council's? On the Swordbearer's? On the Toastmaster's? These are good witnesses, I believe, and they will bear testimony at any time to your being a solid dignitary, to your office being one of the highest aspirations of man, one of the brightest crowns of merit, one of the noblest objects of earthly ambition. But, my Lord Mayor;" here the Lord Mayor smiled at himself and bowed again; "is it from the City only, that you get these tributes to the virtues of your office, and the empty wickedness of the Commission that would dethrone you? I think not. I think you may inquire East, West, North, and South—particularly West," said the Lord Mayor, who was a courtly personage—"particularly West, among my friends of the aristocracy—and still find that the Lord Mayor of London is the brightest jewel (next to Mercy) in the British crown, and the apple of the United Kingdom's eye.

"Who," said the Lord Mayor, crossing his knees, and arguing the point, with the aid of his forefinger, at himself in the glass, "who is to be believed? Is it the superior classes (my very excellent and dear friends) that are to be believed, or is it Commissions and

writers in newspapers? The reply of course is, the superior classes. Why then," said the Lord Mayor, "let us consider what my beloved and honoured friends the members of the superior classes, say.

"We will begin," said the Lord Mayor, "with my highly eminent and respected friends—my revered brothers, if they will allow me to call them so — the Cabinet Ministers. What does a cabinet minister say when he comes to dine with me? He gets up and tells the company that all the honours of official life are nothing comparable to the honour of coming and dining with the Lord Mayor. He gives them to understand that, in all his doubts, his mind instinctively reverts to the Lord Mayor for counsel; that in all his many triumphs, he looks to the Lord Mayor for his culminating moral support; that in all his few defeats, he looks to the Lord Mayor for lasting consolation. He signifies that, if the Lord Mayor only approves of his political career, he is happy; that if the Lord Mayor disapproves, he is miserable. His respect for the office is perpetually augmenting. He has had the honour of enjoying the munificent hospitality of other Lord Mayors, but he never knew such a Lord Mayor as this Lord Mayor, or such a Lord Mayor's dinner as this dinner. With much more to the same effect. And I believe," said the Lord Mayor of London, smiling obsequiously, "that my noble and right honourable friends the Cabinet Ministers, never make a fool of any one?

"Take," said the Lord Mayor of London, "next, my highly decorated friends, the Representatives of Foreign Courts. They assure the guests, in the politest manner, that when they inform their respective governments that they have had the honour of dining with the Lord Mayor, their respective governments will hardly know what to make of themselves, they will feel so exalted by the distinction. And I hope," said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, "that their Excellencies my diplomatic friends, usually say what they mean?

"What sentiments do the Army and Navy express when they come and dine at the Guildhall or Mansion House? They don't exactly tell the company that our brave soldiers and our hardy seamen rush to conquest, stimulating one another with the great national watchword, 'The Lord Mayor!' but they almost go that length. They intimate that the courage of our national defenders would be dreadfully damped if there was no Lord Mayor; that Nelson and Wellington always had the Lord Mayor in their minds (as no doubt they had) in conducting their most brilliant exploits; and that they always looked forward to the Lord Mayor (as no doubt they did) for their highest rewards. And I think," said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, "that my honourable and gallant friends, the field-marshals and admirals of this glorious country, are not the men to bandy compliments?

"My eminently reverend friends the Archbishops and Bishops, *they* are not idle talkers," said the Lord Mayor. "Yet, when they do me the honour to take no thought (as I may say) what they shall eat or what they shall drink, but with the greatest urbanity to eat and drink (I am proud to think) up to the full amount of three pound three per head, they are not behind-hand with the rest. They perceive in the Lord Mayor, a pillar of the great fabric of church and state; they know that the Lord Mayor is necessary to true Religion; they are, in a general way, fully impressed with the conviction that the Lord Mayor is an Institution not to be touched without danger to orthodox piety. Yet, if I am not deceived," said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, "my pastoral and personal friends the archbishops and bishops, are to be believed upon their affirmation?

"My elevated and learned friends, the Judges!" cried the Lord Mayor, in a tone of enthusiasm. "When I ask the judges to dinner, *they* are not found to encourage the recommendations of corrupt Commissions. On the contrary, I infer from their speeches that they are at a loss to understand how Law or Equity could ever be administered in this country, if the Lord Mayor was reduced. I understand from them, that it is, somehow, the Lord Mayor who keeps the very judges themselves straight; that if there was no Lord Mayor, they would begin to go crooked; that if they didn't dine with the Lord Mayor at least once a year, they couldn't answer for their not taking bribes, or doing something of that sort. And it is a general opinion, I imagine," said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, "that my judicial friends the judges, know how to sum up a case?

"Likewise my honourable and legislative friends the Members of the House of Commons—and my noble and deliberative friends, the Members of the House of Lords—and my learned and forensic friends of the liberal profession of the Bar!" cried the Lord Mayor. "They are all convinced (when they come to dinner) that without the Lord Mayor, the whole Lord Mayor, and nothing but the Lord Mayor, there would ensue what I may call a national smash. They are all agreed that society is a kind of barrel, formed of a number of staves, with a very few hoops to keep them together; and that the Lord Mayor of London is such a strong hoop, that if he was taken off, the staves would fly asunder, and the barrel would burst. This is very gratifying, this is very important, this is very dignifying, this is very true. I am proud of this profound conviction. For, I believe," said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, "that this distinguished agglomeration of my eloquent and flowery friends, is capable of making speeches?

"Then you see, my Lord," pursued the

Lord Mayor, resuming the argument with his looking-glass, after a short pause of pride in his illustrious circle of acquaintance, which caused him to swell considerably, "it comes to this. Do these various distinguished persons come into the city annually, as a matter of course, to make certain routine speeches over you, without in the least caring or considering what they mean—just as the boys do, in the same month, over Guy Fawkes; or do they come really and truly to uphold you. In the former case, you would be placed in the unpleasant predicament of knowing for certain that they laugh at you when they go home; in the latter case, you would have the happiness of being sure that the Commission which declares you to be the—in point of fact," said the Lord Mayor, with a lingering natural reluctance, "the Humbug already mentioned—is a piece of impotent falsehood and malice.

"Which you know it to be," said the Lord Mayor, rising firmly. "Which you know it to be! Your honoured and revered friends of the upper classes, rally round you;" (the Lord Mayor made a note of the neat expression, rallying round, as available for various public occasions); "and you see them, and you hear them, and seeing and hearing are believing, or nothing is. Further, you are bound as their devoted servant to believe them, or you fall into the admission that public functionaries have got into a way of pumping out floods of conventional words without any meaning and without any sincerity—a way not likely to be reserved for Lord Mayors only, and a very bad way for the whole community."

So, the Lord Mayor of London went to bed, and dreamed of being made a Baronet.

WILD LEGENDS.

Oberlansitz is the name of a small mountain district bordering on Bohemia; and to the rough part of it, situated round about the town of Zittau, the wildest legends belong. The original inhabitants are an old race of Czechs, and form the native population of the highlands; but it is a Servian race that occupies the plains below. The Oberlansitzer is a lumpish fellow, phlegmatic and taciturn; who, when he does open his mouth, heaps together vowels, so as to form the very coarsest of the German dialects—worse even than the Silesian. He would call what, waoiout. It would not be unfair to say that he is not only silent but sulky. When excited in the beerhouse or on any holiday occasion he breaks out into exceeding wildness; and, in that condition, he is quick at wrath; but, slow at forgiveness, he treasures up ideas of vengeance. Of strangers he is very distrustful; unwilling to guide them over his native ground, he hides from them what he knows, tells them none of his thoughts, and recounts to them none of his legends. Even at home, when he begins one of the stories in which he delights, he blurts it out piecemeal from the corner by the oven, stops to smoke, or breaks off altogether if offended by any distasteful kind of interruption. Thus it happens that the legends current in the Oberlansitz have escaped the notice of collectors.

Being ignorant, he is in the highest degree superstitious. To this day the Oberlansitzer firmly believes in witches, and regards with superstitious reverence the executioner at Zittau. Among the duties of that functionary is included the banning of spirits. Whenever anybody has committed suicide the executioner takes with him an empty sack, and goes to the room where the body is, in order to be locked up alone with it for about an hour. During that hour he holds the sack open, dancing about and uttering, in a raving way, strange incantations. Thus he gets, he thinks, the soul into the sack and ties it up. Then going out, he mounts a horse that is held ready at the door, and dashes off in the direction of some glen or dismal glade among the woods, which has been regarded for centuries as a ghost's jail; and there, with more incantation, he unties the bag and bans the spirit to the spot. On the pieces of ground to which spirits are banned, they may be supposed of course to swarm. The Pepper Hollow in Zittau, and the Scholar's Copse, two or three miles out of the town, are in this way especially remarkable. The executioner has many other duties and privileges in connection with the spirit world, so that he is held to be, on the whole, a more ghostly man than even the priest, and his advice is far more generally sought.

If I had to educate these benighted Oberlansitzers, I do not see in what way we could go to work more surely than by appealing to them with our whole strength through their fancies. Lumpish as they are, they have imbibed in a fantastic way, from the more delicate aspects of nature, dainty imaginings, that one would take to belong only to a state of high refinement; and from these they run along the whole scale of emotion to the grimmest and most terrible ideas. They mingle with all a sense of humour that is one of the least common attributes of a mere animated clod. Some years ago, an educated Oberlansitzer, Herr Willkomm, published a small collection of the legends of his countrymen. I propose to relate two or three of them—not telling them as formal tales, but setting down enough to show what is their nature, and suggest, perhaps, too, a profitable thought or two to those who, in reading them, remember what the nature is of those poor highlanders by whom they were invented.

Once upon a time there was a maiden named Swanhilda, who was the only child of a proud father, and he was dead. Her mother had died at her birth, and she lived, therefore, alone in her castle. To this lady many suitors came, all of whom she scornfully and

repeatedly rejected. Her delight was in manly sports; she was perpetually thundering through the forest on a great black Barbary courser, spear in hand, in search of game. Nevertheless she was very beautiful; and her many suitors, driven to distraction, at last met together, and agreed to summon her to yield herself to one of them, or else submit to be besieged by them all; for they would combine and march against her castle. She sent back their messenger with scornful words, and went to bed.

In the night a little ball of light came up out of her bedroom floor, and jumped about with a slight crackling noise that awakened her and worried her. "Be quiet!" she cried out at it. "What fool's trick is this? I want to go to sleep." The little ball instantly vanished; but directly afterwards, the boards of the floor were broken through, and a table rose into the room covered with wine and dainty food. Then Swanhilda felt alarmed. But the fear gave way to curiosity when she saw sitting round the table the figures of all her suitors, eating and drinking merrily. One lady was sitting with them who had nothing to eat, and that was the image of herself. Little servants took to each of the young knights as many plates of food as he had received rejections at her hands; and, whenever a knight was served in this way, there was laid down before the image of herself an empty sack, so that as many sacks (the Oberlansitzers say baskets), as she had given she received back for her supper. I believe that an old custom of asking a lady's hand by making her a present in a bag (sack) or basket, and taking it as an acceptance of the implied offer if she kept whatever contained the present, and a rejection if she sent the sack or basket back, gave rise to our vulgar English expression, give the sack, and to the corresponding German expression, give the basket. Swanhilda saw her image gradually buried behind piles of her own baskets, while the knights ate or drank, and the good wine and rich viands came up through the floor at an amazing pace, disappearing again from the table in a way that was quite supernatural. Swanhilda, being very angry, was about to scold, when she found to her dismay that her voice was gone.

There was a whispering and giggling at the bedside. To see what that meant, Swanhilda moved aside the silken curtains and peeped over on two little creatures in blue and green clothing, with yellow hats, who talked and laughed together. She could just hear what they said. She picked up from their discourse that she was being punished by the fairies generally for having turned her girlhood into manhood; but particularly for one act that had brought her roystering ways painfully under the notice of the fairy queen. On a certain festival occasion, a grand fairy assembly had been held, a monster orchestra was established in the wood, the queen with her whole court was present, and the entire fairy world was there collected, crowding every flower with so much eagerness that the more adventurous had even climbed to the top of the highest foxgloves to look down on the imposing spectacle. In the midst of the music the ground shook, and there was heard a distant thunder; directly afterwards the Amazon on her great Barbary horse dashed through the bushes. One hoof came down into the middle of the orchestra, the other three came down among the people, killing, crushing, overthrowing, breaking heads and arms, and legs, so that the festival ground looked afterwards as ghastly as a field of battle. The queen vowed that she would tame Swanhilda. Already the fairies were at work, eating her out of house and home. Swanhilda, hearing all this, turned round in the bed with a great thump. "Did you feel that?" said one of the little creatures. "Was not that an earthquake." The other was the cellarer who went occasionally to and fro to fetch up wine. "No," he said, "that beast of a girl must be awake and kicking about in her bed with anger." "But then," said the other one, "I think she would get up and scold at us roundly." "No," said the cellarer, "our queen has taken thought of that. If she awoke she was to be tongue-tied, and to lie awake till cockcrow looking at us." "Fine amusement that would be," Swanhilda grumbled to herself. "I was right," said the cellarer, laughing remendously, "the beast *is* awake." "Pretty manners," thought Swanhilda. "I am a beast, am I! Oh I wish I could speak."

"Ah, my young lady," said the cellarer, answering her thoughts, "it is well for our ears that you cannot. You see," he added to his friend, "the immense destruction of property she has occasioned is not to be made good to us, the queen says, until this creature has married one of her rejected suitors, and made handsome presents to all the others. Before she can do that she must catch fish for her living."

A little before cockcrow the feasting ended, and the tables being broken up the fairies disappeared. At cockcrow Swanhilda fell asleep, and slept till noon. Then she got up and went to her washing-stand. There was no water in the basin; and, falling at once into a great rage, she called her maid. "How is this?" she said to her. "No water!" The maid was sure that she had put water, but she went for more. Presently she returned, looking much frightened. "There is no water, she said, "in the tub, none in the pump, none in the cistern." Swanhilda thought directly of the fairies, and said, "Never mind. Get me my breakfast. I will take a sausage and two breasts of Pomeranian goose." "Oh miss," the servant answered, "there's no sausage, and no goose, and no food of any kind, and every cask in the cellar is empty, and the casks are rotten, and the furniture's gone out of the house,

and the cattle out of the stalls, and your Barbary courser's gone, and the hay is all mould in the manger, and the litter's rotten, and all the fruit's gone off the trees, and the trees are dead, and the grass and every bit of the country round is withered up—only look out of the window, miss—and the servants have all gone, and oh if you please, miss, I am going." Swanhilda went out and found that all was true; the fairies had really consumed all her substance. "I won't be forced into marrying," she said, "and I won't fish. I don't care. I know what I'll do. I'll starve myself." She kept to this resolution for three days; but then starvation became so uncomfortable, that she went out to look for food.

Everything was dry and barren, but there was the castle lake; and when she came to that it was a surprise to see how full of fish it was, and how they leaped and swam together at the surface. There was a fishing-rod close by her, with a hook at the end of the line, and a worm already fixed upon it. She dipped it into the lake, and a fish bit instantly. She threw the line down, and was carrying home the fish for dinner, when it began suddenly to smell so detestably that she was forced to throw it away.

"Ha ha," chuckled the little cellarer, who was lounging upon a moss rose close by, and drinking the maddest draughts out of a small cup borrowed from heath blossom. "We know how to tame you. Now fish."

Swanhilda picked up the fishing-rod, and struck at the impertinent elf with all her might. "Infamous imp!" she cried. She knocked the rose to pieces, but the fairy had leapt off and fixed himself upon her nose. "You have a remarkably soft nose, you vixen," he observed. "Now fish! Do, my dear Swanhilda, take the rod, and while you are fishing I will play you the most charming music." Swanhilda dashed at him with her fingers, but he bit them. It was of no use to be obstinate; she was obliged to fish, and while she fished he sat astride upon her nose, and, beating time upon it with his heels, played half-a-dozen instruments, and sang a song at the same time. In his song he bade her put the fish she caught into a basket that lay at her feet wreathed about with flowers. It was soon full, and then she was forced to carry it to market.

But if she was to go to town and sell fish before all the world, she determined that she would at least disguise herself. So she went first into the castle to look for some common clothes. But the cupboards and presses were all empty. No garment was left her but the one she wore, the grand velvet riding-habit in which she had been used to go a hunting. She was obliged, therefore, to set out in that, and was promised a hot sop for supper upon her return. The fairies made her labour light for her. She sold her fish; and, when she came home, found a little water running from the spring, a fire alight in the court-yard, and a piece of bread beside it. She made some water hot, crumbled the bread into it, ate her hot sop and fell asleep.

Next morning she awoke very thirsty, but there was no water. The little cellarer was at her elbow to remind her that she must go fishing and marketing before she breakfasted. She fell at once into a great rage. "I wish," she thought to herself, "I wish you were—where the pepper grows." At once she felt the elf upon her nose, where he began to punish her with a thick bristle, beating her cheeks and tickling her nostrils so that she half killed herself with sneezing.

"Wait a bit, madam," he cried. "I'll teach you politeness. Where the pepper grows, indeed! I'll pepper you."

Swanhilda fished and went to market, where two of her rejected suitors saw her, and came up at once, to buy some of her fish and to mock her. So the year and the next year passed; the suitors came one after another, jeering at Swanhilda. She took every day to market a basketful of the finest fish, and in exchange carried home every day, so much money, that she was after all a little comforted. But she was compelled to put the money by, and live on the spare diet that the cellarer provided. And while she was thus humbled, Swanhilda saw that among all the old suitors who mocked at her in her day of disgrace, there came one who approached her always as of old, with blushing reverence, and honoured her as much as ever, [illegible]gh she was reduced to the condition of a fish-wife. Her heart then softened, and she understood the worth of love. Therefore, at the end of three years, she consented to marry this young knight. The produce of her marketing, in which the fairies had always helped her to success, amounted by that time to a vast sum, so that she had no difficulty in obeying the rest of the directions of the little cellarer, who had been made her major-domo by the fairy queen. To every one of her old suitors, rude as they had lately been, in recognition of her own former rudeness, she sent many fair words and costly gifts. Blushing with maidenly humility and modesty, she was led to the altar by the suitor who had loved her with a true devotion, and to the friendly fairies who attended at her wedding she made her last promise, which she kept faithfully. It was never to ride any more Barbary horses, but to amble on a palfrey as a gentle lady should.

It is instructive to compare the grace and delicacy of this legend of the Taming of a Shrew with the apparent roughness of the people among whom it is current. But of course there are less pleasant phantoms than the fairies haunting the wild solitudes of Oberlansitz. The most popular of them, a local Mephistopheles, is Dr. Horn, who walks over the whole land on one leg, and is to be met with, not at night only, but also in the hottest blaze of noon. In these days

he carries his head under his arm, and waves it politely, as men wave their hats, to passers by. Formerly he used to wear it on his shoulders, and take it off when he bowed on meeting any one, so that it spoke its "Bonjour"—for it always used French greetings—while it was being flourished in the air. A certain chaplain damaged the doctor's head somewhat in bowling at it when it was set up with others for a game at nine-pins. The same chaplain afterwards decamped in a hurry with a piece of the doctor's property; and when the robbed spirit snatched up his head to follow, he put it on so badly that it suffered further damage. It fitted indeed ever afterwards so loosely that it fell forwards, and hung down over his breast. Annoyed at this, and not willing to be taken for a meditative man, the Doctor at last altogether left off wearing his head on his shoulders, and has for a long time past carried it about under his arm. Doctor Horn has one leg, and wears on the foot of that a large, loose yellow slipper. Instead of the other leg, there is attached to him a brightly-painted adder, which is his wife, and which, after coiling three times as a garter round the neighbouring thigh, streams out behind, twisting its head this way and that, and hissing. Dr. Horn carries in one hand a stick with a skull for its top, in the mouth of which is stuck always a lighted cigar.

The chaplain who has been mentioned, and whose story is attached to a spring called the Priest's Fountain, near Zittau, was a young man vowed to the Virgin before birth. His sense of fun appeared so strong in him as a baby, that his mother was in anguish lest he should grow up so fond of life as to refuse being made into a mummy by the monks, and prayed for help. One day, while she was so distressed, the casement opened of itself, and a silver mist, that had risen from a neighbouring spring, floating into the room, took the form of a beautiful and slender woman, with mild blue eyes and a heavenly expression. She gave to the poor mother a little keepsake, by the use of which her son, if tempted when he had taken priest's orders, might save himself. It was a small book that seemed to be of no weight, though bound in stone—the kind of stone on which you see the images of many shrubs and trees. It was clasped with two silver threads, fixed crosswise, that no force could break.

The child grew to be a lusty, jolly youth, who met Dr. Horn one sunny day among the rocks, and was so bold and innocent as to talk freely and jest with him. The doctor said it was a shame that one so able to enjoy life should become a monk. The youth replied that so it was settled, and that so it must be in God's name; whereupon the doctor sped away on his one leg, and in a minute was upon the other side of a high mountain.

The mother died. The youth received the spirit's keepsake, and in due time was ordained a parish priest. Soon afterwards, the feelings natural to man tormented him. He was on the point of consulting Dr. Horn, whom he was not afraid to face, priest as he was, if he took with him his scapular and consecrated crucifix. While looking for the scapular, the little book with the stone cover came into his head and changed the current of his thoughts. The trees upon the stone appeared to shift and change: they resembled presently a water plant called naiad's hair, that floated into a border round the little book and formed words—a rhyme—by which he was told that a drop from that fountain, now called Priest's Fountain, falling at full moon on the silver threads would loosen them. The young priest waited for full-moon, and tried the spell. The threads became a silver crown and floated on the water; the book opened, and was found to contain a water-lily. The end was the appearance of the blue-eyed nymph of the fountain; an angelic spirit who became the Priest's Egeria, and with whom under every full moon he held converse that satisfied his heart.

One night, having become too confident, the priest set out to call his nymph when there was no full moon, and even such moon as there was the clouds were covering. He met Dr. Horn upon the road, but would not answer him—and, indeed, ran away from him. He met Dr. Horn again at the fountain. The spell failed. The doctor taunted and tempted. The chaplain became desperate, and being resolved to try his charm again at midnight, was enticed to pass the time until that hour over a game of cards. Dr. Horn and the chaplain sat down by a block of stone. The doctor pulled the ten black nails off his own fingers, and as he laid them down upon the rock they became cards. On each was written one of the commandments. (Does any legend of this nature lurk behind our vulgar styling of an angry woman's finger-nails her ten commandments?) The doctor shook a pair of dice out of the two eyes of his skull. The game he proposed to play—an easy one—was called, he said, Soul's *Hazard*, and the cards to be won or lost were the commandments. The rest of the legend tells of the conflict between Dr. Horn and the pure spirit of the fountain. The chaplain sinned, and suffered. Like Faust behind Mephistopheles, he rode on a black horse behind Dr. Horn with the doctor's fiery mantle sweeping over him; played ghastly games for the stake of his heart and his love with the doctor and a crew of ghosts, all in grey mantles; enclosed a demon adder in his keepsake-book, and killed his nymph unwittingly; rushed to her from the clutches of Dr. Horn, to see her lying in the bed of the spring, dead, and mourned by silent water-nymphs; was protected by the nymphs against the fury of the doctor and his crew of devils; leaped down to his beloved; and was found dead in the brook next morning.

The brewers in Zittau believe that a phantom monk blesses the malt on a certain night in every year, and that if he does not come to bless it, the brew turns out ill. Connected with this monk there is, of course, a legend. The Franciscans, who long had a monastery near the town, being forbidden to drink wine, were very particular about their beer. At one time, they were ruled by an abbot who knew how to provide all good things for himself and for his brethren. He declared that the beer brewed in Zittau and sent to the monastery was not fit to drink, and obtained from the town a grant of a building in which the monks' ale might be brewed under monastic oversight. The clerical inspector set over this brewery was a witless monk named Laurence, in whom there was no sense developed beyond an acute sense of the quality of beer. The monks' beer infinitely surpassed all other—not because it was brewed differently, but because Brother Laurence wandered day and night about the brewery, shovelling up here a little malt; there, pouring a little wort into a rosewood cup that he carried in his cowl, tasting and judging and selecting, the very fittest time for every turn in the process of beer-making. From a subterranean gallery he passed into the brewery at night, and there wandered about, mumbling and tasting also, and, in his witlessness and his great love of beer, blessing the casks in a fantastic way, as though he were in the chapel blessing congregations. The brewers were all ruined, because the Zittau public ran after the monks' beer, and bought no other.

The lay keeper of the monks' brewery had a daughter betrothed to a young brewer of the town, for whose sake she played the spy. In consequence of information given by her, the entire fraternity of brewers conspired together; and one night, seizing brother Laurence, carried him away by force. The town then treated with the abbot, offering to release the beer inspector, on condition that he tasted and blessed for the town as well as for the monastery. Consent was given; but the result was a complete spoiling of all the town beer, and a triumph for the monks more glorious than ever. The united brewers desponded; the lovers again conspired. They determined that the monk's power of tasting lay in his rosewood cup. He had lost his wits after being carried away by the fairies to christen a child for them, and had received the christening cup on that occasion as his fee. It was a fairy cup, with such power for developing flavour as the little people needed. They must get possession of the cup, and also learn the words of the priest's blessing. They accordingly lay in wait one night; and, when brother Laurence was in the act of blessing a great tub, the powerful young brewer ran behind, and, tripping him up, held him by the legs over the beer, in which his shaven crown occasionally dipped. The girl had snatched the cup as the priest fell. In that position Brother Laurence was summoned to surrender all his spells; but never sensible when upright, he was more confused than ever when turned upside down. The brewer saw that, and endeavoured to replace him on his legs; but—horrible discovery—the fat priest was too heavy to be lifted back. The young people were in dismay. Barbara the girl leaned forward to help by pulling at the Brother's hand, and Brother Laurence, in his struggles, clutched her with such force that he pulled her in. The young brewer, of course, went after her, and so it was that all three sank to the bottom of the vat. Only the rosewood cup remained upon the surface.

In the morning, when the men came to their work, they were surprised to see the priest's cup left, as they thought, behind him, but tasted the beer by help of it, and were astonished at its flavour. They called the master, who called others, and before noon half the chief beer-drinkers in the town had tasted the best liquor ever brewed in Zittau. A large quantity was sent off to the abbot. But before the vat was empty the beer suddenly ceased running from the tap. The obstruction was looked for. The three bodies were found. The town was shocked. Many died, and among them the abbot. Not a barrel of monks' beer was ever again asked for. The rosewood cup, which had in some way been lost, was not seen again until one night, after the town brewers had regained all their prosperity: a man by chance left in a malting room heard a noise at the window, and saw a train of fairies enter. The fairies led in state the ghost of a fat monk with a rosewood cup in his hand. Behind the monk two lovers followed merrily—they were the ghosts of the young brewer and Barbara. More fairies followed, and the whole procession went about the brewery, the monk tasting everything. When the visitors had been through all the floors, they travelled out again into the moonlight; and it is ascertained that a visit of this kind is paid every year, on a certain night, to all the breweries in Zittau, always excepting those belonging to men who have incurred the displeasure of the fairies.

This malt-monk is a ghost quite independent of the spirit of the barley; which, as a matter of course, haunts the wort at night whenever and wherever there is brewing done.

COMMISSION AND OMISSION.

WHAT London wants, and what every town must, sooner or later, come to have, in the way of drainage, if the civilisation of this country be not checked long before it has attained anything like perfection (for, though we are highly civilised, we are by no means fully civilised at present), may be told in a

few sentences. Coming out from the midst of all the controversy raised, of late years, between this system and that—setting aside all thought of existing propositions for town drainage, and asking ourselves simply what we want done, in order that we may have a well-defined notion of that, before taking anybody's answer to the question how to do it—we find certain facts that require only to be stated to be put beyond dispute. The object of drainage is to carry off the refuse of a town. Good drains are those which do carry it off, and which leave none of it to stagnate and putrefy under our streets and houses. That form is best and that material is best for house-draining and sewers which will allow the sewage matter to escape from under us with the most speed and with the least obstruction. What material, or what form this may be,—what should be the size of drains,—what their slope—and how, whether by pumping or otherwise, the difficulty should be overcome of draining town land below high-water mark,—all these are questions for the engineers to settle. Upon this only the public has to maintain its unalterable opinion, that it is the business of the drains to carry off our refuse matter promptly and efficiently, so that it may get out of town before it has had time to putrefy. Surrounded as we are by monuments of engineering skill, we must refuse utterly to believe that engineers are incapable of making town drains able to perform their work. They are not performing their work when they are so constructed that the Chairman of the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers can unite with his praise of their excellence the warning, that to trap them in the street, and so force into houses the foul gases they contain, would be to breed another plague of London. Those gases which would rise in-doors to cause death, rising out of doors must at least cause disease. When the City Commission of Sewers praises the liberality and wisdom of a citizen who undertakes to carry up the foul air from the gully-holes in his vicinity, by a tall shaft built against his premises, we may be sure that the City sewers are not of the right construction; because, if they were, no citizen would lie under the necessity of building chimneys to convey away the poison that they breed. When an engineer plans a system of town drainage, and part of his plan consists in the building of tall chimneys here and there, aided by furnaces, to carry up the poison that is to be bred out of matters stagnating and rotting in his drains, the public may at once be sure that he is not the gentleman by whom the mystery, if mystery it be, of sound and wholesome drainage has been fathomed. Drains which, in their first design, set out with the understanding that they shall be foul and beget noisome gases, are not the drains wanted by any townspeople who value wholesome air. By a proper adjustment of form, material, and slope in the sewerage, and by connecting it with a decently ordered system of water-supply, means can be found—and if they have not been found or nearly found already, must be sought—for the real drainage of towns. We know what drainage means when it refers to a glass of wine; we must be determined that it shall mean as much when it refers to town refuse, and cry emphatically to our engineers, "No heeltaps!"

It is the heeltaps in the drainage that contribute so much to the mortality of London, and to the sorrows bred by sickness in town families all over Europe. They helped to aggravate the cholera, which is but an occasional scourge after all; they maintain a constant large mortality by typhus fever, which abides in the land as a never-ceasing pestilence; they add to the fatal effect of other preventible diseases, and convert harmless maladies, such as a child's scarlet-fever, into awful and malignant forms. We do not refer all preventible disease, or any one disease especially, to a deficient drainage, or deny that our bad drains are fifty times better than none. Many monster evils prey upon health. It happens to be just now our business to direct attention only to this one; but we do not mean to forget the rest.

It is a fact familiar enough to every man's nose that the system of drainage now in common use does not produce satisfactory results. Four or five years ago, a survey was made of the sewerage under London, called the Subterranean Survey. Things remaining nearly as they used to be, some sentences from the reports made during the survey will be enough to suggest reflections upon which we shall not dwell. On the Surrey side of the water, where our London drainage is in the worst state, it was said that "the deposit is usually two feet in depth, and in some cases it amounts to nearly five feet of putrid matter. The smell is usually of the most horrible description, the air being so foul that explosion and choke-damp are very frequent. On the twelfth of January, we were very nearly losing a whole party by choke-damp, the last man being dragged out on his back (through two feet of black fœtid deposit) in a state of insensibility. Another explosion took place on the twelfth of February, in the Peckham and Camberwell Road sewer, and one on the twenty-first of February, in the Kennington Road sewer. In both cases, the men had the skin peeled off their faces and their hair singed. The sewers on the Surrey side are very irregular; even when they are inverted, they frequently have a number of steps and inclinations the reverse way,—causing the deposit to accumulate in elongated cesspools." On the other side of the water, the surveyors arrived at the following, among other conclusions: "That much of the sewerage of the city of Westminster is in the rotten state, and contains a large amount of foul deposit; that in the more modern

district of Belgrave and Eaton Squares, although the brickwork of the sewers is generally sound and good, they contain several faulty places, and abound with noxious matter, —in many cases stopping up the house-drains, and smelling horribly; that in the district of Grosvenor, Hanover, and Berkeley Squares, as a rule, considerable deposit is found in the sewers, emitting much effluvia; that the same remark may be made of the sewers in the neighbourhood of Clare Market, Covent Garden, Soho Square and Fitzroy Square; that much of the work north of Oxford Street, about Cavendish, Bryanstone, Manchester, and Portman Squares, is in such a state of rottenness and decay, that there is no security for its standing from day to day; that there is a large amount of the most loathsome deposit in these sewers,—but the act of flushing might bring some of them down altogether; that even throughout the new Paddington district, the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Gardens, and the costly squares and streets adjacent, the sewers abound with the foulest deposit, from which the most disgusting effluvium arises." It arises through the gully-holes, as we all know, into the streets, and it arises through the lesser drains into the houses. It enters our lungs and eats our lives away. After such a glimpse into the subterranean world, we are not slow to believe the Chairman of the Metropolitan Sewers Commission, when he tells us that if the sewers—which he declares to be so sweet —were not allowed to exhale their poison into the street, they would puff it up into our houses, and so breed a pestilence as horrible as the Great Plague.

It is a choice of evils we are told, and so it is. It is an offer to us of neat poison, or of poison mixed freely with air. We choose to have what is not at present offered to us—a drainage that shall beget no poison at all. There can be no doubt that they are right who warn the public against trapping gully-holes. A great many letters were addressed to the newspapers upon this subject, during the recent outbreak of cholera; and it is evident that there exists in the public mind a good deal of misapprehension about trapping. Perfect trapping, to begin with, is in any case almost impossible. Siphon-traps, closed by water, are opened by the evaporation of the water in hot weather, precisely when we wish for the protection they afford; flap-traps seldom close accurately,—the best of them can be untrapped by a straw. The closing of the holes that allow access of cold air into the drains hastens decomposition, and intensifies the deadliness of all its products. As they are developed, they increase their pressure on the walls, by which they are restrained; they force a way through even the best traps, and they gush up through house-drains into the houses that—to use the comparison made by Mr. Simon, the excellent officer of health for the City—are placed over them, as a bell-glass may be placed over the neck of a retort.

Here we stop to remark upon a strange argument used by one of the ingenious authors of the engineers' report to the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers. In a report intended to appease in some measure the public wrath against bad sewerage, it was urged that in districts accused of fatally bad drainage, investigation proved that the deaths could have had no connexion with the drains, because most of them were found to have occurred in uppermost rooms. Of course we must guard ourselves always, against fixing our attention too much on one thing. The lodgers in uppermost rooms—garrets—are the poorest and most wretched; they suffer the most privation; and, having to carry their water up and down many steps, they are the least likely to be clean. But it is also precisely in the uppermost rooms that the drain-poison would accumulate. It would rise from below and be carried by the draught up the great shaft of the staircase, which has been called the aerial sewer of a house, until it would be stopped by the roof and collected in the upper chambers. In a large house, on a roasting or a washing day, meat or soapsuds will be smelt very distinctly in the attics, though there may be but little trace of either in the lower bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, or parlours. Deaths among lodgers in uppermost rooms would therefore be the likely, and not, as the engineer supposed, the unlikely consequences, of foul drains.

If the sewerage—meaning of course the existing system of sewerage—were sealed up both in house and street, sewers could be entered only upon penalty of instant death. Since in that case they never could be cleansed, occasional underground explosions, and a horrible accumulation of deposit would soon put an end to the whole system. But the gases would not remain long pent up. The sewers near Westminster Hall were once very effectually trapped. The consequence was that the atmosphere within them came to be found intolerable by the rats, and the rats worked their way towards a better air in the direction of the New Courts of Justice which Dr. Reid was then engaged in ventilating. Thus, it soon happened that the more vigorously the doctor pumped, the more plentifully did he suck up foul smells through the rat-holes, and at last, one of the judges being seconded with much emphasis by the bar, in declaring that "he preferred God's air to Dr. Reid's," the unlucky doctor fell himself into bad odour among men of law. It was not until long afterwards that the cause of this annoyance was discovered; and the doctor never could persuade the lawyers to allow, upon fresh evidence, a second hearing and reversal of the judgment in his case.

We have dwelt thus far upon matters quite beyond the pale of controversy: upon evils which no party denies. Engineers who

disdain to sacrifice professional tradition to the exigencies of the public health, call such things necessary; others, who are of different opinion, they denounce as theorists. Here the dispute lies, and meanwhile there is Timon's blessing on the matter in dispute:—

"What is amiss, plague and infection mend!

So determined is the No Progress party in its resistance to the labours of men active in endeavours to promote the public health, that it appears bent upon crying Nay whenever they say Yea, and Yea whenever they say Nay. For example, we have lately had in the papers evidence of an engineer upon some street severely attacked by cholera. The houses wanted drainage, and the fault was all ascribed to the houseowners. A new sewer had been formed, but although the owners along its course had received formal notice of the fact, only a few had drained their houses into it. There is an aggravation of evil in such cases, because it is obvious that a sewer built to convey away the drainage of a hundred houses, if it receive sewage matter only from a score has only a small part of its proper power, and wants force for the full onward sweep of its contents. Thereupon, cry the Commissioners of Sewers, O ye perverse owners! but the true cry should be, O ye perverse Commissioners of Sewers! Certain powers exist for the protection of ratepayers. The Commissioners may offer to connect any number of houses with the sewers by house drains made at once under a common contract, and to distribute the charges on the property over a space of thirty years, making it payable perhaps in the case of a district to which the Public Health Act is applied, by a private improvement rate. The Commissioners have refused to adopt this course. They only give notice in each case that, a sewer having been formed, the owners may connect their house drains with it if they please. Should any owner beg of them to do the work on his behalf, or estimate its cost, he is referred by them to the sewer contractor or to his own bricklayer. The sewer contractor or the bricklayer gets for the separate draining of a house never less than twice, often three times what it would cost to drain it as one of a group under a common contract. Twelve, fifteen, or twenty pounds will be the charge to a house owner for work which by the other system might have cost but six: the payment even of that six being, if necessary, taken by small instalments spread over a series of years. Fourteen pounds, cash down, is a prohibitive tax upon drainage; a shilling a quarter for a term of years is something altogether different. The owners of the poorer class of houses are often lessees with short terms and short interests in the premises for which they are allowed the option of incurring or not incurring an immediate heavy charge. The high charges therefore prevent proper work for house drainage in poor districts from becoming general. But in these charges the sewers contractors have an interest. Of one small contractor alone we know that he has made two thousand a-year by house drainage jobs. This is the system maintained, in defiance of the public interests, by the Metropolitan Sewers Commission; and maintained in spite of ample powers to do good, which that Commission, out of its perversity, refuses to employ.

During the late outbreak of cholera in London, accusations were made against the Commissioners of Sewers which were perhaps not well founded. It was said that they should not have been engaged in drainage works during the hot weather, when at the same time a severe epidemic was abroad. Good works are never out of season, if they be discreetly done. All depends upon the discretion. As managed when left in the hands of common workmen, drainage works in summer time are seriously mischievous. Dr. Rigby, in his evidence before the Health of Towns Commissioners, has related how such men working in a common ditch spread the contents on a bank near a lying-in hospital, and established in that way an evaporating surface which led to the sacrifice of many patients' lives. The late Board of Health never trusted such workmen unless they were superintended by a medical officer in all operations out of which by wrong management risk could arise. Carefully done drainage works are of service during an epidemic, because they give immediate relief by the clearing of cesspools and removal of evaporating surfaces. Out of a hundred cases of death examined at Croydon, three only could be ascribed to sewering operations, and in those three cases the cesspool matter, instead of being removed with due precaution, had been spread about the premises of the deceased persons.

The mention of Croydon, which is one of the war cries in a sanitary quarrel, turns us aside to the mention of a scheme of drainage which is said there to have failed, and which is an attempt—whether successful or not time will prove—to fulfil the conditions requisite to the complete efficiency of any sewerage. What those conditions are we have already stated, and the public can have no dispute about them. The question only is, whether by pipe drainage—so they call the scheme which is said to have failed at Croydon—these conditions really are fulfilled. Upon this question we hold no dogmatical opinions. Certain materials exist for the formation of a judgment, which are perhaps insufficient; but they are more abundant than most people suppose, and they are not exactly those which are most commonly forced by combatants on public notice. Pipe drainage appears to succeed in many places, while we are being told only of one or two in which it has been said to fail. Even of Croydon, the last we heard was that the builders of additional plots of

houses were paying out of their own pockets for branch pipe sewers, in order that they might anticipate their turn for having houses joined to the new system of pipe drainage works. Two or three facts, however, are worth telling about Croydon. The general lines of drainage were laid down by an inspector from the Board of Health. The execution of the works was entrusted by a local jobbing appointment to the son of a rich tradesman of the place. He drained not wisely nor too well. A pretty obvious fact had been carefully dinned into the ears of those concerned about the works—namely, that the inlets to the whole system should be smaller than all other parts of it, so that any substance once entering the drains might have a perfectly free passage through them. The first inlets to the house drains were to be at most two and a half inches or three inches in diameter. The house drains were to enlarge gradually to three inches and a half before entering a four-inch branch sewer pipe; such branches of four inches in diameter having been shown by experiment to be of the size proper to transmit the drainage of about half a dozen houses. The manager appointed by the Croydonites, in spite of all instructions, acted with incredible stupidity. He began with four-inch inlets, which were much too large, but did not allow proportionate enlargement to the branch pipes into which they led. These were retained at the four-inch diameter; and furthermore, instead of draining by such a branch pipe six houses, he joined on to it as many as twenty! This is precisely what he would have done if he had deliberately intended to occasion stoppage. Yet even in spite of this gross blundering, which was not discovered until late in the course of the subsequent inquiry, the drains worked tolerably well, and most of the stoppages were found to have had origin in malice. Down one of the big inlets there had been sent a bullock's heart, and there were also found in the drains such plugs as dead cats, or brickbats wrapped in shavings. This faulty work being discovered, it was not amended by reduction in the size of the large inlets, but the four-inch branch pipes were pulled up, and eight-inch pipes laid in their stead. In no other part of the system had stoppage occurred. The defect was one begotten of stupidity in a sixteenth part of the whole length of works. Yet upon ground furnished by such a case is the whole system of pipe drainage commonly condemned. We never hear of Rugby, Tottenham, Ottery St. Mary, Barnard Castle, Sandgate—yes, indeed, we have heard lately of Sandgate: cholera having broken out there, the public is at once industriously and carefully informed that Sandgate is pipe-drained!

This is not fair play, and it will be easy, though not short work, to show the extraordinary amount of misrepresentation by which the public judgment has been confused with respect to all questions of drainage and some other topics that concern the health of the community. Of this we probably shall have occasion to say much hereafter.

For the present we cannot be employed more usefully than in supplying to those readers who require it, a reminder of the history of that body of Sewers Commissioners upon which the greater part of London has to place a large dependence for its drainage. Until November, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, London was parcelled out among many district sewers commissions, in whose operations there was no uniformity of design whatever. There was a commission for the City of London, and another for the City of Westminster, another for Finsbury and Holborn, another for Regent Street, another for the Tower Hamlets, another for St. Katherine's, and there were more than these. With a view to the promotion of the public health these commissions were, at the time just specified, consolidated. One, that for the City of London, being left intact—as it still remains—the others were superseded by a single Metropolitan Commission. That commission was composed of men who were thought likely to take comprehensive and enlightened views of the trust committed to them. The Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury, Lord Ebrington, Professor Owen, Dr. Buckland, Sir Henry de la Beche, Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Arnott, Dr. Southwood Smith, and others. Next year, the military engineers, Sir John Burgoyne, Captain Dawson, Captain Veitch, and more, were added to the list. The new commissioners began their work in a straightforward way. They ascertained the state of the existing sewerage, perceived its defects, made up their minds as to the very simple conditions which the sewerage of a great town ought to fulfil, and then set themselves to solve the problem so suggested. After much careful investigation, these results were arrived at: that brick sewers large enough for men to travel through, are more costly and less efficient than necessity requires; that the absorbent surface of brick, and the rough surface of coarse brick and mortar work are not so well suited as smooth glazed pipes for the steady and complete transmission of whatever flows (or ought to flow) through the drains; that the drainage of a town by means of such pipes, their right proportions having been first carefully ascertained and adopted, if there were connected with it a good system of water supply—equally necessary to all kinds of drainage—would be perfect, and about three times cheaper than the inefficient mode of drainage formerly in use.

Trial works were set on foot, not only for the putting of these principles to a full proof, but also for the purpose of attaining information as to the rate of flow through drains of given sizes, and as to the proportions that would have to be observed in any application

of pipe drainage to a town or district. The results were striking, and so far as they went decisive. One illustration will suffice. There was a certain line of brick sewer three feet wide, with an average fall of one in a hundred and eighteen. In it, the deposit from twelve hundred houses accumulated in a putrefying mess at the rate of six thousand cubic feet per month. Inside this gallery of brickwork there was placed a pipe of only fifteen inches in diameter, with a somewhat slighter inclination, one in a hundred and fifty-three. It did the work that the brick drains had failed to do,—carried off all the sewage matter at a steady pace, without leaving an atom of matter to stagnate and rot. While these inquiries were on foot, interests threatened by the new principles of drainage cried out against the commissioners for doing nothing, and a new commission, composed chiefly of engineers, promising to be more active, was appointed.

The second commission included the military engineers of the previous board, with Mr. Stephenson, and Sir William Cubitt, Mr. Peto, Mr. Philip Hardwick, and some others. Instead of continuing the investigations of its predecessors at the point where they had left off, this commission pulled down the stages constructed for trial works, then about half completed, and pulled up the pipes that had been laid in certain sewers, though they were performing most efficiently the duty that the sewers had been found unable to perform,—and to pull up the pipes was to cause the deposit to accumulate again precisely as before. The engineer of this commission, Mr. Frank Forster, devised with great skill a plan of town-drainage on the ancient system. The Thames was to be kept pure by an intercepting tunnel on each bank, which would receive the filth now poured into the stream, and there was to be a second tunnel for the Middlesex side about sixty feet above the level of the river, following the line of Holborn and Oxford Street, to catch the sewage from the higher parts of London. The estimated cost of these works was considerable; but before the plan could be brought to maturity, the commission by which it was to be promoted, perished of internal dissensions.

A third commission was then issued, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two: some of the engineers belonging to the previous board being retained upon it. That is the commission which exists at present upon sufferance. A successor to it has been promised in the shape of a commission which is to consist of seven nominees of government and a delegate from each metropolitan borough. But the public, we imagine, would be glad now to have some better security for the carrying out of whatever may be proved a right system of drainage than the appointment of a fourth commission, which most probably will go the way of those which have already perished. The third commission has conceived, of course, its scheme of London drainage, and it is one that seems to have been especially designed as a full benison on bricklayers. The first design on the old system for town drainage separate from the Thames put forward by Mr. Morewood, required only one tunnel to catch the fall of sewage from the north side of the river. The second commission adopted that design, and added a second tunnel along the line of Holborn and Oxford Street. The third commission adopts the first tunnel and the second tunnel, and adds a third tunnel through Hackney, Stoke Newington, and Kentish Town. Demanding three millions from parliament for outlay upon these works, it gets only a tenth part of that sum, and with the wisdom peculiar to itself spends that on Battersea and Hackney; for, it is bent upon executing first of all a tunnel to catch drainage from that part of town which lies a hundred feet above high water, and it is also anxious to get to work on the middle tunnel for the benefit of people living more than sixty feet above the Thames. No heed seems to be paid by it to those low lying parts of London which are in the most urgent need of help. On the Surrey side, the existing drains are to be removed for one or two miles from the river, so that they may flow to the first of two intercepting sewers placed at that distance beyond the bridges. This scheme for the protection of Thames water from foul pollution—an object earnestly and rightly sought by a large section of the public—is devised, we should add, in the present year, by the same commissioners and engineers who last year before a drainage committee denied the pollution of the Thames, and contended for the postponement of outfall drains. Want of a true earnestness of purpose has in fact characterised all the proceedings of this third commission.

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed—
Yet their lavish spending,
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

Give thy heart's best treasures!
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love,—and ask not,
Wait not a return!

And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

MARGARET was shown into the drawing-room. It had returned into its normal state of bag and covering. The windows were half open because of the heat, and the Venetian blinds covered the glass,—so that a gray grim light, reflected from the pavement below, threw all the shadows wrong, and combined with the green-tinged upper light to make even Margaret's own face, as she caught it in the mirrors, look ghastly and wan. She sat and waited; no one came. Every now and then the wind seemed to bear the distant multitudinous sound nearer; and yet there was no wind! It died away into profound stillness between whiles.

Fanny came in at last.

"Mamma will come directly, Miss Hale. She desired me to apologise to you as it is. Perhaps you know my brother has imported hands from Ireland, and it has irritated the Milton people excessively—as if he had not a right to get labour where he could; and the stupid wretches here would not work for him; and now they've frightened these poor Irish starvelings so with their threats, that we daren't let them out. You may see them huddled in that top room in the mill,—and they're to sleep there to keep them safe from those brutes, who will neither work nor let them work. And mamma is seeing about their food, and John is speaking to them, for some of the women are crying to go back. Ah! here's mamma!"

Mrs. Thornton came in, with a look of black sternness on her face, which made Margaret feel she had arrived at a bad time to trouble her with her request. However, it was only in compliance with Mrs. Thornton's expressed desire that she would ask for whatever they might want in the progress of her mother's illness. Mrs. Thornton's brow contracted, and her mouth grew set, while Margaret spoke with gentle modesty of her mother's restlessness, and Dr. Donaldson's wish that she should have the relief of a water-bed. She ceased. Mrs. Thornton did not reply immediately. Then she started up and exclaimed—

"They're at the gates! Call John, Fanny,—call him in from the mill! They are at the gates! They will batter them in! Call John, I say!"

And simultaneously the gathering tramp—to which she had been listening, instead of heeding Margaret's words—was heard just right outside the wall, and an increasing din of angry voices raged behind the wooden barrier, which shook as if the unseen maddened crowd made battering-rams of their bodies, and retreated a short space only to come with more united steady impetus against it, till their great beats made the strong gates quiver, like reeds before the wind.

The women gathered round the windows, fascinated to look on the scene which terrified them. Mrs. Thornton, the women-servants, Margaret,—all were there. Fanny had returned, screaming upstairs as if pursued at every step, and had thrown herself in hysterical sobbing on the sofa. Mrs. Thornton watched for her son, who was still in the mill. He came out, looked up at them—the pale cluster of faces—and smiled good courage to them, before he locked the factory-door. Then he called to one of the women to come down and undo his own door, which Fanny had fastened behind her in her mad flight. Mrs. Thornton herself went. And the sound of his well-known and commanding voice seemed to have been like the taste of blood to the infuriated multitude outside. Hitherto they had been voiceless, wordless, needing all their breath for their hard labouring efforts to break down the gates. But now, hearing him speak inside, they set up such a fierce unearthly groan, that even Mrs. Thornton was white with fear as she preceded him into the room. He came in a little flushed, but his eyes gleaming, as in answer to the trumpet-call of danger, and with a proud look of defiance on his face, that made him a noble, if not a handsome man. Margaret had always dreaded lest her courage should fail her in any emergency, and she should be proved to be, what she dreaded lest she was—a coward. But now, in this real great time of reasonable fear and nearness of terror, she forgot herself, and felt only an intense sympathy—intense to painfulness—in the interests of the moment.

Mr. Thornton came frankly forwards:

"I am sorry, Miss Hale, you have visited us at this unfortunate moment, when, I fear, you may be involved in whatever risk we have to bear. Mother! had not you better go into the back rooms? I'm not sure if they may not have made their way from Pinner's lane into the stable-yard; but if not, you will be safer there than here. Go Jane!" continued he, addressing the upper servant. And she went, followed by the others.

"I stop here!" said his mother. "Where you are, there I stay." And indeed, retreat into the back rooms was of no avail; the crowd had surrounded the outbuildings at the rear, and were sending forth their awful threatening roar behind. The servants retreated into the garrets, with many a cry and shriek. Mr. Thornton smiled scornfully as he heard them. He glanced at Margaret, standing all by herself at the window nearest to the factory. Her eyes glittered, her colour was deepened on cheek and lip. As if she

felt his look, she turned to him and asked a question that had been for some time in her mind:

"Where are the poor imported workpeople? In the factory there?"

"Yes! I left them cowered up in a small room, at the head of a back flight of stairs; bidding them run all risks, and escape down there, if they heard any attack made on the mill-doors. But it is not them—it is me they want."

"When can the soldiers be here?" asked his mother, in a low but not unsteady voice.

He took out his watch with the same measured composure with which he did everything. He made some little calculation:

"Supposing Williams got straight off when I told him, and had not to dodge about amongst them—it must be twenty minutes yet."

"Twenty minutes!" said his mother, for the first time showing her terror in the tones of her voice.

"Shut down the windows instantly, mother," exclaimed he: "the gates won't bear such another shock. Shut down that window, Miss Hale."

Margaret shut down her window, and then went to assist Mrs. Thornton's trembling fingers.

From some cause or other, there was a pause of several minutes in the unseen street. Mrs. Thornton looked with wild anxiety at her son's countenance, as if to gain the interpretation of the sudden stillness from him. His face was set into rigid lines of contemptuous defiance; neither hope nor fear could be read there.

Fanny raised herself up:

"Are they gone?" asked she, in a whisper.

"Gone!" replied he. "Listen!"

She did listen; they all could hear the one great straining breath; the creak of wood slowly yielding; the wrench of iron; the mighty fall of the ponderous gates. Fanny stood up tottering—made a step or two towards her mother, and fell forwards into her arms in a fainting fit. Mrs. Thornton lifted her up with a strength that was as much that of the will as of the body, and carried her away.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Thornton, as he watched her out. "Had you not better go upstairs, Miss Hale?"

Margaret's lips formed a "No!"—but he could not hear her speak, for the tramp of innumerable steps right under the very wall of the house, and the fierce growl of low deep angry voices that had a ferocious murmur of satisfaction in them, more dreadful than their baffled cries not many minutes before.

"Never mind!" said he, thinking to encourage her. "I am very sorry you should have been entrapped into all this alarm; but it cannot last long now; a few minutes more and the soldiers will be here."

"Oh, God!" cried Margaret, suddenly. "There is Boucher. I know his face, though he is livid with rage,—he is fighting to get to the front—look! look!"

"Who is Boucher?" asked Mr. Thornton coolly, and coming close to the window to discover the man in whom Margaret took such an interest. As soon as they saw Mr. Thornton they set up a yell,—to call it not human is nothing,—it was as the demoniac desire of some terrible wild beast for the food that is withheld from his ravening. Even he drew back for a moment, dismayed at the intensity of hatred he had provoked.

"Let them yell!" said he. "In five minutes more—. I only hope my poor Irishmen are not terrified out of their wits by such a fiendlike noise. Keep up your courage for five minutes, Miss Hale."

"Don't be afraid for me," she said hastily. "But what in five minutes? Can you do nothing to soothe these poor creatures? It is awful to see them."

"The soldiers will be here directly, and that will bring them to reason."

"To reason!" said Margaret, quickly. "What kind of reason?"

"The only reason that does with men that make themselves into wild beasts. By heaven! they've turned to the mill-door!"

"Mr. Thornton," said Margaret, shaking all over with her passion, "go down this instant, if you are not a coward. Go down, and face them like a man. Save these poor strangers whom you have decoyed here. Speak to your workmen as if they were human beings. Speak to them kindly. Don't let the soldiers come in and cut down poor creatures who are driven mad. I see one there who is. If you have any courage or noble quality in you, go out and speak to them, man to man."

He turned and looked at her while she spoke. A dark cloud came over his face while he listened. He set his teeth as he heard her words.

"I will go. Perhaps I may ask you to accompany me downstairs, and bar the door behind me; my mother and sister will need that protection."

"Oh! Mr. Thornton! I do not know—I may be wrong—only—"

But he was gone; he was downstairs in the hall; he had unbarred the front door;—all she could do was to follow him quickly, and fasten it behind him, and clamber up the stairs again with a sick heart and a dizzy head. Again she took her place by the farthest window. He was on the steps below; she saw that by the direction of a thousand angry eyes; but she could neither see nor hear anything save the savage satisfaction of the rolling angry murmur. She threw the window wide open. Many in the crowd were mere boys; cruel and thoughtless,—cruel because they were thoughtless; some were men, gaunt as wolves, and mad for prey. She knew how it was; they were like

Boucher,—with starving children at home—relying on ultimate success in their efforts to get higher wages, and enraged beyond measure at discovering that Irishmen were to be brought in to rob their little ones of bread. Margaret knew it all; she read it in Boucher's face, forlornly desperate, and livid with rage. If Mr. Thornton would but say something to them—let them hear his voice only,—it seemed as if it would be better than this wild beating and raging against the stony silence that vouchsafed them no word, even of anger or reproach. But perhaps he was speaking now; there was a momentary hush of their noise, inarticulate as that of a troop of animals. She tore her bonnet off; and bent forwards to hear. She could only see; for if Mr. Thornton had indeed made the attempt to speak, the momentary instinct to listen to him was past and gone, and the people were raging worse than ever. He stood with his arms folded; still as a statue; his face pale with repressed excitement. They were trying to intimidate him—to make him flinch; each was urging the other on to some immediate act of personal violence. Margaret felt intuitively that in an instant all would be uproar; the first touch would cause an explosion, in which, among such hundreds of infuriated men and reckless boys, even Mr. Thornton's life would be unsafe,—that in another instant the stormy passions would have passed their bounds, and swept away all barriers of reason, or apprehension of consequence. Even while she looked, she saw lads in the back-ground stooping to take off their heavy wooden clogs—the readiest missile they could find; she saw it was the spark to the gunpowder, and, with a cry, which no one heard, she rushed out of the room, down stairs,—she had lifted the great iron bar of the door with an imperious force—had thrown the door open wide—and was there, in face of that angry sea of men, her eyes smiting them with flaming arrows of reproach. The clogs were arrested in the hands that held them—the countenances, so fell not a moment before, now looked irresolute, and as if asking what this meant. For she stood between them and their enemy. She could not speak, but held out her arms towards them till she could recover breath.

"Oh, do not use violence! He is one man, and you are many;" but her words died away, for there was no tone in her voice; it was but a hoarse whisper. Mr. Thornton stood a little on one side; he had moved away from behind her, as if jealous of anything that should come between him and danger.

"Go!" said she, once more (and now her voice was like a cry). "The soldiers are sent for—are coming. Go peaceably. Go away. You shall have relief from your complaints, whatever they are."

"Shall them Irish blackguards be packed back again?" asked one from out the crowd, with fierce threatening in his voice.

"Never for your bidding!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton. And instantly the storm broke. The hootings rose and filled the air,—but Margaret did not hear them. Her eye was on the group of lads who had armed themselves with their clogs some time before. She saw their gesture—she knew its meaning,—she read their aim. Another moment, and Mr. Thornton might be smitten down,—he whom she had urged and goaded to come to this perilous place. She only thought how she could save him. She threw her arms around him; she made her body into a shield from the fierce people beyond. Still, with his arms folded, he shook her off.

"Go away," said he, in his deep voice. "This is no place for you."

"It is!" said she. "You did not see what I saw." If she thought her sex would be a protection,—if, with shrinking eyes she had turned away from the terrible anger of these men, in any hope that ere she looked again they would have paused and reflected, and slunk away, and vanished,—she was wrong. Their reckless passion had carried them too far to stop—at least had carried some of them too far; for it is always the savage lads, with their love of cruel excitement, who lead the riot—reckless to what bloodshed it may lead. A clog whizzed through the air. Margaret's fascinated eyes watched its progress; it missed its aim, and she turned sick with affright, but changed not her position, only hid her face on Mr. Thornton's arm. Then she turned and spoke again:

"For God's sake! do not damage your cause by this violence. You do not know what you are doing." She strove to make her words distinct.

A sharp pebble flew by her, grazing forehead and cheek, and drawing a blinding sheet of light before her eyes. She lay like one dead on Mr. Thornton's shoulder. Then he unfolded his arms, and held her encircled in one for an instant:

"You do well!" said he. "You come to oust the innocent stranger. You fall—you hundreds—on one man; and when a woman comes before you to ask you for your own sakes to be reasonable creatures, your cowardly wrath falls upon her! You do well!" They were silent while he spoke. They were watching, open-eyed and open-mouthed, the thread of dark-red blood which wakened them up from their trance of passion. Those nearest the gate stole out ashamed; there was a movement through all the crowd—a retreating movement. Only one voice cried out:

"Th' stone were meant for thee; but thou wert sheltered behind a woman!"

Mr. Thornton quivered with rage. The blood-flowing had made Margaret conscious—dimly, vaguely conscious. He placed her gently on the door-step, her head leaning against the frame.

"Can you rest there?" he asked. But without waiting for her answer, he went slowly down the steps right into the middle of the crowd. "Now kill me, if it is your brutal will. There is no woman to shield me here. You may beat me to death—you will never move me from what I have determined upon—not you!" He stood amongst them, with his arms folded, in precisely the same attitude as he had been in on the steps.

But the retrograde movement towards the gate had begun—as unreasoningly, perhaps as blindly, as the simultaneous anger. Or perhaps the idea of the approach of the soldiers, and the sight of that pale, upturned face, with closed eyes, still and sad as marble, though the tears welled out of the long entanglement of eyelashes, and dropped down; and, heavier, slower plash than even tears, came the drip of blood from her wound. Even the most desperate—Boucher himself—drew back, faltered away, scowled, and finally went off, muttering curses on the master, who stood in his unchanging attitude, looking after their retreat with defiant eyes. The moment that retreat had changed into a flight (as it was sure from its very character to do), he darted up the steps to Margaret.

She tried to rise without his help.

"It is nothing," she said, with a sickly smile. "The skin is grazed, and I was stunned at the moment. Oh, I am so thankful they are gone!" And she cried without restraint.

He could not sympathise with her. His anger had not abated; it was rather rising the more as his sense of immediate danger was passing away. The distant clank of the soldiers was heard; just five minutes too late to make this vanished mob feel the power of authority and order. He hoped they would see the troops, and be quelled by the thought of their narrow escape. While these thoughts crossed his mind, Margaret clung to the doorpost to steady herself: but a film came over her eyes—he was only just in time to catch her. "Mother—mother!" cried he. "Come down—they are gone, and Miss Hale is hurt!" He bore her into the dining-room, and laid her on the sofa there; laid her down softly, and looking on her pure white face, the sense of what she was to him came upon him so keenly that he spoke it out in his pain:

"Oh, my Margaret—my Margaret! no one can tell what you are to me! Dead—cold as you lie there, you are the only woman I ever loved! Oh, Margaret—Margaret!"

Inarticulately as he spoke, kneeling by her, and rather moaning than saying the words, he started up, ashamed of himself, as his mother came in. She saw nothing but her son a little paler, a little sterner than usual.

"Miss Hale is hurt, mother. A stone has grazed her temple. She has lost a good deal of blood, I am afraid."

"She looks very seriously hurt,—I could almost fancy her dead," said Mrs. Thornton, a good deal alarmed.

"It is only a fainting-fit. She has spoken to me since." But all the blood in his body seemed to rush inwards to his heart as he spoke, and he absolutely trembled.

"Go and call Jane,—she can find me the things I want; and do you go to your Irish people, who are crying and shouting as it they were mad with fright."

He went. He went away as if weights were tied to every limb that bore him from her. He called Jane; he called his sister. She should have all womanly care, all gentle tendance. But every pulse beat in him as he remembered how she had come down and placed herself in foremost danger,—could it be to save him? At the time he had pushed her aside, and spoken gruffly; he had seen nothing but the unnecessary danger she had placed herself in. He went to his Irish people, with every nerve in his body thrilling at the thought of her, and found it difficult to understand enough of what they were saying to soothe and comfort away their fears. There, they declared, they would not stop; they claimed to be sent back.

And so he had to think, and talk, and reason.

Mrs. Thornton bathed Margaret's temples with eau de Cologne. As the spirit touched the wound, which till then neither Mrs. Thornton nor Jane had perceived, Margaret opened her eyes; but it was evident she did not know where she was, nor who they were. The dark circles deepened, the lips quivered and contracted, and she became insensible once more.

"She has had a terrible blow," said Mrs. Thornton. "Is there any one who will go for a doctor?"

"Not me, ma'am, if you please," said Jane, shrinking back. "Them rabble may be all about; I don't think this cut is so deep, ma'am, as it looks."

"I will not run the chance. She was hurt in our house. If you are a coward, Jane, I am not. I will go."

"Pray, ma'am, let me send one of the police. There's ever so many come up, and soldiers too."

"And yet you're afraid to go! I will not have their time taken up with our errands. They'll have enough to do to catch some of the mob. You will not be afraid to stop in this house," she asked contemptuously, "and go on bathing Miss Hale's forehead, shall you? I shall not be ten minutes away."

"Could not Hannah go, ma'am?"

"Why Hannah? Why any one but you? No, Jane, if you don't go, I do."

Mrs. Thornton went first to the room in which she had left Fanny stretched on the bed. She started up as her mother entered.

"Oh, mamma, how you terrified me! I thought you were a man that had got into the house."

"Nonsense! The men are all gone away. There are soldiers all round the place, seeking for their work now it is too late. Miss Hale is lying on the dining-room sofa badly hurt. I am going for the doctor."

"Oh! don't, mamma! they'll murder you." She clung to her mother's gown. Mrs. Thornton wrenched it away with no gentle hand.

"Find me some one else to go; but that girl must not bleed to death."

"Bleed! oh, how horrid! How has she got hurt?"

"I don't know,—I have no time to ask. Go down to her, Fanny, and do try to make yourself of use. Jane is with her; and I trust it looks worse than it is. Jane has refused to leave the house, cowardly woman! And I won't put myself in the way of any more refusals from my servants, so I am going myself."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Fanny, crying, and preparing to go down rather than be left alone, with the thought of wounds and bloodshed in the very house.

"Oh Jane!" said she, creeping into the dining-room, "what is the matter? How white she looks! How did she get hurt? Did they throw stones into the drawing-room?"

Margaret did indeed look white and wan, although her senses were beginning to return to her. But the sickly daze of the swoon made her still miserably faint. She was conscious of movement around her, and of refreshment from the eau de Cologne, and a craving for the bathing to go on without intermission; but when they stopped to talk, she could no more have opened her eyes, or spoken to ask for more bathing, than the people who lie in death-like trance can move or utter sound to arrest the awful preparations for their burial, while they are yet fully aware not merely of the actions of those around them, but of the idea that is the motive of such action.

Jane paused in her bathing to reply to Miss Thornton's question.

"She'd have been safe enough, miss, if she'd stayed in the drawing-room, or come up to us; we were in the front garret, and could see it all, out of harm's way."

"Where was she then?" said Fanny, drawing nearer by slow degrees as she became accustomed to the sight of Margaret's pale face.

"Just before the front door, with master!" said Jane, significantly.

"With John! with my brother! How did she get there?"

"Nay, miss, that's not for me to say," answered Jane, with a slight toss of her head.

"Sarah did"——

"Sarah what?" said Fanny, with impatient curiosity.

Jane resumed her bathing, as if what Sarah did or said was not exactly the thing she liked to repeat.

"Sarah what?" asked Fanny, sharply. "Don't speak in these half sentences, or I can't understand you."

"Well, miss, since you will have it, Sarah, you see, was in the best place for seeing, being at the right-hand window; and she says, and said at the very time too, that she saw Miss Hale with her arms about master's neck, hugging him before all the people."

"I don't believe it," said Fanny. "I know she cares for my brother; any one can see that; and I dare say she'd give her eyes if he'd marry her,—which he never will, I can tell her. But I don't believe she'd be so bold and forward as to put her arms round his neck."

"Poor young lady! she's paid for it dearly if she did. It's my belief that the blow has given her such an ascendancy of blood to the head as she'll never get the better from. She looks like a corpse now."

"Oh I wish mamma would come!" said Fanny, wringing her hands. "I never was in the room with a dead person before."

"Stay, miss! She's not dead: her eyelids are quivering, and here's wet tears a-coming down her cheeks. Speak to her, Miss Fanny!"

"Are you better now?" asked Fanny, in a quavering voice.

No answer; no sign of recognition; but a faint pink colour returned to her lips, although the rest of her face was ashen pale.

Mrs. Thornton came hurriedly in with the nearest surgeon she could find.

"How is she? Are you better, my dear?" as Margaret opened her filmy eyes, and gazed dreamily at her. "Here is Mr. Lowe come to see you."

Mrs. Thornton spoke loudly and distinctly, as to a deaf person. Margaret tried to rise, and drew her ruffled, luxuriant hair instinctively over the cut.

"I am better now," said she, in a very low, faint voice. "I was a little sick."

She let him take her hand and feel her pulse. The bright colour came for a moment into her face, as he asked to examine the wound in her forehead; and she glanced up at Jane, as if shrinking from her inspection more than from the doctor's.

"It is not much, I think. I am better now. I must go home."

"Not until I have applied some strips of plaster, and you have rested a little."

She sat down hastily, without another word, and allowed it to be bound up.

"Now, if you please," said she, "I must go. Mamma will not see it, I think. It is under the hair, is it not?"

"Quite; no one could tell."

"But you must not go," said Mrs. Thornton, impatiently. "You are not fit to go."

"I must," said Margaret, decidedly. "Think of mamma. If they should hear—— Besides, I must go," said she, vehemently. "I cannot stay here. May I ask for a cab?"

"You are quite flushed and feverish," observed Mr. Lowe.

"It is only with being here when I do so want to go. The air—getting away would do me more good than anything," pleaded she.

"I really believe it is as she says," Mr. Lowe replied. "If her mother is so ill as you told me on the way here, it may be very serious if she hears of this riot, and does not see her daughter back at the time she expects. The injury is not deep. I will fetch a cab, if your servants are still afraid to go out."

"Oh, thank you!" said Margaret. "It will do me more good than anything. It is the air of this room that makes me feel so miserable."

She leant back on the sofa, and closed her eyes. Fanny beckoned her mother out of the room, and told her something that made her equally anxious with Margaret for the departure of the latter. Not that she fully believed Fanny's statement; but she credited enough to make her manner to Margaret appear very much constrained, at wishing her good-bye.

Mr. Lowe returned in the cab.

"If you will allow me, I will see you home, Miss Hale. The streets are not very quiet yet."

Margaret's thoughts were quite alive enough to the present to make her desirous of getting rid of both Mr. Lowe and the cab before she reached Crampton Crescent, for fear of alarming her father and mother. Beyond that one aim she would not look. That ugly dream of insolent words spoken about herself could never be forgotten—but could be put aside till she was stronger—for, oh! she was very weak; and her mind sought for some present fact to steady itself upon, and keep itself from utterly losing consciousness in another hideous, sickly swoon.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

MARGARET had not been gone five minutes when Mr. Thornton came in, his face all a-glow.

"I could not come sooner: the superintendent would—— Where is she?" He looked around the dining-room, and then almost fiercely at his mother, who was quietly re-arranging the disturbed furniture, and did not instantly reply. "Where is Miss Hale?" asked he again.

"Gone home," said she, rather shortly.

"Gone home!"

"Yes. She was a great deal better. Indeed, I don't believe it was so very much of a hurt; only some people faint at the least thing."

"I am sorry she is gone home," said he, walking uneasily about. "She could not have been fit for it."

"She said she was; and Mr. Lowe said she was. I went for him myself."

"Thank you, mother." He stopped, and partly held out his hand to give her a grateful shake. But she did not notice the movement.

"What have you done with your Irish people?"

"Sent to the Dragon for a good meal for them, poor wretches. And then, luckily, I caught Father Grady, and I've asked him in to speak to them, and dissuade them from going off in a body. How did Miss Hale go home? I'm sure she could not walk."

"She had a cab. Everything was done properly, even to the paying. Let us talk of something else. She has caused disturbance enough."

"I don't know where I should have been but for her."

"Are you become so helpless as to have to be defended by a girl?" asked Mrs. Thornton scornfully.

He reddened. "Not many girls would have taken the blows on herself which were meant for me. Meant with right down good-will, too."

"A girl in love will do a good deal," replied Mrs. Thornton, shortly.

"Mother!" He made a step forwards; stood still; heaved with passion.

She was a little startled at the evident force he used to keep himself calm. She was not sure of the nature of the emotions she had provoked. It was only their violence that was clear. Was it anger? His eyes glowed, his figure was dilated, his breath came thick and fast. It was a mixture of joy, of anger, of pride, of glad surprise, of panting doubt; but she could not read it. Still it made her uneasy, as the presence of all strong feeling, of which the cause is not fully understood or sympathised in, always does. She went to the sideboard, opened a drawer, and took out a duster which she kept there for any occasional purpose. She had seen a drop of eau de Cologne on the polished arm of the sofa, and instinctively sought to wipe it off. But she kept her back turned to her son much longer than was necessary; and when she spoke her voice seemed unusual and constrained.

"You have taken some steps about the rioters, I suppose? You don't apprehend any more violence, do you? Where were the police? Never at hand when they're wanted!"

"On the contrary, I saw three or four of them, when the gates gave way, struggling and beating about in fine fashion; and more came running up just when the yard was

clearing. I might have given some of the fellows in charge then if I had had my wits about me. But there will be no difficulty: plenty of people can identify them."

"But won't they come back to-night?"

"I'm going to see about a sufficient guard for the premises. I have appointed to meet Captain Hanbury in half an hour at the station."

"You must have some tea first."

"Tea! Yes, I suppose I must. It's half-past-six, and I may be out for some time. Don't sit up for me, mother."

"You expect me to go to bed before I have seen you safe, do you?"

"Well, perhaps not." He hesitated for a moment. "But, if I have time, I shall go round by Crampton, after I have arranged with the police and seen Hamper and Clarkson." Their eyes met; they looked at each other intently for a minute. Then she asked:

"Why are you going round by Crampton?"

"To ask after Miss Hale."

"I will send. Williams must take the water-bed she came to ask for. He shall inquire how she is."

"I must go myself."

"Not merely to ask how Miss Hale is?"

"No, not merely for that. I want to thank her for the way in which she stood between me and the mob."

"What made you go down at all? It was putting your head into the lion's mouth!"

He glanced sharply at her; saw that she did not know what had passed between him and Margaret in the drawing-room; and replied by another question:

"Shall you be afraid to be left without me until I can get some of the police; or had we better send Williams for them now, and they could be here by the time we have done tea? There is no time to be lost. I must be off in a quarter of an hour."

Mrs. Thornton left the room. Her servants wondered at her directions, usually so sharply-cut and decided, now confused and uncertain. Mr. Thornton remained in the dining-room, trying to think of the business he had to do at the police-office, and in reality thinking of Margaret. Everything seemed dim and vague beyond—behind—besides the touch of her arms round his neck—the soft clinging which made the dark colour come and go in his cheek as he thought of it.

The tea would have been very silent, but for Fanny's perpetual description of her own feelings; how she had been alarmed—and then thought they were gone—and then felt sick and faint and trembling in every limb.

"There, that's enough," said her brother, rising from the table. "The reality was enough for me." He was going to leave the room, when his mother stopped him with her hand upon his arm.

"You will come back here before you go to the Hales'," said she, in a low, anxious voice.

"I know what I know," said Fanny to herself.

"Why? Will it be too late to disturb them?"

"John, come back to me for this one evening. It will be late for Mrs. Hale. But that is not it. To-morrow you will—— Come back to-night, John!" She had seldom pleaded with her son at all—she was too proud for that: but she had never pleaded in vain.

"I will return straight here after I have done my business. You will be sure to inquire after them?—after her?"

Mrs. Thornton was by no means a talkative companion to Fanny, nor yet was she a good listener. But her eyes and ears were keen to see and to listen to all the details her son could give, as to the steps he had taken to secure himself and those whom he chose to employ from any repetition of the day's outrages. He clearly saw his object. Punishment and suffering, were the natural consequences to those who had taken part in the riot. All that was necessary, in order that property should be protected, and that the will of the proprietor might cut to his end, clean and sharp as a sword.

"Mother! You know what I have got to say to Miss Hale, to-morrow?"

The question came upon her suddenly, during a pause in which she, at least, had forgotten Margaret.

She looked up at him.

"Yes! I do. You can hardly do otherwise."

"Do otherwise! I don't understand you."

"I mean that, after allowing her feelings so to overcome her, I consider you bound in honour—"

"Bound in honour," said he scornfully. "I am afraid honour has nothing to do with it. 'Her feelings overcome her!' What feelings do you mean?"

"Nay, John, there is no need to be angry. Did she not rush down, and cling to you to save you from danger?"

"She did!" said he. "But, mother," continued he, stopping short in his walk right in front of her, "I dare not hope. I never was faint-hearted before; but I cannot believe such a creature cares for me."

"Don't be foolish, John. Such a creature! Why she might be a duke's daughter, to hear you speak. And what proof more would you have, I wonder, of her caring for you? I can believe she has had a struggle with her aristocratic way of viewing things; but I like her the better for seeing clearly at last. It is a good deal for me to say," said Mrs. Thornton, smiling slowly, while the tears stood in her eyes; "for after to-night I stand second. It was to have you to myself, all to myself, a few hours longer, that I begged you not to go till to-morrow!"

"Dearest mother!" (Still love is selfish, and in an instant he reverted to his own hopes and fears in a way that drew the cold creeping shadow over Mrs. Thornton's heart.) "But I know she does not care for me. I shall put myself at her feet—I must; if it were but one chance in a thousand—or a million—I should do it."

"Don't fear!" said his mother, crushing down her own personal mortification at the little notice he had taken of the rare ebullition of her maternal feelings—of the pang of jealousy that betrayed the intensity of her disregarded love. "Don't be afraid," she said, coldly. "As far as love may go she may be worthy of you. It must have taken a good deal to overcome her pride. Don't be afraid, John," said she, kissing him, as she wished him good night. And she went slowly and majestically out of the room. But when she got into her own, she locked the door, and sate down to cry unwonted tears.

Margaret entered the room (where her father and mother still sat, holding low conversation together), looking very pale and white. She came close up to them before she could trust herself to speak.

"Mrs. Thornton will send the water-bed, mamma."

"Dear, how tired you look! Is it very hot, Margaret?"

"Very hot, and the streets are rather rough with the strike."

Margaret's colour came back vivid and bright as ever; but it faded away instantly.

"Here has been a message from Bessy Higgins, asking you to go to her," said Mrs. Hale. "But I'm sure you look too tired."

"Yes!" said Margaret. "I am tired. I cannot go."

She was very silent and trembling while she made tea. She was thankful to see her father so much occupied with her mother as not to notice her looks. Even after her mother went to bed, he was not content to be absent from her, but undertook to read her to sleep. Margaret was alone.

"Now I will think of it—now I will remember it all. I could not before—I dared not." She sat still in her chair, her hands clasped on her knees, her lips compressed, her eyes fixed as one who sees a vision. She drew a deep breath.

"I, who hate scenes—I, who have despised people for showing emotion—who have thought them wanting in self-control—I went down, and must needs throw myself into the mêlée, like a romantic fool! Did I do any good? They would have gone away without me, I dare say." But this was over-leaping the rational conclusion, as in an instant her well-poised judgment felt. "No, perhaps they would not. I did some good. But what possessed me to defend that man as if he were a helpless child! Ah!" said she, clenching her hands together, "it is no wonder those people thought I was in love with him, after disgracing myself in that way. I in love—and with him too!" Her pale cheeks suddenly became one flame of fire; and she covered her face with her hands. When she took them away her palms were wet with scalding tears.

"Oh how low I am fallen that they should say that of me! I could not have been so brave for any one else, just because he was so utterly indifferent to me—if, indeed, I do not positively dislike him. It made me the more anxious that there should be fair play on each side; and I could see what fair play was. It was not fair," said she vehemently, "that he should stand there sheltered, awaiting the soldiers, who might catch those poor maddened creatures as in a trap—without an effort on his part, to bring them to reason. And it was worse than unfair for them to set on him as they threatened. I would do it again, let who will say what they like of me. If I saved one blow, one cruel, angry action, that might otherwise have been committed, I did a woman's work. Let them insult my maiden pride as they will—I walk pure before God!"

She looked up, and a noble peace seemed to descend and calm her face, till it was "stiller than chiselled marble."

Dixon came in:

"If you please, Miss Margaret, here's the water-bed from Mrs. Thornton's. It's too late for to-night, I'm afraid, for missus is nearly asleep: but it will do nicely for to-morrow."

"Very," said Margaret. "You must send our best thanks."

Dixon left the room for a moment.

"If you please, Miss Margaret, he says he's to ask particular how you are. I think he must mean missus; but he says his last words were to ask how Miss Hale was."

"Me!" said Margaret, drawing herself up. "I am quite well. Tell him I am perfectly well." But her complexion was as deadly white as her handkerchief; and her head ached intensely.

Mr. Hale now came in. He had left his sleeping wife; and wanted, as Margaret saw, to be amused and interested by something that she was to tell him. With sweet patience did she bear her pain, without a word of complaint; and rummaged up numberless small subjects for conversation—all except the riot, and that she never named once. It turned her sick to think of it.

"Good night, Margaret. I have every chance of a good night myself, and you are looking very pale with your watching. I shall call Dixon if your mother needs anything. Do you go to bed, and sleep like a top; for I'm sure you need it, poor child!"

"Good night, papa."

She let her colour go—the forced smile fade away—the eyes grow dull with heavy pain. She released her strong will from its

laborious task. Till morning she might feel ill and weary.

She lay down and never stirred. To move hand or foot, or even so much as one finger, would have been an exertion beyond the powers of either volition or motion. She was so tired, so stunned, that she thought she never slept at all; her feverish thoughts passed and repassed the boundary between sleeping and waking, and kept their own miserable identity. She could not be alone, prostrate, powerless as she was,—a cloud of faces looked up at her, giving her no idea of fierce vivid anger, or of personal danger, but a deep sense of shame that she should thus be the object of universal regard—a sense of shame so acute that it seemed as if she would fain have burrowed into the earth to hide herself, and yet could not escape out of that unwinking glare of many eyes.

CHIP.

OUR RUSSIAN RELATIONS.

Mr. J. T. Danson tells us, in a paper recently read before the Statistical Society on Our Commerce with Russia, that, while Great Britain exports goods to the annual value of sixty shillings for every inhabitant, and France to the value of thirty-three shillings per individual, the shipments from Russia amount to no more than four shillings and twopence per head. It is especially interesting at this time to understand our own trading relations with Russia, since the war must affect the price of the articles derived from that source. Her principal exports to Great Britain are grain and flour to the value of three and a half millions sterling per annum; tallow two and a quarter millions; flax and linseed two and a half millions; hemp one million; sundries one million. Total, ten and a quarter millions. On the other hand the Russian people are customers to us for not more than four millions in value; the difference or balance of trade being made up to them by remittances in cash.

By observing of what these four millions worth of goods are composed, and in what manner they are distributed for consumption, we obtain some insight into the physical welfare of the Russian people. About one third of these imports is composed of tropical or southern produce, and is entirely consumed by the nobility of the land. Another third is equally imported for their behoof, and consists of manufactured goods of silk, cotton, linen and wool: the nobles scorning to use the home-made fabrics, pay no regard to the enormous prohibitory duties levied on these imports. Another third is made up of salt, which finds its way amongst both rich and poor, and of raw materials, such as cotton, silk, and dyes, for the supply of the highly protected native manufactures. It is therefore not without justice that the remark has been made by a writer on Russia, that the peasantry produce the exports and the nobility consume the imports.

The exports from Russia to this country are tallow, to the extent of seventy-two per cent of our entire imports of that article; flax in the proportion of sixty-six per cent; hemp in the proportion of sixty-two per cent, and grain at the rate of fourteen per cent. The supplies of Russian flax have increased of late years at the rate of only five per cent, our other foreign supplies having augmented by forty per cent; and whilst Russian tallow has decreased by twenty per cent, other tallows have increased one hundred per cent.

BULLFROG.

I claim to be a free-born Briton. I have been told I am, so many times, by so many different persons, from so many platforms, newspaper columns, and honourable houses, to which honourable gentlemen come down on purpose to tell me that I am free and a Briton, that I have grown quite to believe in my freedom and my British birth. I believe in them implicitly and without reservation.

I say, I am a free-born Briton, and I am proud of it. I pay my taxes,—a few with pleasure, more with reluctance, some with grumbling and aversion; but I do pay them all, somehow. I know that my house is my castle; that the blackest bondsman landing on my shores becomes free; that my representative system does (in a certain bungling manner) represent me, my wife and children, my wants and wishes; that my ministers only hold office during good behaviour; that my press is free as the air I breathe; that the Queen cannot shut me out of her parks (even if she wished to do so, of any such intention of doing which I entirely acquit the illustrious lady); that the Woods and Forests cannot shut me out of Westminster Hall, nor the sheriffs out of the gallery of the Old Bailey,—at least that they cannot *legally* do so, though they do shut me out from time to time on the pretexts of half-crowns, interesting murder trials, &c. I know that I am legally free and independent; that I have a legal guardian in the Lord Chancellor, and three legal nursing mothers in the Poor Law Commissioners; that all in this great Res Publica is done for me and by me—The People.

It is because I know this, and have read and sung Rule Britannia, chorusing till I was hoarse that Britons never, never, never will be slaves, that I am determined not to submit to the tyranny of Bullfrog. Who is Bullfrog I should like to know, that he is to dictate to me how I am to act and speak and think; whom I am to like and dislike; what I am to read and write; what I am to eat, drink, and avoid; whom I am to recognise and

whom to cut? Who is Bullfrog, that he should stand at my elbow, a thousand times more exigent and obtrusive than Sancho's physician, and with his puny bâton wave away the viands that I love,—nay, with even more insolence and pretension than the Baratarian practitioner, insist upon my gorging myself with meats of his selection—meats which my stomach rebels against and my soul abhors? Is it because Bullfrog is related by the mother's side to the Bellows family, and is a distant connection of the Blowers, and the Puffs, and the Blatants? Is it because he married Miss Hogg (of the Wholecombe family), that I am to pin my faith on Bullfrog, and reverence his dicta in all matters of taste as well as conduct, and accept him as my arbiter elegantiarum,—my guide, philosopher, and friend? Am I to give up my convictions, to abandon my preconceived notions, to write myself down an ass, which is a hundred degrees worse than being written down one by somebody else? Am I to see through Bullfrog's spectacles; to ride behind him on his hobbyhorse and a pillion; to stand in his shoes; be fed with mind-pap from his spoon, and learn my A B C from his hornbook? No, not for a thousand Bullfrogs.

It is my steadfast opinion that the British public are not only in danger of falling under the tyranny of Bullfrog, but that a considerable section of them are absolutely subject to his humiliating domination. Not believing in, or setting the slightest store by the opinions of Bullfrog, I am sensible that he has legions of dupes, admirers, and adherents. I deplore this. I consider Bullfrog to be a shallow, conceited, mischievous impostor, and I denounce him as such. I don't care about his being on visiting terms with Sir Fretful Plagiary, and having Dangle and Sneer at his elbow. I don't care for his kinsman Mr. Puff's tragedy, in which the heroine goes mad in white satin and the confidant in white linen. I don't care for his having the "press under his thumb" (as he boasts); for his telling me "what they say at the clubs;" for his after-dinner speeches; for his platform speeches; for his stage speeches; for his pulpit speeches; for his advertisements, placards, posters, slips, cards, circulars, and handbills. I won't believe in his coats, his hats, his cookery, his books, his patriotism, his pills, his temperance, his accomplishments as a linguist, his leaders, his travels I don't know how far beyond the Rocky Mountains, his æsthetic tragedies, his poetry (spasmodic or otherwise), his pictures, his lectures, his Shakespearean impersonations, his Seers (of Poughkeepsie or otherwise), his remedial measures, and his finality. I snap my fingers at the statistics which he vomits; I scorn his tables that turn, his cheffoniers that argue, and his music-stools that reason. Let him pass acts of parliament, I will drive six-in-hand through them, till they are repealed. Let him croak, puff, blow, and swell as much as he pleases; he will burst at last, and his marsh will know him no more.

For Bullfrog would not be Bullfrog if he were not continually emulating that emerited prototype of his in the fable, and straining till his eyes start out of his head, and the froggish blood out of his veins, in a miserable attempt to attain the size and stature of the lordly bull above him. Whenever a great thing is done, a great principle recognised, a great man made manifest, forthwith up rises Bullfrog from the mud and the rushes; forthwith he swells and swells and swells. He is ridiculous of course; it would be well enough if he were only ridiculous; but the worst of it is that the other frogs believe in him; likewise the toads, and the tadpoles, and the newts: they all believe in him, and cry what a fine frog he is as they see him swell, and hear him roar (for your Bullfrog can roar lustily)—till he bursts.

When a few learned and pious men possibly vain, perhaps mistaken, certainly enthusiastic, obviously disinterested, parted from the church that reared, and the schools of learning that nurtured them, then, from afar off, uprose Bullfrog, and swelled and roared. Bullfrog gave up no fat living: not he. Prebend he stuck to, and fellowship he held on to with prehensile tenacity; but he parted his hair down the middle, and allowed it to grow down his back; he left off wearing collars to his coat, collars to his shirt, and bows to his neckcloth; he fastened his waistcoat behind; abjured pomatum; shaved three times a day; cut out a large cross in red cloth, and pasted it on his prayer-book; and dated his letters Feast of St. Puterpotte, Eve of St. Gilles. He did not read the Fathers, but he quoted them. He dined upon parched peas twice a week, and was suspected of wearing vegetables of that description in his patent leather boots. He did not condemn while mildly refraining from absolutely approving the wearing of, hair shirts, spiked girdles, and sackcloth drawers. He talked of lecterns, piscinæ, pyxes, octaves, novenas, matins, vespers, and complins. He almost ruined himself in the purchase of flowers for the communion-table of his quiet, humble, little country church. He preached in a surplice, and put the ragged little boys of the village into surplices too, and made them chant drearily, to the great scandal of the white-headed organist and the parish clerk. He made more bows than a dancing-master, and went through more postures than an acrobat, in the solemn, simple Liturgy. He wrote foolish letters to his bishop, and foolish pamphlets for the benefit of his butterman. He shared, with lap-dogs, bearded music-masters, and quack-doctors, the capricious admiration of wheezy dowagers and sentimental young ladies with long auburn ringlets. In short—what is curious, but perfectly reconcilable with the Bullfrog organisation—he made an ass of himself.

Bullfrog's great cynosure—the bull—is

remarkable for his obtuse perversity in running at a gate: it is all the same to Bull should the gate happen to be a railway one, with an express train passing in front of it, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In a parity of perverseness the ecclesiastical Bullfrog endeavours to puff the poor twopenny wax taper, anent which, with its attendant candlestick there is such a terrible pother between him and his bishop, into the dimensions of that famous candle which Latimer told good master Ridley should never be extinguished in England. But it will not do Bullfrog. We know which is the twopenny taper and which the church candle. You may preach in a surplice, a shirt over your clothes, like a Whiteboy, a smock-frock, a flour-sack, or a harlequin's jacket, if you like; you may make such reverences and gyrations before carved screens and ornamental brass-work as may warrant your being mistaken for my friend Saltimbanque tumbling over head and ears in the booth yonder; you may wear your hair parted in the middle, behind, before, or twisted into a tail, after the Chinese fashion; you may mortify yourself with fasts, macerations, vigils, and disciplines, till you become as emaciated as Jean Baptiste Whatshisname, the living skeleton (a dead skeleton now, I opine); you may publish whole libraries of controversial portmanteaus, bandboxes, and Cheshire cheese wrappers, but you shall not ride over me, Bullfrog.

I am a free-born Briton (I think I observed that before) and I hate cant—which is Bullfrog. Also arrogance. Which is Bullfrog. Also the conceited puffery and exaggeration of ridiculous and offensive ceremonies into rules of faith and conduct. Bullfrog again. If I am to be a religious Briton let me have by all means as much faith, hope, and charity as possible; but don't tell me that there is any faith, or hope, or charity in the Reverend Bullfrog bribing the blackguard, "little Froggees," to pelt his rivals—the billstickers—with rotten eggs, on a disputed question of churchwardens and candlesticks.

You had better paint, Bullfrog. No free-born Briton in this favoured island would be happier than I would be to recognise and admire a good, a great picture from your pencil. And though I denounce you by times, as an imitator, I would in no case decry imitation in art where imitation is associated with study, with appreciation, with progress. Copy, follow, dwell upon those grand old masters of the Loggie and Stanze, whose footsteps echo through the corridors of Time. Pin your faith upon a Giotto or a Cimabue. Cry with Gainsborough that you are going to heaven, and that Vandyke is of the company; paraphrase Erasmus, and say, "Sancte Rafaelle, orate pro nobis;" be a disciple, and a passionate one, of the colourists of Venice, the draughtsmen of Florence, and the thinkers of Rome. Do this, Bullfrog, and I will immediately change my name from Muggins to Mæcenas, and give you commissions for canvases fifty feet by twenty, the painting of which shall last you life long, and make you a millionnaire. But you can't do it, Bullfrog. Here are two or three good and true young men. Scholars, enthusiasts, thinkers; indefatigable in study, triumphant in performance. They paint pictures in which the subtle delicacy of thought and poetical feeling, arms itself against the world in the chain-mail of reality. Because these painters depict with minute fidelity the minutest accessories to the story they tell; because they conquer the manipulated representation of the mortar between the bricks, the reticulations of the leaves, the bloom on the petals of the flowers, the ruddle on the sheep, the pores of the flesh, the reflection of the face in the glass and the form in the water; therefore Bullfrog, who thinks he had better paint and be a brother too, perches himself on the topmost peak of the easel, and begins to swell and croak for brotherhood. "Let us have the B. B. B., the Beauty in Bricks Brotherhood," says Bullfrog. No more aerial perspective, no more middle distance, no more drawing from the antique, no more classical landscape; have we not the bricks in the workhouse-wall opposite, to study from? Are they not real? Go for reality. Go for a basket of sprats with every osier in the basket and every scale on the sprats, because the basket is a basket, and the sprats are sprats. Go for bad drawing, because you cannot draw; for grimy colour, because a factory chimney is grimy; for violently inharmonious colour, because a yellow bonnet with scarlet poppies in it, though producing a violent and inharmonious effect, is real. Go for ugliness, because ugliness is oftentimes terribly real, and because you cannot depict beauty. Reality is ugly (sometimes) and must be faithfully rendered for the honour and glory of the B. B. B., certainly. A laystall is ugly; a wretched, ragged, untaught, street Arab boy is ugly; but you, miserable Bullfrog, can you paint, can you even understand, the beauties of the gold and silver skies, the leafy woods, the spangled and jewelled fields, the sounding sea?

It is because I wish the character of Bullfrog to be thoroughly known (with a view to his being as thoroughly exposed and ultimately demolished) that I now call attention from his mischievous imitative foolery to his more mischievous imitative roguery. It is the delight of this reptile friend of mine to foist delusions on the public mind; to pass off brainless impostors for transcendant geniuses; to exaggerate back-stairs scanmaggery into grave conspiracies; to set ignorance and impudence and conceit, side by side with wit and learning and pathos; to persuade Pennywhistle that the eyes of Europe are upon him; to tell Earthworm that forty centuries look down upon him from the pyramids; to elevate the Three Tailors of Tooley Street into the people of England.

Bullfrog must be literary, of course. Here is a brave but tender-hearted Christian gentlewoman, who sits down and writes us a good book upon a subject that must come home to every Christian man and woman in this working world. Suppose we call the book the great Patagonian novel. Bullfrog is on the alert. He has his pen ready nibbed, his distending apparatus in first-rate working order. He covers the dead walls and hoardings with gigantic announcements of the forthcoming publication of the great trans-Patagonian novel —the Scavenger. Twelve million copies sold in twelve weeks. Fifty-five thousand cambric pocket-handerchiefs, and forty-eight thousand phials of sal-volatile purchased in trans-Patagonia on the first day of publication. Everybody ought to read the Scavenger. I read it, and don't like it. I don't think much of the other great Patagonian novel—the Mudlark, though it contains that exquisitely-sentimental lyric, Little Dirty's Song of the Rushlight. I don't care for Gauze and Guilt, Mrs. Modely's great Crim-Tartar novel. I yawn over Miss Wiredraw's Passion and Pantomime, ninety-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six copies of which were disposed of in the space of three days, four hours, nine minutes, and twelve seconds. I fall asleep over Miss Ada Johnnycake's Tears, Treacle, and Terror. I find in all these great novels little but platitudes, wishy-washy sentiment, contemptible and transparent imitations of great exemplars, and endless, drouthy, watery-eyed, maudlin "talkee." I reverence real pathos and real sentiment; but I scorn Bullfrog hiding his fat foolish face in a pocket handkerchief (squinting over the corner thereof at the publisher's ledger), and weeping sham tears enough for that larger reptile friend of his, the crocodile.

Bullfrog is a noisome pest in every field of literature. Young Flackus, for instance (Horace is his Christian name), is a poet. He writes the most delicious ditties, the most captivating sonnets. He flings flowers of grace, and loveliness, and humour, and pathos, around him with the most delightful caprice,—bless him! But sometimes he has what the French call lubies. He is dark mysterious, hazy, vehement about nothing. He is occasionally nonsensical. He grinds his teeth, and is spasmodic. Bullfrog beholds him, and instantly has the stomach-ache, and foams at the mouth. His friends Ragg, and Tatters, and Bævius, and Mævius, have frightful spasms, roll on the hearthrug, and make poetry hideous by their howlings. Bad grammar, involved style, foggy ideas, incoherent declamation, wordy bombast, pass (at least, Bullfrog endeavours to make them pass) current for poetry. Thus, too, because Viking, the great Nordt-konig of philosophy, is strong and terrible to look upon; because he writes with an adamantine stylet upon a plate of seven-times tempered steel; because he knows what Thor said and Odin thought; because he has so many good words and good thoughts at his command that he is occasionally troubled with the embarras de richesses, and becomes complicated; Bullfrog, who has nothing whatever to say, except "Croak," attempts to conceal his ignorance by the assuming to be complicated.

You are not to suppose, Bullfrog, if I only adduce one more instance of your ubiquity, that I am at all at a loss for subjects, on which to vent my just indignation against you. There are things I know about you, my friend, connected with the Beer question, the general Sunday question, the Education question, the Colonisation question, the Prison discipline question—things in which you have manifested enough rancour, ignorance, and presumption, to bring you a thousand times to shame, if shame you had, or knew, or ever heard of.

In common with many other free-born Britons I have great liking and respect for public amusements. I like the sound, sterling, nervous English drama—the good play, played by good actors. But if my friend Charles Bodger chooses to get up the second part of Henry the Sixth, at the Royal Pantechnicon, with the most gorgeous accessories of scenery, costume, and decorative furniture in general, I will not quarrel with him, nor will I stand out for the text, the mere text, and nothing but the text. I am for catholicity; but for toleration in catholicity. Rope dancing is good in its place. Tumbling and posturing are good (though painful) in their place. I like to see the clown steal sausages at Christmas, but not in the awful play scene in Hamlet. Richardson's show is admirable; Horse-riding is capital. Let Bullfrog fool himself with fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, ribbon-vomiters, conjurors, acrobats, learned pigs, live armadillos, and spotted girls. But do not let Bullfrog tell me that the drama is to be revived through the agency of the live armadillo, or that the only hope of the admirers of Shakespeare, rests on the spotted girl. Neither shall Bullfrog revive the drama by crystal curtains, distributions of soup, coals, and counterpanes to the ruffians of Low Lane, or presentations of a glass of ale and a sandwich to every visitor to the pit, and a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to every occupant of a private box. Herein, as in his other presentments, Bullfrog swells and swells exceedingly; and when he is swollen to his largest dimensions —bursts!

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MR. BULL'S SOMNAMBULIST.

AN extremely difficult case of somnambulism, occurring in the family of that respected gentleman MR. BULL, and at the present time developing itself without any mitigation of its apparently hopeless symptoms, will furnish the subject of the present paper. Apart from its curious psychological interest, it is worth investigation, as having caused and still causing Mr. Bull great anxiety of mind when he falls into low spirits. I may observe, as one of the medical attendants of the family, that this is not very often the case, all things considered: Mr. Bull being of a sanguine temperament, good-natured to a fault, and highly confident in the strength of his constitution. This confidence, I regret to add, makes him too frequently neglect himself when there is an urgent necessity for his being careful.

The patient in whom are manifested the distressing symptoms of somnambulism I shall describe, is an old woman—MRS. ABIGAIL DEAN. The recognised abbreviation of her almost obsolete Christian name is used for brevity's sake in Mr. Bull's family, and she is always known in the House as ABBY DEAN. By that name I shall call her, therefore, in recording her symptoms.

As if everything about this old woman were destined to be strange and exceptional, it is remarkable that although Abby Dean is at the head of the Upper Servants' Hall, and occupies the post of housekeeper in Mr. Bull's family, nobody has the least confidence in her, and even Mr. Bull himself has not the slightest idea how she got into the situation. When pressed upon the subject, as I have sometimes taken the liberty of pressing him, he scratches his head, stares, and is unable to give any other explanation than "Well! There she is. That's all *I* know!" On these occasions he is so exceedingly disconcerted and ashamed, that I have forborne to point out to him the absurdity of his taking her without a character, or ever having supposed (as I assume he must have supposed) that such a superannuated person could be worth her wages.

The following extracts from my notes of the case will describe her in her normal condition: "Abby Dean. Phlegmatic temperament. Bilious habit. Circulation, very sluggish. Speech, drowsy, indistinct, and confused. Senses, feeble. Memory, short. Pulse, very languid. A remarkably slow goer. At all times a heavy sleeper, and difficult to awaken. When awakened, peevish. Earlier in life had fits, and was much contorted—first on one side and then on the other."

It was within a few weeks of her inexplicable appearance at the head of Mr. Bull's family, that this ancient female fell into a state of somnambulism. Mr. Bull observed her—I quote his own words—"eternally mooning about the House," and, putting some questions to her, and finding that her replies were mere gibberish, sent for me. I found her on a bench in the Upper Servants' Hall, evidently fast asleep (though her eyelids were open), and breathing stertorously. After shaking her for some time with Mr. Bull's assistance, I inquired, "Do you know who you are?" She replied, "Lord! Abby Dean, to be sure!" I said, "Do you know where you are?" She answered, with a sort of fretful defiance, "At the head of Mr. Bull's establishment." I put the question, "Do you know what you have to do there?" Her reply was, "Yes—nothing." Mr. Bull then interposed, and informed me, with some heat, that this was the utmost satisfaction he had been able to elicit "from the confounded old woman," since she first brought her boxes into the family mansion.

She was smartly blistered, daily, for a considerable time. Mustard poultices were freely applied; caustic was used as a counter-irritant; setons were inserted in her neck; and she was trotted about, and poked, and pinched, almost unremittingly, by certain servants very zealous in their attachment to Mr. Bull. I regret to state that under this treatment, sharply continued at intervals from that period to the present, she has become worse instead of better. She has now subsided into a state of constant and confirmed somnambulism, from which there is no human hope of her recovery.

The case, being one of a comatose nature, is chiefly interesting for its obstinacy. Its phenomena are not generally attractive to the imagination. Indeed, I am of opinion that at no period of her invalided career

has any moment of brilliancy irradiated the lethargic state of this unfortunate female. Her proceedings are in accordance with those of most of the dreariest somnambulists of whom we have a reliable record. She will get up and dress herself, and go to Mr. Bull's Treasury, or take her seat on her usual Bench in the Upper Servants' Hall, avoiding on the way the knocking of her head against walls and doors, but giving no other sign of intellectual vigour. She will sometimes sit up very late at night, moaning and muttering, and occasionally rising on her legs to complain of being attacked by enemies. (The common delusion that people are conspiring against her, is, as might naturally be expected, a feature of her disease.) She will frequently cram into her pockets a large accumulation of Mr. Bull's bills, plans for the improvement of his estate, and other documents of importance, and will drop the same without any reason, and refuse to take them up again when they are offered to her. Other similar papers she will hide in holes and corners, quickly forgetting what she has done with them. Sometimes, she will fall to wringing her hands in the course of her wanderings in the House, and to declaring that unless she is treated with greater deference she will "go out." But, it is a curious illustration of the cunning often mingled with this disorder that she has never stirred an inch beyond the door; having, evidently, some latent consciousness in the midst of her stupor, that if she once went out, no earthly consideration would prevail on Mr. Bull to let her in again.

Her eyes are invariably open in the sleep-waking state, but their power of vision is much contracted. It has long been evident to all observers of her melancholy case, that she is blind to what most people can easily see.

The circumstance which I consider special to the case of Abby Dean, and greatly augmentive of its alarming character, I now proceed to mention. Mr. Bull has in his possession a Cabinet, of modern manufacture and curious workmanship, composed of various pieces of various woods, inlaid and dovetailed with tolerable ingenuity considering their great differences of grain and growth; but, it must be admitted, clumsily put together on the whole, and liable, at any time, to fall to pieces. It contains, however, some excellent specimens of English timber, that have, in previous pieces of furniture, been highly serviceable to Mr. Bull: among which may be mentioned a small though tough and sound specimen of genuine pollard oak, which Mr. Bull is accustomed to point out to his friends by the playful name of "Johnny." This Cabinet has never been altogether pleasing to Mr. Bull; but when it was sent home by the manufacturer, he consented to make use of it in default of a better. With a little grumbling he entrusted his choicest possessions to its safe-keeping, and placed it, in common with the rest of his worldly goods, under the care of Abby Dean. Now, I am not at the present moment prepared with a theory of the means by which this ill-starred female is enabled to exercise a subtle influence on inert matter; but, it is unquestionably a fact, known to many thousands of credible persons who have watched the case, that she has paralysed the whole Cabinet! Miraculous as it may appear, the Cabinet has derived infection from her somnambulistic guardianship. It is covered with dust, full of moth, gone to decay, and all but useless. The hinges are rusty, the locks are stiff, the creaking doors and drawers will neither open nor shut, Mr. Bull can insinuate nothing into it, and can get nothing out of it but office paper and red tape—of which article he is in no need whatever, having a vast supply on hand. Even Johnny is not distinguishable, in the general shrinking and warping of its ill-fitted materials; and I doubt if there ever were such a rickety piece of furniture beheld in the world!

Mr. Bull's distress of mind is so difficult to separate from his housekeeper's somnambulism, that I cannot present anything like a popular account of the old woman's disorder, without frequently naming her unfortunate master. Mr. Bull, then, has fallen into great trouble of late, the growth of which he finds it difficult to separate from his somnambulist. Thus. One Nick, a mortal enemy of Mr. Bull's—and possessing so much family resemblance to his spiritual enemy of the same name, that if that Nick be the father of lies, this Nick is at least the uncle—became extremely overbearing and aggressive, and, among other lawless proceedings, seized a Turkey which was kept in a Crescent in Mr. Bull's neighbourhood. Now, Mr. Bull, sensible that if the plain rules of right and wrong were once overborne, the security of his own possessions was at an end, joined the Crescent in demanding that the Turkey should be restored. Not that he cared particularly about the bird itself, which was quite unfit for Christmas purposes, but, because Nick's principles were of vital importance to his peace. He therefore instructed Abby Dean to represent, with patience, but with the utmost resolution and firmness, that there must be no stealing of Turkeys, or anything else, without punishment; and that if this Nick conducted himself in a felonious way, he (Mr. Bull) would feel constrained to chastise him. What does the old woman in pursuance of these instructions, but begin gabbling in a manner so drowsy, heavy, halting, and feeble, that the more Nick treats with her, the more persuaded he becomes—and naturally too—that Mr. Bull is a coward, who has no earnestness in him! Consequently, he sticks to his wicked intents, which there is a great probability he might otherwise have abandoned, and Mr. Bull is obliged to send his beloved children out to fight him.

The family of Mr. Bull is so brave, their nature is so astonishingly firm under difficulties, and they are a race so unsubduable in the might of their valour, that Mr. Bull cannot hear of their great exploits against his enemy, without enthusiastic emotions of pride and pleasure. But, he has a real tenderness for his children's lives in time of war—unhappily he is less sensible of the value of life in time of peace—and the good old man often weeps in private when he thinks of the gallant blood inexpressibly dear to him, that is shed, and is yet to be shed, in this cause. An exasperating part of Abby Dean's somnambulism is, that at this momentous and painful crisis in Mr. Bull's life, she still goes on "mooning about," (I again quote the worthy gentleman's words), in her old heavy way; presenting a contrast to the energy of his children, which is so extremely disagreeable, that Mr. Bull, though not a violent man, is sometimes almost goaded into knocking her on the head.

Another feature in this case—which we find to obtain in other cases of somnambulism in the books—is, that the patient often becomes confused, touching her own identity. She is observed to confound herself with those noble children of Mr. Bull whom I have just mentioned, and to take to herself more or less of the soaring reputation of their deeds. I clearly foresee, on an attentive examination of the latest symptoms, that this delusion will increase, and that within a few months she will be found sleepily insinuating to all the House that she has some real share in the glory those faithful sons have won. I am of opinion also, that this is a part of her disease which she will be capable of mysteriously communicating to the Cabinet, and that we shall find the whole of that lumbering piece of furniture, at about the same time, similarly afflicted.

It is further to be observed, as an incident of this perplexed case of sleep-waking, that the patient has sufficient consciousness to excuse herself from the performance of every duty she undertook to discharge in entering Mr. Bull's service, by one unvarying reference to the fight in which his children are engaged. The House is neglected, the estate is ill managed, the necessities and complaints of the people are unheeded, everything is put off and left undone, for this no-reason. "Whereas," as Mr. Bull observes—and there is no gainsaying it—"if I be unhappily involved in all this trouble at a distance, let me at least do some slight good at home. Let me have some compensating balance, here, for all my domestic loss and sorrow there. If my precious children be slain upon my right hand, let me, for God's sake, the better teach and nurture those now growing up upon my left." But where is the use of saying this, or of saying anything, to a somnambulist? Further still, than this.—Abby, in her mooning about, (for I again quote the words of Mr. Bull) is frequently overheard to mumble that if anybody touches her, it will be at the peril of Mr. Bull's brave children afar off, who will, in that event, suffer some mysterious damage. Now, although the meanest hind, within or without the House, might know better than to suppose this true or possible, I grieve to relate that it has a powerful effect in preventing efforts to awake her; and that many persons in the establishment who are capable of administering powerful shakes or wholesome wringings of the nose, are restrained hereby from offering their salutary aid. I should observe, as the closing feature of the case, that these mumblings are echoed in an ominous tone, by the Cabinet; and I am of opinion, from what I observe, that its echoes will become louder in about January or February next, if it should hang together so long.

This is the patient's state. The question to be resolved is, Can she be awakened? It is highly important that she should be, if Science can devise a way; for, until she can be roused to some sense of her condition in reference to Mr. Bull and his affairs, Mr. Bull can by no humane means rid himself of her. That she should be got into a state to receive warning, I agree with Mr. Bull in deeming of the highest importance. Although I wish him to avoid undue excitement, I never can remonstrate with him when he represents to me (as he does very often) that, in this eventful time what he requires to have at the head of his establishment, is—emphatically, a Man.

FIELD SERVICE.

A PRACTICAL work has just been compiled by the joint labours of several experienced Artillery officers, from which we glean a variety of facts, that may prove interesting in reference to the great events of the last few weeks.

The most destructive and scientific arm of the service, is horse, or flying artillery; the performances of a troop of which are sometimes astonishing. A battery of horse artillery is in fact a beautiful machine, composed of a great number and variety of parts. Say it is a battery, of six nine-pounder guns with their concomitants. It is waited upon by one hundred and ninety men and one hundred and seventy horses,—augmented, during the present war, to one hundred and eighty-two horses. Among the men we find six officers; that is, the captain of the troop, a second captain, three lieutenants, and one assistant surgeon—there being no want of medical aid for such an important arm. Then there are two experienced staff-sergeants, and thirteen other non-commissioned officers. The gunners and drivers form the greater portion of the privates, amounting to about one hundred and sixty men. The residue is made up of two trumpeters, to

transmit the signals which are given to them by word of mouth from the officers; a farrier; four shoeing smiths (each horse requires twelve sets of shoes a year); two wheelwrights; and two collar-makers, with some others. Of the horses, two each are allowed to the officers; there are four to spare; and the rest are attached, with their riders, to the nine-pounder guns for firing solid shot; the twenty-four-pounder howitzer for firing shells, which accompanies them; the ammunition waggon; the store limber waggon; the store cart; the forge waggon; and the rocket and spare gun carriages. The list of the articles carried with the guns and waggons is a long one. Round the gun and limber (the limber is the hinder part of the gun carriage, containing ammunition for immediate use, and which, like the tender to a locomotive engine, can be detached from the trail of the gun-carriage) are placed felling-axes, bill-hooks, grease-pots, ropes, spades, pickaxes, buckets, lifting-jacks, swingle-trees to which the traces are fastened, a prolonge or drag-rope, port-fire, spare sets of horse-shoes, tent-poles, pegs, picket-posts, reaping-hooks for cutting forage, mauls, camp-kettles, blankets, and corn-sacks,—all of course packed in the most perfect apple-pie order. Among the contents of the various boxes attached to each gun-carriage — near-box, off-box, middle-box, and so on — are corkscrews, files, funnels, fuse-boxes, knives, linch-pins, wallets, pincers, saws and a setter, scissors, needles, and a homely bale of worsted; accompanied by solid shot, cartridges, shrapnel shells, bursters, quick-match and fuse-bags, with other inflammables. Close to the gun are boxes containing a slow match, a set of priming irons, a tin primer—a gun-lock, ten flints, two punches, two spikes, a sponge-head for the gun cleaner, and thumb-stalls; which are flanked by a wadhook, spare sponge, hammers, hand-spikes, wrenches, and pincers. So much for the gun-carriage and limber. Upon looking at the ammunition-waggon we see a little magazine with duplicate supplies of every sort of munition — seventy or eighty solid shot, abundance of cartridges, port-fires, tubes, shrapnel shells, fuses, and other scientific appliances for mowing down "good tall fellows" in the most decisive manner. The very sight of these would have utterly extinguished the dandy lord who tried the patience of Hotspur, when "dry with rage and extreme toil," after a hard fight. All are carefully stowed away, according to the homely Teresa Tidy maxim, which is the soul of military arrangements—a place for everything, and everything in its place. To these are added store cart and store limber waggon carrying supplies of rough iron, wood, and leather, for repairs; also tools and miscellaneous necessaries and light baggage. The forge waggon carries smiths' tools, bellows, iron, shoes, and coal. There is besides a spare gun-carriage with stores, besides a rocket-waggon. Twelve-pounder rockets are destruction against troops at eight hundred to a thousand yards range, and against buildings at six hundred yards. They are especially useful to frighten horses; but they require careful management; without which they are as destructive to friend as to foe. In this train the heaviest load is a twenty-four pounder, on carriage complete, for which ten or twelve horses are required. The wonderfully rapid evolutions of this expert corps ought to be witnessed on a review-day at their head-quarters, Woolwich. On one occasion, we are told, a troop advanced five hundred yards (more than a quarter of a mile) fired two rounds, retired five hundred yards, and fired one round, in three minutes and four seconds. To appreciate this feat it is necessary to remember that, besides getting over the ground, at each halt the guns have to be unlimbered, loaded, pointed, fixed and limbered up again. A ricochet fire should be tried as much as possible; that is, the shot should be made to graze the surface at a ground-hop, and then fly off again—like a boy playing at ducks and drakes in the water. It will sometimes hit the ground ten, fifteen, twenty times, and more. The most elevated positions are not the best for artillery, for the greatest effects are produced at a height equal to one-hundredth part of the range of the shot.

When carrying a non-commissioned officer, the weight of the man and his appointments is reckoned at two hundred and forty pounds. This is less than for a heavy dragoon-horse; which, on ordinary occasions, carries two hundred and sixty-three pounds, exclusive of six pounds ration for the man, and twenty pounds ration for the beast. Troop horses are not altogether teetotallers. They find a wine-glass of spirits in half a pint of water a very refreshing cordial. They are very fond of sweets also. In the Peninsular war, they throve remarkably well on a daily ration of eight pounds of sugar and seven pounds of hay, with no corn. When their drinking-water is hard, a knob of clay mixed with it softens it.

Six horses with a nine-pounder can march four miles in one hour and a half, or sixteen miles in ten hours, allowing for periodical halts. The trot is put at the rate of seven miles, and the gallop at eleven miles an hour.

Captain Lefroy gives, in his Hand Book for Field Service, some good rules for choosing a military horse, followed by useful chapters on the diseases to which he is subject, and rules of age. The latter beginning with, "As a horse never dies of old age" sounds like a cruel doom; but it is true that he generally dies by the hand of the executioner, either in the battle-field or in the knacker's yard. The formidable list of equine infirmities will remind the reader of the practical knowledge Shakespeare

displays in his description of the steed rode by that mad wag, Petruchio: — "His horse hipped with an old motley saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the clime; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten." Inferior horses are useful in the baggage-train; for which mules and oxen are also found useful; the latter, especially, for heavy draught in a rugged country. The ox is welcome for a more substantial reason, as he yields, when the time comes to cut him up, three hundred and seventy-five to five hundred rations of beef of one pound and a quarter to each man; while a sheep furnishes only forty to fifty rations. Although the camel, in a sandy soil, goes only two miles an hour, he will keep it up for twenty hours, and carry six to ten hundred weight. Camels are important assistants in Indian warfare, and they have been found of great use in the Crimea. Cattle employed for the conveyance of baggage are technically called bat (sounded "baw") animals, just as officers' servants are styled "baw" men.

From an interesting chapter on strategical science, we learn, among other things, that "a gentle slope is the most advantageous ground to have in front of a battery;" and that "fifty to one hundred and fifty yards of soft marshy ground, where the enemy's shot would sink; gullies or ravines crossing the enemy's fire at right angles, with a terrace of six to ten feet elevation, about twenty paces in front of a battery; are all good obstacles to the enemy's fire." This almost describes, verbatim, the best points of the Russian position above the Alma.

Some curious facts and calculations relative to the distance and proximity of an enemy, so important to be judged of in warfare, are set forth by the same authority. It is calculated that if the enemy's cavalry are one thousand yards off when they begin to move, they will take about seven minutes to come up—first at a gentle trot, then at a round trot, and finally at a gallop; and, during this interval, each gun can discharge at them, with great precision, ten rounds of round shot and four of case shot (that is, shot put up into a cylinder); or about one round every half minute. This is exclusive of the fire of the infantry with their small arms. The effects of a steady fire may be instanced by what took place at Dresden under Napoleon's eye. A body of eight thousand splendid Austrian cavalry dashed down an easy slope at the French—a terrible sight to a young recruit; but on this occasion they were met by the Emperor's Old Guard, who were used to it. They reserved their fire till the enemy were close upon them; and, when they did fire and the smoke had cleared away, four thousand of that immense host were on the ground, either killed or dismounted by the death of their horses.

At two thousand yards off a single man or horse looks like a dot; at twelve hundred yards infantry can be distinguished from cavalry; at nine hundred the movements become clear; at seven hundred and fifty yards heads of columns can be made out. Infantry marching send out strong lights, and, if the reflection be brilliant, it is probable that they are marching towards you. The dust raised by cavalry and artillery forms a thick cloud; but this is fainter when caused by infantry.

Under the head of Marches, we are reminded of Marshal Saxe's profound dictum, that the whole secret of war is in "the legs." Marches preface the victories, which battles decide, and pursuit completes. The order of march of an army is this,—infantry, artillery, baggage, cavalry; and a column of thirty thousand men thus disposed, would occupy three miles, and would require two hours at least to range in two lines of battle. A day's march with the lightly armed Romans was eighteen and a half miles; but, for ordinary armies in modern times fifteen miles is allowed, in consideration of the artillery, baggage, and other impediments. But we must not overlook what can be done on extraordinary emergencies.

For instance, General Crawford astonished even the Duke of Wellington, when he joined him after the battle of Talavera, with his light brigade, having marched sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours. Lord Lake's cavalry gallop of seventy-three miles, to the scene of Holkar's defeat at Furruckabad, was performed in the same number of hours. In forced marches, the greatest obstacle to the infantry is blistered feet, to prevent which, feet should be greased well beforehand. Tallow dropped from the candle into common spirits, and rubbed well into the feet, is a cure of blisters already raised. The ordinary quick step is equal to three miles an hour; but this rate cannot be kept up after the first hour or two. Double quick is at the rate of seven miles an hour. On parade, a military pace is thirty inches, two thousand one hundred and twelve of which equal a mile.

Where troops sleep without cover—as we know will sometimes happen with the best regulated armies—and must often happen in armies under red-tape rule, in which the men are governed by the general, their food by the commissariat, and their tents by the ordnance; each department utterly independent of the other—they sleep with their feet towards the fire (one fire to six men); but in a marshy country they should be made to sleep between two fires, which promotes a free circulation of air—the great secret of health where fever and ague are prevalent. A useful cookery hint:—Take your

ration of meat, wrap it in a piece of paper or cloth, and cover it with a crust of clay; then you may bake it in any sort of holes well covered over with red-hot embers; and with good economy too; for not a jot of the juice of the meat is lost.

From fire we pass to ice, to mention a recipe for improving the passage across a freezing river. When the ice is thick enough to bear a man, lay six inches of straw down and pour water on it; and when the whole mass has frozen together, lay down planks, and it will be strong enough to bear a train of field artillery. Great caution is used in passing a pontoon bridge, as well as a suspension bridge; and, to counteract the dangerous rocking to which there is a tendency, the troops should never keep step, or halt upon it, unless it has begun to rock. In swimming a horse, give him his head; and, if he is distressed throw yourself off and hold on by the mane, or the tail; for he cannot kick in the water. But, as he swims nearly upright, the mane is more convenient.

Temporary works in the field are hastily raised to afford protection to the camp, and to enable the troops to annoy the enemy more effectually. The main features are a parapet breast high, for a screen; and a ditch or trench outside. The cubical contents of these two are about equal; so that what is thrown out of the trench just serves to make the parapet; as in planning a railway, the great art of the engineer is to lay his line at such inclinations, that the stuff taken from the cuttings shall suffice to form the embankments. One to two cubic yards per hour is the allowance for each soldier, who under these circumstances works without additional pay; the use of the spade, pick-axe, and barrow being as essential for the defensive, as that of the musket and bayonet for the offensive operations of the army. An exception is however justly made for the performance of certain duties at sieges—say, the siege of Sebastopol—and in special cases. Where the soil is unfavourable, or time forbids its use, artificial parapets are raised with piles of gabions, fascines, and sandbags. To obstruct the enemy, sharp palisades are stuck in the ground here and there; and abatis, or small trees in the rough state, are dispersed in all directions.

The fascine is a large faggot, the full size of which is eighteen feet, and the weight one hundred and forty pounds: the gabion is a coarse basket, a foot and three-quarters to two feet and three-quarters high, weighing when filled forty pounds. Along with tarred sandbags, these are used in immense quantities, to build up the extempore walls of batteries, made on the same principle as the field-works. It is the proper business of the sappers and miners of the engineer department to construct such batteries, and it is usually performed at night-time, that the men may be less exposed to the enemy's fire. Working parties are at the rate of eleven to fourteen per gun, assisted by volunteers from the rest of the army. In the sieges of the Peninsular war, next to the sappers, the guards, we are told, were found to be the best workmen; and this is the character they bear at Sebastopol. Such is the zeal of their officers, that they do not disdain to act the part of foremen over their men, under the direction of the engineers.

The management of battering trains requires great energy, patience, and attention from the artillery officer. First, he has to consider the quantity of ordnance—six guns being used to every four howitzers or mortars, besides allowing for spare guns: then, the ammunition; and next, the means of transport. With regard to the ammunition, it is stated that at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in six days, eighteen hundred and twenty-five barrels of powder were expended; at Badajoz, in eight days, two thousand two hundred and seventy-one barrels; and at the two sieges of Saint Sebastian, five thousand and twenty-one barrels. As to shot, the average per gun may be (this is speaking roughly) about five hundred; and of shells, one hundred and twenty; but the general conclusion from former sieges is that a breach, one hundred feet wide, can be made by the expenditure of ten thousand six hundred twenty-four-pounder shot, at five hundred yards distance. With a commanding position, much less will suffice.

Upon inquiring into the execution done we find, from elaborate experiments tried in eighteen hundred and thirty-four at the great artillery school at Metz, a thirty-six pounder, with only one-third charge, at one thousand yards, penetrated twelve inches into good rubble masonry, thirty-one inches into sound oak, and nearly six feet into a mass of earth, sand and clay. An eight-inch shell penetrates twenty-three feet into compact earth. One thirteen-inch iron mortar, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a charge of twenty-five pounds, ranged four thousand eight hundred and fifty yards. Weak powder is sensibly improved by heating it, with proper care. Exposure to the sun is useful.

Double-shotting, which is chiefly practised in the navy, may be safely tried at short distances with heavy guns. It would seem easy to sink a ship by hitting her below water; but the fact is, the resistance of the water is so great, that a shot can hardly penetrate it; and the only way to damage the ship, would be to catch her as she heels over. Steamers with their machinery below the water-line are as safe as sailing vessels; even many holes in the funnels are of slight consequence.

The smooth bored percussion musket will fire sixty rounds in thirty minutes, and carry two hundred yards. The carbines used by the artillery and cavalry carry one hundred and fifty yards. These, however, are nothing

to the new rifle muskets and carbines with Minié balls which are good at eight hundred to one thousand yards. Artillery do not need carbines carrying beyond three hundred yards, as their heavy ordnance effectually keeps the enemy at a respectful distance.

A few hints for the transportation of troops by rail are drawn from the instructions issued by the Minister of War in France. One is to the effect that horses should be embarked in the train before feeding, and fed on the journey, which keeps them quieter. But with regard to the railway, it is found that when infantry travel by rail the expense is double that of a march; that of cavalry, six times; and that of artillery, fifteen times; for which reasons, as well as on account of the importance of keeping up the habit of long marches, the railway is resorted to only on particular emergencies.

Skill in measuring distances is an important branch in military education. The use of instruments, and certain mathematical rules, must, of course, be learnt; but without them, distance can be accurately reckoned by sound. The flash of a gun is seen before the report is heard; multiply every second of that interval by three hundred and eighty yards, every beat of the pulse in health by three hundred and four yards, and you get the exact distance of yourself from the gun. There is "the peak of a cap" method; which is said to be good for distances under a hundred yards, on level ground. Suppose you want to measure the distance of an inaccessible point, say on the opposite side of a river, draw your cap over your eyes, till the peak just meets the point; then turn smoothly on your heels, keep your head stiff, and notice when the peak covers some other point which is accessible. You can then measure the ground between yourself and that accessible point, by pacing. The distance will of course be the same as that to the inaccessible point. But the best, or rather the most useful of all calculators, is the eye itself; which, after repeated trials, will register distances with great accuracy. The value of musketry and artillery in action depends on an officer's judgment in this respect. His sketch of the field for the use of the general is executed with the eye, the pocket compass, and by pacing. An officer on service had better be without his watch than a compass. Yet mother-wit is all in all. When Marlborough was sent on a mission to Charles the Twelfth, he noticed a pair of compasses lying on the map, with the legs pointing towards St. Petersburg, and instantly concluded that the King's thoughts turned that way, which was the case. Major-General Arthur Wellesley coming to a river which his guides insisted was impassable, was rather puzzled, his rear being exposed to an overwhelming force of the enemy's cavalry; but, seeing a few cottages on its banks, he took what seemed the desperate resolution of making for the river, discovered a ford, and won the battle of Assaye; and all from guessing that men did not build villages on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them.

No soldier should be without useful hints in the case of wounded or sick men, when the doctor is not at hand. Fever, ague, and dysentery, are the diseases soldiers are most liable to. For ague there are several common vegetable substitutes, in the absence of quinine, the king of all: such as willow bark, orange-leaf water, the root of the sweet-scented flag, oak bark, gentian,—to which add catechu and bitters in general for dysentery or diarrhœa, and holly bark for ague. The last remedy on the list is a truly military one—namely, a charge of powder swallowed in water is a prompt and safe emetic.

Popularly, a regiment is said to consist of a thousand men; but at present the actual strength of an infantry regiment is a battalion of thirteen hundred and thirty-seven men of all ranks. One-third of this number, or four companies (each company being composed of a captain, two subalterns, five sergeants, five corporals, ninety-five privates), form the depôt or reserve at home; while the other eight, amounting to eight hundred and ninety-five men, are the service companies on duty abroad. A regiment of cavalry numbers two hundred and seventy-one horses, or three hundred and sixty-one horses in the dragoons, and as many as seven hundred and three in the East Indies. What is called a division of an army is a force of from five to ten thousand men, in command of a general, and made up of two or three brigades of three or four regiments each of infantry, two or three gun-batteries of six pieces each, and a proportion of cavalry. In reckoning their number, it is customary to deduct ten per cent sick or disabled; so that five regiments of say eight hundred each would represent three thousand six hundred fighting men actually in the field. A division in line of battle is posted in two lines, one in rear of the other, with the cavalry behind, and a reserve of guns and one or two regiments behind these, to be kept fresh in case of need. Some idea of the extent of a line may be gathered from these numbers: a regiment of eight hundred stretches two hundred and fifty yards; a division of three brigades, seven hundred and thirty-five yards, allowing for spaces between; and a regiment of cavalry, four hundred yards. The guns are posted in front, or at the flanks, at each end of the line; the right flank and wing being at your right hand as you *face* the enemy, the left flank at your left hand. Generally, the artillery have the honour to begin the encounter, supported by the fire of infantry. When the former have done sufficient execution, the latter advance with the bayonet to complete the business; and when the enemy is disorganised, or in flight, cavalry follow up the blow and dart off

in pursuit. Artillery are usually employed opposite artillery, cavalry against cavalry, and so on, according to circumstances. It is only "devils dressed in red and white" who go up—as the gallant light division of infantry at the Alma did—and, contrary to all the rules of strategy, take a battery of artillery in the face of an astonished foe.

CHIP.

DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

Amongst the many things not generally known, I have no hesitation in placing the number of insane criminals of this country. I do not allude to those convicted criminals who become insane whilst serving out their term of punishment, but to a class of persons whose existence is not known beyond the limits of jails and lunatic asylums. Dr. Hood, a writer on criminal lunacy, tells us that during the fifteen years ending with eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there were not less than four hundred and forty-one prisoners at various assizes who were either found insane on arraignment, or were acquitted on the plea of insanity. Of these, above one-half were indicted for offences against the person, the other half for offences against property.

It is a merciful provision of our laws that no insane person or idiot can be held accountable for his acts, and cannot therefore be tried for any offences committed whilst in that state. The same laws empower the sovereign to interfere in all such cases; and, by royal warrant, to order insane offenders into safe custody in jails or asylums during her Majesty's pleasure. This royal warrant is an irrevocable instrument. Few committed under it are ever liberated, no matter what their after condition may be; and thus it happens that persons indicted for such offences as manslaughter or ordinary offences against property, though acquitted as insane, are in reality placed in a worse position than if found guilty.

This state of things arises from defective legislation. The laws provide for the temporary custody of insane offenders, and declare that they shall be so retained until her Majesty's pleasure be made known. It happens, however, very unfortunately for those persons, that her Majesty never does declare any pleasure or wish on the subject of their custody. The royal warrant is traced in the waters of Lethe, and thus it happens that four hundred and forty-one persons are lost sight of; an average of thirty annually being handed over to the custody of county jails and lunatic asylums for the remainder of their natural lives. Many of these, as may be imagined, are persons of education, station, and refinement, who have, whilst labouring under the influence of a disordered intellect, committed offences against the laws of their country. Yet these persons are shut up, with no hope of release from their bondage. Acquitted by a jury, they are punished by laws which leave them without any protection. Her Majesty's pleasure, in this instance, is a fiction, and the legislature cannot interfere too soon for the relief of the four hundred and odd unfortunates who have been so long waiting her Majesty's pleasure.

RAG FAIR IN PARIS.

The Parisians have a notion that the art of dressing well is attainable only in their own capital. This may be true enough with regard to ladies; but as far as the male sex are concerned, I scarcely agree with them. The question, however, is so entirely a matter of taste, that it is not worth discussing; and, save that the Parisians make more of themselves externally than we do—a thing easily accomplished—there is not much difference now-a-days between us. Clifford Street or the Rue de Choiseul turn out very nearly the same sort of made-up man. Of course, if you choose to go to the Palais Royal, and suffer yourself to be guided by what you see there, in the windows of the ready-made establishments, you may procure a costume infinitely more striking than you are likely to find in Oxford Street or the Strand, but I do not exactly know the place, not a lunatic asylum, where you could safely wear it. For instance, it was only last week, that I paused admiringly at the tailor's shop close to the Frères Provençaux, my attention being riveted on a suit of male attire, to array oneself in which would, I think, have been as severe a test of moral courage as any that could possibly be devised. The gentleman who exposed it for sale said it was très simple, and so, in one respect it was; for the pantalon and gilet were all of a piece, and might be indued in a moment; in point of construction, therefore, he was right. But on the score of decoration it could scarcely be praised for its simplicity, and when I rather shrugged my shoulders at the term he made use of, he instantly met the objection by asserting that the style was tout à fait nouveau. Here, too, he was right again. It *was* quite new, as you shall judge. The combined garments of which I have spoken presented the semblance of a very tight, headless, armless man, without his coat. They were made of cashmere, of a bright, butter-cup yellow, and were profusely embroidered with scarlet braid, of a wormy pattern, which climbed up the legs of the pantalon, and spread itself all over the breast of the gilet. "And what kind of coat," I asked, when I had gazed my fill at these astounding continuations, "what kind of coat do you recommend to go with these?" "Voilà, monsieur," replied the tailor, triumphantly, making a dart at a redingote, which stood by itself, "ça ira à merveille!" He evidently thought he had got a customer. It was a short frock, of a chasseur-like cut, expanding immoderately at the bosom and

skirts, and contracting to the smallest wearable dimensions at the waist. Its hue was a rich snuff-coloured brown, and like the garments which it so exquisitely companioned, it was overlaid with scarlet worsted embroidery, in vandyked brandenbourgs, as they are called, in front, and of a tendril-formed device on the sleeves and round the lower edges. "And upon what occasion," I asked, "could this suit be worn?" "But, whenever Monsieur pleases," was the reply; "though," he added, perceiving probably some symptoms of doubt in my countenance, "I invented that costume chiefly for in-doors wear; in the morning, at breakfast, for example, for study and for repose." Study and repose! In such garments! I made the tailor a low bow, and left him to find another customer, and I dare say he has secured one before this.

It would be a curious history, no doubt, if one could trace that suit of clothes from the first purchaser to the last; from its original display in the Palais Royal to its final exhibition in Rag Fair. This thought suggested to me the idea of paying a visit to the great repository of cast-off finery in the Rue du Temple, and, hailing a citadine as I left the Palais Royal, I desired to be driven there. Cabmen have one common propensity in all great cities; they invariably choose their course through the most obscure and narrowest streets. Perhaps, considering the point I started from, there was not much choice on this occasion, for my route lay through the heart of Paris, traversing the Place des Victoires (I wonder if the statue of the Grand Monarque is reconciled yet to the low neighbourhood), and cutting across the Rue Montmartre, the Rue St.-Denis, the Rue St.-Martin, and threading streets that bear the strangest names, until I emerged into positive daylight, in a broad part of the Rue du Temple, close to the place I was in search of. The easiest and pleasantest way, if you are on the north side of Paris, is to take the line of the Boulevards, but there is no difficulty in reaching the spot from any quarter; only it is as well to give the name of the street in which the Halle au Vieux-Linge is situated, or you may be taken to some other depot of frippery, there being two or three more in Paris, though on a smaller scale.

Until the great street, now in progress—which so boldly cuts its way through everything—was begun, few parts of Paris had witnessed more change than the Quartier du Temple. It is scarcely necessary to say that the quartier so called derives its name from an establishment of Knights-Templars. Those military monks, the offspring of the Crusades, were settled in Paris as far back as anno Domini eleven hundred and forty-seven, in which year they held a chapter of their order; not, it is believed, upon the present site of the Temple, which, however, was founded where it afterwards remained, somewhere about anno Domini eleven hundred and eighty. According to an old map of Paris, the building stood, not only at some distance from the inhabited part of the city, but nearly half a mile outside the walls, between the stream called Menil-Montant and the Porte du Braque, one of the fortified gates of the third enclosure of Paris, which was made by Philip Augustus. You would be very much puzzled to trace the course of that stream now, and if you wished to find the fortified gate, you must look for its former locality close to the Imperial Printing-office, in the Rue Vieille du Temple—an edifice which, before it was converted to its present uses, was owned by the Cardinal de Rohan, too celebrated for the part he played in the affair of the Diamond Necklace. The Temple was originally a simple monastery, but as the brotherhood increased in wealth and extended their territory (until their domain bore the designation of Ville Neuve du Temple), the necessity for defending their property arose, and, in the year twelve hundred and twelve, Hubert, the treasurer of the order, constructed the famous tower, which, nearly six centuries afterwards, became the prison of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. It was built in the form of a square, with the great tower in the centre and four turrets at the angles of the lofty walls, and as the city continued to increase, it stood in the midst of civilisation an unchanged memorial of feudal anarchy. The fate of its earliest occupants is well known. For a hundred years after the erection of their fortress, the Knights-Templars continued to flourish, and held so high a jurisdiction that the Enclos du Temple—as it was termed—became, like the precincts of our own Whitefriars, a sanctuary for homicides, cutpurses, bankrupts, and debtors of every degree, the two last-named classes enjoying the privilege of asylum down to the period of the first French revolution. But, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the wealth of the Templars had become so great, that Philippe le Bel, who at that time reigned over France, resolved upon the confiscation of their property and their utter extermination. The cruelty of his persecution stands out in dark relief even against the many horrors that were perpetrated during the middle ages; and with the death of Jacques de Molai, the Grand Master, who was burnt at the stake in thirteen hundred and fourteen, the Order of the Knights-Templars entirely passed away. The king immediately seized upon their treasures, of which, however, he had but brief enjoyment, being killed by a fall from his horse about eight months afterwards. The fortress he kept as a royal treasury; and the monastery, with its dependencies, he gave to the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem,—a brotherhood better known in later times as the Knights of Malta. These latter, who built a magnificent palace in the enclosure, retained possession of the property until their order was, in its turn, extinguished. The ascetic

habits of the primitive brotherhood had long been forgotten; but, under the Regent Orleans, there existed a Grand Prior of the Knights of Malta, who did his best to make the excesses of the Temple vie with the orgies of the Palais Royal. This was Philippe de Vendôme, a royal prince, and worthily allied by blood to the dissolute Regent. In his time the suppers at the Temple were, with all their license, considered the pleasantest in Paris, owing to the wit and social qualities of the guests whom the Grand Prior collected round him. La Fare shone there in all the brilliancy of his wit and gaiety; Chaulieu, who inhabited a house in the enclosure,—having most likely excellent reasons for doing so,—was the habitual companion of M. de Vendôme, and at eighty years of age sang, like Anacreon, the joys of love and wine; Mademoiselle de Launay did not withhold her charms and her clever repartees; and the name of Baptiste Rousseau is to be found on the convivial list. His name recals that of the more celebrated Jean Jacques, who, fifty years afterwards, when the Prince de Conti was Grand Prior of the Knights of Malta, sought protection in the Temple from his political enemies, and from those which were conjured up by his own sombre imagination. It is said that the right of asylum in the Temple lasted until the revolution. It was a privilege which a French nobleman of that time would not willingly part with, on account of the large revenue it brought to the Grand Prior,—the houses in the enclosure letting at a much higher price than the best hotels in Paris. The tenants of these abodes kept carefully within the precincts of the sanctuary during six days of the week, for fear of capture from the numerous officers of justice who were constantly on the watch; but the Sabbath was free to them to issue forth, as the Sunday of Queen's Bench "rulers." Of the imprisonment of Louis the Sixteenth and his unfortunate family in the tower of the Temple, it is unnecessary for me to speak; but of other celebrated persons who were confined there I may mention the names of Sir Sidney Smith, who escaped from it; of Toussaint Louverture, who was only removed to die in the fort of Joux; and of Pichegru and Captain Wright, both of whom committed suicide within its walls. The Order of the Knights of Malta was suppressed in seventeen hundred and ninety, and the tower itself was demolished in eighteen hundred and eleven, having stood just long enough to witness the most singular transformation that ever befel a monkish colony.

In the year eighteen hundred and nine, in conformity with previous ordinances decreeing the same, on the site of the splendid palace of the Knights of Malta the first stone was laid of an immense market for the sale of old clothes, rags, apparel of the cheapest kind, and all those nondescript articles, tattered, battered, musty, rusty, worn-out and used-up, which in London are conglomerated in dealers' shops under the name of marine stores! The ground which constituted the enclosure of the Temple was conceded to the city of Paris for this purpose—and this only—("ne pourra être consacré à aucun autre usage") for the space of ninety-nine years, at an annual fixed rental, and, by a decree dated from the imperial camp of Osterade, and signed by Napoleon the First, it was ordained that upon the space above indicated there should be constructed a covered market, consisting of eighteen hundred and eighty-eight stalls for shops, divided into two series of nine hundred and fourty-four each. When I say that every one of these stalls, and a host of subsidiary establishments round about, are devoted entirely to the sale of chiffons, you may imagine the briskness of the trade of Paris Rag Fair!

Take any avenue you please—there are plenty for choice—and you see at once the nature of the traffic that is carried on. To economise space, the stalls are grouped in blocks of four each, two side by side being backed by two more similarly placed, and having a passage all round them which admits of two persons walking abreast, to survey at leisure the various wares displayed. The main avenues are rather wider, and unless your object be special, it is sufficient for ordinary purposes to perambulate these. "Qu'est-ce que vous désirez, monsieur?" or "madame," as the case may be (What d'ye lack?), greet you at every step. You are a stranger, well-dressed, and it might be supposed are there only from motives of curiosity; but the boutiquières, or noguettes, as they used to be termed (they are chiefly women), understand nothing of the sort—in that place—and urge you to buy the most unnecessary things. You have nothing to do, they tell you, but to "regulate your choice,"—a thing more easily said than done, particularly when you have no idea of buying anything. If ever the embarras des richesses existed anywhere, it is in the Halle au Vieux-Linge. Let me, as well as my memory will permit, describe a few of the objects which are there arranged.

Bonnets of all sorts, of every size, shape, material, and colour; in the oldest style, of which there can be no doubt; in the newest fashion, which you may hesitate to believe, though the assurance of the fact is most positive. Dangling beside them, from hooks in the framework of the stall, are the substitutes and congeners of bonnets: caps of lace, net, muslin, cambric, and cotton, for day or night wear, and what ladies call cap-fronts, things which bear the same relation to caps that collars do to shirts, only they are much more ornamental, and rival the rainbow in variety of hue. On one side, on a counter, lie heaps of soiled and faded artificial flowers, from out of which a pair of busy hands select the cleanest and least damaged, and by dint of wire and thread, weave them again into

wreaths, which, as fast as they are completed, are hung up as proud specimens of the latest invention,—as indeed they are. On another side you turn and behold piles of stays and stacks of dislocated whalebone, which, by well-managed appliance, shall once more lend shape and symmetry to the overgrown and outgrown female form. If your eye wanders a little further, it will light on scores of veils, black, white, blue, green, and brown,—and do not doubt that even real Chantilly may have crept in amongst the commoner nets and gauzes. So of the velvets: those bodies and skirts, which are being so carefully unpicked, came from Genoa and Lyons as well as from meaner places; good and bad are here as much mixed as elsewhere, and all are turned to account. If that robe which once swept a royal parquet may never do so again, there are parts of it still available for less ambitious purposes; but no effort is spared in the way of renovation,—and how much may be done by restoring and retrimming none can say who have not bought a ball dress at Rag Fair. To the uninitiated, all those bundles of scraps, to which no definite geometrical shape belongs, seem as if they could only be used for garden shreds; but see how carefully they are tied up and set aside. A fortnight hence they will be returned by the dyer as ready for service as when they first were fashioned. You fancy that, amongst these remnants of by-gone finery, some at least must be wholly useless Undeceive yourself: a full-grown gown must have been sadly damaged by its last owner if it cannot furnish forth the materials for a child's frock. It is the same with every article of dress that you can think of,—furs, feathers, silks, serge, muslin, calico; dirty now, clean to-morrow; restored, rehabilitated, adapted again and again to "a brighter ray and more beloved existence." Aprons, scarfs, fichus, foulards, mysterious objects which bear the name of postiches, and have, I dare say, some hidden virtue, fans, gloves, slippers, shoes, boots, parasols, umbrellas, even jewellery,—after its kind,—have a locus standi in the Halle au Vieux-Linge, where old linen, though it claims its share, has by no means an undue prominence. It is impossible that you can be at a loss for anything: equally impossible, think the stall-keepers, that you can pass through this forest of decayed wardrobes without weaving for yourself a garland from the fallen leaves. If you give credit to their seductive phrases, the only difference between Madame Choichillon, Boutique No. treize cent soixante-dix-huit, and Madame La Plume, Rue Neuve-Vivienne, No. dix, au premier, is that at the former you may buy for eight francs a chapeau which at the latter shall cost you eighty; and Madame Choichillon guarantees that whatever you purchase shall be without any reserve,—incontestibly du dernier goût. If you doubt her assertion, try on the bonnet she now offers,—look at yourself in the glass,—there is a looking-glass, I believe, in every one of these boutiques,—and say candidly whether, in the whole course of your life, you ever saw anything more becoming. *I*, however, would not offer *my* guarantee as to the becomingness of your appearance in some of the hats, coats, waistcoats, and trousers, which are no less freely offered than the female habiliments I have spoken of; neither do I think you would find much utility in the contents of the marine-store shops, particularly if you happen to be, as I was when I visited Rag Fair, a traveller en route for Switzerland, with only a carpet-bag for holding everything. Under such circumstances, horse-shoes, flat-irons, shovels, chains, door-locks, and tenpenny nails, are likely to be an incumbrance.

Of the general aspect of the market—which is kept perfectly clean—I may observe, that the more aristocratic garments,—those that have cleaved to the forms of duchesses, countesses, and so forth,—are chiefly to be found near the central avenues; that the commoner sort taper off laterally, and that it is on the very outsides you must look for the greater part of the articles of male attire. The ready-made bootmakers, cobblers, vampers, and all who deal in shoe-leather, have indeed established a complete cordon round the market; and, as their boutiques face the street, they are enabled to add to the lures by which they inveigle customers the attraction of painted signs ad libitum. In the display of these they exhibit great brilliancy of imagination and richness of fancy,—not always accordant, however, with the calling of the sons of St. Crispin. Take the following as specimens:—"Au bleu soleil;" here you have a blue sun on a golden ground, the reverse, I believe, of the ordinary operation of nature. "Au reveil matin;" this is a domestic male fowl, also blue, crowing with all his might. "A la pensée;" an enormous heartsease, which entirely covers the signboard. "Au galant jardinier;" a spick-and-span new gardener, with a flower-pot in one hand and a spade in the other, selected as an emblem probably on account of his wearing a striking pair of highlows. "A la petite chaise;" a chair, and nothing more, figurative perhaps of the seat you *might* occupy, *if* you went in to try on a pair of boots. "Au papillon bleu;" a very handsome butterfly, possibly the blue-winged butterfly of Cachemire, "the radiant queen of Eastern spring," which makes a figure in the Bride of Abydos; you will notice that blue has the call throughout. "Aux deux entêtés;" there is a mystery about this sign which I am unable to explain; a young lady, without her bonnet, is endeavouring to conduct a donkey towards some undiscovered bourne; the animal resists, as donkeys only can resist, persuasion; the young lady tugs at the halter; the quadruped plants its feet firmly, neither can stir a peg,—obstinacy beautifully developed. The next, "A la gueule dans (en) peine" is a painted rebus, explained by a bar of music

(la), a mouth wide open (gueule), a set of teeth (dents), and a comb (peigne). All honour to the inventor of this hieroglyphic! Equally obscure in its application to her trade is the sign over the shop of Madame Meswinkal, who, for some unexplained reason, chooses to call herself a mouse (dite Souris). Her emblem, "A la petite souris," exhibits a lively representation of a ham, a loaf of bread, a knife, a tumbler, and a mouse and a mouse-trap. On looking at it, I asked myself these questions—not wishing to disturb Madame Meswinkal, who had fallen asleep while in the act of mending an old shoe—Why should the mouse be expected to go into the trap when the provisions are placed on the floor? And of what use to a mouse are an empty tumbler and a table-knife? Accessories, you will say, which convey to the mind a notion of the plenty which begets temptation; but, again I ask, in what respect do they concern boots and shoes? There is some meaning in the words "chat botté" and "loup botté," though it has never been my fortune to meet with either a cat or a wolf in boots. The "Petit soulier blanc," an embroidered white satin slipper on a golden cushion, tells its own tale; the "Botte chinoise" is equally pertinent; and "Le coq et la botte" is perhaps intended to impress one with the belief that a well-polished boot is many degrees superior to a looking-glass. Such signs as "Le perroquet," "Le chien fidèle," and "La raquette," produce no greater effect than commonplace people in lively society.

But the operations of the great Paris Rag Fair are not confined to the regular halles. In addition to these, there is a high oval-shaped building, with an arcade extending all around it, called the Rotonde, in which, as in the coulisses at the Bourse, a great deal of business is transacted. Chiefly in the theatrical line: that branch of it which travels in wandering booths, and appears suddenly, with a great noise of drums and trumpets, in remote country towns and villages. A theatrical wardrobe and set of properties, let it be never so orthodox or well mounted, wears a strange aspect in the garish light of day, and when the sun blazes full upon the "traps" that are exposed for sale in the Rotonde du Temple, I leave you to judge what the effect is likely to be, supposing you are not a purchaser of such articles, as their proprietors kindly invite you to become. What spoils are here of Greek and Roman tragedies, of moyen-age melodramas, of antediluvian comedies, of creaking operas, and of wornout vaudevilles! The dagger, the bowl, the knightly sword, the armour of (tinsel) proof, the chapeau-galonné, the robe à guirlande, the pantalon rayé, the bottes à l'écuyère!—how grimed, how besmirched, how faded, how tarnished, how utterly and absolutely (as it seems) used-up are all these things! And yet, setting them out on the pavement and hanging them up to the pillars, as if only that moment removed from silver paper, Monsieur Nory, whose affiche tells you that he owns a theatrical wardrobe (tient la garderobe théâtrale), parades his costumes and properties with as much importance as if he scarcely thought it probable that the united wealth of Paris could buy him up. It is not, however, to the interests of the drama that all the shops in the Rotonde and other places adjacent are devoted. Another affiche, frequently repeated, says that Monsieur Jules Lollier, Monsieur Copin, or some other, is a "marchand d'habits pour la province;" and this explains a good deal respecting the very odd sort of costume which you so often meet with on fête days in villages some twenty or thirty miles from Paris; though, for that matter, it is scarcely necessary to travel beyond the Marais to light at any time upon some figure of fun. You have also the marchand chapelier pour la province, and many other merchants, who take care of country folks in various ways. With all, the principle appears to be, that old clothes are immortal, and that there is nothing so râpé but may somehow be turned to account. Do these merchants, then, never throw anything away as quite unsaleable and useless? Sometimes they do so, but mistakenly, for even *their* refuse has attractions for somebody. In a heap of dust and decayed vegetables I saw an old man curiously diving with a long stick. He poked out a few discoloured rags, turned them over carefully, and then, as something caught his eye, stooped and picked it up. It was a piece of string, which he put into a basket, already half full of similar fragments. He called himself, I suppose, a marchand de ficelle, and very likely made a good thing of it. As I did not expect to find a lower deep than this, I went back to my citadine and took leave of Rag Fair.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

HERE we are shadows—and our lives but dreams,
And dreams perchance our inner waking life;
For all unreal is the thing that seems,
And airiest visions oft with truth are rife.
Why should we perish in this pinfold strife,
Of passions wild—thoughts vain—and purposes
Wild as the baffled might of stormy seas,
And not with this world war—even to the knife,
Knew we our glory? From a distant land,
Thro' the long vista of the years we pass,
Like pictures fleeting o'er the wizard's glass,
To learn to suffer, ere we may command;
And yet we sink supinely—like the grass
That heaves on the dead surf of Lethe's strand.

II.

Formed of unknown immortal elements,
Bright segments we of Heaven's vast central sun,
Whose essence all pervades and nought prevents,
The great, mysterious, self-existent One!
Some, like dread comets in their courses run;
And steadfast some, like earth's superior orb,
System on system in themselves absorb;

And some, like stars when busy day is done,
Gladden the evening. But the mighty whole,
Moving and burning, trail their floods of light
Eternal, conquering through the fields of night,
And vindicate o'er sense the reign of soul:
Sinking at length into that bosom bright,
Their faithful fount-spring and their final goal!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE next morning, Margaret dragged herself up, thankful that the night was over,—unrefreshed, yet rested. All had gone well through the house; her mother had only wakened once. A little breeze was stirring in the hot air, and though there were no trees to show the playful tossing movement caused by the wind among the leaves, Margaret knew how, somewhere or another, by wayside, in copses, or in thick green woods, there was a pleasant, murmuring, dancing sound,—a rushing and falling noise, the very thought of which was an echo of distant gladness in her heart.

She sat at her work in Mrs. Hale's room. As soon as that forenoon slumber was over, she would help her mother to dress; after dinner, she would go and see Bessy Higgins. She would banish all recollection of the Thornton family,—no need to think of them till they absolutely stood before her in flesh and blood. But, of course, the effort not to think of them brought them only the more strongly before her; and the hot flush came over her pale face from time to time, sweeping it into colour, as a sunbeam from between watery clouds comes swiftly moving over the sea.

Dixon opened the door very softly, and stole on tiptoe up to Margaret, sitting by the shaded window.

"Mr. Thornton, Miss Margaret. He is in the drawing-room."

Margaret dropped her sewing.

"Did he ask for me? Is not papa come in?"

"He asked for you, miss; and master is out."

"Very well, I will come," said Margaret, quietly. But she lingered strangely.

Mr. Thornton stood by one of the windows with his back to the door, apparently absorbed in watching something in the street. But, in truth, he was afraid of himself. His heart beat thick at the thought of her coming. He could not forget the touch of her arms around his neck, impatiently felt as it had been at the time; but now the recollection of her clinging defence of him seemed to thrill him through and through,—to melt away every resolution, all power of self-control, as if it were wax before a fire. He dreaded lest he should go forwards to meet her with his arms held out in mute entreaty that she would come and nestle there, as she had done, all unheeded, the day before, but never unheeded again. His heart throbbed loud and quick. Strong man as he was, he trembled at the anticipation of what he had to say, and how it might be received. She might droop, and flush, and flutter to his arms, as to her natural home and resting-place. One moment he glowed with impatience at the thought that she might do this,—the next he feared a passionate rejection, the very idea of which withered up his future with so deadly a blight that he refused to think of it. He was startled by the sense of the presence of some one else in the room. He turned round. She had come in so gently, that he had never heard her; the street noises had been more distinct to his inattentive ear than her slow movements in her soft muslin gown.

She stood by the table, not offering to sit down. Her eyelids were dropped half over her eyes; her teeth were shut, not compressed; her lips were just parted over them, allowing the white line to be seen between their curve. Her slow deep breathings dilated her thin and beautiful nostrils; it was the only motion visible on her countenance. The fine-grained skin, the oval cheek, the rich outline of her mouth, its corners deep set in dimples,—were all wan and pale to-day; the loss of their usual natural healthy colour being made more evident by the heavy shadow of the dark hair, brought down upon the temples to hide all sign of the blow she had received. Her head, for all its drooping eyes, was thrown a little back in the old proud attitude. Her long arms hung motionless by her sides. Altogether she looked like some prisoner falsely accused of a crime that she loathed and despised, and from which she was too indignant to justify herself.

Mr. Thornton made a hasty step or two forwards; recovered himself, and went with quiet firmness to the door (which she had left open), and shut it. Then he came back, and stood opposite to her for a moment, receiving the general impression of her beautiful presence, before he dared to disturb it, perhaps to repel it, by what he had to say.

"Miss Hale, I was very ungrateful yesterday—"

"You had nothing to be grateful for," said she, raising her eyes, and looking full and straight at him. "You mean, I suppose, that you believe you ought to thank me for what I did." In spite of herself—in defiance of her anger—the thick blushes came all over her face, and burnt into her very eyes; which fell not nevertheless from their grave and steady look. "It was only a natural instinct, any woman would have done just the same. We all feel the sanctity of our sex as a high privilege when we see danger. I ought rather," said she, hastily, "to apologise to you for having said thoughtless words which sent you down into the danger."

"It was not your words; it was the truth that they conveyed, pungently as it was

expressed. But you shall not drive me off upon that, and so escape the expression of my deep gratitude, my—" he was on the verge now; he would not speak in the haste of his hot passion; he would weigh each word. He would; and his will was triumphant. He stopped in mid career.

"I do not try to escape from anything," said she. "I simply say, that you owe me no gratitude; and I may add, that any expression of it will be painful to me, because I do not feel that I deserve it. Still, if it will relieve you from even a fancied obligation, speak on."

"I do not want to be relieved from any obligation," said he, goaded by her calm manner. "Fancied, or not fancied—I question not myself to know which—I choose to believe I owe my very life to you—ay—smile, and think it an exaggeration if you will. I believe it because it adds a value to that life to think—oh, Miss Hale!" continued he, lowering his voice to such a tender intensity of passion that she shivered and trembled before him, "to think circumstance so wrought, that whenever I exult in existence henceforward, I may say to myself, 'All this gladness in life, all honest pride in doing my work in the world, all this keen sense of being, I owe to her.' And it doubles the gladness, it makes the pride glow, it sharpens the sense of existence till I hardly know if it is pain or pleasure, to think that I owe it to one—nay, you must; you shall hear"—said he, stepping forwards with stern determination—"to one whom I love as I do not believe man ever loved woman before." He held her hand tight in his. He panted as he listened for what should come. He threw the hand away with indignation as he heard her icy tone; for icy it was, though the words came faltering out, as if she knew not where to find them.

"Your way of speaking shocks me. It is blasphemous. I cannot help it if that is my first feeling. It might not be so, I dare say, if I understood the kind of feeling you describe. I do not want to vex you; and besides, we must speak gently, for mamma is asleep, but your whole manner offends me—"

"How!" exclaimed he. "Offends you! I am indeed most unfortunate."

"Yes!" said she, with recovered dignity. "I do feel offended; and I think justly. You seem to think that my conduct of yesterday" —again the deep carnation blush, but this time with eyes kindling with indignation rather than shame—"was a personal act between you and me; and that you may come and thank me for it, instead of perceiving, as a gentleman would—yes! a gentleman," she repeated, in allusion to their former conversation about that word, "that any woman, worthy of the name of woman, would come forward to shield with her reverenced helplessness, a man in danger from the violence of numbers."

"And the gentleman thus rescued is forbidden the relief of thanks!" he broke in contemptuously. "I am a man. I claim the right of expressing my feelings."

"And I yielded to the right; simply saying that you gave me pain by insisting upon it," she replied proudly. "But you seem to have imagined that I was not merely guided by womanly instinct, but"—and here the passionate tears (kept down for long, struggled with vehemently) came up into her eyes, and choked her voice—"but that I was prompted by some particular feeling for you—you! Why, there was not a man—not a poor desperate man in all that crowd—for whom I had not more sympathy—for whom I should not have done what little I could more heartily."

"You may speak on, Miss Hale. I am aware of all these misplaced sympathies of yours. I now believe that it was only your innate sense of oppression—yes; I, though a master, may be oppressed—that made you act so nobly as you did. I know you despise me; allow me to say, it is because you do not understand me."

"I do not care to understand," she replied, taking hold of the table to steady herself; for she thought him cruel—as, indeed, he was—and she was weak with her indignation.

"No, I see you do not. You are unfair and unjust."

Margaret compressed her lips. She would not speak in answer to such accusations. But, for all that—for all his savage words, he could have thrown himself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her garment. She did not speak; she did not move. The tears of wounded pride fell hot and fast. He waited awhile, longing for her to say something, even a taunt, to which he might reply. But she was silent. He took up his hat.

"One word more. You look as if you thought it tainted you to be loved by me. You cannot avoid it. Nay, I, if I would, cannot cleanse you from it. But I would not, if I could. I have never loved any woman before: my life has been too busy, my thoughts too much absorbed with other things. Now I love, and I will love. But do not be afraid of too much expression on my part."

"I am not afraid," she replied, lifting herself straight up. "No one yet has ever dared to be impertinent to me, and no one ever shall. But, Mr. Thornton, you have been very kind to my father," said she, changing her whole tone and bearing to a most womanly softness. "Don't let us go on making each other angry. Pray don't!" He took no notice of her words: he occupied himself in smoothing the nap of his hat with his coat-sleeve for half a minute or so; and then, rejecting her offered hand, and making as if he did not see her grave look of regret, he turned abruptly away, and left the room. Margaret caught one glance at his face before he went.

When he was gone, she thought she had seen the gleam of washed tears in his eyes; and that turned her proud dislike into something different and kinder, if nearly as painful—self-reproach for having caused such mortification to any one.

"But how could I help it?" asked she of herself. "I never liked him. I was civil; but I took no trouble to conceal my indifference. Indeed, I never thought about myself or him, so my manners must have shown the truth. All, till yesterday, he might mistake. But that is his fault, not mine. I would do it again, if need were, though it does lead me into all this shame and trouble."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

MARGARET began to wonder if all offers were as unexpected beforehand,—as distressing at the time of their occurrence, as the two she had had. An involuntary comparison between Mr. Lennox and Mr. Thornton arose in her mind. She had been sorry that an expression of any other feeling than friendship had been lured out by circumstances from Henry Lennox. That regret was the predominant feeling on the first occasion of her receiving a proposal. She had not felt so stunned—so impressed as she did now, when echoes of Mr. Thornton's voice yet lingered about the room. In Lennox's case, he seemed for a moment to have slid over the boundary between friendship and love; and the instant afterwards to regret it nearly as much as she did, although for different reasons. In Mr. Thornton's case, as far as Margaret knew of it, there was no intervening stage of friendship. Their intercourse had been one continued series of opposition. Their opinions clashed; and indeed, she had never perceived that he had cared for her opinions, as belonging to her, the individual. As far as they defied his rock-like power of character, his passion-strength, he seemed to throw them off from him with contempt, until she felt the weariness of the exertion of making useless protests; and now he had come, in this strange wild passionate way, to make known his love! For, although at first it had struck her that his offer was forced and goaded out of him by sharp compassion for the exposure she had made of herself,—which he, like others, might misunderstand—yet, even before he left the room,—and certainly, not five minutes after, the clear conviction dawned upon her, shined bright upon her, that he did love her; that he had loved her; that he would love her. And she shrank and shuddered as under the fascination of some great power, repugnant to her whole previous life. She crept away, and hid from his idea. But it was of no use. To parody a line out of Fairfax's Tasso—

His strong idea wandered through her thought.

She disliked him the more for having mastered her inner will. How dared he say that he would love her still, even though she shook him off with contempt? She wished she had spoken more—stronger. Sharp, decisive speeches came thronging into her mind, now that it was too late to utter them. The deep impression made by the interview was like that of a horror in a dream; that will not leave the room although we waken up, and rub our eyes, and force a stiff rigid smile upon our lips. It is there—there, cowering and gibbering with fixed ghastly eyes in some corner of the chamber, listening to hear if we dare to breathe of its presence to any one. And we dare not; poor cowards that we are!

And so she shuddered away from the threat of his enduring love. What did he mean? Had she not the power to daunt him? She would see. It was more daring than became a man to threaten her so. Did he ground it upon the miserable yesterday? If need were, she would do the same to-morrow,—by a crippled beggar, willingly and gladly,—but by him, she would do it, just as bravely, in spite of his deductions, and the cold slime of women's impertinence. She did it because it was right, and simple, and true to save where she could save; even to try to save. "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra."

Hitherto she had not stirred from where he had left her; no outward circumstances had roused her out of the trance of thought in which she had been plunged by his last words, and by the look of his deep intent passionate eyes, as their flames had made her own fall before them. She went to the window, and threw it open, to dispel the oppression which hung around her. Then she went and opened the door, with a sort of impetuous wish to shake off the recollection of the past hour, in the company of others, or in active exertion. But all was profoundly hushed in the noonday stillness of a house, where an invalid catches the unrefreshing sleep that is denied to the night-hours. Margaret would not be alone. What should she do? "Go and see Bessy Higgins, of course," thought she, as the recollection of the message sent the night before flashed into her mind. And away she went.

When she got there, she found Bessy lying on the settle, moved close to the fire, though the day was sultry and oppressive. She was laid down quite flat, as if resting languidly after some paroxysm of pain. Margaret felt sure she ought to have the greater freedom of breathing which a more sitting posture would procure; and without a word she raised her up, and so arranged the pillows, that Bessy was more at ease, though very languid.

"I thought I should na' ha' seen yo again," said she, at last, looking wistfully in Margaret's face.

"I'm afraid you're much worse. But I could not have come yesterday, my mother

was so ill—for many reasons," said Margaret, colouring.

"Yo'd m'appen think I went beyond my place in sending Mary for yo. But the wranglin' and the loud voices had just torn me to pieces, and I thought when father left, oh! if I could just hear her voice, reading me some words o' peace and promise, I could die away into the silence and rest o' God, just as a babby is hushed up to sleep by its mother's lullaby.

"Shall I read you a chapter, now?"

"Aye, do! M'appen I shan't listen to th' sense, at first; it will seem far away—but when yo come to words I like—to the comforting texts—it will seem close in my ear, and going through me, as it were."

Margaret began. Bessy tossed to and fro. If by an effort she attended for a moment, it seemed as though she were convulsed into double restlessness the next. At last, she burst out: "Don't go on reading. It's no use. I'm blaspheming all the time in my mind, wi' thinking angrily on what canna be helped. Yo'd hear of th' riot, m'appen, yesterday at Marlborough Mills? Thornton's factory, yo know."

"Your father was not there, was he?" said Margaret, colouring deep.

"Not he. He'd ha' given his right hand if it had never come to pass. It's that that's fretting me. He's fairly knocked down in his mind by it. It's no use telling him fools will always break out o' bounds. Yo never saw a man so down-hearted as he is."

"But, why?" asked Margaret. "I don't understand."

"Why, yo see, he's a committee-man on this special strike. Th' Union appointed him because, though I say it as should not say it, he's reckoned a deep chap, and true to th' back-bone. And he and t'other committee-men laid their plans. They were to hou'd together through thick and thin; what the major part thought, t'others were to think, whether they would or no. And above all there was to be no going again the law of the land. Folk would go with them if they saw them striving and starving wi' dumb patience; but if there was once any noise o' fighting and struggling—even wi' knobsticks—all was up, as they knew by th' experience of many, and many a time before. They would try and get speech o' th' knob-sticks, and coax 'em, and reason wi' 'em, and m'appen warn 'em off—but whatever came, Committee charged all members o' th' Union to lie down and die, if need were, without striking a blow; and then they reckoned they were sure o' carrying th' public with them. And beside all that, Committee knew they were right in their demand, and they did not want to have right all mixed up wi' wrong, till folk can't separate it, no more nor I can th' physic-powder from th' jelly yo gave me to mix it in; jelly is much the biggest, but powder tastes it all through. Well, I've told yo at length about this'n, but I'm tired out. Yo just think for yo'rsel what it mun be for father to have a' his work undone, and by such a fool as Boucher, who must needs go right again the orders of Committee, and ruin th' strike, just as bad as if he meant to be a Judas. Eh! but father giv'd it him last night! He went so far as to say he'd go and tell police where they might find th' ringleaders o' th' riot; he'd give him up to th' mill-owners to do what they would wi' him. He'd show the world that th' real leaders o' th' strike were not such as Boucher, but steady thoughtful men; good hands, and good citizens, who were friendly to law and judgment, and would uphold order; who only wanted their right wage, and would not work, even though they starved, till they got them; but who would ne'er injure property or life. For," dropping her voice, "they do say that Boucher threw a stone at Thornton's sister, that welly killed her."

"That's not true," said Margaret. "It was not Boucher that threw the stone"—she went first red, then white.

"Yo'd be there then, were yo?" asked Bessy languidly: for indeed, she had spoken with many pauses, as if speech was unusually difficult to her.

"Yes. Never mind. Go on. Only it was not Boucher that threw the stone. But what did he answer to your father?"

"He did na' speak words. He were all in such a tremble wi' spent passion, I could na' bear to look at him. I heard his breath coming quick, and at one time I thought he were sobbing. But when father said he'd give him up to police, he gave a great cry, and struck father on th' face wi' his closed fist, and he off like lightning. Father were stunned wi' the blow at first, for all Boucher were weak wi' passion and wi' clemming. He sat down a bit, and put his hand afore his eyes; and then made for th' door. I dunno' where I got strength, but I threw mysel' off th' settle and clung to him. 'Father, father!' said I. 'Thoul't never go peach on that poor clemmed man. I'll never leave go on thee, till thou sayst thou wunnot.' 'Dunnot be a fool,' says he, 'words come readier than deeds to most men. I never thought o' telling th' police on him; though by G—, he deserves it, and I should na' ha' minded if some one else had done the dirty work, and got him clapped up. But, now he has strucken me, I could do it less nor ever, for it would be getting other men to take up my quarrel. But if ever he gets well o'er this clemming, and is in good condition, he and I will have an up and down fight, purring an' a', and I'll see what I can do for him.' And so father shook me off,—for indeed, I was low and faint enough, and his face was all clay white, where it were n't bloody, and turned me sick to look at. And I know not if I slept or waked, or were in a

dead swoon, till Mary come in; and I telled her to fetch yo to me. And now dunnot talk to me, but just read out th' chapter. I'm easier in my mind for having spit it out; but I want some thoughts of the world that's far away to take the weary taste of it out o' my mouth. Read me—not a sermon chapter, but a story chapter; they've pictures in them, which I see when my eyes are shut. Read about the New Heavens, and the New Earth; and m'appen I'll forget this."

Margaret read in her soft low voice. Though Bessy's eyes were shut, she was listening for some time, for the moisture of tears gathered heavy on her eyelashes. At last she slept; with many starts, and muttered pleadings. Margaret covered her up, and left her, for she had an uneasy consciousness that she might be wanted at home, and yet, until now, it seemed cruel to leave the dying girl.

Mrs. Hale was in the drawing-room on her daughter's return. It was one of her better days, and she was full of praises of the water-bed. It had been more like the beds at Sir John Beresford's than anything she had slept on since. She did not know how it was, but people seemed to have lost the art of making the same kind of beds as they used to do in her youth. One would think it was easy enough; there was the same kind of feathers to be had, and yet somehow, till this last night she did not know when she had had a good sound resting sleep.

Mr. Hale suggested that something of the merits of the feather-beds of former days might be attributed to the activity of youth, which gave a relish to rest; but this idea was not kindly received by his wife.

"No, indeed, Mr. Hale, it was those beds at Sir John's. Now, Margaret, you're young enough, and go about in the day; are the beds comfortable? I appeal to you. Do they give you a feeling of perfect repose when you lie down upon them; or rather, don't you toss about, and try in vain to find an easy position, and waken in the morning as tired as when you went to bed?"

Margaret laughed. "To tell the truth, mamma, I've never thought about my bed at all, what kind it is. I am so sleepy at night, that if I only lie down anywhere, I nap off directly. So I don't think I'm a competent witness. But then, you know, I never had the opportunity of trying Sir John Beresford's beds. I never was at Oxenham."

"Were not you? Oh, no! to be sure. It was poor darling Fred I took with me, I remember. I only went to Oxenham once after I was married,—to your Aunt Shaw's wedding; and poor little Fred was the baby then. And I know Dixon did not like changing from lady's maid to nurse, and I was afraid that if I took her near her old home, and amongst her own people, she might want to leave me. But poor baby was taken ill at Oxenham, with his teething; and, what with my being a great deal with Anna just before her marriage, and not being very strong myself, Dixon had more of the charge of him than she ever had before; and it made her so fond of him, and she was so proud when he would turn away from every one and cling to her, that I don't believe she ever thought of leaving me again; though it was very different from what she 'd been accustomed to. Poor Fred! Every body loved him. He was born with the gift of winning hearts. It makes me think very badly of Captain Reid when I know that he disliked my own dear boy. I think it a certain proof he had a bad heart. Ah! Your poor father, Margaret. He has left the room. He can't bear to hear Fred spoken of."

"I love to hear about him, mamma. Tell me all you like; you never can tell me too much. Tell me what he was like as a baby."

"Why! Margaret, you must not be hurt, but he was much prettier than you were. I remember, when I first saw you in Dixon's arms, I said, 'Dear, what an ugly little thing!' And she said, 'It 's not every child that 's like Master Fred, bless him!' Dear! how well I remember it. Then I could have had Fred in my arms every minute of the day, and his cot was close by my bed; and now, now—Margaret—I don't know where my boy is, and sometimes I think I shall never see him again."

Margaret sat down by her mother's sofa on a little stool, and softly took hold of her hand, caressing it and kissing it, as if to comfort. Mrs. Hale cried without restraint. At last, she sat straight, stiff up on the sofa, and turning round to her daughter, she said with tearful, almost solemn earnestness, "Margaret, if I can get better,—if God lets me have a chance of recovery, it must be through seeing my son Frederick once more. It will waken up all the poor springs of health left in me."

She paused, and seemed to try and gather strength for something more yet to be said. Her voice was choked as she went on; was quavering as with the contemplation of some strange, yet closely-present idea.

"And, Margaret, if I am to die—if I am one of those appointed to die before many weeks are over, I must see my child first. I cannot think how it must be managed; but I charge you, Margaret, as you yourself hope for comfort in your last illness, bring him to me that I may bless him. Only for five minutes, Margaret. There could be no danger in five minutes. Oh, Margaret, let me see him before I die!"

Margaret did not think of anything that might be utterly unreasonable in this speech: we do not look for reason or logic in the passionate entreaties of those who are sick unto death; we are stung with the recollection of a thousand slighted opportunities of fulfilling the wishes of those who will soon pass away from among us: and do they ask us for the future happiness of our lives, we

lay it at their feet, and will it away from us But this wish of Mrs. Hale's was so natural, so just, so right to both parties, that Margaret felt as if, on Frederick's account as well as on her mother's, she ought to overlook all intermediate chances of danger, and pledge herself to do every thing in her power for its realisation. The large pleading dilated eyes were fixed upon her wistfully, steady in their gaze, though the poor white lips quivered like those of a child. Margaret gently rose up and stood opposite to her frail mother; so that she might gather the secure fulfilment of her wish from the calm steadiness of her daughter's face.

"Mamma, I will write to-night, and tell Frederick what you say. I am as sure that he will come directly to us, as I am sure of my life. Be easy, mamma, you shall see him as far as anything earthly can be promised."

"You will write to-night? Oh, Margaret! the post goes out at five—you will write by it, won't you? I have so few hours left—I feel, dear, as if I should not recover, though sometimes your father over-persuades me into hoping; you will write directly, won't you? Don't lose a single post; for just by that very post I may miss him."

"But, mamma, papa is out."

"Papa is out! and what then? Do you mean that he would deny me this last wish, Margaret? Why, I should not be ill—be dying—if he had not taken me away from Helstone to this unhealthy, smoky, sunless place."

"Oh, mamma!" said Margaret.

"Yes; it is so, indeed. He knows it himself; he has said so many a time. He would do anything for me; you don't mean he would refuse me this last wish — prayer, if you will. And, indeed, Margaret, the longing to see Frederick stands between me and God. I cannot pray till I have this one thing; indeed, I cannot. Don't lose time, dear, dear Margaret. Write by this very next post. Then he may be here—here in twenty-two days! For he is sure to come. No cords or chains can keep him. In twenty-two days I shall see my boy." She fell back, and for a short time she took no notice of the fact that Margaret sat motionless, her hand shading her eyes.

"You are not writing!" said her mother at last. "Bring me some pens and paper; I will try and write myself." She sat up, trembling all over with feverish eagerness. Margaret took her hand down and looked at her mother sadly.

"Only wait till papa comes in. Let us ask him how best to do it."

"You promised, Margaret, not a quarter of an hour ago;—you said he should come."

"And so he shall, mamma; don't cry, my own dear mother. I'll write here, now,—you shall see me write,—and it shall go by this very post; and if papa thinks fit, he can write again when he comes in,—it is only a day's delay. Oh, mamma, don't cry so pitifully,—it cuts me to the heart."

Mrs. Hale could not stop her tears; they came hysterically; and, in truth, she made no effort to control them, but rather called up all the pictures of the happy past, and the probable future—painting the scene when she should lie a corpse, with the son she had longed to see in life weeping over her, and she unconscious of his presence—till she was melted by self-pity into a state of sobbing and exhaustion that made Margaret's heart ache. But at last she was calm, and greedily watched her daughter, as she began her letter; wrote it with swift urgent entreaty; sealed it up hurriedly, for fear her mother should ask to see it: and then, to make security most sure, at Mrs. Hale's own bidding, took it herself to the post-office. She was coming home when her father overtook her.

"And where have you been, my pretty maid?" asked he.

"To the post office,—with a letter; a letter to Frederick. Oh, papa, perhaps I have done wrong: but mamma was seized with such a passionate yearning to see him—she said it would make her well again,—and then she said that she must see him before she died,—I cannot tell you how urgent she was. Did I do wrong?"

Mr. Hale did not reply at first. Then he said:

"You should have waited till I came in, Margaret."

"I tried to persuade her,—" and then she was silent.

"I don't know," said Mr. Hale, after a pause. "She ought to see him if she wishes it so much; for I believe it would do her much more good than all the doctor's medicine,—and perhaps set her up altogether; but the danger to him, I'm afraid, is very great."

"All these years since the mutiny, papa?"

"Yes; it is necessary, of course, for government to take very stringent measures for the repression of offences against authority, more particularly in the navy, where a commanding officer needs to be surrounded in his men's eyes with a vivid consciousness of all the power there is at home to back him, and take up his cause, and avenge any injuries offered to him, if need be. Ah! it's no matter to them how far their authorities have tyrannised,—galled hasty tempers to madness,—or if that can be any excuse afterwards, it is never allowed for in the first instance; they spare no expense, they send out ships,—they scour the seas to lay hold of the offenders,—the lapse of years does not wash out the memory of the offence,—it is a fresh and vivid crime on the Admiralty books till it is blotted out by blood."

"Oh, papa, what have I done? And yet it seemed so right at the time. I'm sure Frederick himself would run the risk."

"So he would; so he should! Nay, Mar-

garet, I'm glad it is done, though I durst not have done it myself. I'm thankful it is as it is; I should have hesitated till perhaps it might have been too late to do any good. Dear Margaret, you have done what is right about it; and the end is beyond our control."

It was all very well; but her father's account of the relentless manner in which mutinies were punished made Margaret shiver and creep. If she had decoyed her brother home to blot out the memory of his error by his blood! She saw her father's anxiety lay deeper than the source of his latter cheering words. She took his arm, and walked home pensively and wearily by his side.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

When Mr. Thornton had left the house that morning he was almost blinded by his baffled passion. He was as dizzy as if Margaret, instead of looking, and speaking, and moving like a tender graceful woman, had been a sturdy fish-wife, and given him a sound blow with her fists. He had positive bodily pain, — a violent headache, and a throbbing intermittent pulse. He could not bear the noise, the garish light, the continued rumble and movement of the street. He called himself a fool for suffering so; and yet he could not, at the moment, recollect the cause of his suffering, and whether it was adequate to the consequences it had produced. It would have been a relief to him if he could have sat down and cried on a doorstep by a little child who was raging and storming, through his passionate tears, at some injury he had received. He said to himself that he hated Margaret, but a wild, sharp sensation of love cleft his dull thunderous feeling like lightning, even as he shaped the words expressive of hatred. His greatest comfort was in hugging his torment; and in feeling, as he had indeed said to her, that though she might despise him, contemn him, treat him with her proud sovereign indifference, he did not change one whit. She could not make him change. He loved her, and would love her; and defy her, and this miserable bodily pain.

He stood still for a moment, to make this resolution firm and clear. There was an omnibus passing, — going into the country; the conductor thought he was wishing for a place, and stopped near the pavement. It was too much trouble to apologise and explain; so he mounted upon it, and was borne away, — past long rows of houses — then past detached villas with trim gardens, till they came to real country hedge-rows, and, by-and-by, to a small country town. Then everybody got down; and so did Mr. Thornton, and because they walked away he did so too. He went into the fields, walking briskly, because the sharp motion relieved his mind. He could remember all about it now; the pitiful figure he must have cut; the absurd way in which he had gone and done the very thing he had so often agreed with himself in thinking would be the most foolish thing in the world; and had met with exactly the consequences, which, in these wise moods, he had always foretold were certain to follow, if he ever did make such a fool of himself. Was he bewitched by those beautiful eyes, that soft, half-open, sighing mouth which lay so close upon his shoulder only yesterday? He could not even shake off the recollection that she had been there; that her arms had been round him, once—if never again. He only caught glimpses of her; he did not understand her altogether. At one time she was so brave, and at another so timid; now so tender, and then so haughty and regal-proud. And then he thought over every time he had ever seen her once again, by way of finally forgetting her. He saw her in every dress, in every mood, and did not know which became her best. Even this morning, how magnificent she had looked,—her eyes flashing out upon him at the idea that, because she had shared his danger yesterday, she had cared for him the least!

If Mr. Thornton was a fool in the morning, as he assured himself at least twenty times he was, he did not grow much wiser in the afternoon. All that he gained, in return for his sixpenny omnibus ride, was a more vivid conviction that there never was, never could be, any one like Margaret; that she did not love him and never would; but that she—no! nor the whole world—should never hinder him from loving her. And so he returned to the little market-place, and remounted the omnibus to return to Milton.

It was late in the afternoon when he was set down, near his warehouse. The accustomed places brought back the accustomed habits and trains of thought. He knew how much he had to do—more than his usual work, owing to the commotion of the day before. He had to see his brother magistrates; he had to complete the arrangements, only half made in the morning, for the comfort and safety of his newly imported Irish hands; he had to secure them from all chance of communication with the discontented workpeople of Milton. Last of all, he had to go home and encounter his mother.

Mrs. Thornton had sat in the dining-room all day, every moment expecting the news of her son's acceptance by Miss Hale. She had braced herself up many and many a time, at some sudden noise in the house; had caught up the half-dropped work, and begun to ply her needle diligently, though through dimmed spectacles, and with an unsteady hand; and many times had the door opened, and some indifferent person entered on some insignificant errand. Then her rigid face unstiffened from its gray frost-bound expression, and the features dropped into the relaxed look of despondency, so unusual to their sternness. She wrenched herself away from the contemplation of all the dreary changes that would be brought

about to herself by her son's marriage; she forced her thoughts into the accustomed household grooves. The newly-married couple-to-be would need fresh household stocks of linen; and Mrs. Thornton had clothes-basket upon clothes-basket, full of table-cloths and napkins, brought in, and began to reckon up the store. There was some confusion between what was hers, and consequently marked G. H. T. (for George and Hannah Thornton), and what was her son's,—bought with his money, marked with his initials. Some of those marked G. H. T. were Dutch damask of the old kind, exquisitely fine; none were like them now. Mrs. Thornton stood looking at them long,—they had been her pride when she was first married. Then she knitted her brows, and pinched and compressed her lips tight, and carefully unpicked the G. H. She went so far as to search for the Turkey-red marking-thread to put in the new initials; but it was all used,—and she had no heart to send for any more just yet. So she looked fixedly at vacancy; a series of visions passing before her, in all of which her son was the principal, the sole object,—her son, her pride, her property. Still he did not come. Doubtless he was with Miss Hale. The new love was displacing her already from her place as first in his heart. A terrible pain—a pang of vain jealousy—shot through her: she hardly knew if it was more physical or mental; but it forced her to sit down. In a moment, she was up again as straight as ever,—a grim smile upon her face for the first time that day, ready for the door opening, and the rejoicing triumphant one, who should never know the sore regret his mother felt at his marriage. In all this there was little thought enough of the future daughter-in-law as an individual. She was to be John's wife. To take Mrs. Thornton's place as mistress of the house was only one of the rich consequences which decked out the supreme glory; all household plenty and comfort, all purple and fine linen, honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, would all come as naturally as jewels on a king's robe, and be as little thought of for their separate value. To be chosen by John would separate a kitchen-wench from the rest of the world. And Miss Hale was not so bad. If she had been a Milton lass, Mrs. Thornton would have positively liked her. She was pungent, and had taste, and spirit, and flavour in her. True, she was sadly prejudiced, and very ignorant; but that was to be expected from her southern breeding. A strange sort of mortified comparison of Fanny with her, went on in Mrs. Thornton's mind; and for once she spoke harshly to her daughter; abused her roundly; and then, as if by way of penance, she took up Henry's Commentaries, and tried to fix her attention on it, instead of pursuing the employment she took pride and pleasure in, and continuing her inspection of the table-linen.

His step at last! She heard him, even while she thought she was finishing a sentence; while her eye did pass over it, and her memory could mechanically have repeated it word for word, she heard him come in at the hall door. Her quickened sense could interpret every sound of motion: now he was at the hat-stand, now at the very room-door. Why did he pause? Let her know the worst.

Yet her head was down over the book; she did not look up. He came close to the table, and stood still there, waiting till she should have finished the paragraph which apparently absorbed her. By an effort she looked up. "Well, John?"

He knew what that little speech meant. But he had steeled himself. He longed to reply with a jest; the bitterness of his heart could have uttered one, but his mother deserved better of him. He came round behind her, so that she could not see his looks, and, bending back her gray, stony face, he kissed it, murmuring:

"No one loves me,—no one cares for me but you mother."

He turned away and stood leaning his head against the mantelpiece, tears forcing themselves into his manly eyes. She stood up,—she tottered. For the first time in her life, the strong woman tottered. She put her hands on his shoulders; she was a tall woman. She looked into his face; she made him look at her.

"Mother's love is given by God, John. It holds fast for ever and ever.' A girl's love is like a puff of smoke,—it changes with every wind. And she would not have you, my own lad, would not she?" She set her teeth; she showed them like a dog for the whole length of her mouth. He shook his head.

"I am not fit for her, mother; I knew I was not."

She ground out words between her closed teeth. He could not hear what she said; but the look in her eyes interpreted it to be a curse,—if not as coarsely worded, as fell in intent as ever was uttered. And yet her heart leapt up light to know he was her own again.

"Mother!" said he, hurriedly, "I cannot hear a word against her. Spare me,—spare me! I am very weak in my sore heart;—I love her yet; I love her more than ever."

"And I hate her," said Mrs. Thornton in a low fierce voice. "I tried not to hate her when she stood between you and me, because,—I said to myself,—she will make him happy; and I would give my heart's blood to do that. But now, I hate her for your misery's sake. Yes, John, it's no use hiding up your aching heart from me. I am the mother that bore you, and your sorrow is my agony; and if you don't hate her, I do."

"Then, mother, you make me love her more. She is unjustly treated by you, and I must make the balance even. But why do we talk of love or hatred? She does not care for me, and that is enough,—too much. Let

us never name the subject again. It is the only thing you can do for me in the matter. Let us never name her."

"With all my heart. I only wish that she and all belonging to her were swept back to the place they came from."

He stood still, gazing into the fire for a minute or two longer. Her dry dim eyes filled with unwonted tears as she looked at him; but she seemed just as grim and quiet as usual when he next spoke.

"Warrants are out against three men for conspiracy, mother. The riot yesterday helped to knock up the strike."

And Margaret's name was no more mentioned between Mrs. Thornton and her son. They fell back into their usual mode of talk, —about facts, not opinions, far less feelings. Their voices and tones were calm and cold; a stranger might have gone away and thought that he had never seen such frigid indifference of demeanour between such near relations.

PLAY.

A YOUNG gentleman of parts, and my friend, was once obliging enough to recount to me the following anecdote. In his hot youth, while partaking of the pleasures of the town (he was of the Corinthian, or Tom and Jerry era), he fell into the edifying and much sought after company of the famous Mr. Crockford. Says my friend to Mr. C.: "What is the best main to call at hazard?" Answers Mr. C. to my friend: "I'll tell you what it is, young man. You may call mains at hazard till your hair grows out of your hat and your toes grow out of your boots. Therefore, my advice to you is, not to call any mains at all." This, from a man who had laid the foundation of a large fortune at the gaming-table; who had called all the mains under the sun successfully, and found that even in them was vanity, ought surely to have been to my friend a sufficient dissuasive against "play" for the remainder of his natural life. I question if it *was*, though.

The author of the best work I know upon the game of écarté chooses as a motto for his title-page this significant precept: "Play not at all." Said a worldly Parisian to his heir, whom he discovered lamenting over an empty purse: "My son, until you have *four* eyes in your head risk not a sou at piquet. And yet écarté is the nightly amusement at the Four Kings Club (and many other clubs) till all sorts of unholy hours; and old one-eyed Colonel Trump plays piquet, for heavy stakes too, at least three hundred nights a year.

Augustus de Morgan, professor of mathematics, demonstrates the fallacy of play even more conclusively, thus: "The infatuation which leads persons to suppose that they can ultimately win from a bank which has chosen a game in which the chances are against the player, is one which can only be cured, *if at all*, by a quiet study of the theory of probabilities"; and straightway the Professor proceeds to show, by the chapter and verse of mathematicians, figures, that at rouge et noir—a game on which you can really make more calculations of winning than on any other—the chances of the bank (the game being played fairly, which few, oh! how few play games are) are seven and a half per cent against the player.

Still the dice-box rattles. In spite of Mr. Crockford and his mains; notwithstanding the scholiast upon écarté and his motto; despite the worldly Parisian and his four eyes; in defiance of Professor de Morgan and his predecessors—Huyghens, James Bernouilli, Laplace and De Moivre, with their unanswerable figures; in the teeth of the terrible examples of Mr. Beverley's dying agonies, the remorse of Captain Glenroy, the lamentable end of the winner of the lottery prize in the Farmer's Story; the despair of Frederic Lemaitre in Thirty Years in the Life of a Gambler, as exemplified in the acting drama; in despite of Mr. Inspector Beresford; of all the bills that Mr. Attorney-General can draw against gaming-houses and betting-shops; of the fierce forays of racecourse policemen against thimbleriggers and charley-pitchers; in the face of morality, law, reason, and common sense, people go on gambling in holes and corners—furtively and surreptitiously, it is true;—but black still wins and red still loses; and six to two is still laid on the caster; and gentlemen are still entreated to make their game, for the game is made.

I have heard Man called a reasoning animal (which he is, for he will reason against reason), a gregarious animal, a carnivorous animal, a pugnacious animal, and many other animalic names. He shares all these attributes, except the first, with other tribes more or less anthropomorphous; but it is not only as a reasoning animal that he stands alone, and confined in singularity in the scale of creation. It is the proud prerogative of man to be innately and solitarily (in his kind) a gaming animal. Monkeys don't toss up for each other's cocoanuts; cats don't go the odd man for mice. When, as good M. Lafontaine tells us, the lion, the goat, and the cow went a hunting, and caught a stag, the lion did not propose to have the "bones" in and try the highest throw for the carcass. Even the fox, cunning and rapacious as he is, has never been known to go five out of nine with the wolf for a fat goose or a baby. The learned pig, it is true, had a weakness for cards; but he merely went through feats of dexterity with them: he never played for ground-nuts. So with Alphonso, the accomplished poodle of the Champs Elysées, and Chadernagore the erudite elephant. Both, by a cruel fate, and the baton of a remorseless taskmaster, were compelled to do conjuring tricks with a pack of cards—from telling the day of the

month to pointing out the greatest rogue in company;—but who ever heard of the poodle pegging more holes than he is entitled to at cribbage, or of the elephant hiding four kings in his trunk!

I think it is Mr. Robson, who in the most excruciatingly humorous portion of Vilikins and his Dinah says — "This is not a comic song." Very widely paraphrasing the dictum of that admirable comic actor, I may say that this is not an historical essay on the subject of gaming. Else might I discourse to you on the history of playing cards: how they were invented for the delassement of the poor old imbecile Charles the Sixth of France; how Cardinal Mazarin played at cards on his death-bed; how an edict of proscription written on the back of a nine of diamonds by the Duke of Cumberland, caused that sanguinary card to be ever afterwards known as the "curse of Scotland"; how at a fatal card party the Prince of Talleyrand, playing at bouillotte with the Duchesse de Luynes, suddenly laid down his cards at three o'clock in the morning, and in his cold impassible voice asked: "Has the Prince de Condé any other children save the Duc d'Enghien?"—how the Duchess was astonished, and wished to know why he asked such a question, seeing that he must know that Condé had no other child but Enghien. How the Prince de Talleyrand, replacing his watch in his pocket, answered, still coldly and impassibly, "Then the house of Condé is finished"; which indeed it was, for in that very hour and minute the last of the Condés was being shot to death in the ditch of Vincennes. It shall be my task rather, in my rambling way, to touch upon a few of the social aspects of play, its votaries and its dupes.

Play is no longer one of our public shames. The ulcer has been banished from the epidermis, but it is an inward sore now, and not less deadly. The demon of gambling is scotched, not killed. He is hydra-headed, and no Hercules has yet been found provided with a red-hot iron to sear the first trunk while he severs the second head. Drive the devil of the dice-box from Westminster, and you will find him walking up and down, and going to and fro in Southwark. Chase him from the hazard-table, and he takes refuge in the Stock Exchange or the "Corner." He is not to be exorcised, to be laid in the Red Sea, to be eradicated by chloride of lime, fumigation, ventilation, or fire. Sweep the streets clean as a Dutch village from Play; he mocks at you from the housetops. Drive in the gaming-house door with sledge-hammers, Play leers at you from the second-floor window round the corner. Like his master, Satan, Play has been headlong hurled

> With hideous ruin and combustion down
> To bottomless perdition.

Yet he lies still floating "many a rood" upon the molten lake of avarice and sensuality,—his brother Death—his sister Sin. Yet does he soar on evil-flapping wings, and hover about the scenes of his former overt triumphs. Look at St. James's.

If I had with me that young Greek gentleman of a few thousand years ago — Blank Anacharsis, Esquire—whose travels among the Scythians must be in the recollections of my readers, what homilies might I not deduce for his benefit from the consideration of the parish of St. James's Westminster, in a Play point of view. See, Anacharsis, would I say, shade thine eyes with thine hand, standing in Piccadilly, that thoroughfare of ambiguous etymology, even at the corner of Arlington Street, and look down the avenue of palaces, called by men Saint James's Street. Every street in London has a character. There are wealthy streets, starving streets, pious streets, comic streets, mortuary streets, proud streets, slavish streets, drunken streets, thievish streets, shameful streets, shameless streets. That street you are looking down, Anacharsis, is pre-eminently the most gambling and the most fashionable street in Europe. Adduce not Bond Street: it had but a transitory, ephemeral, factitious glory, and that has departed. Set no store by Regent Street: its broad pavement is disfigured by bearded foreigners, by fiddlers with embroidered shirts, by milliners out for an airing. St. James's Street is the home of fashion and play, and their head-quarters. It has been so this hundred and fifty years. The first gentleman in Europe has lounged with Dick Sheridan in the bow-windows of its clubs, and made sportive bets upon passing crockery-girls. In those dull, dingy houses thousands of pounds have changed hands between the great and noble of the land, in bets upon the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, the South Sea Bubble, the Pretender's march to Derby, the trial of Admiral Byng, the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, the return of Bonaparte from Elba, the result of Queen Caroline's trial, the winner of the Derby, the duration of the Whig Ministry, the loss of the President, the favourite for the Leger, the battles of the Sutlej, and the fate (too well known, now, alas!) of the Arctic Navigators. In those club-houses, lords with stars and lords with garters have played at whist vingt-et-un, écarté, loo, Pope Joan, piquet, cribbage, spadille, manille and basto, moro, blind hookey, roulette, rouge-et-noir, boston, bouillotte, lansquenet, tric-trac, put, all fours, pea-beck, beggar-my-neighbour, Strip-Jack-naked (my lord too, naked, often), shove-halfpenny, odd or even, backgammon—nay, have even descended to cut cards for guineas, to toss half-crowns in a hat, to spit upon a window-pane (?) for steaks, to bet upon a beetle race, the colour of a horse, the

number of pages in a book, the number of bristles in a brush. In those club-houses, the fairest patrimonies have been wasted, the noblest names soiled, the most glorious achievements dragged in the dirt. There, the miser's son has squandered the old man's dearly hoarded pieces; there, the jointure of the widow and the portion of the orphan have been wasted; there, the seeds of madness have been sown, and the crop of dishonesty reaped; there, those dicers' oaths, so famously false, have been sworn; there, the Jew bill-discounters and mortgage-mongers have snuffed their prey as the vulture does the camel, in Mr. Warren's picture, and in good time have battened upon them;—they have been the hells and hell.

And yet, withal, how fashionably. For, you must know, Anacharsis, that at the bottom of the street yonder, is Saint James's Palace, where kings have lived,—where the band of the Queen's guards plays daily—where levees and drawing-rooms are held—where (faithful to the play traditions of the locality) public and noble gambling was tolerated, nay, encouraged, and on birthnights was under the special auspices of the groom porter. In St. James's Street, dukes do not derogate from their rank by walking with umbrellas under their arms, and goloshes upon their noble feet. Deans in full canonicals, marchionesses and countesses with brocaded trains, field-marshals in their blazing uniforms, lord mayors and sheriffs in their robes of office and collars of SS, judges in their ermine, bishops in their lawn, deputy-lieutenants in their mysterious uniforms, right honourables in their Windsor uniforms, honourables and gentles in court-suits, bag-wigs and swords; all these may be seen in Saint James's Street on those Thursdays in the season on which her gracious Majesty allows two or three thousand people the honour of kissing her hand. St. James's Street, favoured of fashion, you have seen the boots of Mr. Brummel—those famous boots the soles of which were blacked as well as the upper leathers; you have witnessed the first appearance of starch in fashionable circles; you have seen the advent, apogee, and decadence of buckles, pigtails, hair powder, top-boots and buckskins, Cossack trousers, hessian boots, D'Orsay hats, Waterford paletots, the myriad ephemera of the mode. The greatest dandies of the world have stood on your club-house steps. You have rejoiced in the smiles of Mr. Brummel's "fat friend"—seen "old Q's" rough cheeks—heard Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's coarse jokes—Bubb Doddington's niaiseries—Horace Walpole's maccaroni dillettantism, and George Selwyn's Tyburn anecdotes. You have known the Romeo Coates's, the pea-green Haynes, the Petershams, the bucks, the beaux, bloods, pretty fellows, fops, maccaronies, swells, nobs, and butterflies of the beau monde ever since the house of Brunswick ascended the throne.

But Play, Anacharsis might ask me. Tell me about St. James's Street, in its connection with gambling. Did Fashion bring Play hither, or did Play follow upon Fashion's heels? Look, Anarchasis. You see the stately clubs. What "play" mysteries the card-tables and billiard-rooms of those palaces could disclose of the gaming follies of the present day; it is not my purpose to inquire. A triple hedge of ballot-boxes, black-balls, and yearly subscriptions screens the alumni of the clubs from the impertinent scrutiny of the profanum vulgus. But time was, O Anarchasis,—and not so many years ago, either—when, in St. James's Street and its purlieus, there were numerous public club-houses, where black balls were unknown but blacklegs prevalent, and the only qualification for entrance to which was the possession of certain golden feathers, and a general approximation to the similitude of a "pigeon."

Yonder is Number three hundred and three. They are pulling it down now, for the new Parallelopipedon Clubhouse is to be built on its site; but fifteen years ago that was the Cocked Hat Club—a noted gaming-house. Above the door (up a steep flight of steps) of the Cocked Hat Club might with advantage have been written that famous line of Dante's (stolen, by the way, by the Florentine bard from a Greek inscription in the style of Plautus over the the door of a tavern fourteen hundred years ago), "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate"—Ye who enter, leave all hope behind. Closed blinds, closed doors, silence and mystery reigned in the Cocked Hat Club by day; but at night the bright gaslight streamed through the chinks of the shutters; at night the trusty janitor of the Club posted himself behind the inner door, and through a barred wicket surveyed those who sought for admission, and gave or denied them ingress at his pleasure. From his decision there was no appeal. He was a match for twenty Buffons or Audubons in ornithology. He knew the hawk and the pigeon at a glance. He could detect the jay in peacock's feathers instantaneously. The two first were always welcome. In the dead of night, when the private boxes of theatres were shrouded in ghostly brown holland; when late supper parties in Haymarket oyster-shops were breaking up; when the deserted streets, glad of companionship, repaid the resonance of policemen's boots and passing cabwheels with a compound interest of echoes; when dogs shut up in distant kennels tried the register of their voices in long-prolonged howls; when conscientious cocks began to divide the latter part of their night's rest into short naps, remembering that it was almost time to begin to think about crowing; when latch-keys were unsteadily sought for; and the baskets of Covent Garden Market began

to move; and the latest and most penniless of night revellers entreated the money-takers at Waterloo Bridge to trust them the toll, and failing therein were fain to go round by Westminster or Blackfriars; then, in the very witching time of night, when churchyards were doubtless yawning and graves giving up their dead in haunted neighbourhoods;—then would the elegantly appointed private cabriolet of the Honourable Captain Hawk (he drives a Hansom for his livelihood, at present) arrive at the Cocked Hat Club, the highest-stepping of cabhorses before, the trimmest of top-booted tigers behind, the Honourable Captain Hawk inside, and by his side Tom Pigeon, in Stultzcut habiliment, in ecstacies at his aristocatic acquaintance, and, if the truth must be told, slightly in liquor into the bargain.

The janitor knew the Captain well. Many and many a pigeon had the Captain brought to the Cocked Hat Club, to be plucked; with all the dodges in that case made and provided. The heavily barred iron door turned on its hinges; the portal was entered; and Hope, together with the cab and the tiger, were left behind.

Light, from brilliant chandeliers, and wax candles, scarcely less brilliant, carving, gilding, mirrors, mahogany, shining plate, and snowy linen—all these offered themselves to the enraptured gaze of the doomed pigeon. He had dined with the Captain at a Bond Street hotel—dined copiously, and drunk far more copiously still of the choicest wines. Of course he had been to the theatre afterwards, and to the saloon of the theatre (the saloon was an institution then), to the Blue Posts, the Anglesey, and the Finish. Of course he had looked in at Flimmers's hotel in Deuce-ace Street, the Captain's own favourite and particular crib, where he had played a little at a delightfully simple game known as "wilful murder," and, marvellous to state, had won seven guineas and a half; thereafter looking in at a few sporting houses, fighting houses, and public houses of no particular character save an execrably bad one, whence the Captain had borne him off in triumph to the Cocked Hat Club. Of course the Captain had paid for all these amusements—for all the viands and all the liquors, from the creamy champagne to the seven quarterns of gin with which Bludkins the nobby sweep, and Dick Buffles the larky cabman, were regaled at the sign of the Black Eye, Job Smouchey's old house in Clare Market. The Captain always paid for such amusements. Seven times had he slapped Tom Pigeon on the back; nine times had he declared him to be a trump, and a fellow after his own heart; thrice had he promised to introduce him to Lord Amesace, Sir Thomas Treydeuce, and young Cully of the Guards. No wonder Pigeon was in ecstacies; and, considering the quantity of port, sherry, champagne still and sparkling, claret, bottled ale and stout, brandy and water, rum punch, sophisticated porter, and raw gin, he had imbibed since four o'clock that afternoon, it is, I think, no wonder either that Pigeon was in liquor.

Light, more light, splendid supper laid out on side tables, laughter, loud conversation, much slapping on backs and friendly name calling. It is astonishing, that after Tom Pigeon had eaten more viands, and drunk more choice wines; after he had been introduced to Lord Amesace, Sir Thomas Treydeuce, and young Cully of the Guards, who all happened (fortuitously) to be at the Cocked Hat Club that night, he should be persuaded to try his luck; to approach that fatal green table; to call a frightful quantity of mains, to bet wildly, madly, desperately, unconsciously, yet still continuing to bet with that instinct which the devil lends us when our better senses are quite gone and drowned in drink.

Tom Pigeon won fifty golden pounds that night. He went the next night to the Cocked Hat Club, and won again, and more. Soon, very soon, he needed no Captain Hawk to show him the way and be his mentor. Then he began to lose. More, more, more, every night. Sir Thomas Treydeuce called on him o' mornings, and, finding the wretched lad, writhing in bed, with his brain on fire, gulping down his soda and brandy, showed him I.O.U.'s for large amounts which he had given him the night before. Lord Amesace wrote to him, to ask when it would be convenient to pay that last five hundred. Young Cully of the Guards was sorry to trouble him, but was deucedly hard up, and would be much obliged for the two ponies lost last week. Then the Cocked Hat Club would not suffice for Tom's appetite for play. There was gambling to be had in race-course booths, in ambiguous cigar-shops, in fellows' rooms; in low public-houses. He had them all, and lost. Then there began to spring up within him that most miserable of all hopes—that rotten-cabled anchor that never finds any bottom save a quicksand—the gambler's hope: the hope that leads its wretched victim to lie, to cheat, to steal, to forge, in the fallacious certainty of winning to-morrow.

Then, of course, Tom Pigeon went to the bad altogether. Thousands of similar Pigeons went to the bad in those times every year. They still go, in the same dismal direction as of yore. Though the Cocked Hat Club has long since been numbered with the gaming-houses that were; though gaming-houses themselves have been rooted out of St. James's Street and its environs; though fine and imprisonment menace the detected gambler; Play still flourishes, and Pigeons still disport themselves in their golden plumage, as ready, as anxious, and as certain to be plucked as ever.

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THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

DR. RAE may be considered to have established, by the mute but solemn testimony of the relics he has brought home, that SIR JOHN FRANKLIN and his party are no more. But, there is one passage in his melancholy report, some examination into the probabilities and improbabilities of which, we hope will tend to the consolation of those who take the nearest and dearest interest in the fate of that unfortunate expedition, by leading to the conclusion that there is no reason whatever to believe, that any of its members prolonged their existence by the dreadful expedient of eating the bodies of their dead companions. Quite apart from the very loose and unreliable nature of the Esquimaux representations (on which it would be necessary to receive with great caution, even the commonest and most natural occurrence), we believe we shall show, that close analogy and the mass of experience are decidedly against the reception of any such statement, and that it is in the highest degree improbable that such men as the officers and crews of the two lost ships would, or could, in any extremity of hunger, alleviate the pains of starvation by this horrible means.

Before proceeding to the discussion, we will premise that we find no fault with Dr. Rae, and that we thoroughly acquit him of any trace of blame. He has himself openly explained, that his duty demanded that he should make a faithful report, to the Hudson's Bay Company or the Admiralty, of every circumstance stated to him; that he did so, as he was bound to do, without any reservation; and that his report was made public by the Admiralty: not by him. It is quite clear that if it were an ill-considered proceeding to disseminate this painful idea on the worst of evidence, Dr. Rae is not responsible for it. It is not material to the question that Dr. Rae believes in the alleged cannibalism; he does so, merely "on the substance of information obtained at various times and various sources," which is before us all. At the same time, we will most readily concede that he has all the rights to defend his opinion which his high reputation as a skilful and intrepid traveller of great experience in the Arctic Regions—combined with his manly, conscientious, and modest personal character—can possibly invest him with. Of the propriety of his immediate return to England with the intelligence he had got together, we are fully convinced. As a man of sense and humanity, he perceived that the first and greatest account to which it could be turned, was, the prevention of the useless hazard of valuable lives; and no one could better know in how much hazard all lives are placed that follow Franklin's track, than he who had made eight visits to the Arctic shores. With these remarks we can release Dr. Rae from this inquiry, proud of him as an Englishman, and happy in his safe return home to well-earned rest.

The following is the passage in the report to which we invite attention: "Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine); some were in a tent or tents; others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope, strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him. From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence. . . . . None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the 'whites,' nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling."

We have stated our belief that the extreme improbability of this inference as to the last resource, can be rested, first on close analogy, and secondly, on broad general grounds, quite apart from the improbabilities and incoherencies of the Esquimaux evidence: which is itself given, at the very best, at second-hand. More than this, we presume it to have been given at second-hand through an interpreter; and he was, in all probability, imperfectly acquainted with the language he translated to the white man. We believe that few (if any) Esquimaux tribes speak one common dialect; and Franklin's own experience of his interpreters in his former voyage was, that they and the Esquimaux they encountered understood each other "tolerably"

—an expression which he frequently uses in his book, with the evident intention of showing that their communication was not altogether satisfactory. But, even making the very large admission that Dr. Rae's interpreter perfectly understood what he was told, there yet remains the question whether he could render it into language of corresponding weight and value. We recommend any reader who does not perceive the difficulty of doing so and the skill required, even when a copious and elegant European language is in question, to turn to the accounts of the trial of Queen Caroline, and to observe the constant discussions that arose—sometimes, very important—in reference to the worth in English, of words used by the Italian witnesses. There still remains another consideration, and a grave one, which is, that ninety-nine interpreters out of a hundred, whether savage, half-savage, or wholly civilised, interpreting to a person of superior station and attainments, will be under a strong temptation to exaggerate. This temptation will always be strongest, precisely where the person interpreted to is seen to be the most excited and impressed by what he hears; for, in proportion as he is moved, the interpreter's importance is increased. We have ourself had an opportunity of inquiring whether any part of this awful information, the unsatisfactory result of "various times and various sources," was conveyed by gestures. It was so, and the gesture described to us as often repeated—that of the informant setting his mouth to his own arm—would quite as well describe a man having opened one of his veins, and drunk of the stream that flowed from it. If it be inferred that the officer who lay upon his double-barrelled gun, defended his life to the last against ravenous seamen, under the boat or elsewhere, and that he died in so doing, how came his body to be found? That was not eaten, or even mutilated, according to the description. Neither were the bodies, buried in the frozen earth, disturbed; and is it not likely that if any bodies were resorted to as food, those the most removed from recent life and companionship would have been the first? Was there any fuel in that desolate place for cooking "the contents of the kettles"? If none, would the little flame of the spirit-lamp the travellers *may have had* with them, have sufficed for such a purpose? If not, would the kettles have been defiled for that purpose at all? "Some of the corpses," Dr. Rae adds, in a letter to the Times, "had been sadly mutilated, and had been stripped by those who had the misery to survive them, and who were found wrapped in two or three suits of clothes." Had there been no bears thereabout, to mutilate those bodies; no wolves, no foxes? Most probably the scurvy, known to be the dreadfullest scourge of Europeans in those latitudes, broke out among the party. Virulent as it would inevitably be under such circumstances, it would of itself cause dreadful disfigurement—woeful mutilation—but, more than that, it would not only soon annihilate the desire to eat (especially to eat flesh of any kind), but would annihilate the power. Lastly, no man can, with any show of reason, undertake to affirm that this sad remnant of Franklin's gallant band were not set upon and slain by the Esquimaux themselves. It is impossible to form an estimate of the character of any race of savages, from their deferential behaviour to the white man while he is strong. The mistake has been made again and again; and the moment the white man has appeared in the new aspect of being weaker than the savage, the savage has changed and sprung upon him. There are pious persons who, in their practice, with a strange inconsistency, claim for every child born to civilisation all innate depravity, and for every savage born to the woods and wilds all innate virtue. We believe every savage to be in his heart covetous, treacherous, and cruel; and we have yet to learn what knowledge the white man—lost, houseless, shipless, apparently forgotten by his race, plainly famine-stricken, weak, frozen, helpless, and dying—has of the gentleness of Esquimaux nature.

Leaving, as we purposed, this part of the subject with a glance, let us put a suppositious case.

If a little band of British naval officers, educated and trained exactly like the officers of this ill-fated expedition, had, on a former occasion, in command of a party of men vastly inferior to the crews of these two ships, penetrated to the same regions, and been exposed to the rigours of the same climate; if they had undergone such fatigue, exposure, and disaster, that scarcely power remained to them to crawl, and they tottered and fell many times in a journey of a few yards; if they could not bear the contemplation of their "filth and wretchedness, each other's emaciated figures, ghastly countenances, dilated eyeballs, and sepulchral voices"; if they had eaten their shoes, such outer clothes as they could part with and not perish of cold, the scraps of acrid marrow yet remaining in the dried and whitened spines of dead wolves; if they had wasted away to skeletons, on such fare, and on bits of putrid skin, and bits of hide, and the covers of guns, and pounded bones; if they had passed through all the pangs of famine, had reached that point of starvation where there is little or no pain left, and had descended so far into the valley of the shadow of Death, that they lay down side by side, calmly and even cheerfully awaiting their release from this world; if they had suffered such dire extremity, and yet lay where the bodies of their dead companions lay unburied, within a few paces of them; and yet never dreamed at the last gasp of resorting to this said "last resource;" would it not be strong presumptive evidence against an incoherent Esquimaux story, col-

lected at "various times" as it wandered from "various sources"? But, if the leader of that party were the leader of this very party too; if Franklin himself had undergone those dreadful trials, and had been restored to health and strength, and had been—not for days and months alone, but years—the Chief of this very expedition, infusing into it, as such a man necessarily must, the force of his character and discipline, patience and fortitude; would there not be a still greater and stronger moral improbability to set against the wild tales of a herd of savages?

Now, this *was* Franklin's case. He had passed through the ordeal we have described. He was the Chief of that expedition, and he was the Chief of this. In this, he commanded a body of picked English seamen of the first class; in that, he and his three officers had but one English seaman to rely on; the rest of the men being Canadian voyagers and Indians. His Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in 1819-22, is one of the most explicit and enthralling in the whole literature of Voyage and Travel. The facts are acted and suffered before the reader's eyes, in the descriptions of FRANKLIN, RICHARDSON, and BACK: three of the greatest names in the history of heroic endurance.

See how they gradually sink into the depths of misery.

"I was reduced," says Franklin, long before the worst came, "almost to skin and bone, and, like the rest of the party, suffered from degrees of cold that would have been disregarded whilst in health and vigour." "I set out with the intention of going to Saint Germain, to hasten his operations (making a canoe), but though he was only three quarters of a mile distant, I spent three hours in a vain attempt to reach him, my strength being unequal to the labour of wading through the deep snow; and I returned quite exhausted, and much shaken by the numerous falls I had got. My associates were all in the same debilitated state. The voyagers were somewhat stronger than ourselves, but more indisposed to exertion, on account of their despondency. The sensation of hunger was no longer felt by any of us, yet we were scarcely able to converse upon any other subject than the pleasures of eating." "We had a small quantity of this weed (tripe de roche, and always the cause of miserable illness to some of them) in the evening, and the rest of our supper was made up of scraps of roasted leather. The distance walked to-day was six miles." "Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey." "Not being able to find any tripe de roche, we drank an infusion of the Labrador tea-plant, and ate a few morsels of burnt leather for supper." "We were unable to raise the tent, and found its weight too great to carry it on; we therefore cut it up, and took a part of the canvass for a cover." Thus growing weaker and weaker every day, they reached, at last, Fort Enterprise, a lonely and desolate hut, where Richardson—then Dr. Richardson, now Sir John—and Hepburn, the English seaman, from whom they had been parted, rejoined them. "We were all shocked at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for, since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful, if possible, quite unconscious that his own partook of the same key." "In the afternoon Peltier was so much exhausted, that he sat up with difficulty, and looked piteously; at length he slided from his stool upon the bed, as we supposed to sleep, and in this composed state he remained upwards of two hours without our apprehending any danger. We were then alarmed by hearing a rattling in his throat, and on the Doctor's examining him he was found to be speechless. He died in the course of the night. Semandré sat up the greater part of the day, and even assisted in pounding some bones; but, on witnessing the melancholy state of Peltier, he became very low, and began to complain of cold, and stiffness of the joints. Being unable to keep up a sufficient fire to warm him, we laid him down, and covered him with several blankets. He did not, however, appear to get better, and I deeply lament to add, he also died before daylight. We removed the bodies of the deceased into the opposite part of the house, but our united strength was inadequate to the task of interring them, or even carrying them down to the river." "The severe shock occasioned by the sudden dissolution of our two companions, rendered us very melancholy. Adam (one of the interpreters) became low and despondent; a change which we lamented the more, as we perceived he had been gaining strength and spirits for the two preceding days. I was particularly distressed by the thought that the labour of collecting wood must now devolve upon Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, and that my debility would disable me from affording them any material assistance; indeed both of them most kindly urged me not to make the attempt. I found it necessary, in their absence, to remain constantly near Adam and to converse with him, in order to prevent his reflecting on our condition, and to keep up his spirits as far as possible. I also lay by his side at night." "The Doctor and Hepburn were getting much weaker, and the limbs of the latter were now greatly swelled. They came into the house frequently in the course of the day to rest themselves, and when once seated were unable to rise without the help of one another, or of a stick. Adam was for the

most part in the same low state as yesterday, but sometimes he surprised us by getting up and walking with an appearance of increased strength. His looks were now wild and ghastly, and his conversation was often incoherent." "I may here remark, that owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying; yet to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but a short time, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part but not always accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the daytime, we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discoursed, with seriousness and earnestness, on topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking, directly, of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed, that in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions, which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated, perhaps, in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions, Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings!'"

Surely it must be comforting to the relatives and friends of Franklin and his brave companions in later dangers, now at rest, to reflect upon this manly and touching narrative; to consider that at the time it so affectingly describes, and all the weaknesses of which it so truthfully depicts, the bodies of the dead lay within reach, preserved by the cold, but unmutilated; and to know it for an established truth, that the sufferers had passed the bitterness of hunger and were then dying passively.

They knew the end they were approaching very well, as Franklin's account of the arrival of their deliverance next day, shows. "Adam had passed a restless night, being disquieted by gloomy apprehensions of approaching death, which we tried in vain to dispel. He was so low in the morning as to be scarcely able to speak. I remained in bed by his side, to cheer him as much as possible. The Doctor and Hepburn went to cut wood. They had hardly begun their labour, when they were amazed at hearing the report of a musket. They could scarcely believe that there was really any one near, until they heard a shout, and immediately espied three Indians close to the house. Adam and I heard the latter noise, and I was fearful that a part of the house had fallen upon one of my companions; a disaster which had in fact been thought not unlikely. My alarm was only momentary. Dr. Richardson came in to communicate the joyful intelligence that relief had arrived. He and myself immediately addressed thanksgiving to the throne of mercy for this deliverance, but poor Adam was in so low a state that he could scarcely comprehend the information. When the Indians entered, he attempted to rise, but sank down again. But for this seasonable interposition of Providence, his existence must have terminated in a few hours, and that of the rest probably in not many days."

But, in the preceding trials and privations of that expedition, there *was* one man, MICHEL, an Iroquois hunter, who *did* conceive the horrible idea of subsisting on the bodies of the stragglers, if not of even murdering the weakest with the express design of eating them—which is pretty certain. This man planned and executed his wolfish devices at a time when Sir John Richardson and Hepburn were afoot with him every day; when, though their sufferings were very great, they had not fallen into the weakened state of mind we have just read of; and when the mere difference between his bodily robustness and the emaciation of the rest of the party—to say nothing of his mysterious absences and returns—might have engendered suspicion. Yet, so far off was the unnatural thought of cannibalism from their minds, and from that of Mr. HOOD, another officer who accompanied them—though they were all then suffering the pangs of hunger, and were sinking every hour—that no suspicion of the truth dawned upon one of them, until the same hunter shot Mr. Hood dead as he sat by a fire. It was after the commission of that crime, when he had become an object of horror and distrust, and seemed to be going savagely mad, that circumstances began to piece themselves together in the minds of the two survivors, suggesting a guilt so monstrously unlikely to both of them that it had never flashed upon the thoughts of either until they knew the wretch to be a murderer. To be rid of his presence, and freed from the danger they at length perceived it to be fraught with, Sir John Richardson, nobly assuming the responsibility he would not allow a man of commoner station to bear, shot this devil through the head—to the infinite joy of all the genera-

tions of readers who will honour him in his admirable narrative of that transaction.

The words in which Sir John Richardson mentions this Michel, after the earth is rid of him, are extremely important to our purpose, as almost describing the broad general ground towards which we now approach. "His principles, unsupported by a belief in the divine truths of Christianity, were unable to withstand the pressure of severe distress. His countrymen, the Iroquois, are generally Christians, but he was totally uninstructed, and ignorant of the duties inculcated by Christianity; and from his long residence in the Indian country, seems to have imbibed, or retained, the rules of conduct which the southern Indians prescribe to themselves."

Heaven forbid that we, sheltered and fed, and considering this question at our own warm hearth, should audaciously set limits to any extremity of desperate distress! It is in reverence for the brave and enterprising, in admiration for the great spirits who can endure even unto the end, in love for their names, and in tenderness for their memory, that we think of the specks, once ardent men, "scattered about in different directions" on the waste of ice and snow, and plead for their lightest ashes. Our last claim in their behalf and honour, against the vague babble of savages, is, that the instances in which this "last resource" so easily received, has been permitted to interpose between life and death, are few and exceptional; whereas the instances in which the sufferings of hunger have been borne until the pain was past, are very many. Also, and as the citadel of the position, that the better educated the man, the better disciplined the habits, the more reflective and religious the tone of thought, the more gigantically improbable the "last resource" becomes.

Beseeching the reader always to bear in mind that the lost Arctic voyagers were carefully selected for the service, and that each was in his condition no doubt far above the average, we will test the Esquimaux kettle-stories by some of the most trying and famous cases of hunger and exposure on record.

This, however, we must reserve for another and concluding chapter next week.

BE ASSURED.

Two hundred and twenty joint stock companies in London say, as with one voice—be assured. It matters not what may be the object of your solicitude—be assured. Whether you are thinking of the safety of your life by land, or by railway, or by sea, or of the unbroken condition of your arms and legs, or of the maintenance of general health, or of comfort and competence in your old age, or of the interests of wife or children when you may be no more, or of a provision for your boy when he reaches the apprenticing age, or of the happy marriage and the wedding portion of your little Mary Anne, one day to be, you hope, a blushing bride, now a tiny prattling fairy of two or three years; or of the honesty of your clerk, or of the safety of rent due from your tenant, or of the security of money due from your debtor, or of the security of your house and property from fire, or of the immunity of your plate-glass windows from a smash, or of the preservation from loss of your farming-stock from the effects of a hailstorm—never mind the subject-matter: be assured.

This subject of assurance, or insurance, is far more curious than is generally supposed. One man insures because his neighbour has done so, and has reaped obvious benefit by so doing; but he seldom thinks why two or three hundred companies should take the trouble to look after his interest in this way. It is worth while to know more about this than is generally known; for insurance is one of the very best modes of bringing about in a healthy way the maxim share and share alike.

John Smith, aged forty, insures his life for one hundred pounds, to be payable to his widow or children when he dies. He is called upon to pay to the insurance office about three pounds a year, a little more or less, as long as he lives. Now how can the company know that this three pounds per annum will be an equitable return for the liability which they incur? If Smith lives only two years, they will lose ninety-four pounds by their engagement less interest upon the money he has paid. If he live forty years, they will gain considerably. The truth is, that they have nothing to go upon but past experience. If there are one thousand men, aged forty each, it is found—by the experience of insurance offices, and by the tables of the Registrar General—that they will live, one with another, a certain definite number of years longer; this definite number is the expectation of life at that age. The company cannot possibly know whether Smith will live more or less than this number of years; but they feel safe in depending on that average, especially if their range of business be extensive. Nine hundred and ninety-nine other Smiths or Browns, all aged forty, will be pretty certain to bring them right in the end. If in any given case the insurer die before this average time, his widow and children are gainers by the insurance having been effected: if otherwise, he will have paid more than they will have to receive; but this loss is very little in effect: he did not feel the small yearly payments — they *will* feel the benefit of the receipt in one useful sum; while the company pays its way, not by this or that insurance, but by an average of the whole. In fact, the disastrous effect of the deaths of all the John Smiths—disastrous to the widows and children—is shared by all the shareholders in all the insurance offices, and is thus rendered individually less to those more immediately

concerned. It is an approach to share and share alike. But there is a difficulty about insurance which ninety per cent of the legion of John Smiths cannot get over: they cannot scrape together sums large enough for yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly premiums. Some quick and safe insurance absorbent for their spare weekly shillings is very much wanted, even in the present advanced state of the science of life assurance. Such an office has recently been established, and will be especially useful to working men. Many such offices exist already it is true; but, their working has hitherto not been wholly satisfactory. A new company of a like nature which has recently been started promises well. It is called emphatically The Safety.

All sorts of engagements are now entered into by the life-insurance offices. Insurances on children, to be paid to them at the period of schooling, apprenticing, coming of age, or marrying; insurances for a definite term of years, payable only in the event of the person living that number of years; annuities terminable or deferred—all the sorts which are now so familiarly known in English society—are dependent on the probabilities of the expectation of the duration of life, which differs in amount at every age. No one knows, in the lottery of life, which insurer will drop off first; but the companies find that they can predict, with an extraordinary approach to accuracy, the average result among a large number of insurers. Life assurance honestly conducted is truly a blessing; the companies gain by it; and families experience a great alleviation of misery by its means—simply by means of share and share alike.

But what of all the several ills that flesh is heir to? Death is surely not the only personal visitation that brings mourning into a household; and among deaths, there are those which depart very widely from what are termed natural. Nevertheless, natural or not, all are brought within the share and share alike maxim; in respect to all of them, there are companies which say—be assured. For example, there are companies which put forth tables for the insurance of seamen and maritime passengers when braving the dangers of the seas; who can also assure their baggage from loss or destruction. A seaman pays a certain premium on consideration that a certain sum shall be paid to his widow or children if he be lost in such a vessel within the year; if he is to receive also compensation for any injuries short of death, he has to pay a higher premium at the outset; and as Poor Jack, the common sailor, is, taking all things together, exposed to more risk than the captain or the mates, he has in some offices to pay a higher premium for a given amount of insurance. For vessels engaged in the foreign trade, a lower rate of premium is demanded; because the dangers, and the consequent probability of loss of life, are less in the open sea than near the coast. Pilots, fishermen, and boatmen, are exposed to dangers varying in each particular case, and the premiums vary also. It might appear absolutely impossible to say beforehand what would be a fair and equitable premium for any such insurance. One office, The Nelson, protects shipowners from being heavily mulcted in obedience to Mr. Cardwell's clauses in the Shipping Act, which render every shipowner liable to compensate passengers or survivors for loss of life or limb through want of proper precaution, or the misconduct of crews. Who can say whether the crew of a particular coaster will meet with a fatal mishap in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five? Who can predict whether the captain will be more luckless than the men, or the men than the captain? The very pith of the insurance system consists in a consciousness that these questions only admit of uncertain answers as to individuals, but that they admit of certain answers as to averages.

There are thousands of railway travellers who refuse to believe that one-pennyworth of insurance against railway accidents can be bonâ fide; yet bonâ fide it assuredly is. At the same time, however, it must be admitted that a little incredulity may be pardoned. A railway accident need not necessarily occur; and therefore an insurance against it appears more uncertain than even one in an ordinary life-office. In the latter case we know that the death will occur, but not when; in the former case we do not know that the event insured against will ever take place. Then, how to calculate the premium? There are, nevertheless, rules for guidance. All serious railway accidents become known, and are tabulated once a year by the Board of Trade; destroyed lives and broken bones occupy places in the tables; and those who are most interested in the matter find that they can strike a kind of yearly average even among such things as broken axles, defective tires, reckless drivers, and thoughtless passengers. The number of railway journeys, the number of miles in each journey, and the number of passengers in each train, compared with the number of lives lost and limbs broken, afford data on which the company proceed; and thus we have the table of rates. You proceed on a railway journey; you pay one, two, or three pence for an insurance ticket; and if you lose your life by an accident during that journey, your representatives will receive two, five, or ten hundred pounds. You may insure for a single journey, a double journey, or for all journeys within a stated definite time. Again, railway servants, and others who travel much, can in like manner be insured, but at higher rates of premium, on account of the higher risk. Nor is this all; if the insurer suffer personal injury without loss of life, he receives compensation

for medical services and loss of time. This system is really what it professes to be. In about four years, among the railway travellers who procured these very economical insurance tickets, more than four hundred met with railway accidents, of one kind or other, in respect to which one company paid fourteen thousand pounds, giving an average of about thirty-five pounds to each person injured. In some cases one penny was paid *to* the company, and two hundred pounds repaid *by* the company.

It is found that, after a large batch of railway accidents, people rush to the company to obtain tickets; but when accidents are few, passengers forget all about it. A year or two ago one of the Great Western directors lost his life by a railway accident; he had an insurance for one thousand pounds; the money was paid to his representatives; and forthwith a great influx of insurers appeared. The first half of the present year was not "rich" in fatal railway accidents, and insurers did not come forward in large numbers; but the present half-year has been more fatal. When the hapless excursion train went from Dover to the Sydenham Palace in August last, there were seventy excursionists who held insurance tickets; but nearly all of these happened to take their seats in the first half of the train, which reached the Crystal Palace in safety, and the company have had to bear a light instead of a severely heavy pressure. Considering how much good one penny will thus buy, we could wish that railway insurers were reckoned by hundreds of thousands rather than by tens of thousands. If some plan could be adopted between all the companies, whereby one payment and one ticket might cover both the insurance and the journey, almost every traveller would be willing to incur this extra charge of a penny or two.

But by a yet greater exercise of boldness accidents of every description have been brought within the system. There is a company whose directors apply the rule of averages to other than railway misfortunes. They grant insurances against death and personal injury arising from accident or violence of every description. They will pay a fixed sum in the event of death only; they will pay fixed sums in the event of death or loss of limbs or sight; they will pay a fixed weekly sum during disability arising from any kind of accident which does not terminate fatally, together with a sum for medical expenses, and a sum in the event of death; they will pay a fixed sum in the event of death from railway accident, irrespective of other catastrophes; or they will pay compensation for non-fatal railway accidents. And they make a difference in the rate of premium, according to the degree of probability that accidents will happen to the insurer. Thus, builders, engineers, and persons occupied with horses, have to pay rather high rates; and boatmen, railway servants, miners, and colliers, yet higher; and persons on long voyages, yet higher; and sailors and soldiers engaged in war, yet higher. All this is equitable enough; the only wonder is, how it is possible to fix on rates which shall be just to the insurers, and still leave a small margin of profit to the company. A put his knee out of joint while playing cricket; he received a hundred guineas in virtue of his insurance. B tumbled into a sawpit and hurt his spine; he received twenty pounds. C fell in a snowdrift and broke his ribs; he received thirty pounds. D was thrown from a dog-cart, and hurt his brain; he received twenty-one pounds. E slipped his foot and sprained his ankle; he received twenty-eight pounds—and so forth: the sum received always depends upon the terms of the original contract.

But not only may you insure your life and limbs and health against all kinds of misfortunes: you may insure your property also. A disastrous fire may destroy your house and furniture in a few hours; but this need not impoverish you. There are companies which come to your aid, if you have had forethought enough to insure before the calamity. As to the question—what is the proper rate of premium? This depends on averages, as in the former instances. Fires even observe a certain general law of frequency in great cities; which affords a guidance to the companies. Sometimes there is an exception—as in the present autumn, when three great fires have occurred at Newcastle, Manchester, and Liverpool, nearly at one time; but the companies will look out for a compensation in a comparative paucity of great fires at some other time, and perhaps in the larger number of persons who will be led to consider the benefits of insurance companies against fire. Who can doubt, especially on the mutual system, the immense value of fire insurance? Who does not see how strikingly it diffuses a calamity among a whole body of shareholders, so that each one may bear a portion which is quite insignificant in amount. Instead of one family being beggared at a single blow, ten thousand families bear a loss of a few shillings each.

As to the insurance of ships, many persons to whom the subject is new, feel as much puzzled to understand this as any other branch of insurance. How can any one predict the result of the next voyage of the splendid clipper Star of the East, A1? True, no one can predict; but underwriters, and insurance brokers, and marine insurance companies find that, out of a total aggregate of ships, a certain uniform average meet with some kind of disaster yearly. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two there were eleven hundred ships wrecked on the British coasts—a fearful number, rendered more fearful by the loss of nine hundred human lives. Fearful as these numbers are,

the people at Lloyd's submit them to sober calculation in sober books, and arrive at certain averages which safely enable them to insure ships against all calamities in all seas, and under all variation of season and weather. The very complete and remarkable organisation whereby the marine assurance business is conducted at Lloyd's has been described in an earlier volume.*

How can you possibly tell whether Simpson, your porter, will thrust the corner of a shutter through a monster square of plate glass in your brilliant shop window? Simpson is not more careless than other porters; and yet he may have this misfortune. Or a mischievous rascal out of doors may hurl a stone at the window, and shatter the crystal sheet—who knows? There appears to be a company whose directors are not appalled by the difficulty of the matter. They say that plate glass windows are broken by the carelessness of servants, by the opening and closing of shop fronts, by the cleaning of windows, by explosion from gas, by the subsidence or settling of buildings, by the crowded state of thoroughfares, by alternations of temperature, by malicious design, by stones cast up by the feet of horses in macadamised roads. They say that, according to the present law, if a square of plate glass be unintentionally broken, the owner can only recover the value of common glass of a certain size. They say that they will venture to insure plate glass of every description, whether used as windows, panels, enclosures, pilasters, show-glasses, shop-side cases, or looking-glasses; by replacing the same with glass of similar description and quality; by becoming, in fact, a glazing company as well as an insuring company. Moreover, they announce their intention of becoming the universal protectors of shop-windows, by prosecuting all malicious breakers thereof. Of course the premium demanded for all these benefits, must depend on the judgment of the parties concerning the average probability of glass-fracture.

It is difficult for the mind to grasp all the responsibility of companies which offer to guarantee against losses arising from robberies, forgeries, frauds, debts, insolvency, and non-payment of rent? One company ventures upon a rough estimate of the probable average number of robberies, and amount of property stolen; of the tendency of men to commit forgery; of the numberless peccadilloes included under the name of fraud. Another company insures the debts which ought to be paid at a certain time, or within a certain limit: there is of bad debts a per-centage which does not differ greatly from year to year; and among the tradesmen carrying on business, the number who become insolvent through roguery or misfortune bears a nearly constant ratio to those who pay their way; and of all the rent owing from tenant to landlord, so much in the pound may, with safety, be considered as lost through the unwillingness or inability of the tenants or lodgers to pay.

With respect to insolvencies and bad debts there is some force in this remark, "that when every business, notwithstanding individual and occasional failures, is in the main profitable, it must be evident that the losses form only a per-centage upon the gains; and that if the former could be spread over the whole, instead of falling upon a few, failure would become almost impossible; the general uncertainty would be converted into certainty for each, and individual chances and accidents would be neutralised by the prevailing safety." In other words the whole trading community would share such losses, and share alike. On what basis the estimate is grounded, we do not know; but there is a rough guess that the losses of debts and rents in the United Kingdom reach the enormous amount of sixty millions sterling annually. But no matter about the amount; if it maintain anything like a general yearly average, the materials may be found whereon to ground an insurance against those losses—the insurers who do not lose, helping to share the burden of those who do. With regard to the rents of houses, there is this singular fact observable—that not only do rent-defaulters bear a stated ratio to rent-payers, but that empty houses and apartments present a nearly uniform per-centage to those which are occupied; and there is one company which, combining these two ratios or per-centages, actually undertakes to secure for us a certain income from property, whether the houses be occupied or unoccupied. A paradox, but not a fallacy; for it all depends upon the premium per cent charged for the insurance.

In theft, fraud, forgery, and so forth, there are more efficient means for establishing averages, than in respect to rents and bad debts, because they come more frequently under the cognisance of the law. Few persons would suppose, on a consideration of the subject, how little change there is in the number of our rascals, or the extent of their rascality, from year to year. Take the metropolis alone, and take the number of robberies which occurred in eighteen hundred and fifty, and the two following years; in no year were there less than thirteen thousand five hundred, and in no year were there so many as thirteen thousand six hundred; the amount of property stolen and not afterwards recovered, was in each year between thirty-four and thirty-eight thousand pounds. Not only for those three years, but also before and since, the average value of property lost by robbery in the metropolis, for each year, differed very little indeed from forty-seven shillings per robbery. If a hundred thousand dwellers in the metro-

* See Household Words, vol. v., p. 585.

polis chose to share among them the loss of fifty thousand pounds annually, which is occasioned by robbery, it would only be ten shillings a-year each; nobody would feel it. This is the principle of mutual insurance thoroughly developed.

Notwithstanding the many curious examples of insurance which we have brought forward, there is one which perhaps exceeds in peculiarity all the others. It is that in which each insurer guarantees the honesty of all the others. There is a large number of societies which undertake this work, that we must fain think there is something feasible in it.

Their main object is to obviate the inconvenience and defects of suretyship by means of private bondsmen, by offering the security of a company having a subscribed capital. It is known that persons of high character and qualifications sometimes decline valuable appointments, either from an unwillingness to place themselves and their friends under so serious an obligation, or from the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory sureties. Let this matter be taken up by a public company, and much of the pain and difficulty ceases. The company undertakes for a small yearly premium to make good to the employer any loss by fraud or dishonesty of the person employed, according to the amount specified in the bond. The result as regards others, is believed to be this; that employers are assured of the continued solvency of the surety for the person employed, whereby the security becomes a permanent one; and that friends and relatives are relieved of the fear of those pecuniary losses to which persons are exposed, who become responsible for the acts of others.

Bankers and commercial men gradually acquire experience concerning clerks and shopmen who embezzle, or wrongly appropriate; they begin by degrees to know the ratio which the bad bear to the good; and only when this is pretty well known can a Guarantee Society be based on a really sound foundation. How strikingly does this show how much we are all interested in the general honesty! An honest clerk at a hundred a-year, is obliged to provide surety or security, because there are some clerks at a hundred a-year who are not honest, and for this surety he is obliged to pay a small sum annually to a Guarantee Society; he forfeits something, not for his own misdoings, but for the misdoings of others. From the tables of various companies, it would seem that an annual premium, varying from ten to forty shillings per cent according to the circumstances of each particular case, is deemed an equitable payment for the surety obtained.

Thus it is, then. If you lose your life, your fellow-men provide something for those who may be left to mourn you. If you meet with an accident, they will support you while on your sick bed. If your house be burnt, or your ship sunk, they will share the loss with you. If your debtor or your lodger run away and forget to pay you, they will bear part of your burden. If you are insolvent, they will pay your debts. If you are wanting in honesty to your employer, they will bear the loss as sureties. That is, they will do so to you if you will do so to them. And if all join in these mutual arrangements, the effects will be two,—loss and suffering will not fall so heavily on any one person; and every member of the community will be directly benefited by the honesty and carefulness of all the others.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DOLMA BAKJAH.

Dolma Bakjah, signifying literally a garden for those little stuffed vegetable marrows of which the Turks are very fond, is rather a remarkable name for a Sultanic residence. Nevertheless it is the name of the new palace to be occupied, in some distant age, by the Sultans of Turkey. I felt some curiosity to ascertain who gave it that strange name, — who were its godfathers or godmothers; but I have not been so fortunate as to fall in with any wise man of the East who has been either able or disposed to gratify a thirst for knowledge which I still continue to think is but reasonable.

The name, however, is not altogether a misnomer; for, the ground on which the palace is still building has been a sort of Tommy Tiddler's ground to all who have had anything to do with it. There is no reason why it should not grow little stuffed vegetable marrows at the present moment. It has passed into a sort of proverb among the ribald and envious, that a man would be rich who might possess for his whole fortune no more than five per cent on the money which has been stolen during only a fifth part of the time which the palace has taken to build. The palace has been building so long a time, that the oldest attaché to the British Embassy cannot remember the laying of the foundation stone. It is said even that the architects and workmen have got into such a hopeless state of confusion that the Greek Kalends is the only date which can be fixed with certainty for the termination of their labours. The earliest raised part of the structure will, it is expected, be in ruins before the whole is completed. To be sure, as the palace is understood not to be wanted at all—the Sultan having already a great many more than he knows what to do with—there is no particular occasion for hurry, and I have therefore no doubt whatever that a large number of little stuffed vegetable marrows still remains to be grown upon its unbuilt ground before the picturesque dresses of the

workmen will give place to the eunuchs and cavasses, the cooks and the harem of Abd ul Medgid.

Forget these troublesome, intrusive scandals —forget all one would rather not remember just now—and I think I never saw a lovelier sight than this Eastern palace rising out of the charmed waters of the Bosphorus. It stands close by the shore with its snowy terraces and towers reflected in the clear calm element. Beautiful as is the reality, I love the shadows in the deep waters best. They put me in mind of the home of the pearl queen, whither the prince went, in the fairy tale. Indeed, there is quite a kingdom beneath that tranquil sealet; and if some good fairy would grant me one of those dreamy, delightful wishes, we all I suppose have as children, I think I should like to be the king of it. There is something so soft and luxurious, so strange and far away about it, that I never saw anything which gave me so vivid a picture of enchanted land. I believe, indeed, that half at least of the beautiful imagery of Arabian and Persian tales owes its origin to shadows and reflections in the water. Far as the eye can reach stretches the same white line of dazzling palaces, with now and then a tranquil churchyard overgrown with cypresses, or a coffee-house crowded with revellers and musicians, the very sound of their uncouth instruments taking a softer tone as it comes mellowed over its sparkling and gorgeous pathway.

We step on shore to the sound of it, and are nearly blinded by dust. It is one of those sharp contrasts between romance and reality which are constantly hitting one in the face—not an inapt simile in Turkey. We soon find our paradise vanish when we enter it. There are, of course, a whole host of people who have nothing to do about all Eastern places; and at last a limp individual, who allows his contemptuous disgust at Franks to be subdued by the alluring hope of backsheesh, comes forward to attend us. He has no particular idea of there being any duties attached to this office or any other—no Turk has. He likes the backsheesh; but no possible argument would persuade him that it is at all necessary to earn it. His attendance merely consists of dogging us solemnly wherever we go till he is bought off. Several friends also arrive to help him in an occupation so congenial; but they will hold no intercourse with us, for we are dogs; and when we desire to bark, or, in other words, to make the smallest inquiry, they perseveringly look another way. Your vulgar Turk is really and truly a sulky bigot, if ever there was one. He is almost as intractable and inconvenient as the Moslem gentleman is courteous and eager to oblige. A common Turk will never be civil unless he believes you have the power of the bastinado over him, with the administrative conveniences at hand for instantly carrying that punishment into effect.

The Grand Hall, where the state receptions are to be held, and the court of the Sultan will appear in all its splendour, is a fine lofty place enough. There are some beautiful specimens of marble among the many columns; but there is too much gilding, and the decorations will not bear close examination. They are done by inferior artists. The flowers, which are the chief ornament everywhere, are miserable daubs. Passing up a mean staircase, we come to a gallery carefully guarded by jealous trellice work. This is where the ladies of the harem will sit to eat bon-bons and watch the proceedings. We wander from room to room, noticing nothing very remarkable save a good deal of that make-believe which I think forms an essential quality of all Orientals. For instance: we are in the palace of the Sultan; yet there are no real curtains. They are painted above the doors and windows—painted a gorgeous crimson velvet, with deep gilded embroideries. Nothing is real in the East. Read history and you will understand why. The accounts we have of Oriental splendour *were* true, but they are no longer so. The East was once the treasury of the civilised world. Read Ducas and Phranza, and Anna Comnena, and Chalcocondylas, and you will learn how the treasures it contained were wasted by ignorance, profusion, priestcraft, and conquest. But the taste for gold and glitter remained when the ore and jewels had been scattered. Show is part of the Eastern character; and if they cannot any longer cheat themselves they may at least try to dazzle you and me.

The interior of Dolma Bakjah is that of a palace — nothing more. I have seen fifty better and as many worse. There is no grand conception in it — no imposing beauty. The staircases are all mean; the passages are dark, the rooms generally are low, and the carpenter's and joiner's work is bad. The fireplaces—necessary things enough in the Bosphorus — are too small; there is no freedom of handling or grace of idea about any one apartment, though the evidence of almost reckless expense strikes you at every turn. The very floors, all things considered, might have been laid down in silver at a less cost; yet they are not handsome. The best things I noticed were some magnificent specimens of marble in the dining-room, and a charming effect of the setting sun shining down through some lofty stained glass windows. The square formal garden is singularly ugly.

Let me own I was shocked at the waste of wealth about this needless place. I am not going to speak of many a deserted home I had seen in a distant province, many a bare hut with the housewife wailing in the midst for her husband imprisoned to wring the stern

tax from hands which could no longer pay it. I will not speak of the awful amount of misery I had witnessed but yesterday in the Greek Islands. It is I know a fashionable philosophy to say that public works is one of the best remedies for all this, and that the profusion of the wealthy is the hope of the poor. I do not care to discuss the point; but I think that even for the poor, money may be spent much more wisely than in unproductive splendour, and on the useless and tasteless trappings of royalty.

A TURKISH BATH.

PASSING through a pleasant paved court ornamented with flowers enough, and with a merry little talkative fountain in the centre, I was soon inducted into the bath toilet, which consisted merely of a particoloured garment, rather rough, bound round my loins, and a towel tied turban-form about my head. Thus equipped, I was mounted upon a most rickety pair of wooden clogs, and led gingerly into the first or outward chamber of the bath. It had once been a noble apartment, with a lofty roof and fretted marble walls and cornices. It now shared the fate of all things Turkish, and had tumbled into a dreary state of ruin and decay. A large fat, black rat dashed gamesomely by us as the door opened, and he sprinkled some water over my leg with his frolicsome tail. I had not thought a rat was such a playful thing.

A strong smell of boiled Turk now made itself so outrageously demonstrative that a pipe became a necessity; and while engaged in its discussion, I found myself introduced into a Mohammedan company rather more numerous than I had anticipated, or, indeed, than appeared convenient for the purposes of ablution. I soon perceived that the bath is a regular house of call for scandal and gossiping; and I witnessed the pulling to pieces of many persons in authority, an operation which I am bound to say was performed with the same liveliness and spirit, the same racy appetite for forbidden things which I have so often observed amongst the western nation of which I am a native.

Turks of various shapes and sizes, and in divers stages of their interminable washing, stalked from chamber to chamber, or stood together conversing in groups while the bathmen shaved the hair from their armpits. But persons of overwhelming dignity shut themselves and their pipes up in little private dens, and kept the vulgar off by means of towels spread carefully over the doorways. The bathmen I noticed seemed to be all characters — licensed jesters, like the one-eyed boots of sporting inns. They seemed to know everybody's secrets and sly places: it was refreshing to observe the use they made of these acquisitions. It is my belief that many a lordly old Effendi went to that bath to obtain treasonable matter for the ensuing week's coffee-house conversation. For the rest, the general and distinctive character of the Turks was here completely lost, as far as their appearance goes to outward eyes. Many a man who half an hour before seemed to be possessed of muscular power enough to rouse the envy of a British Grenadier, peeled but poorly. I do not ever remember seeing such a remarkable collection of arms and legs. A straggling assemblage of very gnarled and knotty broomsticks will by no means convey to the mind's eye an adequate idea of their very singular leanness and crookedness.

From what may be called the talk and perspiration-room, I was now led hobbling into another, much hotter. It had a dome-like roof, with little round windows to let in the light. They would have looked like holes, but for the dense steam which collected on them. I remember that a condensed drop fell upon my nose. I did not like it. I could not divest my imagination of an idea that there was a greasiness about the water. In fact, an impression began to make itself generally felt about me that one would want rather more good wholesome washing after a Turkish bath than before it.

I smiled feebly as my attendant led me, skating awkwardly, over the marble floor till we came to a little brass tap and a marble basin. Here he bade me sit down; and I did so. I was unwilling to hurt his feelings by expressing my opinion that the whole affair, as far as cleanliness might be concerned, was a delusion and a snare; beside, resistance was impossible. I closed my eyes, therefore, upon the filthy puddles round about, and meekly resigned myself to my fate, whatever it might be.

Now, if anybody was to interrupt an English and, still more, an Irish gentleman taking a bath, according to the custom of his country, the bather might, could, should, or would, in all probability, knock the intruder down; but, in the East, such an achievement would be fairly impossible. I began, therefore, for the first time, to understand how attacking a tyrant in his bath has always been such a very favourite and convenient way of getting rid of him. An eastern bather, six feet by four, is as helpless as a child. He hobbles or skates, as the case may be, in wooden clogs, three inches high, attached to the instep by a single narrow strap. He is laid down on a block which looks like a sarcophagus turned topsyturvy. He is swathed up like a mummy, and, a pipe being put into his lips, he is left till he feels drowsy. Then there looms through the mist, gigantic, a man with a wonderfully serious face, who affords himself a very curious entertainment at the expense of his prostrate victim. His open hands press, and punch, and poke the bather in all possible and impossible

places. A fanciful individual suffering thus might suppose himself to be the old original Prometheus, and his tormentor, the vulture, about to dine upon him. Having been now punched, and poked, and pulled, and pressed sufficiently, the victim is lifted up by the hand as helpless as an heir apparent, and then being reseated he shares passively in a wild orgy which we will call lathering. The demon of the bath takes a long stringy thing in his hand—it looks like a mop without a handle—and he scrubs the miserable body confided to him with stern animation. Something comes off it in flakes. The advocates of the bath maintain these flakes to be composed of the various impurities of the skin; but I am much disposed to question the accuracy of this opinion, and having suffered the most acute pain from the subsequent contact of my clothes, I have reason to believe that I was very nearly flayed during this process, though from having been previously nearly boiled, and the atmosphere being generally warm and greasy, the operation did not cause me the acute agony at the time which it would cause under ordinary circumstances. Having been lathered more than sufficiently, with eyes, nose, ears, mouth, and every crick and cranny in his body utterly stopped up and glutinous with soap, the wretched searcher, after cleanliness under difficulties, is at last perfectly soused with a deluge of scalding water, and being swaddled up anew and led into the outer apartment, the air of which strikes upon him as that of an ice-house, he sinks exhausted beside the consoling pipe and coffee which have been prepared for him. Never is sleep more grateful than that which follows, though I am bound to confess, for my own part, that I could not help dreaming fitfully of the vulture who had been clawing me, and at last I woke, in imminent apprehension of him, and found the barber.

The Eastern barber is a distinguished personage. He has been so under all rabid despotisms. It was found inconvenient not to treat with considerable deference an individual who also enjoyed a sort of absolute despotism,—who, in point of fact, was a rival potentate in his way, and might doom you to execution if ever the idea should occur to him as being agreeable or advantageous. It is not surprising that barbers invested with so much dignity should have a lively consciousness of their exalted station in society. The most elderly and experienced person, when admitted to the honourable craft of viscounts or barons, has the same. It is indeed a natural sentiment, and common to all magnates alike. I notice, therefore, without surprise, that the shaver now introduced to me has a dignified charm of manner and grace of attitude while taking the small hair out of my nose, and the gray hairs out of my eyebrows, which almost causes me to forget the excruciating anguish arising from so unlooked-for a proceeding. He polishes me up indeed to such a powerful and surprising extent, that I do not know my own face in the pretty little tortoiseshell and mosaic-framed looking-glass which he hands me, that I may admire in it the perfection of his art. He has shaved me with such a light hand that I set that individual down as a goose who shaveth himself in Turkey. My chin is as smooth as a very dark species of ivory; my eyebrows have been miraculously arched. I feel for the favourite tuft on my right ear in vain. My visage and all thereto pertaining is as bare as the palm of a lady's hand. I have grown quite juvenile during this strange operation. I came hither a rusty elderly gentleman as needs to be. I shall depart an adventurous youth on my travels, and hotel-keepers will rejoice to take me in. I vow and declare that my moustaches are twisted into points sharp and dark and insinuating enough, to go straight through the heart of sweet seventeen. The barber contemplates the improvement in my personal appearance with due gravity and enjoyment. I am the last triumph of his art, and he is proud of me. If it were not for a slight twinge of a most intrusive and unaccountable rheumatism, I should be proud of myself.

The barber veils his eyes with his hands, and prostrates himself before the Beys Adé. I notice with a kindred pang that Hamet is distressed at the depth of his reverence, and I prophesy that my store of Turkish small change in the Albanian pouch will sensibly shrink ere that barber departeth.

Let us dress and depart also. Hamed brings my linen, which has been washed at the bath during my ablutions, and holds a curtain before me as a screen from the vulgar, while I put it on. He is always very particular in this respect, and he will not allow me to be seen by profane eyes in my shirt-sleeves on any account. I must be arrayed in the full glory of a gay-coloured plaid shooting coat (bought of a Maltese Jew), and I must have on my eyeglass (which I hear the Rhodians have mistaken for a British military order of a high class) before he will let me go forth. His fierce rugged face and well-knit figure, the splendour of his Albanian dress and his glittering arms, contrast, as they often do, oddly enough, with the employment he has imposed on himself.

And now comes the quarter of an hour so pathetically mentioned by old Rabelais. I must pay for the loss of my skin and for my renovated youth. Unhappily for my slender purse, which has long been in a galloping consumption, people in Turkey do not pay what things are worth, but what they themselves are supposed to be worth. Now they appear to find it convenient wherever I owe anything to call me Beys Adé, which signifies great lord, or something altogether out of the common way; and therefore I am ruthlessly mulcted of a sum

rather greater than that I should have to pay in Bond Street—viz., about ten shillings—a powerful sum for a bath. If my servant had not blown my trumpet with such haughtiness and vivacity while entertaining his little world of admirers in the anteroom, I might have got off for twopence, as other people do. Ah, Hamed! Hamed!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Mr. Thornton went straight and hard into all the interests of the following day. There was a slight demand for finished goods; and, as it affected his branch of the trade, he took advantage of it, and drove hard bargains. He was sharp to the hour at the meeting of his brother magistrates,—giving them the best assistance of his strong sense, and his power of seeing consequences at a glance and so coming to a rapid decision. Older men, men of long standing in the town, men of far greater wealth — realised and turned into land, while his was all floating capital, engaged in his trade—looked to him for prompt ready wisdom. He was the one deputed to see and arrange with the police—to lead in all the requisite steps. And he cared for their unconscious deference no more than for the soft west wind, that scarcely made the smoke from the great tall chimneys swerve in its straight upward course. He was not aware of the silent respect paid to him. If it had been otherwise, he would have felt it as an obstacle in his progress to the object he had in view. As it was, he looked to the speedy accomplishment of that alone. It was his mother's greedy ears that sucked in, from the womenkind of these magistrates and wealthy men, how highly Mr. This or Mr. That thought of Mr. Thornton; that if he had not been there, things would have gone on very differently,—very badly, indeed. He swept off his business right and left that day. It seemed as though his deep mortification of yesterday, and the stunned purposeless course of the hours afterwards, had cleared away all the mists from his intellect. He felt his power and revelled in it. He could almost defy his heart. If he had known it, he could have sung the song of the miller who lived by the river Dee:—

> I care for nobody—
> Nobody cares for me.

The evidence against Boucher and other ringleaders of the riot was taken before him; that against the three others, for conspiracy, failed. But he sternly charged the police to be on the watch; for the swift right arm of the law should be in readiness to strike as soon as they could prove a fault. And then he left the hot reeking room in the borough court, and went out into the fresher but still ultry street. It seemed as though he gave way all at once; he was so languid that he could not control his thoughts; they would wander to her; they would bring back the scene,—not of his repulse and rejection the day before, but the looks, the actions of the day before that. He went along the crowded streets mechanically, winding in and out among the people, but never seeing them,—almost sick with longing for that one half-hour—that one brief space of time when she clung to him and her heart beat against his—to come once again.

"Why, Mr. Thornton! you're cutting me very coolly, I must say. And how is Mrs. Thornton? Brave weather this! We doctors don't like it, I can tell you!"

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Donaldson. I really did not see you. My mother's quite well, thank you. It is a fine day, and good for the harvest, I hope. If the wheat is well got in, we shall have a brisk trade next year, whatever you doctors have."

"Ay, ay. Each man for himself. Your bad weather, and your bad times, are my good ones. When trade is bad, there's more undermining of health, and preparation for death, going on among you Milton men than you're aware of."

"Not with me, Doctor. I'm made of iron. The news of the worst bad debt I ever had never made my pulse vary. This strike, which affects me more than any one else in Milton,—more than Hamper,—never comes near my appetite. You must go elsewhere for a patient, Doctor."

"By the way, you've recommended me a good patient, poor lady! Not to go on talking in this heartless way, I seriously believe that Mrs. Hale—that lady in Crampton, you know—hasn't many weeks to live. I never had any hope of cure, as I think I told you; but I've been seeing her to-day, and I think very badly of her."

Mr. Thornton was silent. The vaunted steadiness of pulse failed him for an instant.

"Can I do anything, Doctor?" he asked, in an altered voice. "You know—you would see that money is not very plentiful;—are there any comforts or dainties she ought to have?"

"No," replied the Doctor, shaking his head. "She craves for fruit,—she has a constant fever on her; but jargonelle pears will do as well as anything, and there are quantities of them in the market."

"You will tell me if there is anything I can do, I'm sure," replied Mr. Thornton. "I rely upon you."

"Oh! never fear! I'll not spare your purse,—I know it's deep enough. I wish you'd give me carte-blanche for all my patients, and all their wants."

But Mr. Thornton had no general benevolence,—no universal philanthropy; few even would have given him credit for strong affections. But he went straight to the first

fruit-shop in Milton, and chose out the bunch of purple grapes with the most delicate bloom upon them,—the richest-coloured peaches,—the freshest vine-leaves. They were packed into a basket, and the shopman awaited the answer to his inquiry, "Where shall we send them to, sir?"

There was no reply. "To Marlborough Mills, I suppose, sir?"

"No!" Mr. Thornton said. "Give the basket to me,—I'll take it."

It took up both his hands to carry it; and he had to pass through the busiest part of the town for feminine shopping. Many a young lady of his acquaintance turned to look after him, and thought it strange to see him occupied just like a porter or an errand-boy.

He was thinking, "I will not be daunted from doing as I choose by the thought of her. I like to take this fruit to the poor mother, and it is simply right that I should. She shall never scorn me out of doing what I please. A pretty joke, indeed, if, for fear of a haughty girl, I failed in doing a kindness to a man I liked! I do it for Mr. Hale,—I do it in defiance of her."

He went at an unusual pace, and was soon at Crampton. He went upstairs two steps at a time, and entered the drawing-room before Dixon could announce him,—his face flushed, his eyes shining with kindly earnestness. Mrs. Hale lay on the sofa heated with fever. Mr. Hale was reading aloud. Margaret was working on a low stool by her mother's side. Her heart fluttered, if his did not, at this interview. But he took no notice of her,—hardly of Mr. Hale himself; he went up straight with his basket to Mrs. Hale, and said, in that subdued and gentle tone which is so touching when used by a robust man in full health speaking to a feeble invalid—

"I met Dr. Donaldson, ma'am, and as he said fruit would be good for you, I have taken the liberty—the great liberty—of bringing you some that seemed to me fine." Mrs. Hale was excessively surprised; excessively pleased; quite in a tremble of eagerness. Mr. Hale with fewer words expressed a deeper gratitude.

"Fetch a plate, Margaret—a basket—anything." Margaret stood up by the table, half afraid of moving or making any noise to arouse Mr. Thornton into a consciousness of her being in the room. She thought it would be so awkward for both to be brought into conscious collision; and fancied that, from her being on a low seat at first, and now standing behind her father, he had overlooked her in his haste. As if he did not feel the consciousness of her presence all over, though his eyes had never rested on her!

"I must go," said he, "I cannot stay. If you will forgive this liberty,—my rough ways,—too abrupt, I fear—but I will be more gentle next time. You will allow me the pleasure of bringing you some fruit again, if I should see any that is tempting. Good afternoon, Mr. Hale. Good bye, ma'am."

He was gone. Not one word; not one look to Margaret. She believed that he had not seen her. She went for a plate in silence, and lifted the fruit out tenderly, with the points of her delicate taper fingers. It was good of him to bring it; and after yesterday too!

"Oh! it is so delicious!" said Mrs. Hale, in a feeble voice. "How kind of him to think of me! Margaret love, only taste these grapes! Was it not good of him?"

"Yes!" said Margaret, quietly.

"Margaret!" said Mrs. Hale, rather querulously, "you won't like anything Mr. Thornton does. I never saw anybody so prejudiced."

Mr. Hale had been peeling a peach for his wife, and, cutting off a small piece for himself, he said:

"If I had any prejudices, the gift of such delicious fruit as this would melt them all away. I have not tasted such fruit—no! not even in Hampshire—since I was a boy; and to boys, I fancy, all fruit is good. I remember eating sloes and crabs with a relish. Do you remember the matted up currant bushes, Margaret, at the corner of the west-wall in the garden at home?"

Did she not? did she not remember every weather-stain on the old stone wall; the gray and yellow lichens that marked it like a map; the little crane's-bill that grew in the crevices? She had been shaken by the events of the last two days; her whole life just now was a strain upon her fortitude; and, somehow, these careless words of her father's, touching on the remembrance of the sunny times of old, made her start up, and, dropping her sewing on the ground, she went hastily out of the room into her own little chamber. She had hardly given way to the first choking sob, when she became aware of Dixon standing at her drawers, and evidently searching for something.

"Bless me, miss! How you startled me! Missus is not worse, is she? Is anything the matter?"

"No, nothing. Only I'm silly, Dixon, and want a glass of water. What are you looking for? I keep my muslins in that drawer."

Dixon did not speak, but went on rummaging. The scent of lavender came out and perfumed the room.

At last Dixon found what she wanted; what it was Margaret could not see. Dixon faced round, and spoke to her:

"Now I don't like telling you what I wanted, because you've fretting enough to go through, and I know you'll fret about this. I meant to have kept it from you till night, may-be, or such times as that."

"What is the matter? pray, tell me, Dixon, at once."

"That young woman you go to see—Higgins, I mean."

"Well?"

"Well! she died this morning, and her sister is here—come to beg a strange thing. It seems the young woman who died had a fancy for being buried in something of yours, and so the sister come to ask for it,—and I was looking for a night-cap that was'nt too good to give away."

"Oh! let me find one," said Margaret, in the midst of her tears. "Poor Bessy! I never thought I should not see her again."

"Why, that's another thing. This girl down-stairs wanted me to ask you if you would like to see her."

"But she's dead!" said Margaret, turning a little pale. "I never saw a dead person. No! I would rather not."

"I should never have asked you if you had not come in. I told her you would not."

"I will go down and speak to her," said Margaret, afraid lest Dixon's harshness of manner might wound the poor girl. So, taking the cap in her hand, she went to the kitchen. Mary's face was all swollen with crying, and she burst out afresh when she saw Margaret.

"Oh, ma'am, she loved yo, she loved yo, she did indeed!" And for a long time Margaret could not get her to say anything more than this. At last, her sympathy, and Dixon's scolding, forced out a few facts. Nicholas Higgins had gone out in the morning, leaving Bessy as well as on the day before. But in an hour she was taken worse; some neighbour ran to the room where Mary was working; they did not know where to find her father; Mary had only come in a few minutes before she died.

"It were a day or two ago she axed to be buried in somewhat o' yourn. She were never tired o' talking o' yo. She used to say yo were the prettiest thing she'd ever clapped eyes on. She loved yo dearly. Her last words were, 'Give her my affectionate respects; and keep father fro' drink.' Yo'll come and see her, ma'am. She would ha' thought it a great compliment, I know."

Margaret shrank a little from answering.

"Yes, perhaps I may. Yes, I will. I'll come before tea. But where's your father, Mary?"

Mary shook her head, and stood up to be going.

"Miss Hale," said Dixon, in a low voice, "where's the use o' your going to see the poor thing laid out? I'd never say a word against it, if it could do the girl any good; and I would'nt mind a bit going myself, if that would satisfy her. They've just a notion these common folks, of its being a respect to the departed. Here," said she, turning sharply round, "I'll come and see your sister. Miss Hale is busy, and she can't come, or else she would."

The girl looked wistfully at Margaret. Dixon's coming might be a compliment, but it was not the same thing to the poor sister, who had had her little pangs of jealousy during Bessy's life-time at the intimacy between her and the young lady.

"No, Dixon!" said Margaret with decision. "I will go. Mary, you shall see me this afternoon." And for fear of her own cowardice, she went away, in order to take from herself any chance of changing her determination.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THAT afternoon she walked swiftly to the Higgins's house. Mary was looking out for her, with a half-distrustful face. Margaret smiled into her eyes to re-assure her. They passed quickly through the house-place, up-stairs, and into the quiet presence of the dead. Then Margaret was glad that she had come. The face, often so weary with pain, so restless with troublous thoughts, had now the faint soft smile of eternal rest upon it. The slow tears gathered into Margaret's eyes, but a deep calm entered into her soul. And that was death! It looked more peaceful than life. All beautiful scriptures came into her mind. "They rest from their labours." "The weary are at rest." "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Slowly, slowly Margaret turned away from the bed. Mary was humbly sobbing in the back-ground. They went downstairs without a word.

Resting his hand upon the house-table, Nicholas Higgins stood in the midst of the floor; his great eyes startled open by the news he had heard as he came along the court from many busy tongues. His eyes were dry, and fierce; studying the reality of her death; bringing himself to understand that her place should know her no more. For she had been sickly, dying so long, that he had persuaded himself she would not die; that she would "pull through."

Margaret felt as if she had no business to be there, familiarly acquainting herself with the surroundings of the death which he, the father, had only just learnt. There had been a pause of an instant on the steep crooked stair, when she first saw him; but now she tried to steal past his abstracted gaze, and to leave him in the solemn circle of his household misery.

Mary sat down on the first chair she came to, and throwing her apron over her head, began to cry.

The noise appeared to rouse him. He took sudden hold of Margaret's arm, and held her till he could gather words to speak. His throat seemed dry; they came up thick, and choked, and hoarse:

"Were yo with her? Did yo see her die?"

"No!" replied Margaret, standing still with the utmost patience, now she found herself perceived. It was some time before he spoke again, but he kept his hold on her

"All men must die," said he at last, with a strange sort of gravity, which first suggested to Margaret the idea that he had been drinking—not enough to intoxicate himself, but enough to make his thoughts bewildered. "But she were younger than me." Still he pondered over the event, not looking at Margaret, though he grasped her tight. Suddenly, he looked up at her with a wild, searching inquiry in his glance. "Yo're sure and certain she's dead—not in a dwam, a faint?—she's been so before, often."

"She is dead," replied Margaret. She felt no fear in speaking to him, though he hurt her arm with his gripe, and wild gleams came across the stupidity of his eyes.

"She is dead!" she said.

He looked at her still with that searching look, which seemed to fade out of his eyes as he gazed. Then he suddenly let go his hold of Margaret, and, throwing his body half across the table, he shook it and every other piece of furniture in the room, with his violent sobs. Mary came trembling towards him.

"Get thee gone!—get thee gone!" he cried, striking wildly and blindly at her. "What do I care for thee?" Margaret took her hand, and held it softly in hers. He tore his hair, he beat his head against the hard wood, then he lay exhausted and stupid. Still his daughter and Margaret did not move. Mary trembled from head to foot.

At last—it might have been a quarter of an hour, it might have been an hour—he lifted himself up. His eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and he seemed to have forgotten that any one was by; he scowled at the watchers when he saw them. He shook himself heavily, gave them one more sullen look, spoke never a word, but made for the door.

"Oh, father, father!" said Mary, throwing herself upon his arm,—"not to night! Any night but to-night. Oh, help me! he's going out to drink again! Father, I'll not leave yo. Yo may strike, but I'll not leave yo. She told me last of all to keep yo fro' drink!"

But Margaret stood in the doorway, silent yet commanding. He looked up at her defyingly.

"It's my own house. Stand out o' the way, wench, or I'll make yo!" He had shaken off Mary with violence: he looked ready to strike Margaret. But she moved a feature—never took her deep, serious eyes off him. He stared back on her with gloomy fierceness. If she had stirred hand or foot, he would have thrust her aside with even more violence than he had used to his own daughter, whose face was bleeding from her fall against a chair.

"What are yo looking at me in that way for?" asked he at last, daunted and awed by her severe calm. "If yo think for to keep me from going what gait I choose, because she loved yo—and in my own house, too, where I never asked yo to come, yo'r mista'en. It's very hard upon a man that he can't go to the only comfort left."

Margaret felt that he acknowledged her power. What could she do next? He had seated himself on a chair, close to the door; half-conquered, half-resenting; intending to go out as soon as she left her position, but unwilling to use the violence he had threatened not five minutes before. Margaret laid her hand on his arm.

"Come with me," she said. "Come and see her."

The voice in which she spoke was very low and solemn; but there was no fear or doubt expressed in it, either of him or of his compliance. He sullenly rose up. He stood uncertain, with dogged irresolution upon his face. She waited him there; quietly and patiently waited for his time to move. He had a strange pleasure in making her wait; but at last he moved towards the stairs.

She and he stood by the corpse.

"Her last words to Mary were, 'Keep my father fro' drink.'"

"It canna hurt her now," muttered he. "Nought can hurt her now." Then, raising his voice to a wailing cry, he went on: "We may quarrel and fall out—we may make peace and be friends—we may clem to skin and bone—and nought o' all our griefs will ever touch her more. Hoo's had her portion on 'em. What wi' hard work first, and sickness at last, hoo's led the life of a dog. And to die without knowing one good piece o' rejoicing in all her days! Nay, wench, whatever hoo said, hoo can know nought about it now, and I mun ha' a sup o' drink just to steady me against sorrow."

No," said Margaret, softening with his softened manner. "You shall not. If her life has been what you say, at any rate she did not fear death as some do. Oh, you should have heard her speak of the life to come—the life hidden with God, that she is now gone to."

He shook his head, glancing sideways up at Margaret as he did so. His pale, haggard face struck her painfully.

"You are sorely tired. Where have you been all day—not at work?"

"Not at work, sure enough," said he, with a short, grim laugh. "Not at what you call work. I were at the Committee till I were sickened out wi' trying to make fools hear reason. I were fetched to Boucher's wife afore seven this morning. She's bed-fast, but she were raving and raging to know where her dunder-headed brute of a chap was, as if I'd to keep him—as if he were fit to be ruled by me. The d—d fool, who has put his foot in all our plans! And I've walked my feet sore wi' going about for to see men who would not be seen, now the law is raised again us. And I were sore-hearted, too, which is worse than sore-footed; and if I

did see a friend who ossed to treat me, I never knew hoo lay a-dying here. Bess, lass, thou'd believe me, thou would'st—wouldstn't thou?" turning to the poor dumb form with wild appeal.

"I am sure," said Margaret, "I am sure you did not know: it was quite sudden. But now, you see, it would be different; you do know; you do see her lying there; you hear what she said with her last breath. You will not go?"

No answer. In fact, where was he to look for comfort?

"Come home with me," said she at last, with a bold venture, half trembling at her own proposal as she made it. "At least you shall have some comfortable food, which I'm sure you need."

"Yo're father's a parson?" asked he, with a sudden turn in his ideas.

"He was," said Margaret, shortly.

"I'll go and take a dish o' tea with him," since yo've asked me. I've many a thing I often wished to say to a parson, and I'm not particular as to whether he's preaching now, or not."

Margaret was perplexed; his drinking tea with her father, who would be totally unprepared for his visitor—her mother so ill—seemed utterly out of the question; and yet if she drew back now, it would be worse than ever—sure to drive him to the gin-shop. She thought that if she could only get him to their own house, it was so great a step gained that she would trust to the chapter of accidents for the next.

"Goodbye, ou'd wench! We've parted company at last, we have! But thou'st been a blessin' to thy father ever sin' thou wert born. Bless thy white lips, lass, —they've a smile on 'em now! and I'm glad to see it once again, though I'm lone and forlorn for evermore."

He stooped down and fondly kissed his daughter; covered up her face, and turned to follow Margaret. She had hastily gone down stairs to tell Mary of the arrangement; to say it was the only way she could think of to keep him from the gin-palace; to urge Mary to come too, for her heart smote her at the idea of leaving the poor affectionate girl alone. But Mary had friends among the neighbours, she said, who would come in and sit a bit with her; it was all right; but father—

He was there by them as she would have spoken more. He had shaken off his emotion as if he was ashamed of having even given way to it; and had even o'erleaped himself so much that he assumed a sort of bitter mirth, like the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"I'm going to take my tea wi' her father, I am!"

But he slouched his cap low down over his brows as he went out into the street, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, while he tramped along by Margaret's side; he feared being upset by the words, still more the looks, of sympathising neighbours. So he and Margaret walked in silence.

As he got near the street in which he knew she lived, he looked down at his clothes, his hands, and shoes.

"I should m'appen ha' cleaned mysel', first?"

It certainly would have been desirable, but Margaret assured him he should be allowed to go into the yard, and have soap and towel provided; she could not let him slip out of her hands just then.

While he followed the house-servant along the passage, and through the kitchen, stepping cautiously on every dark mark in the pattern of the oil-cloth in order to conceal his dirty foot-prints, Margaret ran upstairs. She met Dixon on the landing.

"How is mamma?—where is papa?"

Missus was tired, and gone into her own room. She had wanted to go to bed, but Dixon had persuaded her to lie down on the sofa, and have her tea brought to her there; it would be better than getting restless by being too long in bed.

So far, so good. But where was Mr. Hale? In the drawing-room. Margaret went in half breathless with the hurried story she had to tell. Of course, she told it incompletely; and her father was rather "taken aback" by the idea of the drunken weaver awaiting him in his quiet study, with whom he was expected to drink tea, and on whose behalf Margaret was anxiously pleading. The meek, kind-hearted Mr. Hale would have readily tried to console him in his grief, but, unluckily, the point Margaret dwelt upon most forcibly was the fact of his having been drinking, and her having brought him home with her as a last expedient to keep him from the gin shop. One little event had come out of another so naturally that Margaret was hardly conscious of what she had done, till she saw the slight look of repugnance on her father's face.

"Oh, papa! he really is a man you will not dislike—if you won't be shocked to begin with."

"But, Margaret, to bring a drunken man home—and your mother so ill!"

Margaret's countenance fell. "I am sorry, papa. He is very quiet—he is not tipsy at all. He was only rather strange at first, but that might be the shock of poor Bessy's death." Margaret's eyes filled with tears. Mr. Hale took hold of her sweet pleading face in both his hands, and kissed her forehead.

"It is all right, dear. I'll go and make him as comfortable as I can, and do you attend to your mother. Only, if you can come in and make a third in the study, I shall be glad."

"Oh, yes—thank you." But as Mr. Hale was leaving the room, she ran after him:

"Papa—you must not wonder at what he says: he's an—— I mean he does not believe in much of what we do."

"Oh dear! a drunken infidel weaver!" said Mr. Hale to himself, in dismay. But to Margaret he only said, "If your mother goes to sleep, be sure you come directly."

Margaret went into her mother's room. Mrs. Hale lifted herself up from a doze.

"When did you write to Frederick, Margaret? Yesterday, or the day before?"

"Yesterday, mamma."

"Yesterday. And the letter went?

"Yes. I took it myself."

"Oh, Margaret, I'm so afraid of his coming! If he should be recognised! If he should be taken! If he should be executed, after all these years that he has kept away and lived in safety! I keep falling asleep and dreaming that he is caught and being tried."

"Oh, mamma, don't be afraid. There will be some risk, no doubt; but we will lessen it as much as ever we can. And it is so littl Now, if we were at Helstone, there would be twenty—a hundred times as much. There everybody would remember him; and if there was a stranger known to be in the house, they would be sure to guess it was Frederick; while here, nobody knows or cares for us enough to notice what we do. Dixon will keep the door like a dragon—won't you, Dixon—while he is here?"

"They'll be clever if they come in past me!" said Dixon, showing her teeth at the bare idea.

"And he need not go out, except in the dusk, poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Mrs. Hale. "But I almost wish you had not written. Would it be too late to stop him if you wrote again, Margaret?"

"I'm afraid it would, mamma," said Margaret, remembering the urgency with which she had entreated him to come directly, if he wished to see his mother alive.

"I always dislike that doing things in such a hurry," said Mrs. Hale.

Margaret was silent.

'Come now, ma'am," said Dixon, with a kind of cheerful authority, "you know seeing Master Frederick is just the very thing of all others you're longing for. And I'm glad Miss Margaret wrote off straight without shilly-shallying. I've had a great mind to do it myself. And we'll keep him snug, depend upon it. There's only Martha in the house that would not do a good deal to save him on a pinch; and I've been thinking she might go and see her mother just at that very time. She's been saying once or twice she should like to go, for her mother has had a stroke since she came here; only she didn't like to ask. But I'll see about her being safe off, as soon as we know when he comes, God bless him! So take your tea, ma'am, in comfort, and trust to me."

Mrs. Hale did trust in Dixon more than in Margaret. Dixon's words quieted her for the time. Margaret poured out the tea in silence, trying to think of something agreeable to say; but her thoughts made answer something like Daniel O'Rourke, when the man-in-the-moon asked him to get off his reaping-hook, "The more you ax us, the more we won't stir." The more she tried to think of something—anything besides the danger to which Frederick would be exposed—the more closely her imagination clung to the unfortunate idea presented to her. Her mother prattled with Dixon, and seemed to have utterly forgotten the possibility of Frederick being tried and executed—utterly forgotten that at her wish, if by Margaret's deed, he was summoned into this danger. Her mother was one of those who throw out terrible possibilities, miserable probabilities, unfortunate chances of all kinds, as a rocket throws out sparks; but if the sparks light on some combustible matter, they smoulder first, and burst out into a frightful flame at last. Margaret was glad when, her filial duties gently and carefully performed, she could go down into the study. She wondered how her father and Nicholas Higgins had got on.

In the first place, the decorous, kind-hearted, simple, old-fashioned gentleman, had unconsciously called out, by his own refinement and courteousness of manner, all the latent courtesy in the other.

Mr. Hale treated all his fellow-creatures alike: it never entered into his head to make any difference because of their rank. He placed a chair for Nicholas; stood up till he, at Mr. Hale's request, took a seat; and called him, invariably, "Mr. Higgins," instead of the curt "Nicholas" or "Higgins," to which the "drunken infidel weaver" had been accustomed. But Nicholas was neither an habitual drunkard nor a thorough infidel. He drank to drown care, as he would have himself expressed it; and he was infidel so far as he had never yet found any form of faith to which he could attach himself, heart and soul.

Margaret was a little surprised, and very much pleased, when she found her father and Higgins in earnest conversation,—each speaking with gentle politeness to the other, however their opinions might clash. Nicholas—clean, tidied (if only at the pump-trough), and quiet-spoken—was a new creature to her, who had only seen him in the rough independence of his own hearthstone. He had "slicked" his hair down with the fresh water; he had adjusted his neck-handkerchief, and borrowed an odd candle-end to polish his clogs with; and there he sat, enforcing some opinion on her father, with a strong Darkshire accent, it is true, but with a lowered voice, and a good earnest composure on his face. Her father, too, was interested in what his companion was saying. He looked round as she came in, smiled, and quietly gave her his chair, and then sat down afresh as quickly as possible, and with a little bow of apology to his guest for the interrup-

tion. Higgins nodded to her as a sign of greeting; and she softly adjusted her working materials on the table, and prepared to listen.

"As I was a-saying, sir, I reckon yo'd not ha' much belief in yo if yo lived here,—if yo'd been bred here. I ax your pardon if I use wrong words; but what I mean by belief just now, is a-thinking on sayings and maxims and promises made by folk yo never saw,—about the things and the life yo never saw, nor no one else. Now, yo say these are true things, and true sayings, and a true life. I just say, where's the proof? There's many and many a one wiser, and scores better learned than I am around me,—folk who've had time to think on these things,—while my time has had to be gi'en up to getting my bread. Well, I sees these people. Their lives is pretty much open to me. They're real folk. They don't believe i' the Bible,—not they. They may say they do, for form's sake; but Lord, sir, d'ye think their first cry i' th' morning is, 'What shall I do to get hold on eternal life?' or 'What shall I do to fill my purse this blessed day? Where shall I go? What bargains shall I strike?' The purse and the gold and the notes is real things; things as can be felt and touched; them's realities; and eternal life is all a talk, very fit for—— I axe your pardon, sir; yo're a parson out o' work, I believe. Well! I'll never speak disrespectful of a man in the same fix as I'm in mysel'. But I'll just ax yo another question, sir, and I dunnot want yo to answer it, only to put it in yo'r pipe, and smoke it, afore yo' go for to set down us, who only believe in what we see, as fools and noddies. If salvation, and life to come, and what not, was true—not in men's words, but in men's hearts' core—dun yo not think they'd din us wi' it as they do wi' political 'conomy? They're mighty anxious to come round us wi' that piece o' wisdom; but t'other would be a greater convarsion, if it were true."

"But the masters have nothing to do wi' your religion. All that they are connected with you in is trade,—so they think,—and all that it concerns them, therefore, to rectify your opinions in is the science of trade."

"I'm glad, sir," said Higgins, with a curious wink of his eye, "that yo put in, 'so they think.' I'd ha' thought yo a hypocrite, I'm afeard, if yo hadn't, for all yo'r a parson, or rayther because yo'r a parson. Yo see, if yo'd spoken o' religion as a thing that, if it was true, it didn't concern all men to press on all men's attention, above everything else in this 'varsal earth, I should ha' thought yo a knave for to be a parson; and I'd rather think yo a fool than a knave. No offence, I hope, sir."

"None at all. You consider me mistaken, and I consider you far more fatally mistaken. I don't expect to convince you in a day,—not in one conversation; but let us know each other, and speak freely to each other about these things, and the truth will prevail. I should not believe in God if I did not believe that. Mr. Higgins, I trust, whatever else you have given up, you believe"—(Mr. Hale's voice dropped low in reverence)—"you believe in Him."

Nicholas Higgins suddenly stood straight, stiff up. Margaret started to her feet,—for she thought, by the working of his face, he was going into convulsions. Mr. Hale looked at her dismayed. At last Higgins found words:

"Man! I could fell yo to the ground for tempting me. Whatten business have yo to try me wi' your doubts? Think o' her lying theere, after the life hoo's led; and think then how yo'd deny me the one sole comfort left—that there is a God, and that He set her her life. I dunnot believe she'll ever live again," said he, sitting down, and drearily going on, as if to the unsympathising fire. "I dunnot believe in any other life than this, in which she dreed such trouble, and had such never-ending care; and I canno bear to think it were all a set o' chances, that might ha' been altered wi' a breath o' wind. There's many a time when I've thought I didna believe in God, but I've never put it fair out before me in words as many men do. I may ha' laughed at those who did, to brave it out like—but I have looked round at after, to see if He heard me, if so be there was a He; but to-day, when I'm left desolate, I wunnot listen to yo wi' yo'r questions, and yo'r doubts. There's but one thing steady and quiet i' all this reeling world, and, reason or no reason, I'll cling to that. It's a' very well for happy folk—"

Margaret touched his arm very softly. She had not spoken before, nor had he heard her rise.

"Nicholas, we do not want to reason; you misunderstand my father. We do not reason—we believe; and so do you. It is the one ble comfort in such times."

He turned round and caught her hand. "Ay; it is, it is"—(brushing away the tears with the back of his hand).—"But yo know, she's lying dead at home; and I'm welly dazed wi' sorrow, and at times I hardly know what I'm saying. It's as if speeches folk ha' made—clever and smart things as I've thought at the time—come up now my heart's welly brossen. Th' strike's failed as well; dun yo' know that, miss? I were coming whoam to ask her, like a beggar as I am, for a bit o' comfort i' that trouble; and I were knocked down by one who telled me she were dead—just dead. That were all; but that were enough for me."

Mr. Hale blew his nose, and got up to snuff the candles to conceal his emotion. "He's not an infidel, Margaret; how could you say so?" muttered he reproachfully. "I've a good mind to read him the fourteenth chapter of Job."

"Not yet, papa, I think. Perhaps not at

all. Let us ask him about the strike, and give him all the sympathy he needs, and hoped to have from poor Bessy."

So they questioned and listened. The workmen's calculations were based (like too many of the masters') on false premises. They reckoned on their fellow-men as if they possessed the calculable powers of machines, no more, no less; no allowance for human passions getting the better of reason, as in the case of Boucher and the rioters; and believing that the representations of their injuries would have the same effect on strangers far away as the injuries (fancied or real) had upon themselves. They were consequently surprised and indignant at the poor Irish, who had allowed themselves to be imported and brought over to take their places. This indignation was tempered in some degree by contempt for "them Irishers," and by pleasure at the idea of the bungling way in which they would set to work, and perplex their new masters with their ignorance and stupidity, strange exaggerated stories of which were already spreading through the town. But the most cruel cut of all was that of the Milton workmen, who had defied and disobeyed the commands of the Union to keep the peace, whatever came; who had originated discord in the camp, and spread the panic of the law being arrayed against them.

"And so the strike is at an end," said Margaret."

"Aye, miss. It's save who save can. Th' factory doors will need open wide to-morrow to let in all who'll be axing for work; if it's only just to show they'd nought to do wi' a measure, which if we'd been made o' th' right stuff would ha' brought wages up to a point they'n not been at this ten year."

"You'll get work, shan't you?" asked Margaret. "You're a famous workman, are not you?"

"Hamper 'll let me work at his mill, when he cuts off his right hand—not before, and not at after," said Nicholas, quietly. Margaret was silenced and sad.

"About the wages?" said Mr. Hale. "You'll not be offended, but I think you make some sad mistakes. I should like to read you some remarks in a book I have." He got up and went to his book-shelves.

"Yo needn't trouble yoursel', sir," said Nicholas. "Their book-stuff goes in at one ear and out at t'other. I can make nought on't. Afore Hamper and me had this split, th' overlooker telled him I were stirring up th' men to ask for higher wages; and Hamper met me one day in th' yard. He had a thin book i' his hand, and says he, 'Higgins, I'm told you're one of those damned fools that think you can get higher wages for asking for 'em; ay, and keep 'em up too, when you've forced 'em up. Now, I'll give yo a chance and try if yo've any sense in yo. Here's a book written by a friend o' mine, and if yo'll read it yo'll see how wages find their own level, without either masters or men having aught to do with them; except the men cut their own throats wi' striking, like the confounded noodles they are.' Well, now, sir, I put it to yo, being a parson, and having been in the preaching line, and having had to try and bring folk o'er to what yo thought was a right way o' thinking—did yo begin by calling 'em fools and such like, or didn't yo rayther give 'em some kind words at first to make 'em ready for to listen and be convinced, if they could; and in yo'r preaching did yo stop every now and then, and say, half to them and half to yo'rsel', 'But yo're such a pack o' fools, that I've a strong notion it's no use my trying to put sense into yo?' I were not i' th' best state, I'll own, for taking in what Hamper's friend had to say—I were so vexed at the way it were put to me—but I thought, 'Come, I'll see what these chaps has got to say, and try if it's them or me that's th' noodle.' So I took th' book and tugged at it; but, Lord bless yo, it went on about capital and labour, and labour and capital, till it fair sent me off to sleep. I ne'er could rightly fix i' my mind which was which; and it spoke on 'em as if they was vartues or vices; and what I wanted for to know were the rights o' men, whether they were rich or poor—so be they only were men."

"But for all that," said Mr. Hale, "and granting to the full the offensiveness, the folly, the unchristianness of Mr. Hamper's way of speaking to you in recommending his friend's book, yet if it told you what he said it did, that wages find their own level, and that the most successful strike can only force them up for a moment, to sink in far greater proportion afterwards in consequence of that very strike, the book would have told you the truth."

"Well, sir," said Higgins, rather doggedly; "it might, or it might not. There's two opinions go to settling that point. But suppose it was truth double strong, it were no truth to me if I couldna take it in. I daresay there's truth in yon Latin book on your shelves; but it's gibberish and not truth to me, unless I know the meaning o' the words. If yo, sir, or any other knowledgable patient man come to me, and says he'll larn me what the words mean, and not blow me up if I'm a bit stupid, or forget how one thing hangs on another—why, in time I may get to see the truth of it; or I may not. I'll not be bound to say I shall end in thinking the same as any man. And I'm not one who think truth can be shaped out in words, all neat and clean, as th' men at th' foundry cut out sheet-iron. Same bones won't go down wi' every one. It'll stick here i' this man's throat, and there i' t'other's. Let alone that, when down, it may be too strong for this one, too weak for that. Folk who sets up to doctor th' world wi' their truth, must suit different for different minds; and be a bit tender in

th' way of giving it too, or th' poor sick fools may spit it out i' their faces. Now Hamper first gi'es me a box on my ear, and then he throws his big bolus at me, and says he reckons it 'll do me no good, I'm such a fool, but there it is."

"I wish some of the kindest and wisest of the masters would meet some of you men, and have a good talk on these things; it would, surely, be the best way of getting over your difficulties, which, I do believe, arise from your ignorance—excuse me, Mr. Higgins—on subjects which it is for the mutual interest of both masters and men should be well understood by both. I wonder"—(half to his daughter), "if Mr. Thornton might not be induced to do such a thing?"

"Remember, papa," said she, in a very low voice, "what he said one day—about governments, you know." She was unwilling to make any clearer allusion to the conversation they had held on the mode of governing work-people — by giving men intelligence enough to rule themselves, or by a wise despotism on the part of the master—for she saw that Higgins had caught Mr. Thornton's name, if not the whole of the speech: indeed, he began to speak of him.

"Thornton! He's the chap that wrote off at once for these Irishers; and led to th' riot that ruined th' strike. Even Hamper, wi' all his bullying, would ha' waited a while—but it's a word and a blow wi' Thornton. And, now, when th' Union would ha' thanked him for following up th' chase after Boucher, and them chaps who went right again our commands, it's Thornton who steps forrard and coolly says that, as th' strike's at an end, he, as party injured, doesn't want to press the charge again the rioters. I thought he'd had more pluck. I thought he'd ha' carried his point, and had his revenge in an open way; but says he (one in court telled me his very words) 'they are well known; they will find the natural punishment of their conduct, in the difficulty they will meet wi' in getting employment. That will be severe enough.' I only wish they'd cotched Boucher, and had him up before Hamper. I see th' oud tiger setting on him! would he ha' let him off? Not he!"

"Mr. Thornton was right," said Margaret. "You are angry against Boucher, Nicholas; or else you would be the first to see that where the natural punishment would be severe enough for the offence, any farther punishment would be something like revenge."

"My daughter is no great friend of Mr. Thornton's," said Mr. Hale, smiling at Margaret; while she, as red as any carnation, began to work with double diligence, "but I believe what she says is the truth. I like him for it."

"Well, sir! This strike has been a weary piece o' business to me; and yo'll not wonder if I'm a bit put out wi' seeing it fail, just for a few men, who would na suffer in silence, and hou'd out, brave and firm."

"You forget!" said Margaret. "I don't know much of Boucher; but the only time I saw him it was not his own sufferings he spoke of, but those of his sick wife—his little children."

"True! but he were not made of iron himsel'. He'd ha' cried out for his own sorrows, next. He were not one to bear."

"How came he into the Union?" asked Margaret, innocently. "You don't seem to have had much respect for him; nor gained much good from having him in."

Higgins's brow clouded. He was silent for a minute or two. Then he said, shortly enough:

"It's not for me to speak o' th' Union. What they does, they does. Them that is of a trade must hang together; and if they're not willing to take their chance along wi' th' rest, th' Union has ways and means."

Mr. Hale saw that Higgins was vexed at the turn the conversation had taken, and was silent. Not so Margaret, though she saw Higgins's feeling as clearly as he did. By instinct she felt, that if he could but be brought to express himself in plain words, something clear would be gained on which to argue for the right and the just.

"And what are the Union's ways and means?"

He looked up at her, as if on the point of dogged resistance to her wish for information. But her calm face, fixed on his, patient and trustful, compelled him to answer.

"Well! If a man doesn't belong to th' Union, them as works next looms has orders not to speak to him—if he's sorry or ill it's a' the same; he's out o' bounds; he's none o' us; he comes among us, he works among us, but he's none o' us. I' some places them's fined who speaks to him. Yo try that, miss; try living a year or two among them as looks away if yo look at 'em; try working within two yards o' crowds o' men who yo know have a grinding grudge at yo in their hearts—to whom if yo say yo'r glad, not an eye brightens, nor a lip moves,—to whom if yo'r heart's heavy, yo can never say nought, because they'll ne'er take notice on your sighs or sad looks (and a man's no man who'll groan out loud 'bout folk asking him what's the matter?)—just yo try that, miss—ten hours for three hundred days, and yo'll know a bit what th' Union is."

"Why!" said Margaret, "what tyranny this is! Nay, Higgins, I don't care one straw for your anger. I know you can't be angry with me if you would, and I must tell you the truth: that I never read, in all the history I have read, of a more slow lingering torture than this. And you belong to the Union! And you talk of the tyranny of the masters!"

"Nay," said Higgins, "yo may say what yo like! The dead stand between yo and every angry word o' mine. D'ye think I forget who's lying *there*, and how hoo loved yo?

And it's th' masters as has made us sin, if th' Union is a sin. Not this generation maybe, but their fathers. Their fathers ground our fathers to the very dust;—ground us to powder! Parson! I reckon, I've heerd my mother read out a text, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes and th' children's teeth are set on edge.' It's so wi' them. In those days of sore oppression th' Unions began; it were a necessity. It's a necessity now, according to me. It's a withstanding of injustice, past, present, or to come. It may be like war; along with it come crimes; but I think it were a greater crime to let it alone. Our only chance is binding men together in one common interest; and if some are cowards and some are fools, they mun come along and join the great march, whose only strength is in numbers."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hale, sighing, "your Union in itself would be beautiful, glorious,—it would be Christianity itself—if it were but for an end which affected the good of all, instead of that merely of one class as opposed to another."

"I reckon it's time for me to be going, sir," said Higgins, as the clock struck ten.

"Home?" said Margaret, very softly. He understood her, and took her offered hand. "Home, miss. Yo may trust me, tho' I am one o' th' Union."

"I do trust you most thoroughly, Nicholas."

"Stay!" said Mr. Hale, hurrying to the book-shelves. "Mr. Higgins! I'm sure you'll join us in family prayer?"

Higgins looked at Margaret, doubtfully. Her grave sweet eyes met his; there was no compulsion, only deep interest in them. He did not speak, but he kept his place.

Margaret the Churchwoman; her father the Dissenter; Higgins the Infidel; knelt down together. It did them no harm.

PARIS UPON WHEELS.

The population of Paris living upon wheels may be divided into three distinct classes. In the first place there are the cabmen who drive the vehicles which ply for hire from their public stands near the kerb stone. These are drivers of voitures de place. In the second place there are the drivers of the more aristocratic broughams, which wait for their fare under private gateways, and which have all the appearance without entailing the expense of a private carriage. These are drivers of voitures de remise. In the third place there are the drivers and conductors of omnibuses.

Of this population upon wheels I propose to give some curious details which are not familiar, I believe, to English readers. I shall begin with the hackney cabmen, their vehicles, and regulations.

The hackney cabs of Paris are nineteen hundred and ninety-nine in number. Of these not more than sixteen hundred and forty-six are in constant use. They are distributed in seventy-four stands. They are the property of seven or eight companies or administrations, whose head-quarters are the Barrière du Combat, the Barrière de la Villete, and the Barrière du Maine. Each two-horse cab has a reserve of two horses: each one-horse cab gives employment to two quadrupeds. It is estimated that the hackney cab horses of Paris are six thousand strong. They are generally worn-out cavalry steeds, bought for one hundred and fifty to two hundred francs. The fares of these cabs vary from one franc two sous to one franc and a half the journey—between any two points within the Barrières. To these fares should be added the pourboire which the traveller is expected to give to the cabman. This pourboire system may be noticed as the worst feature of any system of service in Paris. A lady orders a cap to be sent home—the boy who carries it begs a pourboire: a pastrycook sends a tart for dinner; invariably his smart apprentice asks for a few sous; and very sulkily the shoemaker's lad turns from your apartment should you fail to reward him, for carrying his master's goods, with a trifling gratuity. But the Paris cabman, particularly, may be remarked for his rapacity in the matter of pourboires.

The aspirant for the honours and gains of a cabman's seat in Paris must serve an apprenticeship. He is compelled, by the police regulations of the capital to spend a month upon a coach-box with a cabman who knows the streets well. Having done this, he must present himself at the Prefecture of Police for examination. He is required to know the byways of Paris thoroughly. Should this knowledge fail him he is not allowed the opportunity of conducting people from the Louvre to the Madeleine by the way of the Quai Voltaire. But, having passed his examination he has not won his seat. Before he can get even a tumbledown cabriolet milord, he must deposit one hundred francs as guarantee with his masters; and he must be prepared with a second hundred francs to be invested in the purchase of his livery. This livery generally consists of a black glazed hat, bound with a gay riband; a bright blue frock coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and blue trowsers. Thus equipped, he mounts the cab box in the morning, and departs for his appointed cab stand, there to wait the nod of the passers-by. His pay is three francs a day, and he is supposed to carry home all he gains. In addition to his salary he is allowed to pester his customers for pourboires; and it is estimated that these contributions usually raise his daily earnings to five francs. Whether he occasionally puts a fare into his own pocket is a question which I leave with his conscience. It is certain that he is narrowly watched, that the way to stolen wealth is difficult; since each stand has its appointed chef, and under-chef, who are

charged, by the police, with the duty of recording the departure and arrival of every cab upon the stand; and, as empty cabs are not allowed to linger, or, as the Parisians have it, "maraud" about the streets, but must proceed direct to the nearest stand when they have discharged their fare, the difficulty is obvious, especially as marauding entails a fine of fifteen francs in each instance. The chef may be noticed ensconced in a little box about the size of a turnpike house near every stand. From his little window he notices the arrivals and departures; and by his clock passengers are able to see the time at which they take a cab, should they wish to hire it by the hour. These chefs and under-chefs are paid by the police—the former receiving between eight hundred and one thousand francs a year; and the latter thirty sous a day. The under-chef makes up his income by looking after the interests of the cabmen while they are amusing themselves in the nearest wine shop; for which duty he receives occasional pourboires.

The cabman of Paris is severely watched by the police; and he is generally a surly fellow, upon whom slight punishment would possibly have little effect. He is certainly either a Norman or a Savoyard—just as certainly as the water-carrier is an Auvergnat. For the first complaint made against him of extortion or impertinence he is fined, and his badge is taken from him for four days. The repetition of misconduct speedily entails dismissal from the cab-box altogether. On the other hand the police reward honest cabmen who resist temptation, and carry to the Prefecture goods or money they may find in their vehicles. The names of these honest men is placarded publicly upon all the cab-stand boxes for the admiration of the passers-by. This honour is likely to stimulate the men to do their duty: to reward also is the duty of those who are bound to punish. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, thus stimulated, the cabmen of Paris carried, in bank notes and coin, no less a sum than two hundred and eighty-eight thousand and sixty francs to the Prefecture.

The common cabs and cabriolets of Paris are surpassed in numbers and in the elegance of their appointments by those well-known vehicles in which sly lovers repair to the Bois de Boulogne; in which people wishing to make an impression go their rounds to leave their cards; and in which lorettes display the last fashions. So brisk is the business of love, and show, and vanity, that ample business is found within the fortifications for five thousand six hundred and seventy-one of these carriages. They closely resemble the doctor's brougham of suburban London. They are driven by well-dressed coachmen, who get only two francs and a half daily from their masters, because the pourboire for the driver of a remise exceeds that expected by the common cabman. Ten sous, for instance, is an ordinary pourboire to a remise driver. The single brougham may be had for one franc fifteen sous per hour; the cabriolets of the remise class cost one franc and a half per hour; and the calèches, which are elegant open vehicles carrying four persons, charge two francs per hour. These well-appointed hackney carriages are also let out by the hour for two francs and a half; or for the month at about five hundred francs, with a pourboire of twenty-five francs for the driver. Ten years ago there were not more than four hundred of these carriages in Paris. But within this time the social aspect of Paris has changed considerably. Every year the number of visitors increases; every year the Bourse counts new lucky adventurers; every year some fresh impulse is given to the commerce of the capital; and thus every year more people are ready to pass from the convenience of the cab-stand to the more aristocratic vehicle which rests under a gateway. The man who can now afford to dine at Vachette's drives thither in a remise; forgetting, if he can, the less sunny hours, when it was a treat to rumble to a Barrière once a week in the rickety milord, for the advantage of a cheap repast. A recent French writer on the Bois de Boulogne assures his readers that French countesses, who drive past the Madrid at the fashionable hour in their own gay carriages, frequent the more lonely avenues of the wood in a remise during the evening, accompanied by their lovers, and with the curtains down.

It may be remarked as a characteristic of the common Paris cabmen, and the drivers of the remise, that they do their work with a listlessness, which has something saucy in it. They loll upon their boxes; plant their feet upon the board before them; let the reins hang loosely upon the horse's back; glance sulkily to the right and left; and stop the vehicle in obedience to your request without either looking at you or moving from the comfortable position. Ask them for change, and they slowly proceed to gain the perpendicular, drag the heavy leather purse from their pocket, pause to exhibit the nicety of the art of expectoration, place your five-franc piece between their teeth, and then in the course of two or three minutes, enlivened by sundry guttural expressions of annoyance, manage to drop the full change into your hand. Give them a pourboire of ten centimes only and they will receive it and deposit it in their bag without appearing to notice your existence; but if you require to be thanked you must invest at least twenty-five centimes. The cabmen of Paris, it must be allowed, have neither the low vocabulary nor the insolent menaces of the London tribe; but they have a saucy, contemptuous manner, which is equally galling. They say very little, because they know that every oath may cost them a round twenty francs; but you can see that it is only the fear of police interference that restrains them.

I have yet to notice the third class into which the Paris population upon wheels naturally divides itself. As a rule it may be safely stated that the omnibus conductors of Paris are a better class of men than those who attend to the doors of the people's carriages in London. They never push passengers into their vehicle, and give the driver notice to proceed before people are seated; they never try to cram more than the proper number into the carriage. They are civil to gentlemen—extremely courteous and respectful to ladies. They never shout along the road for passengers; but wait quietly watching till they are hailed. They are all dressed alike. They wear caps ribbed, and drawn out like accordions; short jackets with gay buttons, and blue trowsers.

During the progress of the vehicle they are usually occupied with their accounts; and correspondance tickets, which they have by them systematised and always convenient. Indeed the writing and bookkeeping of a Paris conductor appears to be his chief employment. They are well checked, so that robbery of the employer is a difficult matter. The dial which is at the end of every Paris omnibus, indicates the number of passengers within. As each person enters, it becomes the duty of the conductor to advance the hand of the dial one point. It is known to all the passengers that this is his duty, and should he neglect it, the fact is known to all within; and the probability is that he will be reported at the next bureau before which the vehicle stops. Again, the conductor is liable to a visit at any moment from an inspector; and should this official find that the number of passengers within is not marked upon the dial, a fine of five francs is at once inflicted. The repetition of the offence quickly leads to dismissal. Of the omnibus driver, with his chrome-yellow hat, I have nothing to remark, save that he is paid a salary of three francs a day; and that he is obliged to deposit a guarantee of one hundred francs with his master. The pay of the conductor is also three francs a day; and he is obliged not only to purchase his own livery, at a cost of one hundred francs, but also to deposit two hundred francs, as a guarantee, with his master. Thus the conductor must be able to command three hundred francs before he can find work—a sufficiently heavy tax upon so limited a salary. There is a comfort, however, that the Paris conductor enjoys, which would be gratefully acknowledged by the London conductor—it is the projecting roof which screens him from sun and rain.

There are no less than four hundred omnibuses plying about the streets of Paris, giving work to two thousand four hundred horses. These vehicles all work harmoniously together; and by their system of correspondance, a passenger can go from any point to any part of the capital. Here passengers wait in winter by a comfortable fire, until the official in attendance informs them that the omnibus proceeding to or in correspondence with the point they wish to reach is at the door. Nor need they crowd to the omnibus. On entering the waiting-room the chef inquires where you wish to go. Your reply produces a number. If you are the first applicant in the waiting-room for your omnibus you have number one. This ticket entitles you to enter the omnibus on its arrival before any other passenger who may come after you. Thus pushing and scrambling are unavailing; for, as the omnibus draws up, the chef places himself at the door, and receives the tickets from the holders, in regular rotation as they take their seats. And how commodious these seats are! Every passenger has a comfortable arm chair, with room to stretch his legs without annoying his opposite neighbour. There is ample space also between the tallest passenger's hat and the roof. Let me add that this commodious carriage is lighted by two powerful lanterns which enable any person present to read comfortably. The general fare, for any distance within the Barrières, is six sous; but there are omnibuses which run from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Place de la Bastille for three sous! I may add that the men who govern the waiting rooms are paid eight hundred francs a year—an income which they contrive to increase by selling perfumes and other light articles.

To the foregoing notes concerning Paris upon wheels, I may add that in Paris the hackney carriages are under the vigilant eye of the police. The horses are inspected; the cleanliness of the vehicles is insured. Even the genteel remises are subject to the regulations of the municipal body. On the first Tuesday of every month the police inspectors assemble on the Quai aux Fleurs, and the remises of Paris, having formed a line—which often extends to the Tuileries—pass slowly before them: each vehicle undergoing a vigilant inspection, inside and out, as it passes: the height and breadth of every seat being duly measured. Those which are found deficient in any essential are turned back, and are not suffered to ply for hire before they have undergone proper repairs. Thus Paris on wheels includes a thoroughly regulated body of people; and is drawn by well fed if not elegant horses. The result is that all people may ride in comfort and security. The pace is undoubtedly slow, but the progress is more than equally sure.

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THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

WE resume our subject of last week.

The account of the sufferings of the ship-wrecked men, in DON JUAN, will rise into most minds as our topic presents itself. It is founded (so far as such a writer as BYRON may choose to resort to facts, in aid of what he knows intuitively), on several real cases. BLIGH'S undecked-boat navigation, after the mutiny of the Bounty; and the wrecks of the Centaur, the Peggy, the Pandora, the Juno, and the Thomas; had been, among other similar narratives, attentively read by the poet.

In Bligh's case, though the endurances of all on board were extreme, there was no movement towards the "last resource." And this, though Bligh in the memorable voyage which showed his knowledge of navigation to be as good as his temper was bad (which is very high praise), could only serve out, at the best, "about an ounce of pork to each person," and was fain to weigh the allowance of bread against a pistol bullet, and in the most urgent need could only administer wine or rum by the teaspoonful. Though the necessities of the party were so great, that when a stray bird was caught, its blood was poured into the mouths of three of the people who were nearest death, and "the body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, was divided into eighteen shares." Though of a captured dolphin there was "issued about two ounces, including the offals, to each person;" and though the time came, when, in Bligh's words, "there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people which excited great apprehensions in me. Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of approaching dissolution."

The Centaur, man-of-war, sprung a leak at sea in very heavy weather; was perceived, after great labour, to be fast settling down by the head; and was abandoned by the captain and eleven others, in the pinnace. They were "in a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, in nearly the middle of the Western Ocean; without compass, quadrant, or sail: wanting great coat or cloak; all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, and with a great sea running." They had "one biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle, broke off with the cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours, to each man." This misery was endured, without any reference whatever to the last resource, for fifteen days: at the expiration of which time, they happily made land. Observe the captain's words, at the height. "Our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear; but, we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength; for on this day Thomas Mathews, quartermaster, perished from hunger and cold. On the day before, he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night grew delirious and died without a groan." What were their reflections? That they could support life on the body? "As it became next to certainty that we should all perish in the same manner in a day or two, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imaginations had represented."

The Pandora, frigate, was sent out to Otaheite, to bring home for trial such of the mutineers of the Bounty as could be found upon the island. In Endeavour Straits, on her homeward voyage, she struck upon a reef; was got off, by great exertion; but had sustained such damage, that she soon heeled over and went down. One hundred and ten persons escaped in the boats, and entered on "a long and dangerous voyage." The daily allowance to each, was a musket-ball weight of bread, and two small wineglasses of water. "The heat of the sun and reflexion of the sand became intolerable, and the quantity of salt water swallowed by the men created the most parching thirst; excruciating tortures were endured, and one of the men went mad and died." Perhaps this body was devoured? No. "The people at length neglected weighing their slender allowance, their mouths becoming so parched that few attempted to eat; and what was not claimed, was returned to the general stock." They were a fine crew (but not so fine as Franklin's), and in a state

of high discipline. Only this one death occurred, and all the rest were saved.

The Juno, a rotten and unseaworthy ship, sailed from Rangoon for Madras, with a cargo of teak-wood. She had been out three weeks, and had already struck upon a sandbank and sprung a leak, which the crew imperfectly stopped, when she became a wreck in a tremendous storm. The second mate and others, including the captain's wife, climbed into the mizen-top, and made themselves fast to the rigging. The second mate is the narrator of their distresses, and opens them with this remarkable avowal. "We saw that we might remain on the wreck till carried off by famine, the most frightful shape in which death could appear to us. I confess it was my intention, as well as that of the rest, to prolong my existence by the only means that seemed likely to occur—eating the flesh of any whose life might terminate before my own. But this idea we did not communicate, or even hint to each other, until long afterwards; except once, that the gunner, a Roman Catholic, asked me if I thought there would be a sin in having recourse to such an expedient." Now, it might reasonably be supposed, with this beginning, that the wreck of the Juno furnishes some awful instances of the "last resource" of the Esquimaux stories. Not one. But, perhaps no unhappy creature died, in this mizen-top where the second mate was? Half a dozen, at least, died there; and the body of one Lascar getting entangled in the rigging, so that the survivors in their great weakness could not for some time release it and throw it overboard—which was their manner of disposing of the other bodies—hung there, for two or three days. It is worthy of all attention, that as the mate grew weaker, the terrible phantom which had been in his mind at first (as it might present itself to the mind of any other person, not actually in the extremity imagined), grew paler and more remote. At first, he felt sullen and irritable; on the night of the fourth day he had a refreshing sleep, dreamed of his father, a country clergyman, thought that he was administering the Sacrament to him, and drew the cup away when he stretched out his hand to take it. He chewed canvas, lead, any substance he could find—would have eaten his shoes, early in his misery, but that he wore none. And yet he says, and at an advanced stage of his story too, "After all that I suffered, I believe it fell short of the idea I had formed of what would probably be the natural consequence of such a situation as that to which we were reduced. I had read or heard that no person could live without food, beyond a few days; and when several had elapsed, I was astonished at my having existed so long, and concluded that every succeeding day must be the last. I expected, as the agonies of death approached, that we should be tearing the flesh from each other's bones." Later still, he adds: "I can give very little account of the rest of the time. The sensation of hunger was lost in that of weakness; and when I could get a supply of fresh water I was comparatively easy." When land was at last descried, he had become too indifferent to raise his head to look at it, and continued lying in a dull and drowsy state, much as Adam the interpreter lay, with Franklin at his side.

The Peggy was an American sloop, sailing home from the Azores to New York. She encountered great distress of weather, ran short of provision, and at length had no food on board, and no water, "except about two gallons which remained dirty at the bottom of a cask." The crew ate a cat they had on board, the leather from the pumps, their buttons and their shoes, the candles and the oil. Then, they went aft, and down into the captain's cabin, and said they wanted him to see lots fairly drawn who should be killed to feed the rest. The captain refusing with horror, they went forward again, contrived to make the lot fall on a negro whom they had on board, shot him, fried a part of him for supper, and pickled the rest, with the exception of the head and fingers which they threw overboard. The greediest man among them, dying raving mad on the third day after this event, they threw his body into the sea—it would seem because they feared to derive a contagion of madness from it, if they ate it. Nine days having elapsed in all since the negro's death, and they being without food again, they went below once more and repeated their proposal to the captain (who lay weak and ill in his cot, having been unable to endure the mere thought of touching the negro's remains), that he should see lots fairly drawn. As he had no security but that they would manage, if he still refused, that the lot should fall on him, he consented. It fell on a foremast-man, who was the favourite of the whole ship. He was quite willing to die, and chose the man who had shot the negro, to be his executioner. While he was yet living, the cook made a fire in the galley; but, they resolved, when all was ready for his death, that the fire should be put out again, and that the doomed foremast-man should live until an hour before noon next day; after which they went once more into the captain's cabin, and begged him to read prayers, with supplications that a sail might heave in sight before the appointed time. A sail was seen at about eight o'clock next morning, and they were taken off the wreck.

Is there any circumstance in this case to separate it from the others already described, and from the case of the lost Arctic voyagers? Let the reader judge. The ship was laden with wine and brandy. The crew were incessantly drunk from the first hour of their calamities falling upon them. They were not sober, even at the moment when they

proposed the drawing of lots. They were with difficulty restrained from making themselves wildly intoxicated while the strange sail bore down to their rescue. And the mate, who should have been the exemplar and preserver of discipline, was so drunk after all, that he had no idea whatever of anything that had happened, and was rolled into the boat which saved his life.

In the case of the Thomas, the surgeon bled the man to death on whom the lot fell, and his remains were eaten ravenously. The details of this shipwreck are not within our reach; but, we confidently assume the crew to have been of an inferior class.

The useful and accomplished SIR JOHN BARROW, remarking that it is but too well established "that men in extreme cases *have destroyed each other* for the sake of appeasing hunger" instances the English ship the Nautilus and the French ship the Medusa. Let us look into the circumstances of these two shipwrecks.

The Nautilus, sloop of war, bound for England with despatches from the Dardanelles, struck, one dark and stormy January night, on a coral rock in the Mediterranean, and soon broke up. A number of the crew got upon the rock, which scarcely rose above the water, and was less than four hundred yards long, and not more than two hundred broad. *On the fourth day*—they having been in the meantime hailed by some of their comrades who had got into a small whale-boat which was hanging over the ship's quarter when she struck; and also knowing that boat to have made for some fishermen not far off—these shipwrecked people ate the body of a young man who had died some hours before: notwithstanding that Sir John Barrow's words would rather imply that they killed some unfortunate person for the purpose. Now, surely after what we have just seen of the extent of human endurance under similar circumstances, we know this to be an exceptional and uncommon case. It may likewise be argued that few of the people on the rock can have eaten of this fearful food; for, the survivors were fifty in number, and were not taken off until the sixth day and the eating of no other body is mentioned, though many persons died.

We come then, to the wreck of the Medusa, of which there is a lengthened French account by two surviving members of the crew, which was very indifferently translated into English some five and thirty years ago. She sailed from France for Senegal, in company with three other vessels, and had about two hundred and forty souls on board, including a number of soldiers. She got among shoals and stranded, a fortnight after her departure from Aix Roads. After scenes of tremendous confusion and dismay, the people at length took to the boats, and to a raft made of topmasts, yards, and other stout spars, strongly lashed together. One hundred and fifty mortals were crammed together on the raft, of whom only fifteen remained to be saved at the end of thirteen days. The raft has become the ship, and may always be understood to be meant when the wreck of the Medusa is in question.

Upon this raft, every conceivable and inconceivable horror, possible under the circumstances, took place. It was shamefully deserted by the boats (though the land was within fifteen leagues at that time), and it was so deep in the water that those who clung to it, fore and aft, were always immersed in the sea to their middles, and it was only out of the water amidships. It had a pole for a mast, on which the top-gallant sail of the Medusa was hoisted. It rocked and rolled violently with every wave, so that even in the dense crowd it was impossible to stand without holding on. Within the first few hours, people were washed off by dozens, flung themselves into the sea, were stifled in the press, and, getting entangled among the spars, rolled lifeless to and fro under foot. There was a cask of wine upon it which was secretly broached by the soldiers and sailors, who drank themselves so mad, that they resolved to cut the cords asunder, and send the whole living freight to perdition. They were headed by "an Asiatic, and soldier in a colonial regiment: of a colossal stature, with short curled hair, an extremely large nose, an enormous mouth, a sallow complexion, and a hideous air." Him, an officer cast into the sea; upon which, his comrades made a charge at the officer, threw *him* into the sea, and, on his being recovered by their opponents who launched a barrel to him, tried to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Hereupon, an incessant and infernal combat was fought between the two parties, with sabres, knives, bayonets, nails, and teeth, until the rebels were thinned and cowed, and they were all ferociously wild together. On *the third day*, they "fell upon the dead bodies with which the raft was covered, and cut off pieces, which some instantly devoured. Many did not touch them; almost all the officers were of this number." On the fourth "we dressed some fish (they had fire on the raft) which we devoured with extreme avidity; but, our hunger was so great, and our portion of fish so small, that we added to it some human flesh, which dressing rendered less disgusting; it was this which the officers touched for the first time. From this day we continued to use it; but we could not dress it any more, as we were entirely deprived of the means," through the accidental extinction of their fire, and their having no materials to kindle another. Before the fourth night, the raving mutineers rose again, and were cut down and thrown overboard until only thirty people remained alive upon the raft. On the seventh day, there were only twenty-seven; and twelve of these, being spent and ill, were every one cast

into the sea by the remainder, who then, in an access of repentance, threw the weapons away too, all but one sabre. After that, "the soldiers and sailors" were eager to devour a butterfly which was seen fluttering on the mast; after that, some of them began to tell the stories of their lives; and thus, with grim joking, and raging thirst and reckless bathing among the sharks which had now begun to follow the raft, and general delirium and fever, they were picked up by a ship: to the number, and after the term of exposure, already mentioned.

Are there any circumstances in this frightful case, to account for its peculiar horrors? Again, the reader shall judge. No discipline worthy of the name had been observed aboard the Medusa from the minute of her weighing anchor. The captain had inexplicably delegated his authority "to a man who did not belong to the staff. He was an ex-officer of the marine, who had just left an English prison, where he had been for ten years." This man held the ship's course against the protest of the officers, who warned him what would of it. The work of the ship had been so ill done, that even the common manœuvres necessary to the saving of a boy who fell overboard, had been bungled, and the boy had been needlessly lost. Important signals had been received from one of the ships in company, and neither answered nor reported to the captain. The Medusa had been fire through negligence. When she struck, desertion of duty, mean evasion and fierce recrimination, wasted the precious moments. "It is probable that if one of the first officers had set the example, order would have been restored; but every one was left to himself." The most virtuous aspiration of which the soldiers were sensible, was, to fire upon their officers, and, failing that, to tear their eyes out and rend them to pieces. The historians compute that there were not in all upon the raft —before the sick were thrown into the sea— more than twenty men of decency, education, and purpose enough, even to oppose the maniacs. To crown all, they describe the soldiers as "wretches who were not worthy to wear the French uniform. They were the scum of all countries, the refuse of the prisons, where they had been collected to make up the force. When, for the sake of health, they had been made to bathe in the sea (a ceremony from which some of them had the modesty to endeavour to excuse themselves), the whole crew had had ocular demonstration that it was not upon their *breasts* these heroes wore the insignia of the exploits which had led to their serving the state in the ports of Toulon, Brest, or Rochefort." And is it with the scourged and branded sweepings of the galleys of France, in their debased condition of eight-and-thirty years ago, that we shall compare the flower of the trained adventurous spirit of the English Navy, raised by Parry, Franklin, Richardson, and Back?

Nearly three hundred years ago, a celebrated case of famine occurred in the Jacques, a French ship, homeward-bound from Brazil, with forty-five persons on board, of whom twenty-five were the ship's company. She was a crazy old vessel, fit for nothing but firewood, and had been out four months, and was still upon the weary seas far from land, when her whole stock of provisions was exhausted. The very maggots in the dust of the bread-room had been eaten up, and the parrots and monkeys brought from Brazil by the men on board had been killed and eaten, when two of the men died. Their bodies were committed to the deep. At least twenty days afterwards, when they had had perpetual cold and stormy weather, and were grown too weak to navigate the ship; when they had eaten pieces of the dried skin of the wild hog, and leather jackets and shoes, and the horn-plates of the ship-lanterns, and all the wax-candles; the gunner died. His body likewise, was committed to the deep. They then began to hunt for mice, so that it became a common thing on board, to see skeleton-men watching eagerly and silently at mouse-holes, like cats. They had no wine and no water; nothing to drink but one little glass of cider, each, per day. When they were come to this pass, two more of the sailors "died of hunger." Their bodies likewise, were committed to the

So long and doleful were these experiences on the barren sea, that the people conceived the extraordinary idea that another deluge had happened, and there was no land left. Yet, this ship drifted to the coast of Brittany, and no "last resource" had ever been appealed to. It is worth remarking that, *after they were saved*, the captain declared he had meant to kill somebody, privately, next day. Whosoever has been placed in circumstances of peril, with companions, will know the infatuated pleasure some imaginations take in enhancing them and all their remotest possible consequences, after they are escaped from, and will know what value to attach to this declaration.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a ship's master and fifteen men escaped from a wreck in an open boat, which they weighed down very heavy, and were at sea, with no fresh-water, and nothing to eat but the floating sea-weed, seven days and nights. "We will all live or die together," said the master on the third day, when one of the men proposed to draw lots—not who should become the last resource, but who should be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. On the fifth day, that man and another died. The rest were "very weak and praying for death;" but these bodies also, were committed to the deep.

In the reign of George the Third, the Wager,

man-of-war, one of a squadron badly found and provided in all respects, sailing from England for South America, was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia. She was commanded by a brutal though bold captain, and manned by a turbulent crew, most of whom were exasperated to a readiness for all mutiny by having been pressed in the Downs, in the hour of their arrival at home from long and hard service. When the ship struck, they broke open the officers' chests, dressed themselves in the officers' uniforms, and got drunk in the old, Smollett manner. About a hundred and fifty of them made their way ashore, and divided into parties. Great distress was experienced from want of food, and one of the boys, "having picked up the liver of one of the drowned men whose carcase had been dashed to pieces against the rocks, could be with difficulty withheld from making a meal of it." One man, in a quarrel, on a spot which, in remembrance of their sufferings there, they called Mount Misery, stabbed another mortally, and left him dead on the ground. Though a third of the whole number were no more, chiefly through want, in eight or ten weeks; and though they had in the meantime eaten a midshipman's dog, and were now glad to feast on putrid morsels of seal that had been thrown away; certain men came back to this Mount Misery, expressly to give this body (which throughout had remained untouched), decent burial: assigning their later misfortunes "to their having neglected this necessary tribute." Afterwards, in an open-boat navigation, when rowers died at their oars of want and its attendant weakness, and there was nothing to serve out but bits of rotten seal, the starving crew went ashore to bury the bodies of their dead companions, in the sand. At such a condition did even these ill-nurtured, ill-commanded, ill-used men arrive, without appealing to the "last resource," that they were so much emaciated "as hardly to have the shape of men," while the captain's legs "resembled posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone," and he had fallen into that feeble state of intellect that he had positively forgotten his own name.

In the same reign, an East Indiaman, bound from Surat to Mocha and Jidda in the Dead Sea, took fire when two hundred leagues distant from the nearest land, which was the coast of Malabar. The mate and ninety-five other people, white, brown, and black, found themselves in the long-boat, with this voyage before them, and neither water nor provisions on board. The account of the mate who conducted the boat, day and night, is, "We were never hungry, though our thirst was extreme. On the seventh day, our throats and tongues swelled to such a degree, that we conveyed our meaning by signs. Sixteen died on that day, and almost the whole people became silly, and began to die laughing. I earnestly petitioned God that I might continue in my senses to my end, which He was pleased to grant: I being the only person on the eighth day that preserved them. Twenty more died that day. On the ninth I observed land, which overcame my senses, and I fell into a swoon with thankfulness of joy." Again no last resource, and can the reader doubt that they would all have died without it?

In the same reign, and within a few years of the same date, the Philip Aubin, bark of eighty tons, bound from Barbadoes to Surinam, broached-to at sea, and foundered. The captain, the mate, and two seamen, got clear of the wreck and into "a small boat twelve or thirteen feet long." In accomplishing this escape, they all, but particularly the captain, showed great coolness, courage, sense, and resignation. They took the captain's dog on board, and picked up thirteen onions which floated out of the ship, after she went down. They had no water, no mast, sail, or oars; nothing but the boat, what they wore, and a knife. The boat had sprung a leak, which was stopped with a shirt. They cut pieces of wood from the boat itself, which they made into a mast; they rigged the mast, with strips of the shirt; and they hoisted a pair of wide trousers for a sail. The little boat being cut down almost to the water's edge, they made a bulwark against the sea, of their own backs. The mate steered with a topmast he had pushed before him to the boat, when he swam to it. On the third day, they killed the dog, and drank his blood out of a hat. On the fourth day, the two men gave in, saying they would rather die than toil on; and one persisted in refusing to do his part in baling the boat, though the captain implored him on his knees. But, a very decided threat from the mate to steer him into the other world with the topmast by bringing it down upon his skull, induced him to turn-to again. On the fifth day, the mate exhorted the rest to cut a piece out of his thigh, and quench their thirst; but, no one stirred. He had eaten more of the dog than any of the rest, and would seem from this wild proposal to have been the worse for it, though he was quite steady again next day, and derived relief (as the captain did), from turning a nail in his mouth, and often sprinkling his head with salt-water. The captain, first and last, took only a few mouthfuls of the dog, and one of the seamen only tasted it, and the other would not touch it. The onions they all thought of small advantage to them, as engendering greater thirst. On the eighth day, the two seamen, who had soon relapsed and become delirious and quite oblivious of their situation, died, within three hours of each other. The captain and mate saw the Island of Tobago that evening, but could not make it until late in the ensuing night. The bodies were found in the boat, unmutilated by the last resource.

In the same reign still, and within three years of this disaster, the American brig, Tyrel, sailed from New York for the Island of Antigua. She was a miserable tub, grossly unfit for sea, and turned bodily over in a gale of wind, five days after her departure. Seventeen people took to a boat, nineteen feet and a half long, and less than six feet and a half broad. They had half a peck of white biscuit, changed into salt dough by the sea-water; and a peck of common ship-biscuit. They steered their course by the polar-star. Soon after sunset on the ninth day, the second mate and the carpenter died very peacefully. "All betook themselves to prayers, and then after some little time stripped the bodies of their two unfortunate comrades, and threw them overboard." Next night, a man aged sixty-four who had been fifty years at sea, died, asking to the last for a drop of water; next day, two more died, in perfect repose; next night, the gunner; four more in the succeeding four and twenty hours. Five others followed in one day. And all these bodies were quietly thrown overboard—though with great difficulty at last, for the survivors were now exceeding weak, and not one had strength to pull an oar. On the fourteenth or fifteenth morning, when there were only three left alive, and the body of the cabin boy, newly dead, was in the boat, the chief mate "asked his two companions whether they thought they could eat any of the boy's flesh? They signified their inclination to try; whence, the body being quite cold, he cut a piece from the inside of its thigh, a little above the knee. Part of this he gave to the captain and boatswain, and reserved a small portion to himself. But, on attempting to swallow the flesh, it was rejected by the stomachs of all, and the body was therefore thrown overboard." Yet that captain, and that boatswain both died of famine in the night, and *another whole week elapsed* before a schooner picked up the chief mate, left alone in the boat with their unmolested bodies, the dumb evidence of his story. Which bodies the crew of that schooner saw, and buried in the deep.

Only four years ago, in the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty, a party of British missionaries were most indiscreetly sent out by a Society, to Patagonia. They were seven in number, and all died near the coast (as nothing but a miracle could have prevented their doing), of starvation. An exploring party, under Captain Moorshead of her Majesty's ship Dido, came upon their traces, and found the remains of four of them, lying by their two boats which they had hauled up for shelter. Captain Gardiner, their superintendent, who had probably expired the last, had kept a journal until the pencil had dropped from his dying hand. They had buried three of their party, like Christian men, and the rest had faded away in quiet resignation, and without great suffering. They were kind and helpful to one another, to the last. One of the common men, just like Adam with Franklin, was "cast down at the loss of his comrades, and wandering in his mind" before he passed away.

Against this strong case in support of our general position, we will faithfully set four opposite instances we have sought out.

The first is the case of the New Horn, Dutch vessel, which was burnt at sea and blew up with a great explosion, upwards of two hundred years ago. Seventy-two people escaped in two boats. The old Dutch captain's narrative being rather obscure, and (as we believe) scarcely traceable beyond a French translation, it is not easy to understand how long they were at sea, before the people fell into the state to which the ensuing description applies. According to our calculation, however, they had not been shipwrecked many days—we take the period to have been less than a week—and they had had seven or eight pounds of biscuit on board. "Our misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging us to extremities, the people began to regard each other with ferocious looks. Consulting among themselves, they secretly determined to devour the boys on board, and after their bodies were consumed, to throw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved." The captain dissuading them from this with the utmost loathing and horror, they reconsidered the matter, and decided "that should we not get sight of land in three days, the boys should be sacrificed." On the last of the three days, the land was made; so, hether any of them would have executed this intention, can never be known.

The second case runs thus. In the last year of the last century, six men were induced to desert from the English artillery at St. Helena—a deserter from any honest service is not a character from which to expect much—and to go on board an American ship, the only vessel then lying in those roads. After they got on board in the dark, they saw lights moving about on shore, and, fearful that they would be missed and taken, went over the side, with the connivance of the ship's people, got into the whale boat, and made off: purposing to be taken up again by and by, when the ship was under weigh. But, they missed her, and rowed and sailed about for sixteen days, at the end of which their provisions were all consumed. After chewing bamboo, and gnawing leather, and eating a dolphin, one of them proposed, when ten days more had run out, that lots should be drawn which deserter should bleed himself to death, to support life in the rest. It was agreed to, and done. They could take very little of this food.

The third, is the case of the Nottingham Galley, trading from Great Britain to America,

which was wrecked on a rock called Boon Island, off the coast of Massachusetts. About two days afterwards—the narrative is not very clear in its details—the cook died on the rock. "Therefore," writes the captain, "we laid him in a convenient place for the sea to carry him away. None then proposed to eat his body, though several afterwards acknowledged that they, as well as myself, had thoughts of it." They were "tolerably well supplied with fresh-water throughout." But, when they had been upon the rock about a fortnight, and had eaten all their provisions, the carpenter died. And then the captain writes: "We suffered the body to remain with us till morning, when I desired those who were best able to remove it. I crept out myself to see whether Providence had yet sent us anything to satisfy our craving appetites. Returning before noon, and observing that the dead body still remained, I asked the men why they had not removed it: to which they answered, that all were not able. I therefore fastened a rope to it, and, giving the utmost of my assistance, we, with some difficulty, got it out of the tent. But the fatigue and consideration of our misery together, so overcame my spirits, that, being ready to faint, I crept into the tent and was no sooner there, than, as the highest aggravation of distress, the men began requesting me to give them the body of their lifeless comrade to eat, the better to support their own existence." The captain ultimately complied. They became brutalised and ferocious; but they suffered him to keep the remains on a high part of the rock: and they were not consumed when relief arrived.

The fourth and last case, is the wreck of the St. Lawrence, bound from Quebec for New York. An ensign of foot, bringing home despatches, relates how she went ashore on a desolate part of the coast of North America, and how those who were saved from the wreck suffered great hardships, both by land and sea, and were thinned in their numbers by death, and buried their dead. All this time they had some provisions, though they ran short, but at length they were reduced to live upon weeds and tallow and melted snow. The tallow being all gone, they lived on weed and snow for three days, and then the ensign came to this: "The time was now arrived when I thought it highly expedient to put the plan before mentioned (casting lots who should be killed) into execution; but on feeling the pulse of my companions, I found some of them rather averse to the proposal. The desire of life still prevailed above every other sentiment, notwithstanding the wretchedness of our condition, and the impossibility of preserving it by any other method. I thought it an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that men should prefer the certainty of a lingering and miserable death, to the distant chance of escaping one more immediate and less painful. However, on consulting with the mate what was to be done, I found that although they objected to the proposal of casting lots for the victim, yet all concurred in the necessity of some one being sacrificed for the preservation of the rest. The only question was how it should be determined; when by a kind of reasoning more agreeable to the dictates of self-love than justice, it was agreed, that as the captain was now so exceedingly reduced as to be evidently the first who would sink under our present complicated misery; as he had been the person to whom we considered ourselves in some measure indebted for all our misfortunes; and further, as he had ever since our shipwreck been the most remiss in his exertions towards the general good—he was undoubtedly the person who should be the first sacrificed." The design of which the ensign writes with this remarkable coolness, was not carried into execution, by reason of their falling in with some Indians; but, some of the party who were afterwards separated from the rest, declared when they rejoined them, that they had eaten of the remains of their deceased companions. Of this case it is to be noticed that the captain is alleged to have been a mere kidnapper, sailing under false pretences, and therefore not likely to have had by any means a choice crew; that the greater part of them got drunk when the ship was in danger; and that they had not a very sensitive associate in the ensign, on his own highly disagreeable showing.

It appears to us that the influence of great privation upon the lower and least disciplined class of character, is much more bewildering and maddening at sea than on shore. The confined space, the monotonous aspect of the waves, the mournful winds, the monotonous motion, the dead uniformity of colour, the abundance of water that cannot be drunk to quench the raging thirst (which the Ancient Mariner perceived to be one of his torments)—these seem to engender a diseased mind with greater quickness and of a worse sort. The conviction on the part of the sufferers that they hear voices calling for them; that they descry ships coming to their aid; that they hear the firing of guns, and see the flash; that they can plunge into the waves without injury, to fetch something or to meet somebody; is not often paralleled among suffering travellers by land. The mirage excepted—a delusion of the desert, which has its counterpart upon the sea, not included under these heads—we remember nothing of this sort experienced by BRUCE, for instance, or by MUNGO PARK: least of all by Franklin in the memorable book we have quoted. Our comparison of the records of the two kinds of trial, leads us to believe, that even men who might be in danger of the last resource at sea, would be very likely to pine away by degrees, and never come to it, ashore.

In his published account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, which is an excellent little book, Mr. ALBERT SMITH describes, with very humorous fidelity, that when he was urged on by the guides, in a drowsy state when he would have given the world to lie down and go to sleep for ever, he was conscious of being greatly distressed by some difficult and altogether imaginary negotiations respecting a non-existent bedstead; also, by an impression that a familiar friend in London came up with the preposterous intelligence that the King of Prussia objected to the party's advancing, because it was his ground. But, these harmless vagaries are not the present question, being commonly experienced under most circumstances where an effort to fix the attention, or exert the body, contends with a strong disposition to sleep. We have been their sport thousands of times, and have passed through a series of most inconsistent and absurd adventures, while trying hard to follow a short dull story related by some eminent conversationalist after dinner.

No statement of cannibalism, whether on the deep or the dry land, is to be admitted suppositiously, or inferentially, or on any but the most direct and positive evidence: no, not even as occurring among savage people, against whom it was in earlier times too often a pretence for cruelty and plunder. MR. PRESCOTT, in his brilliant history of the Conquest of Mexico, observes of a fact so astonishing as the existence of cannibalism among a people who had attained considerable advancement in the arts and graces of life, that "they did not feed on human flesh merely to gratify a brutish appetite, but in obedience to their religion—a distinction," he justly says, "worthy of notice." Besides which, it is to be remarked, that many of these feeding practices rest on the authority of narrators who distinctly saw St. James and the Virgin Mary fighting at the head of the troops of Cortes, and who possessed, therefore, to say the least, an unusual range of vision. It is curious to consider, with our general impressions on the subject—very often derived, we have no doubt, from ROBINSON CRUSOE, if the oaks of men's beliefs could be traced back to acorns—how rarely the practice, even among savages, has been proved. The word of a savage is not to be taken for it; firstly, because he is a liar; secondly, because he is a boaster; thirdly, because he often talks figuratively; fourthly, because he is given to a superstitious notion that when he tells you he has his enemy in his stomach, you will logically give him credit for having his enemy's valour in his heart. Even the sight of cooked and dissevered human bodies among this or that tattoo'd tribe, is not proof. Such appropriate offerings to their barbarous, wide-mouthed, goggle-eyed gods, savages have been often seen and known to make. And although it may usually be held as a rule, that the fraternity of priests lay eager hands upon everything meant for the gods, it is always possible that these offerings are an exception: as at once investing the idols with an awful character, and the priests with a touch of disinterestedness, whereof their order may occasionally stand in need.

The imaginative people of the East, in the palmy days of its romance—not very much accustomed to the sea, perhaps, but certainly familiar by experience and tradition with the perils of the desert—had no notion of the "last resource" among civilised human creatures. In the whole wild circle of the Arabian Nights, it is reserved for ghoules, gigantic blacks with one eye, monsters like towers, of enormous bulk and dreadful aspect, and unclean animals lurking on the seashore, that puffed and blew their way into caves where the dead were interred. Even for SINBAD the Sailor, buried alive, the story-teller found it easier to provide some natural sustenance, in the shape of so many loaves of bread and so much water, let down into the pit with each of the other people buried alive after him (whom he killed with a bone, for he was not nice), than to invent this dismal expedient.

We are brought back to the position almost embodied in the words of Sir John Richardson towards the close of the former chapter. In weighing the probabilities and improbabilities of the "last resource," the foremost question is—not the nature of the extremity; but, the nature of the men. We submit that the memory of the lost Arctic voyagers is placed, by reason and experience, high above the taint of this so easily-allowed connection; and that the noble conduct and example of such men, and of their own great leader himself, under similar endurances, belies it, and outweighs by the weight of the whole universe the chatter of a gross handful of uncivilised people, with a domesticity of blood and blubber. Utilitarianism will protest "they are dead; why care about this?" Our reply shall be, "Because they ARE dead, therefore we care about this. Because they served their country well, and deserved well of her, and can ask, no more on this earth, for her justice or her loving-kindness; give them both, full measure, pressed down, running over. Because no Franklin can come back, to write the honest story of their woes and resignation, read it tenderly and truly in the book he has left us. Because they lie scattered on those wastes of snow, and are as defenceless against the remembrance of coming generations, as against the elements into which they are resolving, and the winter winds that alone can waft them home, now, impalpable air; therefore, cherish them gently, even in the breasts of children. Therefore, teach no one to shudder without reason, at the history of their end. Therefore,

confide with their own firmness, in their fortitude, their lofty sense of duty, their courage, and their religion.

MADAME BUSQUE'S.

Believe me, Eusebius (to be classical and genteel), that many more good things exist in this world than are dreamt of in any philosophy—from that of the most rose-coloured optimist to that of the sourest cynic. Don't put any faith in yonder ragged, morose, shameful old man, who, because he lives in a tub instead of decent lodgings, and neglects, through sulky laziness, to trim his hair and beard and wear clean body-linen, calls himself Diogenes and a philosopher, forsooth. If the old cynic would only take the trouble to clean the horn sides of his lantern, and trim the wick of the candle within it, he would not find it quite so difficult to find an honest man. That all is vanity here below, I am perfectly ready to admit; but have no confidence in the philosophy, which, with its parrot-prate of the Prince of Wisdom's apothegm—vanity—turns up its nose at, or pretends to ignore, the existence of the hidden good. Believe me, good is everywhere.

Poor, naked, hungry, sick, wronged as we may be through long years, snug incomes, well-cut coats, good dinners, sound health, justice and fame will come, must come at last, if we will only wait, and hope, and work. All have not an equal share, and some men, by a continuous infelicity which the most submissive are tempted to regard as an adverse and remorseless fate, fall down weary and die upon the very threshold of mundane reward; but let any average man—the medium between Miserrimus and Felicissimus—look retrospectively into himself, and consider how many good things have happened to him unexpectedly, unasked for, undeserved; how many happinesses of love, friendship, sight, feeling, have come upon him unawares—have "turned up," so to say familiarly. A great Italian poet has said that there is no greater sorrow than the remembrance in misfortune of the happy time. It can be scarcely so. It is balm rather than anguish for a man when fortune has thrown the shadow of a cypress over him, to recall the dear friends, the joyous meetings, the good books, the leafy days of old; for with the remembrance comes hope that these good things (present circumstances looking ever so black) will return again. It is only when we know that we have spurned, misused, wasted the jewelled days in the year's rosary, that remembrance becomes sorrow; for Remembrance then is associated with Monsieur Remorse; and we wish—ah, how vainly! ah, how bitterly!—that those days had never been, or that they might be again, and we use them better.

All things, good or bad, are relative; and though it would not be decent to express as much joy for the discovery of a good dinner as of a good friend, yet, both being relatively good in their way, I may be permitted to rejoice relatively over both in my way. I have not been very successful lately in the friendship line; but in the article of dinners I have really made a discovery. A succulent daily banquet has popped upon me suddenly; and I feel bound to record its excellences here, to the glory of the doctrine of fortuitous good in general, and of Madame Busque in particular.

I am resident in Paris, and feel the necessity of dining seven consecutive times a week. Such a necessity is not felt in the same degree in London. A man may take a chop in the city, a snack at lunch time, a steak with his tea, a morsel after the play. None of these are really dinners, but are considered sufficient apologies for them. Moreover, you can call upon a friend, and be asked to take a "bit of dinner" with him. People don't ask you to take a bit of dinner with them in Paris. With the French, dinner is an institution. You are asked to it solemnly. Probably you dine at a restaurant, and know how much the repast costs your friend; for you see him pay the bill. Besides, going out to dinner costs more money in gloves, fine linen, starch, cab-hire, and losses at cards afterwards, than a first-rate dinner given by yourself to yourself. So, as I am neither a diplomatist, a subscriber to a table-d'-hôte, a marrying man, or a *pique-assiette* (by which I mean an individual who gets invited to grand dinners by asking to be asked), I find that the great majority of my quotidian dinners have to be provided at my own cost and charges. I cannot dine at home; in the first place, because one can do scarcely anything at home in France save sleep; in the second place, because I am alone, and must have company at dinner, be it only a waiter, a chandelier, or that bald-headed old gormandiser with the legion of honour, full of gravy and gravity, who sits opposite to me at the Café Corazza, eats seven courses, and has two silver hooks fastened to the lappels of his coat, whereon to suspend the napkin that shields his greedy old shirtfront from falling sauces.

Now I like dining at the Café Corazza, which was kept, in my time, by Ouix my friend. I knew him when he was about ninety years old; rouged; had curly hair and moustaches as black as jet, and used to tell stories of the days when he was maitre-d'hôtel to Charles the Tenth, and brought in the first dish, dressed—Ouix, not the dish—in a court suit and a sword by his side. I like all the downstairs Palais Royal dinners; Verrey's; Vefours; the Three Provençal Brothers. I like Vachette's on the Boulevard. I like the newly invented Dîners de Paris, where for three francs fifty you may eat like an

alderman. I like the Blue Quadrant; the House of Gold; the restaurant of the Magdalen. I like chevets, lobsters, and delicacies out of season. I like Marengo fowls, eels as female sailors, ortolans, blown omelettes, pies of fat liver, truffled turkeys, and kidneys jumped with wine of Champagne. They are good, and I like them; so do wiser and better men. I like a bumper of Burgundy to be filled, filled for me, and to give to those who prefer it Champagne. I like Beaune, Mâcon, Chablis, Sauterne, Lafitte, Médoc, Thorins Chambertin, Pommard, Clos Vougeot, Romanée, Mercury (not blue pill by any means), and all the generous wines of the golden coast which are so delicious and are growing so wofully dear. In a word, I like good dinners; but alas! my name is not Rothschild, nor Royalty, nor Mathew Marshall. I can dine well once in a way, and that is all.

Resident in Paris some fortnight ago, I had dined well—very well, once, perhaps twice in a way; and began to recognise the necessity of mediocrity in dining. No more for me were the golden columniated down-stairs saloons of the Palais Royal. Gold and columns and plate glass I could have in the upper apartments of that palace of gastronomy, and at a very moderate price; but the good meats, good sauces, good wines—they remained below. "Prix fixé" stared me in the face. Dinners at a fixed tariff of prices and a fixed tariff of badness. I could have six courses for one and eightpence, but what courses! Gloom began to settle upon me. I saw visions of dirty little restaurants in back streets; of biftecks like gutta percha; of wine like pyroligneous acid, with a dash of hemlock in it to give it body; of sour bread in loaves of the length of a beefeater's halbert; of winy stains on the tablecloth; of a greasy waiter; of a pervading odour of stale garlic; of having to ask the deaf man with the asthma and the green shade over his eyes yonder, for the salt. Better I said, to buy cold halves of fowls at the roasters' shops, and devour them in the solitude of my fifth floor; better to take to a course of charcuterie or cold pork-butchery; Lyons sausages, black puddings, pigs' feet, polonies with garlic, or sparerib with savoury jelly. Better almost to go back to the Arcadian diet of red-shelled eggs, penn'orths of fried potatoes, fromage de Brie, and ha'porths of ready-cooked spinach—of which, entre nous, I had had in my time some experience. I was meditating between this and the feasibility of cooking a steak over a French wood fire at home (a feat never yet accomplished, I believe, by mortal Englishman); I had almost determined to subscribe for a month to a boarding-house in the Banlieue, where the nourishment as described on the public walls was "simple but fortifying," when the genius of fortuitous good threw Madame Busque in my way.

Through the intermediary of a friend, be it understood. He and I had dined well, the once, twice, or thrice in a way at which I have hinted. He mentioned at the conclusion of our last repast that he must really dine at Madame's to-morrow.

I don't know what time in the afternoon it was, but it was getting very near dinner-time. A certain inward clock of mine that never goes wrong told me so unmistakably. It was very cold, but we were sitting outside a café on the Boulevard; which you can do in Paris till the thermometer is all sorts of degrees below zero. We were sitting there of course merely for the purpose of reading the latest news from the Crimea; but in deference to received café opinion we were imbibing two petits verres of absinthe, which is a delicious cordial of gall, wormwood, and a few essential oils, and which mixed with a little aniseed and diluted with iced water will give a man a famous appetite for dinner. And thereanent I ventured to propound the momentous question: "Where shall we dine?"

"Well," said my friend, "I was thinking of—of a crib—well, a sort of club in fact, where I dine almost every day when I am in Paris."

I suggested that he might have some difficulty in introducing me, a stranger, to the club in question.

"Why, no," he answered; "because you see it isn't exactly a club, because it's a sort of 'creamery'; and in fact, if you don't mind meeting a few fellows, I think we'd better dine there."

I suggested that we had better go home and dress.

"Oh," exclaimed my friend, "nobody dresses there. To tell the truth, it's only at Madame Busque's; and so I think we'd better be off as fast as we can, for nobody waits for anybody there."

I confided myself blindly to the guidance of my friend, consoling myself with the conviction that whatever the club or "creamery" might be, the dinner could be but a dinner after all, and amount to so many francs on this side a napoleon.

We went up and down a good many streets whose names I shall not tell you; for, unless I know what sort of a man you be, and what are your likings and dislikings, I would not have you go promiscuously to Madame Busque's, and perchance abuse her cookery afterwards. At length, after pursuing the sinuosities of a very narrow street, one of the old, genuine, badly-paved, worse lighted streets of Paris, we slackened our footsteps before a lordly mansion,—a vast hotel, with a porte-cochère and many-barred green shutters. My heart sank within me. This must be some dreadfully aristocratic club, I thought, and still mentally I counted my store of five-franc pieces, and wondered tremblingly whether they played lansquenet after dinner.

"Is it here?" I faltered.

"Not exactly," answered my companion, but next door,—behold!"

"He raised his hand and pointed to a little sign swinging fitfully in the night air and the light of a little lamp; and I read these words:—

"SPECIALITÉ DE PUMPKIN PIE."

"Enter," said my friend.

We entered a little, a very little shop, on whose tiny window-panes were emblazoned half-effaced legends in yellow paint relative to eggs, milk, cream, coffee, and broth at all hours. A solitary candle cast a feeble light upon a little counter, where there was a tea-cup, and an account-book of extreme narrowness, but of prodigious length. Behind the counter loomed in the darkness visible some shelves, with many bottles of many sizes. Some tall loaves were leaning up in a corner as if they were tired of being the staff of life, and wanted to rest themselves. A spectre of a pumpkin, a commentary of the text outside, winked in the crepuscule like a yellow eye. There were no eggs, broth, cream, or coffee to be seen; but there was a pleasant odour of cooking palpable to the olfactory nerves, and this was all.

"Push on," said my friend.

I pushed on towards another little light in the distance, and then I became sensible of a stronger and yet pleasanter odour of cooking; of a cheery voice that welcomed my friend as Monsieur Tompkins (let us say), and of another calmer, softer, sweeter voice, that saluted him as her "amiable cabbage," —both female voices, and good to hear.

Pushing still onwards, I found myself in a very small many-sided apartment, which, but for a round table and some chairs, seemed furnished exclusively with bottles. There were bottles here and bottles there, bottles above and bottles below, bottles everywhere, like the water round the ship of the Ancient Mariner; but the similarity stopped there, for there were many drops to drink. At the round table, more than three parts covered with bottles, sat five men with beards. They were all large in stature and in beard, and were eating and drinking vigorously. Pasted on the walls above were several portraits in chalk, among which I immediately recognised those of the five bearded guests. Nobody spoke, but the five beards were bowed in grave courtesy: the clatter of knives and forks relaxed for a moment, to recommence with redoubled ardour; and two additional places were found for us at the round table with miraculous silence and promptitude. Then the proprietor of the cheery voice, a rosy-cheeked country girl, with her handkerchief tied under her chin, which at first suggested toothache, but eventually became picturesque, placed before me bread, butter, a snowy napkin, a knife and fork, and a bottle of wine. Then the calm, soft, sweet voice became a presence incarnated in a mild woman with a gray dress and sad eyes, who addressing me as "dear friend of Monsieur Tompkins," suggested pottage,—in which suggestion I acquiesced immediately.

The round table was of simple oak, and there was no table-cloth. The chairs were straw-bottomed and exceedingly comfortable. The floor was tiled and sanded. A solitary but very large wax candle burnt in an iron candlestick. The salt-cellar (to prevent any one asking or being asked for it) was neatly poised on the top of a decanter, and was visible to all. Pepper was a superfluity, so excellently seasoned were the dishes. At intervals hands appeared, very much in the White Cat fashion, and tendered sardines, olives, the mild cheese of Brie, the pungent Roquefort, and the porous Gruyère.

I don't mean to say that I had any ortolans' quails, forced asparagus, or hot-house grapes at Madame Busque's (though I might have had them too, by ordering them), but I do mean to declare that I had as good, plentiful, clean, well-dressed a dinner as ever Brillat-Savarin or Dr. Kitchener would have desired to sit down to. Wines of the best, liqueurs of the best, coffee of the best, cigars of the best (these last at the exorbitant rate of a penny a piece), and, above all, conversation of the very best.

For you are not to suppose that the five bearded men were silent during the entire evening. Dinner once discussed and cigars once lighted, it turned out that the proprietor of one beard was a natural philosopher; another an Oriental linguist; a third a newspaper correspondent; a fourth a physician; a fifth a vice-consul:—that all had travelled very nearly over Europe, had ascended Vesuvius, had smoked cigars in the Coliseum, had taken long walks in the Black Forest. Travel, anecdote, science, literature, art, political discussion, utterly free from personality or prejudice,—all these, with a good and cheap dinner, did I find haphazard at Madame Busque's.

Nor perhaps was this the only good thing connected with the "creamery." I have since found myself the only Englishman among sometimes not five, but fifteen subjects, of a certain Great Republic, three thousand miles away; and up to this moment I have never heard the slightest allusion to guessing, calculation, gouging, bowie-kniving, repudiation, lynching, locofocos, knownothings, "Hard-shells," alligators, snags or sawyers, or any of the topics on which our Republican cousins are supposed almost exclusively to converse. More than this, the much-to-be-abhorred questions of dollars or cents are never broached by any chance.

I need not say that I dine very frequently at Madame Busque's. I like her; her cookery; her guests; her good-humoured servant Florence, and her Pumpkin Pie, for which she has a speciality, and the confection of which was taught her by the vice-consul. I am not going to tell you how cheap her dinners are, or where they are to be had, till I know more

of you; but if you will send to this office certificates of your good temper and citizenship of the world, I don't mind communicating Madame Busque's address to you, in strict confidence.

THE SAUCY ARETHUSA.

I WISH I were a naval genius! Why is this my aspiration? Because I have passed the morning of the very day on which I commit these lines to the post for England, on board of the Arethusa.

I should like to relate the pleasant, cheery, open-hearted sort of conversation I have had on board the Arethusa, with as fine and gallant a set of English gentlemen as ever trod a plank. I hope the words "trod a plank" are naval; if not I beg to retract them and apologize.

I like to recall the talk of those young men. There was something about it so modest and unassuming, so courteous and gentle, yet laughing and unrestrained, that I could not help thinking what a proud contrast they made to the youth of most other nations. My patriotism seemed to kindle afresh among those hearts of oak, and my pride in old England to grow warmer.

The Arethusa was lying at anchor near the arsenal of Constantinople. She was going to Malta in a few hours for repairs: as she had suffered severely on the seventeenth of October, when the bombardment of Sebastopol was commenced. She and the Albion, I am told, were the vessels which stood closest in against the Russian fortress. The Arethusa was in action one hour and forty minutes, during which time she fired fifty-two rounds from each gun, and expended more than ten tons of powder. She did noble service, but she suffered severely. The explosion of one shell only, killed two men and wounded ten. The stain of blood is still on the mast near which those two brave fellows fell, and it tinges the deck beside it. Water will not wash it out—will tears?

The men, I mean the men before the mast, showed such true English pluck and spirit, that when a shell exploded and wounded one slightly, striking an officer near him sharply on the leg, though without making a wound, the tar merely hitched up his trousers, and said quaintly to his officer, "*That* was a near shave, sir." Even a British canary refused to show the white feather when the cabin, in which its cage was hung, caught fire from the explosion of a shell, and it sang merrily during the whole action. It was touching to hear, in such simple language, how those brave men, in the heat of battle, had cared for the little bird and rescued it. I saw afterwards a Russian cat an officer had saved from a burning hay-rick! Any hearts so fearless and gentle, so staunch and steady, yet so tender, where shall we find?

Not even a battle lacks a funny story if one goes to look for it. A lieutenant on board the Albion was standing near the place where a shell exploded. He was not wounded, but his trousers appear to have had something strangely attractive about them, for the fragments were drawn towards them, and tore them to ribands! They will become as honourable an heirloom as a notched sword, or a dented and battered shield. A sailor, wounded in the leg on board the same ship, looked at the shattered limb with the utmost cheerfulness, and merely said, "Well, I can stump about without ye, if they take the other." A marine who lost an eye went back to his duty without paying the least attention to the circumstance. Another man refused to be bound for an amputation. "Off with un, sir," he said to the surgeon, "I shan't hurt, if you don't." Unhappily, owing to the cock-pit (I think they call it) having been set apart for the wounded according to ancient usage, the surgeon of the Albion was the first man injured. There was only one other medical man on board; and after the action a great many of the sailors were found wounded. "Why don't you go and get your hurt dressed?" asked an officer of some of them. "Ay ay, sir, time enough for us," replied the spokesman, "we arn't got nothing particular, let him attend to them as has." And so it seems that the acts of quiet heroism and unselfishness before the mast were quite equal to those of the officers, and that Englishmen, whether gentle or simple, are marvellously alike. Alike valiant and merciful—alike heedful of another's pain—unfeeling only for their own.

There was also a thing occurred on board the Arethusa, which, two centuries ago, would have been called a miracle. A shell exploded and destroyed the whole of a partition save where hung a portrait of the Queen, about a foot square. It was pleasant to notice the cordial good feeling among the officers, and among the men and officers, on board the "saucy Arethusa." I thought I observed a general affection towards the captain which one would be glad to see oftener. The ship seemed quite fresh and inspiriting with health and good humour; and it is really astonishing how very much a pleasant chief can do to render any place whatever agreeable under his command, while a costive, surly fellow will render it as wretched and uncomfortable as Mr. Legree's plantation.

We have excellent reason to be satisfied with our army and navy in the East. They have done almost as much to render us popular and respected, wherever they have been seen, as our diplomacy and consular service has done, and is doing, to render us hated and feared. There has hardly been an instance of misconduct of any kind among the thousands of men we have sent to a foreign land where laws are more lax than enough, and impunity next to certain. Wherever our heroes have gone, to

Gallipoli, Scutari, Varna, they have borne away golden opinions, and they are a trophy by no means to be underrated even in Turkey. As for their military exploits this is not the place to speak of them. Enough that we have ample evidence to show, ten of the enemy have hitherto fallen for one of the allies.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

THE next morning brought Margaret a letter from Edith. It was affectionate and inconsequent like the writer. But the affection was charming to Margaret's own affectionate nature; and she had grown up with the inconsequence so she did not perceive it. It was as follows:

"Oh, Margaret, it is worth a journey from England to see my boy! He is a superb little fellow, especially in his caps, and most especially in the one you sent him, you good, dainty-fingered, persevering little lady! Having made all the mothers here envious, I want to show him to somebody new, and hear a fresh set of admiring expressions; perhaps that's all the reason; perhaps it is not,—nay, possibly, there is just a little cousinly love mixed with it; but I do want you so much to come here Margaret! I'm sure it would be the very best thing for Aunt Hale's health; everybody here is young and well, and our skies are always blue, and our sun always shines, and the band plays deliciously from morning till night; and, to come back to the burden of my ditty, my baby always smiles. I am constantly wanting you to draw him for me, Margaret. It does not signify what he is doing; that very thing is prettiest, gracefulest, best. I think I love him a great deal better than my husband, who is getting stout, and grumpy,—what he calls 'busy.' No! he is not. He has just come in with news of such a charming pic-nic, given by the officers of the Hazard, at anchor in the bay below. Because he has brought in such a pleasant piece of news, I retract all I said just now. Did not somebody burn his hand for having said or done something he was sorry for? Well, I can't burn mine, because it would hurt me, and the scar would be ugly; but I'll retract all I said as fast as I can. Cosmo is quite as great a darling as baby, and not a bit stout, and as un-grumpy as ever husband was; only sometimes he is very, very busy. I may say that without love—wifely duty—where was I?—I had something very particular to say, I know, once. Oh, it is this—Dearest Margaret! — you must come and see me — it would do Aunt Hale good, as I said before. Get the doctor to order it for her. Tell him it's the smoke of Milton that does her harm. I have do doubt it is that, really. Three months (you must not come for less) of this delicious climate—all sunshine, and grapes as common as blackberries, would quite cure her. I don't ask my uncle"—(Here the latter became more constrained, and better written; Mr. Hale was in the corner, like a naughty child, for having given up his living.)—"because, I dare say, he disapproves of war, and soldiers, and bands of music; at least, I know that many Dissenters are members of the Peace Society, and I am afraid he would not like to come; but, if he would, dear, pray say that Cosmo and I will do our best to make him happy; and I'll hide up Cosmo's red coat and sword, and make the band play all sorts of grave, solemn things; or, if they do play pomps and vanities, it shall be in double slow time. Dear Margaret, if he would like to accompany you and Aunt Hale, we will try and make it pleasant, though I'm rather afraid of any one who has done something for conscience sake. You never did I hope. Tell Aunt Hale not to bring many warm clothes, though I'm afraid it will be late in the year before you can come. But you have no idea of the heat here! I tried to wear my great beauty Indian shawl at a pic-nic. I kept myself up with proverbs as long as I could; 'Pride must abide,'—and such wholesome pieces of pith; but it was of no use. I was like mamma's little dog Tiny with an elephant's trappings on; smothered, hidden, killed with my finery; so I made it into a capital carpet for us all to sit down upon. Here's this boy of mine, Margaret,—if you don't pack up your things as soon as you get this letter, and come straight off to see him, I shall think you're descended from King Herod!"

Margaret did long for a day of Edith's life —her freedom from care, her cherful home, her sunny skies. If a wish could have transported her she would have gone off; just for one day. She yearned for the strength which such a change would give,—even for a few hours to be in the midst of that bright life, and to feel young again. Not yet twenty! and she had had to bear up against such hard pressure that she felt quite old. That was her first feeling after reading Edith's letter. Then she read it again, and, forgetting herself, was amused at its likeness to Edith's self, and was laughing merrily over it when Mrs. Hale came into the drawing-room, leaning on Dixon's arm. Margaret flew to adjust the pillows. Her mother seemed more than usually feeble.

"What were you laughing at, Margaret?" asked she, as soon as she had recovered from the exertion of settling herself on the sofa.

"A letter I have had this morning from Edith. Shall I read it you, mamma?"

She read it aloud, and for a time it seemed to interest her mother, who kept wondering what name Edith had given to her boy, and suggesting all probable names, and all possible reasons why each and all of these names should be given. Into the very midst of these

wonders Mr. Thornton came, bringing another offering of fruit for Mrs. Hale. He could not —say rather, he would not—deny himself the chance of the pleasure of seeing Margaret. He had no end in this but the present gratification. It was the sturdy wilfulness of a man usually most reasonable and self-controlled. He entered the room, taking in at a glance the fact of Margaret's presence; but after the first cold distant bow, he never seemed to let his eyes fall on her again. He only stayed to present his papers—to speak some gentle kindly words—and then his cold offended eyes met Margaret's with a grave farewell as he left the room. She sat down silent and pale.

"Do you know, Margaret, I really begin quite to like Mr. Thornton."

No answer at first. Then Margaret forced out an icy "Do you?"

"Yes! I think he is really getting quite polished in his manners."

Margaret's voice was more in order now. She replied,

"He is very kind and attentive,—there is no doubt of that."

"I wonder Mrs. Thornton never calls. She must know I am ill, because of the water-bed."

"I dare say she hears how you are from her son."

"Still I should like to see her. You have so few friends here, Margaret."

Margaret felt what was in her mother's thoughts,—a tender craving to bespeak the kindness of some woman towards the daughter that might be so soon left motherless. But she could not speak.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Hale, after a pause, "that you could go and ask Mrs. Thornton to come and see me? Only once I don't want to be troublesome."

"I will do anything, if you wish it, mamma, —but if—but when Frederick comes"

"Ah, to be sure! we must keep our doors shut,—we must let no one in. I hardly know whether I dare wish him to come or not. Sometimes I think I would rather not. Sometimes I have such frightful dreams about him."

"Oh, mamma! we'll take good care. I will put my arm in the bolt sooner than he should come to the slightest harm. Trust the care of him to me, mamma. I will watch over him like a lioness over her young."

"When can we hear from him?"

"Not for a week yet, certainly,—perhaps more."

"We must send Martha away in good time. It would never do to have her here when he comes, and then send her off in a hurry."

"Dixon is sure to remind us of that. I was thinking that if we wanted any help in the house while he is here, we could perhaps get Mary Higgins. She is very slack of work, and is a good girl, and would take pains to do her best, I am sure, and would sleep at home, and need never come upstairs, so as to know who is in the house."

"As you please. As Dixon pleases. But, Margaret, don't get to use these horrid Milton words. 'Slack of work:' it is a provincialism. What will your aunt Shaw say if she hears you use it on her return?"

'Oh, . . . don't try and make a bug-bear of aunt Shaw," said Margaret, laughing. "Edith picked up all sorts of military slang from Captain Lennox, and aunt Shaw never took any notice of it."

"But yours is factory slang."

"And if I live in a factory town, I must speak factory language when I want it. Why, mamma, I could astonish you with a great many words you never heard in your life. I don't believe you know what a knob-stick is."

"Not I, child. I only know it has a very vulgar sound; and I don't want to hear you using it."

"Very well, dearest mother, I won't. Only I shall have to use a whole explanatory sentence instead."

"I don't like this Milton," said Mrs. Hale. "Edith is right enough in saying it's the smoke that has made me so ill."

Margaret started up as her mother said this. Her father had just entered the room, and she was most anxious that the faint impression she had seen on his mind that the Milton air had injured her mother's health, should not be deepened,—should not receive any confirmation. She could not tell if he had heard what Mrs. Hale had said or not; but she began speaking hurriedly of other things, unaware that Mr. Thornton was following him.

"Mamma is accusing me of having picked up a great deal of vulgarity since we came to Milton."

The "vulgarity" Margaret spoke of referred purely to the use of local words, and the expression arose out of the conversation they had just been holding. But Mr. Thornton's brow darkened; and Margaret suddenly felt how her speech might be misunderstood by him; so, in the natural sweet desire to avoid giving unnecessary pain, she forced herself to forwards with a little greeting, and continue what she was saying, addressing ... self to him expressly.

"Now, Mr. Thornton, though knobstick has not a very pretty sound, is it not expressive? Could I do without it in speaking of the thing it represents? If using local words is vulgar, I was very vulgar in the Forest,—was I not, mamma?"

It was unusual with Margaret to obtrude her own subject of conversation on others; but in this case she was so anxious to prevent Mr. Thornton from feeling annoyance at the words he had accidentally overheard, that it was not until she had done speaking that she coloured all over with consciousness, more especially as Mr. Thornton seemed hardly to

understand the exact gist or bearing of what she was saying, but passed her by, with a cold reserve of ceremonious movement, to speak to Mrs. Hale.

The sight of him reminded her of the wish to see his mother, and commend Margaret to her care. Margaret, sitting in burning silence, vexed and ashamed of her difficulty in keeping her right place, and her calm unconsciousness of heart, when Mr. Thornton was by, heard her mother's low entreaty that Mrs. Thornton would come and see her; see her soon; to-morrow, if it were possible. Mr. Thornton promised that she should—conversed a little, and then took his leave; and Margaret's movements and voice seemed at once released from some invisible chains. He never looked at her; and yet the careful avoidance of his eyes betokened that in some way he knew exactly where, if they fell by chance, they would rest on her. If she spoke he gave no sign of attention, and yet his next speech to any one else was modified by what she had said; sometimes there was an express answer to what she had remarked, but given to another person as though unsuggested by her. It was not the bad manners of ignorance: it was the wilful bad manners arising from deep offence. It was wilful at the time; repented of afterwards. But no deep plan, no careful cunning could have stood him in such good stead. Margaret thought about him more than she had ever done before; not with any tinge of what is called love, but with regret that she had wounded him so deeply,—and with a gentle, patient striving to return to their former position of antagonistic friendship; for a friend's position was what she found that he had held in her regard, as well as in that of the rest of the family. There was a pretty humility in her behaviour to him, as if mutely apologising for the over-strong words which were the reaction from the deeds of the day of the riot.

But he resented those words bitterly. They rung in his ears; and he was proud of the sense of justice which made him go on in every kindness he could offer to her parents. He exulted in the power he showed in compelling himself to face her, whenever he could think of any action which could give her father or mother pleasure. He thought that he disliked seeing one who had mortified him so keenly; but he was mistaken. It was a stinging pleasure to be in the room with her, and feel her presence. But he was no great analyser of his own motives, and was mistaken, as I have said.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

Mrs. Thornton came to see Mrs. Hale the next morning. She was much worse. One of those sudden changes—those great visible strides towards death,—had been taken in the night, and her own family were startled by the gray sunken look her features had assumed in that one twelve hours of suffering. Mrs. Thornton—who had not seen her for weeks—was softened all at once. She had come because her son asked it from her as a personal favour, but with all the proud bitter feelings of her nature in arms against that family of which Margaret formed one. She doubted the reality of Mrs. Hale's illness; she doubted any want beyond a momentary fancy on that lady's part, which should take her out of her previously settled course of employment for the day. She told her son that she wished they had never come near the place; that he had never got acquainted with them; that there had been no such useless languages as Latin and Greek ever invented. He bore all this pretty silently; but when she had ended her invective against the dead languages, he quietly returned to the short, curt, decided expression of his wish that she should go and see Mrs. Hale at the time appointed, as most likely to be convenient to the invalid. Mrs. Thornton submitted with as bad a grace as she could to her son's desire, all the time liking him the better for having it; and exaggerating in her own mind the same notion that he had of extraordinary goodness on his part in so perseveringly keeping up with the Hales.

His goodness verging on weakness, as all the softer virtues did in her mind, and her own contempt for Mr. and Mrs. Hale, and positive dislike to Margaret, were the ideas which occupied Mrs. Thornton till she was struck into nothingness before the dark shadow of the wings of the angel of death. There lay Mrs. Hale—a mother like herself—a much younger woman than she was,—on the [illegible] from which there was no sign of hope that she might ever rise again. No more variety of light and shade for her in that darkened room; no power of action, scarcely change of movement; faint alternations of whispered sound and studious silence; and yet that monotonous life seemed almost too much! When Mrs. Thornton, strong and prosperous with life, came in, Mrs. Hale lay still, although from the look on her face she was evidently conscious of who it was. But she did not even open her eyes for a minute or two. The heavy moisture of tears stood on the eyelashes before she looked up; then, with her hand groping feebly over the bedclothes, for the touch of Mrs. Thornton's large firm fingers, she said, scarcely above her breath—Mrs. Thornton had to stoop from her erectness to listen,—

"Margaret—you have a daughter—my sister is in Italy. My child will be without a mother;—in a strange place,—if I die—— will you"——

And her filmy wandering eyes fixed themselves with an intensity of wistfulness on Mrs. Thornton's face. For a minute there was no change in it's rigidness; it was stern and unmoved;—nay, but that the eyes of the sick woman were growing dim with the slow-gather-

ing tears, she might have seen a dark cloud cross the cold features. And it was no thought of her son, or of her living daughter Fanny, that stirred her heart at last; but a sudden remembrance, suggested by something in the arrangement of the room,—of a little daughter—dead in infancy—long years ago; that, like a sudden sunbeam, melted the icy crust, behind which there was a real tender woman.

"You wish me to be a friend to Miss Hale," said Mrs. Thornton, in her measured voice, that would not soften with her heart, but came out distinct and clear.

Mrs. Hale, her eyes still fixed on Mrs. Thornton's face, pressed the hand that lay below hers on the coverlet. She could not speak. Mrs. Thornton sighed, "I will be a true friend, if circumstances require it. Not a tender friend. That I cannot be,"—("to her," she was on the point of adding, but she relented at the sight of that poor, anxious face.)—"It is not in my nature to show affection even where I feel it, nor do I volunteer advice in general. Still, at your request, —if it will be any comfort to you, I will promise you." Then came a pause. Mrs. Thornton was too conscientious to promise what she did not mean to perform; and to perform anything in the way of kindness on behalf of Margaret, more disliked at this moment than ever, was difficult; almost impossible.

"I promise," said she, with grave severity; which, after all, inspired the dying woman with faith as in something more stable than life itself,—flickering, flitting, wavering life! "I promise that in any difficulty in which Miss Hale"——

"Call her Margaret!" gasped Mrs. Hale.

"In which she comes to me for help, I will help her with every power I have, as if she were my own daughter. I also promise that if ever I see her doing what I think is wrong"——

"But Margaret never does wrong—not wilfully wrong," pleaded Mrs. Hale. Mrs. Thornton went on as before; as if she had not heard:

"If ever I see her doing what I believe to be wrong—such wrong not touching me or mine, in which case I might be supposed to have an interested motive—I will tell her of it, faithfully and plainly, as I should wish my own daughter to be told."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Hale felt that this promise did not include all; and yet it was much. It had reservations in it which she did not understand; but then she was weak, dizzy, and tired. Mrs. Thornton was reviewing all the probable cases in which she had pledged herself to act. She had a fierce pleasure in the idea of telling Margaret unwelcome truths, in the shape of performance of duty. Mrs. Hale began to speak:

"I thank you. I pray God to bless you. I shall never see you again in this world. But my last words are, I thank you for your promise of kindness to my child."

"Not kindness!" testified Mrs. Thornton, ungraciously truthful to the last. But having eased her conscience by saying these words, she was not sorry that they were not heard. She pressed Mrs. Hale's soft languid hand; and rose up and went her way out of the house without seeing a creature.

During the time that Mrs. Thornton was having this interview with Mrs. Hale, Margaret and Dixon were laying their heads together and consulting how they should keep Frederick's coming a profound secret to all out of the house. A letter from him might now be expected any day; and he would assuredly follow quickly on its heels. Martha must be sent away on her holiday; Dixon must keep stern guard on the front door, only admitting the few visitors that ever came to the house into Mr. Hale's room downstairs—Mrs. Hale's extreme illness giving her a good excuse for this. If Mary Higgins was required as a help to Dixon in the kitchen, she was to hear and see as little of Frederick as possible; and he was, if necessary, to be spoken of to her under the name of Mr. Dickinson. But her sluggish and incurious nature was the greatest safeguard of all.

They resolved that Martha should leave them that very afternoon for this visit to her mother. Margaret wished that she had been sent away on the previous day, as she fancied it might be thought strange to give a servant a holiday when her mother's state required so much attendance.

Poor Margaret! All that afternoon she had to act the part of a Roman daughter, and give strength out of her own scanty stock to her father. Mr. Hale would hope, would not despair, between the attacks of his wife's malady; he buoyed himself up in every respite from her pain, and believed that it was the beginning of ultimate recovery. And so, when the paroxysms came on, each more severe than the last, they were fresh agonies, and greater disappointments to him. This afternoon he sat in the drawing-room, unable to bear the solitude of his study, or to employ himself in any way. He buried his head in his arms, which lay folded on the table. Margaret's heart ached to see him; yet, as he did not speak, she did not like to volunteer any attempt at comfort. Martha was gone. Dixon sat with Mrs. Hale while she slept. The house was very still and quiet, and darkness came on, without any movement to procure candles. Margaret sat at the window, looking out at the lamps and the street, but seeing nothing,—only alive to her father's heavy sighs. She did not like to go down for lights, lest the tacit restraint of her presence being withdrawn, he might give way to more violent emotion, without her being at hand to comfort him. Yet she was just thinking

that she ought to go and see after the well-doing of the kitchen-fire, which there was nobody but herself to attend to, when she heard the muffled door-bell ring with so violent a pull, that the wires jingled all through the house, though the positive sound was not great. She started up,—passed her father, who had never moved at the veiled dull sound,—returned, and kissed him tenderly. And still he never moved, nor took any notice of her fond embrace. Then she went down softly, through the dark, to the door. Dixon would have put the chain on before she opened it, but Margaret had not a thought of fear in her pre-occupied mind. A man's tall figure stood between her and the luminous street. He was looking away; but at the sound of the latch he turned quickly round.

"Is this Mr. Hale's?" said he, in a clear, full, delicate voice.

Margaret trembled all over; at first she did not answer. In a moment she sighed out,

"Frederick!" and stretched out both her hands to catch his, and draw him in.

"Oh, Margaret!" said he, holding her off by her shoulders, after they had kissed each other, as if even in that darkness he could see her face, and read in its expression a quicker answer to his question than words could give,—

"My mother! is she alive?"

"Yes, she is alive, dear, dear brother! She—as ill as she can be she is; but alive! She is alive!"

"Thank God!" said he.

"Papa is utterly prostrate with this great grief."

"You expect me, don't you?"

"No, we have had no letter."

"Then I have come before it. But my mother knows I am coming?"

"Oh! we all knew you would come. But wait a little! Step in here. Give me your hand. What is this? Oh! your carpet-bag. Dixon has shut the shutters; but this is papa's study, and I can take you to a chair to rest yourself for a few minutes; while I go and tell him."

She groped her way to the taper and the lucifer matches. She suddenly felt shy when the little feeble light made them visible. All she could see was that her brother's face was unusually dark in complexion, and she caught the stealthy look of a pair of remarkably long-cut blue eyes, that suddenly twinkled up with a droll consciousness of their mutual purpose of inspecting each other. But though the brother and sister had an instant of sympathy in their reciprocal glances, they did not exchange a word; only Margaret felt sure that she should like her brother as a companion as much as she already loved him as a near relation. Her heart was wonderfully lighter as she went upstairs; the sorrow was no less in reality, but it became less oppressive from having some one in precisely the same relation to it as that in which she stood. Not her father's desponding attitude had power to damp her now. He lay across the table, helpless as ever; but she had the spell by which to rouse him. She used it perhaps too violently in her own great relief.

"Papa," said she, throwing her arms fondly round his neck; pulling his weary head up in fact with her gentle violence, till it rested in her arms, and she could look into his eyes, and gain strength and assurance from hers.

"Papa! guess who is here!"

He looked at her; she saw the idea of the truth glimmer into their filmy sadness, and be dismissed thence as a wild imagination.

He threw himself forward, and hid his face once more in his stretched-out arms, resting upon the table as heretofore. She heard him whisper; she bent tenderly down to listen. "I don't know. Don't tell me it is Frederick—not Frederick. I cannot bear it,—I am too weak. And his mother is dying!"

He began to cry and wail like a child. It was so different to all which Margaret had hoped and expected, that she turned sick with disappointment, and was silent for an instant. Then she spoke again—very differently—not so exultingly, far more tenderly and carefully.

"Papa, it is Frederick! Think of mamma, how glad she will be! And oh, for her sake, how glad we ought to be! For his sake too,—our poor, poor boy!"

Her father did not change his attitude, but he seemed to be trying to understand the fact.

"Where is he?" asked he at last, his face still hidden in his prostrate arms.

"In your study, quite alone. I lighted the taper, and ran up to tell you. He is quite alone, and will be wondering why—"

"I will go to him," broke in her father; and he lifted himself up and leant on her arm as on that of a guide.

Margaret led him to the study door, but her spirits were so agitated that she felt that she could not bear to see the meeting. She turned away, and ran up stairs, and cried most heartily. It was the first time she had dared to allow herself this relief for days. The strain had been terrible, as she now felt. But Frederick was come! He, the one precious brother, was there, safe, amongst them again! She could hardly believe it. She stopped her crying, and opened her bedroom door. She heard no sound of voices, and almost feared she might have dreamt. She went down stairs, and listened at the study door. She heard the buzz of voices; and that was enough. She went into the kitchen, and stirred up the fire, and lighted the house, and prepared for the wanderer's refreshment. How fortunate it was that her mother slept! She knew that she did, from the candle-lighter thrust through the keyhole of her bedroom door. The traveller could be refreshed and bright, and the first excitement of the meeting with his father all be over,

before her mother became aware of anything unusual.

When all was ready, Margaret opened the study door, and went in like a serving-maiden, with a heavy tray held in her extended arms. She was proud of serving Frederick. But he, when he saw her, sprang up in a minute, and relieved her of her burden. It was a type, a sign, of all the coming relief which his presence would bring. The brother and sister arranged the table together, saying little, but their hands touching, and their eyes speaking the natural language of expression, so intelligible to those of the same blood. The fire had gone out; and Margaret applied herself to light it, for the evenings had begun to be chilly; and yet it was desirable to make all noises as distant as possible from Mrs. Hale's room.

"Dixon says it is a gift to light a fire; not an art to be acquired."

"Poeta nascitur, non fit," murmured Mr. Hale; and Margaret was glad to hear a quotation once more, however languidly given.

"Dear old Dixon! How we shall kiss each other!" said Frederick. "She used to kiss me, and then look in my face to be sure I was the right person, and then set to again! But Margaret what a bungler you are! I never saw such a little awkward good-for-nothing pair of hands. Run away, and wash them, ready to cut bread-and-butter for me, and leave the fire. I'll manage it. Lighting fires is one of my natural accomplishments."

So Margaret went away; and returned; and passed in and out of the room in a glad restlessness that could not be satisfied with sitting still. The more wants Frederick had, the better she was pleased; and he understood all this by instinct. It was a joy snatched in the house of mourning, and the zest of it was all the more pungent, because they knew in the depths of their hearts what irremediable sorrow awaited them.

In the middle, they heard Dixon's foot on the stairs. Mr. Hale started from his languid posture in his great arm-chair, from which he had been watching his children in a dreamy way, as if they were acting some drama of happiness, which it was pretty to look at, but which was distinct from reality, and in which he had no part. He stood up, and faced the door, showing such a strange, sudden anxiety to conceal Frederick from the sight of any person entering, even though it were the faithful Dixon, that a shiver came over Margaret's heart; it reminded her of the new fear in their lives. She caught at Frederick's arm, and clutched it tight, while a stern thought compressed her brows, and caused her to set her teeth. And yet they knew it was only Dixon's measured tread. They heard her walk the length of the passage,—into the kitchen. Margaret rose up.

"I will go to her; and tell her. And I shall hear how mamma is." Mrs. Hale was awake. She rambled at first; but after they had given her some tea she was refreshed, though not disposed to talk. It was better that the night should pass over before she was told of her son's arrival. Dr. Donaldson's appointed visit would bring nervous excitement enough for the evening; and he might tell them how to prepare her for seeing Frederick. He was there, in the house; could be summoned at any moment.

Margaret could not sit still. It was a relief to her to aid Dixon in all her preparations for "Master Frederick." It seemed as though she never could be tired again. Each glimpse into the room where he sate by his father, conversing with him, about, she knew not what, nor cared to know,—was increase of strength to her. Her own time for talking and hearing would come at last, and she was too certain of this to feel in a hurry to grasp it now. She took in his appearance and liked it. He had delicate features, redeemed from effeminacy by the swarthiness of his complexion, and his quick intensity of expression. His eyes were generally merry-looking, but at times they and his mouth so suddenly changed and gave her such an idea of latent passion that it almost made her afraid. But this look was only for an instant; and had in it no doggedness, no vindictiveness; it was rather the instantaneous ferocity of expression that comes over the countenances of all natives of wild or southern countries — a ferocity which enhances the charm of the childlike softness into which such a look may melt away. Margaret might fear the violence of the impulsive nature thus occasionally betrayed, but there was nothing in it to make her distrust, or recoil in the least, from the new-found brother. On the contrary, all their intercourse was peculiarly charming to her from the very first. She knew then how much responsibility she had had to bear, from the exquisite sensation of relief which she felt in Frederick's presence. He understood his father and mother—their characters and their weaknesses, and went along with a careless freedom, which was yet most delicately careful not to hurt or wound any of their feelings. He seemed to know instinctively when a little of the natural brilliancy of his manner and conversation would not jar on the deep depression of his father, or might relieve his mother's pain. Whenever it would have been out of tune, and out of time, his patient devotion and watchfulness came into play, and made him an admirable nurse. Then Margaret was almost touched into tears by the allusions which he often made to their childish days in the New Forest; he had never forgotten her—or Helstone either—all the time he had been roaming among distant countries and foreign people. She might talk to him of the old spot, and never fear tiring him. She had been afraid of him before he came, even while she had longed for his coming; seven or eight years had, she felt, produced such great

changes in herself that, forgetting how much of the original Margaret was left, she had reasoned that if her tastes and feelings had so materially altered, even in her stay-at-home life, his wild career, with which she was but imperfectly acquainted, must have almost substituted another Frederick from the tall stripling in his middy's uniform, whom she remembered looking up to with such admiring awe. But in their absence they had grown nearer to each other in age, as well as in many other things. And so it was that the weight, this sorrowful time, was lightened to Margaret. Other light than that of Frederick's presence she had none. For a few hours the mother rallied on seeing her son. She sate with his hand in hers; she would not part with it even while she slept; and Margaret had to feed him like a baby, rather than that he should disturb her mother by removing a finger. Mrs. Hale wakened while they were thus engaged; she slowly moved her head round on the pillow, and smiled at her children, as she understood what they were doing, and why it was done.

"I am very selfish," said she; "but it will not be for long." Frederick bent down and kissed the feeble hand that imprisoned his.

This state of tranquillity could not endure for many days, nor perhaps for many hours; so Dr. Donaldson assured Margaret. After the kind doctor had gone away, she stole down to Frederick, who, during the visit, had been adjured to remain quietly concealed in the back parlour, usually Dixon's bedroom, but now given up to him.

Margaret told him what Dr. Donaldson said.

"I don't believe it," he exclaimed. "She is very ill; she may be dangerously ill, and in immediate danger, too; but I can't imagine that she could be as she is, if she were on the point of death. Margaret! she should have some other advice — some London doctor. Have you never thought of that?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "more than once. But I don't believe it would do any good. And, you know, we have not the money to bring any great London surgeon down, and I am sure Dr. Donaldson is only second in skill to the very best, if indeed he is to them."

Frederick began to walk up and down the room impatiently.

"I have credit in Cadiz," said he, "but none here, owing to this wretched change of name. Why did my father leave Helstone? That was the blunder."

"It was no blunder," said Margaret gloomily. "And, above all possible chances, avoid letting papa hear anything like what you have just been saying. I can see that he is tormenting himself already with the idea that mamma would never have been ill if we had staid at Helstone, and you don't know papa's agonising power of self-reproach!"

Frederick walked away as if he were on the quarter-deck. At last he stopped right opposite to Margaret, and looked at her drooping, desponding attitude for an instant.

"My little Margaret!" said he, caressing her. "Let us hope as long as we can. Poor little woman! what! is this face all wet with tears? I will hope. I will, in spite of a thousand doctors. Bear up, Margaret, and be brave enough to hope!"

Margaret choked in trying to speak, and when she did it was very low.

"I must try to be meek enough to trust. Oh, Frederick! mamma was getting to love me so! And I was getting to understand her. And now comes death to snap us asunder!"

"Come, come, come! Let us go up-stairs, and do something, rather than waste time that may be so precious. Thinking has, many a time, made me sad, darling; but doing never did in all my life. My theory is a sort of parody on the maxim of 'Get money my son, honestly if you can; but get money.' My precept is, 'Do something, my sister, do good if you can; but, at any rate, do something.'"

"Not excluding mischief," said Margaret, smiling faintly through her tears.

"By no means. What I do exclude is the remorse afterwards. Blot your misdeeds out (if you are particularly conscientious), by a good deed, as soon as you can; just as we did a correct sum at school on the slate, where an incorrect one was only half rubbed out. It was better than wetting our sponge with le loss of time where tears had to be waited for, and a better effect at last."

If Margaret thought Frederick's theory rather a rough one at first, she saw how he worked it out into continual production of kindness in fact. After a bad night with his mother (for he insisted on taking his turn as a sitter-up) he was busy the next morning before breakfast, contriving a leg-rest for Dixon, who was beginning to feel the fatigues of watching. At breakfast time he interested Mr. Hale with vivid, graphic, rattling accounts of the wild life he had led in Mexico, South America, and elsewhere. Margaret would have given up the effort in despair to rouse Mr. Hale out of his dejection; it would even have affected herself and rendered her incapable of talking at all. But Fred, true to his theory, did something perpetually; and talking was the only thing to be done, besides eating, at breakfast.

Before the night of that day, Dr. Donaldson's opinion was proved to be all too well-founded. Convulsions came on; and when they ceased Mrs. Hale was unconscious. Her husband might lie by her shaking the bed with his sobs; her son's strong arms might

lift her tenderly up into a comfortable position; her daughter's hands might bathe her face; but she knew them not. She would never recognise them again, till they met in Heaven.

Before the morning came all was over.

Then Margaret rose from her trembling and despondency, and became as a strong angel of comfort to her father and brother. For Frederick had broken down now, and all his theories were of no use to him. He cried so violently, when shut up alone in his little room at night, that Margaret and Dixon came down in affright to warn him to be quiet; for the house-partitions were but thin, and the next-door neighbours might easily hear his youthful passionate sobs, so different from the slower trembling agony of after-life, when we become inured to grief, and dare not be rebellious against the inexorable doom, knowing who it is that decrees.

Margaret sate with her father in the room with the dead. If he had cried, she would have been thankful. But he sate by the bed quite quietly; only from time to time he uncovered the face, and stroked it gently, making a kind of soft inarticulate noise, like that of some mother-animal caressing her young. He took no notice of Margaret's presence. Once or twice she came up to kiss him; and he submitted to it, giving her a little push away when she had done, as if her affection disturbed him from his absorption in the dead. He started when he heard Frederick's cries, and shook his head:—"Poor boy! poor boy!" he said, and took no more notice. Margaret's heart ached within her. She could not think of her own loss in thinking of her father's case. The night was wearing away, and the day was at hand, when, without a word of preparation, Margaret's voice broke upon the stillness of the room, with a clearness of sound that started even herself: "Let not your heart be troubled," it said; and she went steadily on through all that chapter of unspeakable consolation.

THE GREAT RED BOOK.

I SING a book. Not that famous Livre Rouge—that historical red-book which was found behind the secret panel in the palace at Versailles, when Marie Antoinette was rescued by the Count de Fersen from the infuriated mob that sought her in her bedchamber to slay her. Not Webster's Royal Red-book, as performed in the Theatre Royal Adelphi, in a vaudeville form, with a strong family likeness to the "Almanach des Vingt-cinq mille Adresses." Not the Court Guide, that slim, hot-pressed epitome of gentility. Not the dog's-eared, greasy, dingy red book, whose original cost was twopence, but which, by the mysterious agency of "tick," is made to become the representative of pounds—the red book that the housekeeper wots of, and that the unsatisfied butcher shakes vengefully. Nor *the* Red Book specially so called, containing a list of every government situation, with the names of the holders thereof, from the Prime Minister to the hall-porter. But a Great Red Book, ornamented with the royal arms in gold,—a book not unlike outwardly one of her Majesty's mail-coaches;—a book now in the fifty-sixth year of its age; enormously large, prodigiously thick, wondrously heavy;—a book that if it held the biographies and characters of men as well as their names would be the greatest repertory of human knowledge in the world; a book really marvellous in conception, execution, and actual existence—in a word, the Post-office London Directory for eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

The old mail coach—peace be, as pleasant memories are, to its ashes—is gone. The valiant old scarlet vehicle with its four blood-horses, so brave in ribbons on May-day; so defiant of footpads and highwaymen, in the blunderbuss of its guard, and the pocket pistols of its coachman—so blatant of its royalty and its maildom in the loud fanfaronade of its horn, so exorbitant in its charges, so boastful of its speed, and yet, oh! so slow—that coach is gone to the limbo of "flying" coaches, post chaises, and stage-waggons. The royal mail carried ofttimes peers of the realm inside; bankers, quakers, and old ladies. Outside rode tradesmen, servants, clerks, and governesses; and the four blood-horses drew for the nonce, representatives of the court, finance, commerce, small trades, and genteel professions. In the boot were the fate-pregnant letter-bags,—the bags that had held ten million hopes, fears, promises, smiles, tears, lies, and false witnesses—the bags that held in sealing-waxed foolscap, the counterfeit presentment of the quarrels of royal dukes, and the loves of Dusty Bob and Black Sal, of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, maids, wives and widows. The Royal Mail starts no more in its glorious unity of scarlet and gold from St. Martin's-le-Grand. A mechanical, shrieking, whistling, smoking, panting steam-engine has superseded the coach and blood horses. A man in a guernsey and a fur cap, smelling woundily of train oil, reigns in the stead of the bluff coachman. A railway guard, ah, me! a prosaic rider in breaks, and blower of whistles, has pushed the mail guard, in his scarlet frock and tops with his horn and blunderbuss, from his box. I could weep when I think of this pleasant old institution departed, were I not consoled in descrying a sort of fanciful resemblance to the Royal Mail in the Great Red Book before me. It has the scarlet and gold, the Royal arms, the Post-office imprimatur. Its advertisements in the daily press may serve for its horn; the copyright act securing it from piracy may pass for its protective blunderbuss; and its thousands of pages, recording

more thousands of the names, addresses, and avocations of persons in every rank and condition of life, are not a bad substitute for the foolscap counterfeit presentments in the fate-pregnant letter-bags. So let the Post-office London Directory be my Royal Mail, and let me start with it on its journey from the printing-offices of its proprietors, in that sombre and mysterious locality, Old Boswell Court, near Temple Bar, London.

I don't think I am called upon to relate how many reams of paper were used for this great work; how much the paper weighed or cost per ream. I am afraid that were I to launch into such abstruse statistics I could not pull up without enumerating the tons of rags employed in making the paper itself; their size, their colour, the far-off climes from whence they came; the princesses, chambermaids, milk-maids, and beggars that had worn them in the process of their decadence from fine linen to mere rags. This again would lead me to the number and classification of the paper makers, their names, ages, statures, and complexions; and I should end by a statement of how many of the sewers had had the measles, and how many of the folders belonged to the Free Church of Scotland, which might render me amenable to a suspicion of becoming a bore—a suspicion I wish to avoid at all risks.

The Great Red Book contains eleven separate directories: the Official, the Street, the Commercial, the Trades, the Law, the Court, the Parliamentary, the Postal, the City, the Conveyance, and the Banking Directories. The price is a long one—thirty-six shillings; but then, every private person is not expected to have a directory to himself. One might as well be the sole proprietor of a white elephant, the skeleton of a mastodon, of a brass band, a club-house, a fire insurance company, or a Museum of Economic Zoology. The Great Red Book is a museum in itself—an encyclopedia, a corpus literarum to be subscribed to, to be divided into shares, to have trustees for, to fall to the oldest survivor in the long run on the tontine principle. It is not light reading by any means. It could not form part of a Railway Library, a Fireside Library, or a Laughing Library. It is a huge, frowning rubicund tome; a monument of nomenclature and topography; the Domesday Book of London—to be approached with reverence, consulted with anxious eye and inquiring finger. If such a work could have been printed two hundred years ago (which it couldn't), it would have been attached to the lectern in the parish church by a chain and padlock, like the Vulgate or Fox's Martyrs. I would be as chary of admitting the veracity of a man who told me that he had read all Great Scarlet Letters through, as I am of believing Buffy, who because he has heard of Gargantua and Pantagruel, swears that he has read Rabelais; or Cuffy, who on the strength of being able to repeat a stray couplet or two, declares that he knows Hudibras by heart.

There is a large and elaborate map of the Great Middlesex Wen and its environs attached to the Directory; and affixed to the map is a very simple yet ingenious apparatus for finding any street and ascertaining any division of mileage within the four miles circle. This is effected by a piece of tape revolving on a pivot, and containing a series of numbers corresponding to other numbers on the margin of the map: the street looked for being found in certain columns beneath.

The first publication of the Great Red Book took place in the year eighteen hundred. It was then but a feeble little bantling in pamphlet form, containing but two hundred and ninety-two pages altogether. The directory portion consisted of a list containing only eleven thousand names. The corresponding portion for eighteen fifty-five contains one hundred and seven thousand names. The Banking Directory was established by the Inspector of Letter-carriers of the General Post Office; and down to the year forty-six, the Directory had been corrected each year by the General Post Office letter-carriers: when uprose the present editor, and arrangements were made for procuring a selected staff of well educated men for the purposes of revision; and that selected staff did I see, in a large inky room somewhere in a court near the printing-offices—in a court where odours of law, pounce, and blue bags were wafted on the breeze; where the sun had attempted to issue a fieri facias on the pavement, but finding itself blocked out by the tall houses (like dingy law books reared on end), had made a return of nulla bona to the Sheriff of Nature; and where the little children had hung a parchment doll to a rusty nail by a halter of red tape.

Even as, almost immediately after Monday's Times is printed off, the editor rises from his late breakfast with the notion—soon aggravated into an imperative necessity—of seeing after Tuesday;—even as no sooner than one number of Household Words is gone to press, and long before it is in the hands of the public, the labour of arranging another number commences: even so, directly the Great Red Book for eighteen fifty-five is published, the merry or studious men thereunto attached commence the compilation of the scarlet calendar for eighteen fifty-six. For though court is always court, and commerce commerce, and law law—though streets are streets, and trades trades to the end of the chapter, men change. The prime minister falls into the plain right honourable; the briefless barrister becomes a county court judge; the medical student passes Hall and College, and sets up for himself in a neat little druggist's shop in Camden New Town; the patientless physician starts into renown

and Savile Row. Spinsters marry, widows marry again; the son of sixteen plucks the lined crutch from his grandsire, and goes into business on his own account. Partnerships are dissolved; and whilom staunch commercial friends fill the advertising columns of the newspapers with frantic denials of connection with their quondam partners, and sternly repudiate the untradesmanlike falsehood of "it's the same concern." Men are divorced. Belgrave Square is sold up, and is fain to hide his head at the Spotted Dog in Strand Lane. Number nine retires to his country-house, and number ten goes to join his uncle in America. Men go to the bad, to Boulogne, to the Bench; men die and all these are so many variations in the pulse of the Great Red Book, which it behoves Messrs. Kelly to be on the watch for and to take their measures by accordingly, so that the pulse may beat helpful music: and that, ever on the watch, they may be able to find out forty thousand faults in any rival directory that may dare to start in opposition; always for the benefit of society at large, and not at all for that of their own Great Red Book in particular, of course.

For compiling the fresh number of the Directory two distinct classes of persons are employed. The first for the indoor, the second for the outdoor work.

My friends the well-educated men, to the number of about fifty, open the ball. On the principle of Saturn destroying his own children; of Penelope resolving her daily crochet-work into mere Berlin wool again; of the domino-player shuffling his neat parallelograms of pieces into a salad of bones; of the stoic throwing away his cucumber just when it is dressed to the pink of perfection; of the child upsetting the house of cards which it had taken him so much time and patience to build up; the educated young men proceed deliberately and ruthlessly to destroy their last year's work by cutting up the whole of the commercial and court directories into the separate lines relating to each person. But like the victim of the housemaid's broom, the spider, no sooner is their web of sophistry destroyed than they are at their dirty work again. If not dirty, at least sticky; for the next step consists in gumming the dissevered strips upon separate sheets of blank paper, called query papers, room being left for corrections. For know ye that the principle on which the Great Red Book is compiled is, that every portion of the work should be submitted in print to the persons who are respectively described therein. In the case of persons or firms residing in the country, these marginal slips, with a cabalistic printed inquiry, Is this correct? are sent to them by post: a stamp being enclosed to save the recipients expense in transmitting a reply. The compilers of the Great Red Book, besides keeping a keen eye on their main chance of accuracy, show some knowledge of human nature in the adoption of this system. It imbues some thousands of persons with the agreeable notion that they have had a finger in the editorship of a six-and-thirty shilling volume bound in scarlet and gold. One likes to see oneself in print, somehow. Besides, a man likes to touch up his own portrait, shade off his initials, sharpen his street number; and if, like Dogberry, he desires to be written down an ass, he may write himself down an ass and welcome.

And now come into action another "well-selected staff of educated men"—a mysterious staff, an ubiquitous staff, a nomadic staff, an invisibly inquisitive (for directorial purposes) staff, who may be called canvassers, collectors, inquirers, askers, or perhaps most comprehensively, finders-out.

First, for the purposes of the office, the districts comprised in the Directory are divided into about seventy sub-districts to each of which one outdoor collector, canvasser, or finder-out is appointed.

About the month of May, this ingenious man (I will take one as a sample) commences the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He is furnished with the several papers arranged in streets, and also with a supply of blank forms, with his particular district cut out of the map, and with a printed paper of instructions. He starts on his peregrinations at eleven in the morning and returns to the office at five or six in the evening with his day's work.

The work so brought in, is revised by the well-educated men indoors to see that the names are all written so clearly that it shall be impossible for them to be misread at any subsequent period of their progress through the office; and also to ascertain that there is no discrepancy between the street directory and the separate papers. All removals are referred to the corresponding districts. Thus, if John Tonks is returned as a new name in Oxford Street, removed from the Strand, reference will be made to the Strand to see that he is there taken out; and at the same time the paper returned from the Strand, which states that John Tonks has removed thence to Oxford Street, will be referred to that street, to verify Tonks being entered there as a new name. The papers are then divided into three parcels: those in which no alterations have taken place, the "take outs" and the new names. The "no alterations" are done with; the two other classes have to be sorted to the commercial and court divisions, and arranged in strict alphabetical order. This is an operation requiring great care, as names pronounced alike may, by a very trifling difference in spelling be far removed from each other: e. g., if Spigot were sorted as if it were spelt Spigott, it would be entered seven names too low; but if it were sorted as if spelt Spiggott, it would be fourteen names too high.

When all the districts have been corrected once, and the information arranged in the office, the street portion is handed over to the printers, and all the corrections made in print. Proofs of each street are pulled, and handed to the canvassers, who again go over their entire districts rapidly, and note any alterations which may have been made since.

I have not quite done with the ingenious "finder out" yet. I should like to convey a notion of him physically as well as morally. He is necessarily middle-aged, as a man of experiences should be. He is inclined to be bald-headed, for he knows things. He is taciturn in responsion, but voluble in interrogation. Such his vocation. I have a notion that he wears a long great coat with many pockets, from which ooze subscription books, maps, note-books, "query papers," and "new names." His hat is frayed with much smoothing while waiting for replies, with long lying on hall chairs and counting-house brackets. He is the most disinterested and most useful, yet the most pertinacious, of Paul Prys. He hopes he does'nt intrude; but, do you happen to know what your name is, what your address, what your profession? He is a silent daguerreotypist, for ever taking your portrait in his printed camera, and asking you, "Is this correct?" Time and he glide on noiselessly and surely together. As each succeeding year brings good or evil fortune, grandeur or decadence, he comes with them, and chronicles your ups and downs. As long as you keep out of the workhouse he will be anxious to learn how you are getting on; and when you die, he will make a last register of your name, with "Take out" affixed to it, and your name will be erased from the book of London, and from the book of life.

What may he have been before he took to "finding out?" A broken merchant, a speculator, a schoolmaster? What can he be besides a "Courier and Enquirer?" I shudder to think. He must know more about people and their whereabouts than a postman, a detective policeman, a sheriff's officer, an income-tax schedulist, or a begging-letter writer. If you were to go through the Insolvent Court to-morrow, he could describe all your consecutive addresses and avocations without halting. If your name were Johnson, and you were a doctor and a lexicographer, he could be your Boswell, and write your biography with (at least local) faultless accuracy.

He does not obtain his information without considerable trouble, though. In the city and mercantile parts of town great facilities are given to him for correcting the Directory, and he is seldom detained an unnecessary time; but at the west-end, and more particularly the suburbs, he has great difficulty in obtaining information. The servant is disposed to treat the canvasser as a species of hawker, if not worse—to place him on a level with the seedy man who solicits subscriptions for the worn-out plates of "From Bungay to the Bosphorus," or the "Illustrated Life of Timour the Tartar;" with the industrial who knocks a double knock, and politely inquires if you want any lucifer matches; the calico and lampblack lascar who sells tracts, and if repulsed, frightens the little footpage into convulsions, by the rolling of his bilious eyeballs and the snaky bristling of his elfin locks; or else wreaks a dire revenge by beating a tom-tom, and yelping Bengalee ditties before the parlour window; the diplomatic man, with the confidential voice, who leaves the box of steel pens, as if it were a protocol, and mentions to the housemaid, as Nesselrode might mention to Metternich, that he will call for them the day after to-morrow; the hearthing man; the bath-brick man; the spurious taxgatherer, who knocks like the water-rate, and hands in a paper, headed "Fire, Fire;" or "Glorious News" relating to Elabberscoat's pills, or a newly-opened linen-draper's shop in the Walworth-road; the ecclesiastical man with the white neckcloth and the umbrella, who commences the conversation with a reference to the Beast and the battle of Armageddon, and ends with enthusiastic encomia on and passionate entreaties to you to buy Professor Tarpytch's corn-plaister; the military man with the dyed moustaches, who asks if Captain Seymour lives at Number Nine, and while the unsuspecting domestic is gone to enquire, walks off with the barometer, a new silk umbrella, and master's great coat. For all these outcasts of commerce is the inoffensive "finder-out" not frequently mistaken. Often, too, is he stigmatised as "taxes;" often unjustly suspected and vituperated as "bailiffs;" very often met in his humble enquiries by the stereotyped reply of domestic servitude: "No; there's nothing wanted;" or "Not to-day: I told you so before." Immediately after which the door is slammed in his face.

Even when the servants are inclined to be civil, and really understand the purport of the canvasser's visit, they are frequently unable to give anything approximating to the correct spelling of their master's surname, and seldom know his christian name at all. How should they? The only head of the establishment they recognise is "Missus." She is all in all to them. She engages, she discharges; she gives the Sunday out, she objects to followers, denounces ringlets and enforces caps; she scolds, pays wages, orders the dinner, and is the recipient of the intelligence of how much crockeryware the cat breaks weekly. Missus is the Alpha and Omega of the Household. Master is only an inconsequential entity who grumbles when dinner is late; leaves the house early in the morning for the city, and comes home late at night from his club, leaving his wellington boots at the foot of the staircase. So, when Betsy is asked the name of the occupier of

the house, she answers, "Missus"—Mrs. Smith or Brown as the case may be; and should any enquiry be made as to whether Mrs. Smith has a husband, it is resented as a piece of impertinence—very probably with the dreadful words, "Get along with your imperence."

More than four times the amount of labour is requisite for correcting private names in the suburbs than for the same task in the city.

The vast increase in the size of the Post-office Directory may be attributed to two causes, one is the continual demolition of piles of inferior buildings, among which no name was fit to appear in the Directory, and the substitution of streets of superior houses, many of which are sublet into chambers—the occupiers of all of which have to be chronicled: but the increase is principally owing to the extent to which the business portion of the inhabitants of London have become non-resident. It is a matter of constant observation and mention, that the city merchants and tradesmen are non-resident; but the extent to which clerks and small tradesmen reside at a distance from their place of business is by no means so well known.

Twenty years ago, the inhabitants of the suburbs were principally retired tradesmen, who only visited the city at intervals—their means of communication being limited to three or four coaches a day, for which they had to pay a fare of two shillings or eighteenpence. Now, railways, omnibuses, and steamboats convey every evening multitudes to and from their shops or counting-houses, at charges varying from threepence to a shilling. These multitudes necessarily draw their supplies from the shops in their immediate neighbourhood. Hence, the houses adjoining the main-roads are generally converted into shops, the front garden is either built over, or used as a standing-place for goods. The old road-side public-house with its horse-trough, its bench in front for weary travellers, and its swinging sign—the calling place for the one carrier of the vicinity—has expanded into a huge building, all stucco, gas, and glitter, combining the London gin palace with the country inn, the assembly-room with the Masonic hall, or club-room of the Benevolent Brotherhood of antediluvian buffaloes. The newsvender's shop, where literature was not so long ago mixed with kites, hoopsticks, marbles, Abernethy biscuits, and bleary bullseyes in bottles, has grown into a circulating library and fancy stationers; the old chandler's shop has become a grocer's and Italian warehouse, and armies of coloured bottles start from the plate-glass windows of chemists and druggists. It is necessary for the wholesale houses to communicate with these shops, as much as with those of the same description in town; and they must all therefore be included in the Directory.

In this general scattering of the inhabitants of London into the suburbs the choice of a locality is determined by various incidents. The man whose business habitually ends at four p.m., prefers a railway; while he whose avocations are of uncertain duration prefers a district to which there is an omnibus every five minutes. It thus happens that intimate friends and relations are found residing in widely different suburbs; and as visiting is thus rendered more troublesome, they would gradually lose sight of each other, and the dweller in Clapham would be afraid to leave home to call upon a friend who, when last heard of, was residing in St. John's Wood, and who might in the interval have moved to Dalston, Kensington, or the Old Kent Road, but that scarlet guide, philosopher and friend, the Great Red Book, comes to our assistance in this conjuncture, by giving us an accurate Directory of the residents of the suburbs.

An accurate Directory of almost every London subject indeed. The age of the moon; the Princess Helena's birthday; the commencement of grouse-shooting; information relative to sauce manufacturers, commissioners for taking affidavits, adhesive postage stamps, Archidiaconal Courts, provincial hotels, post-office receiving-houses, waxwork exhibitions, bankrupts' letters, Foreign-office passports, Newgate, bottles containing liquid not to be sent by post, clubs, the Court of Peculiars, steam-packets, peeresses in their own right, obliterating stamps, the Bloomsbury County-courts, workhouses, London bankers, droits of the Admiralty, money-orders, sworn brokers, Queen Anne's bounty, the first fruits office, Primitive Methodists, her Majesty's ministers, and the Gutta Percha Company, with at least fifty thousand other subjects as widely dissimilar, will all be found treated of in this really wonderful volume.

But I must make an end of it. Tedious as I may have appeared, I am still fearful that I have been far from giving in these half dozen columns even a tithe of the marrow scattered through this great scarlet marrow-bone of two thousand pages. More fearful still when I remember that the bone itself is but a little phalange in the immense corpus of London, whose giant heart beats with two millions and a half pulsations of busy life in this day and hour that I write.

On Thursday, the Fourteenth of December, will be published, price Threepence, or Stamped for Post, Fourpence,

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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CONVERSION OF A HEATHEN COURT.

"THREE women, three dogs, and three cats, lived together in this room a week ago." So we were told the other day of a garret in Wild Court, which is a court leading out of Great Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn. The room was full of amateur inspectors, and Wild Court down below was full of pale and ragged men, women, and children. There they were all standing in a crowd, to talk about and stare at the twelve or fourteen monsters of civilisation in broadcloth—the said amateurs—whenever for the purpose of passing from house to house, or holding colloquy together in the gutter, they came out into what is called by the people of that district the open air.

"Three women, three dogs, and three cats, lived together in this room a week ago."

"They have left a strong animal smell behind them," observed somebody who stood in the middle of the chamber. They who chanced to be on the landing, and heard this observation, hurried in to smell the smell.

"If your lordship will be good enough to step this way,"—who his lordship was, will presently appear—"I should be glad to direct your lordship's attention to one circumstance. By looking out of this little door that opens from the roof over the landing, your lordship will perceive where the inhabitants of the upper rooms in this house throw their filth and ordure. It passes from below this door, as your lordship may observe, along a trough which is fixed against the wall in the front room. There is in this room a lid to the trough, which your lordship can lift up; in some of the adjoining houses it is not provided with a cover."

A gentleman lifted up the lid and dropped it, looking very much aghast. "Incredible! Why here is an open drain in a living room. It is full of cesspool matter."

"Stagnant certainly," explained the showman of this chamber of horrors. "For if you will have the goodness, sir, to open the small window and look out, you will perceive immediately under it an open sewer which is at the top of the house within the parapet, and receives filth from the upper rooms of the whole row. Its contents ought to descend by the stockpiping, but as they descend with difficulty, there is a thick pool of ordure stagnating a few inches under the window, as you see."

"They must have kept their windows always shut. They never could have dared to open them."

"But in so doing they shut themselves in with the trough of filthiness that passes through their room."

"Are all the uppermost floors in Wild Court furnished in this way?"

"All."

Ladies of England, think of this sometimes when you carry water to the laurels or the roses in your conservatories. Think of it, and do more than deplore it. Help with your sympathy the labouring man who seeks to right himself, and asks, for himself and for those still poorer than he is, power to inhabit decent homes. A time must be near when he will find that of all the allies sought by those who are struggling against dirt and disease, he is the one most desired and in the main most powerful. It is his own battle, which he should not stand by and see fought wholly by others. If he be wise, he will bestir himself, and animate his friends about him. Masses of men quietly but audibly demanding what they now have not, liberty to live unpoisoned, could not be laughed down, or dubbed theorists. Just now, for example, we have described plainly and truly a state of things the existence of which might well overwhelm a callous man with shame and horror and disgust. What we have described will be read carelessly by thousands who have had much experience in the revelations made by sanitary advocates, and who, taking it as so much pleading of a kind with which they have been for years familiar, will heed it little. But let the same truth be told by the man whom it concerns most nearly. Let the father who from scanty means pays what is truly the fair price of a wholesome room for a den of which it makes us sick at heart to think—let him stand up and speak. Let us hear from him of the dead child who, dying, cried for air and was not satisfied, because they dared not throw a window open and let in more fully the stench that nevertheless did pour in between the rags and paper that filled up its broken panes. Let the wife tell how desperately she rocked upon her lap the single child that was left to her

kisses, of fifteen that she had rocked in vain,—tell how she lost all, and strove to satisfy the craving of her heart by taking to her wretched home some other woman's child, and loving it. Men would not slightingly shrug their shoulders then—the Lord Seymours of the House of Commons perhaps would not laugh.

> "The fair sum of six thousand years'
> Traditions of civility—"

what is it, if we are content that there should be six thousand places like Wild Court in London!

Six thousand worse places we might have said, for Wild Court is not half so savage as many a lane, court, or alley with a gentler name, taken from fields, roses, and fountains, from harps of angels, or from Paradise itself. From the front attic, just now untenanted, of one house in Wild Court we passed to the back attic, where an Irishwoman keeps house in her husband's absence, and is as happy as the stairs are long. Down-stairs we go, noting that the sky is visible through a crack in the corner of the wall, down a dilapidated yet rather ample staircase, with thick old balustrades of solid oak, and in the backroom next below there is a sickly middle-aged man, who remembers and knows nothing, sitting by the fire, and a woman all astir with an enormous baby. In the front room there is nobody adult, and little or no furniture at home. Our general impression after peeping in was that we had seen a perfectly bare room and a baby in the middle of it coiled up in a coalbox. The rooms were lofty, the staircase as we still journeyed downward very much broken, but still bordered with stout oaken balustrades, and lower down, the rooms which are of good size and pitch, were wainscoted. The rent of one exceeds three shillings, and each is rented of the landlord by one family, which sublets to another or two others. There are fourteen houses in Wild Court, within the walls of which there sleep every night more than a thousand people.

These sleep not only as lawful tenants thronging all the rooms, but as illegal tenants, miserable creatures who at night-fall crowd into them and take possession of the staircases. In the morning they depart, leaving the little yard behind the back-door of each house, sometimes covered six inches deep with filth. In those yards cesspools and rotten water-butts are neighbours, and the dust-heaps are placed under the parlour windows. Underneath each house there is an unpaved cellar open to the court, which is used only as a receptacle for garbage. Until the way was stopped some weeks ago, one of those cellars was entered nearly every night for two or three years by thieves, who passed from it, by a hole in the floor made for their especial use, into an untenanted room, which was their rendezvous. And because the use made of that room was notorious, nobody offered to become its tenant.

On the whole, however, the aspect of the fixed population of the place—and we saw much of it, for we were there during the dinner hour, and all the men, women, and children able to move, who were not looking at us out of doors, were looking at us out of windows—the aspect of the fixed population was not hopeless. There were thoughtful faces, kindly faces, and there was not one repellent word or look. A di-appointed suitor in Chancery would no doubt be ready to make affidavit respecting these people, that as a class they did not seem to be greater rogues than the lawyers for whom their rooms seem to have served as Chambers some two centuries ago. The rags hung upon poles from many upper windows like triumphal banners, the occasional festoons of hareskin, the faces of young girls looking down with favour on our small procession, out of bowers often partly tapestried with hareskin, might have been tricked out by a lunatic into the fantastic picture of a small triumphal march. The strange men with clean faces were indeed gazed at with quiet and perplexed wonder rather than watched with intelligent interest and sympathy; but they had a known right to be there, for they represented a society that had bought the property, and therefore might, if it pleased, walk up and down stairs on it till doomsday.

For we must explain now that the nobleman to whom we have referred already was Lord Shaftesbury, the Chairman of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, and that the gentlemen by whom he was accompanied were officers of that society or labourers on behalf of public health who had been specially invited. In the last class are to be numbered the genius of the past Board of Health, Mr. Chadwick, and the genius of the present Board, Sir Benjamin Hall. Both took part in the inspection.

There are fourteen houses in Wild Court, of which thirteen have been obtained by the society. These it is proposed thoroughly to revise and amend. They are to be converted into decent and wholesome dwellings, offering every accommodation that good health can need, at the same rent now charged for such lodging as we have in part described. The conversion to Christianity of heathen dwellings in our courts and alleys is, we are glad to say, now made a main object of consideration with the society over which Lord Shaftesbury presides. There is good reason why this should be the case, because it is found that instead of six per cent, the largest amount likely to be realised on the construction of new model lodging houses—a good per-centage on an admirable work—the conversion of bad houses into good promises to yield much more abundant profits. Such conversion promises indeed to yield no less than fifteen per cent, according to experience obtained in Charles-street, and so to provide room for more extensive operations, as well

as to set other men thinking and working in the same direction.

The renovated house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, consisted formerly of three lodging houses of the worst description. A lease was taken of them for twenty-eight years at forty-five pounds rental. Eleven hundred and sixty-three pounds were spent upon their conversion into a single wholesome building, a well-ventilated lodging-house, with proper living rooms and dormitories, a bath-room, lavatory, and all other things necessary for the accommodation in a wholesome way of two-and-eighty single men. The charges are precisely what they used to be, and what they are still in other wretched lodging-houses in the neighbourhood. After deducting all expenses, interest on capital, rent and taxes, cost of a superintendent and assistant, fuel, light, &c., this renovated house, which has been about four years in existence, has been found to be the most profitable of the society's undertakings, yielding, as we have said, annual gains of no less than fifteen or sixteen per cent.

The success of this experiment encouraged, of course, further operations of the same kind, and has led to the present design for the renovation of Wild Court. Here also the original character of the buildings and the original rents will be preserved, with the difference that families will generally get for their money two rooms in the place of one. The profits of the undertaking do not admit of question, for not only is the principle of action sound, but this particular experiment is made under most favourable circumstances. The houses in Wild Court, wretched as they now are, were in the first instance well built, apparently as supplementary chambers for the lawyers of Lincoln's Inn. The rooms are tolerably large and lofty, though they are all in sore need of ventilation, and the beams, joists, and bearing timbers, are of English oak, and sound at heart. So, notwithstanding that the very house-walls are at present letting daylight in, there is reason to expect from the hands of the reforming architect excellent results from an outlay by no means extravagant. When Wild Court is reformed, a porter's or superintendent's lodge will be built at the entrance, and there will be healthy homes furnished and kept duly in order for a large number of people.

The success of these experiments, and of others that we trust will follow, ought to suggest to owners of unwholesome house property what duties lie before them. While town populations are increasing, there must of course be no small number of new houses built. Building works must go on, but many a man who builds would probably do better to speculate in works of renovation. Owners who live upon the rents of houses in which tenants cannot live, or can live only subject to the worst influences upon health and morals, have an obvious duty to perform. Let it once be made manifest that such dwellings yield after renovation ample percentage upon capital, and no selfish word can be said that shall have power to prevent a law compelling all house owners to raise their property up to the level of a certain standard. Even now—let pocket-interests be what they may—it is the duty of the law to forbid any man to fill a leprous house with tenants. The leprosy of this country is typhus fever. By the law of Moses the owner of a house in which men became infected went to the priest, saying, "It seemeth there is, as it were, a plague in the house." The priest then commanded the house to be emptied, and went in to see it; and if it was discovered to be foul, he shut it up, caused it to be scraped, and other stones to be brought and other mortar taken, that it might be plastered. If after all attempts to purify it a plague still clave to the dwelling, then it was ordained to the priest that "he shall break down the house, and the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house; and he shall carry them forth out of the city into an unclean place." Good churchmen, advocates of sanitary reform, have called attention to this part of the Mosaic law, and have asked for some ordinance in England also against leprous houses.

Every house in which tenants die of typhus fever should be held suspect, examined by authorities and, if need be, like a foul graveyard, summarily closed until it has been put into a wholesome state. Many small owners no doubt could not afford the immediate expense of renovation; but a principle already introduced as part of sanitary discipline might be extended: an efficient Board of Health might be empowered to effect all necessary alteration, and distributing its charge on each house-owner over thirty years, saddle him with no more than a small terminable tax upon his premises. By the adoption of a policy like this, carried out strictly and carefully, how much might be done in the course even of a single generation for the cure of our towns—done too at no real cost to the nation, by the mere guidance of house-owners into a path of justice profitable even in the most worldly sense to themselves, and by lending them such power to fulfil necessary injunctions as they may not have immediately at command.

We do not urge it as at all essential, but of course it is worth while to consider that drainage and improvement works cost less and are better done, when they are carried out under one contract for a group of houses than when each house in the group is treated as a separate affair. Houses pay dearly for such independence, and are, after all, not served so well. As we have already shown, the Metropolitan Board of Commissioners of Sewers, now expiring or expired, impeded drainage works by refusing

to recognise this principle, and throwing upon each house-owner the expense of a separate and costly contract.

And as we have been speaking of plagues and fevers, let us again urge what we have very often urged, that the large annual sacrifice of life by typhus fever and by other preventible disease, is infinitely more to be thought about than the mortality by cholera or any passing epidemic. The mortality by cholera is terrible, the suddenness with which friends vanish from our hearths during the prevalence of such a plague afflicts us deeply, but it is not through cholera that millions live in ignorance of perfect health; that of the children born to us a frightful number perish in infancy; that every Christmas many thousands of our countrymen who might have been alive, and were alive in the preceding year, lie in the churchyard. This waste of life is constant. A large number of people carried off during the great epidemic are those who would have died during the succeeding year or two. For this reason partly, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of a mysterious law of nature, it seems to be the case that a year of great mortality by cholera is followed by an almost proportionate decrease of mortality in the years following. The waste of life in our unwholesome dwellings, and by our unwholesome dealing, is incomparably more exhausting, even apart from a consideration of its vast extent. There, too, nature marvellously works on man's behalf. Where children die in throngs, more children are born in throngs. The woman who has lost fifteen, had she lost none, might have been mother to no more than eight. Many who now die in London, if the whole town had been wholesome, never would have lived. This principle of compensation may be necessary for the proper increase of the human race; but can it afford any consolation to us that here, in the midst of a great civilised nation, it is brought most largely into play? Of how many sorrows is that mass of needless death the index! And how much more of weakness and of social misery can we endure to look at, when we turn our faces to that other mass of living sickness which is left to us festering above the grave?

It is painful to think, that the little people who come into the world, helplessly dependent on our care, infants and children under three years old, are the most constant sufferers from all social wrong-doing and neglect. In homes which all the singing in the world never can make sweet, of each of which it would be one of the greatest earthly blessings if it could be said with truth that there was no other place like it, they suffer and die by swarms. Of all the children born in this country, nearly a fourth part die in their first year. Remember the watchfulness of nature—that infancy is the beginning of life, and that, if we all did our whole duty, the death of an infant would be something wonderful and startling: and then think how quietly we bear the fact, that one-fourth of the people born in England perish before they are more than one year old! Can there be found anywhere more dreadful evidence of the changes that have yet to be wrought in our homes and habits? Out of the deaths that occur during a dozen years in England and Wales, more than a million are those of infants, and another huge number is made up by children between one and three years old. In a recent work on Sudden Deaths, containing useful information, Dr. Granville has calculated, from unpublished records, the mortality caused at Preston by the strike. The terrible fact comes out that half the deaths were those of children not yet five years of age. Surely there is at every hearth somebody whom children love and constitute their friend. In every house the children, if they knew how many of their little commonwealth are being massacred by filthy and neglected homes, would plead to their strong friends and favourites, for help on behalf of their weak neighbours. There is help in sympathy, there is help in earnest speech, private or public; there is help in the expression of quick wrath against small politicians dallying with questions about health and life, and cutting jokes at their expense. There is help in every act of candid individual inquiry; there are fifty ways of help in action.

It is not only because they are more susceptible of the poisons among which they are born, or because they inherit weaknesses transmitted by unhealthy or immoral parents, that the infants die. Infants and young children, thinly clad, may be seen shivering about our courts and alleys, even after ten o'clock, during the cold winter nights, and if any one inquires why they are not in-doors, he will find that their parents are absent; that for fear of accident to the house they have left neither fire nor candle, and that the little creatures, who feel always lonely in the dark, had therefore come out into the court to make a feint of playing. The parents are lost to a sense of duty. They shrink from the filth and misery of their own lodgings. They cannot drink the water in the rotten butt that is companion to the cesspool. They go out for beer, and stay out. When a poor husband and wife have in this manner been demoralised and brought to utter wretchedness, no power on earth can make them fit heads of a family, till it enables them to possess a home fit to contain a human household. Before the renovation that is now to be effected in the thirteen houses of Wild Court, shall have been effected throughout England, we shall all be dead, and all our children, and perhaps, also, all our grandchildren. At least, however, it is our privilege in the existing generation to begin the doing of this necessary duty. We have but to be determined. "Mighty are the soul's

commandments," and we can stir even dirt if we will only lay the right commandments on ourselves and those whom our opinions control.

THE FIRST MENTCHIKOFF.

THE windows of the palace of the Kremlin at Moscow looked into an immense square surrounded by magnificent buildings containing different offices connected with the court. The young Czar, Peter the First, was very fond of looking out and observing what was going on, for the square was a thoroughfare for the people, as the Place de Carrousel is at Paris: at the corners most distant from the palace several merchants on a small scale had established their little booths, their customers being chiefly soldiers who frequented the spot. Amongst these was a wretchedly poor man, with a family of young children, the eldest of whom was a boy named Alexander, who, in the midst of poverty and privation, contrived to keep up the spirits of all around him by his unceasing good humour and frolic. The calling of his father was that of a pastrycook, and his chief wares were certain hot patties which found favour in military eyes, particularly when seasoned by the funny actions and sayings of young Alexander, who, stationed in their path with his basket full, invited their custom with so many witty persuasions, and with so much humour, that he was generally surrounded by a laughing group, which the Czar watched, with a feeling almost approaching to vexation that his state prevented him from descending into the square and hearing the jokes which provoked so much hilarity. Alexander went all over the town with his patties, and if it happened that he delayed the usual time of arriving in the palace square the Czar Peter was disappointed so accustomed had he become to see the joyous countenance of the lively young pastrycook, and to hear his merry laugh ringing through the air. Alexander was a general favourite with the soldiers, who, looked for him as eagerly as their master, whom they little thought was a witness of their sports, or could deign for a moment to notice the monkey tricks of their pet, who, conscious of the position he had achieved in their esteem, and more and more in spirits at the rapid sale of his goods, often took liberties with his friends, and ventured on impertinences which were, however, received with all the good temper in the world. It happened one day that the Czar had been detained by some business longer than usual, and was hurrying to his window to look out for Alexander, when he was startled by piercing cries proceeding from the spot where the little pastrycook took his stand. He perceived the young hero struggling under a good beating, which he was receiving from a sullen soldier of the royal guard, who had felt himself insulted by some of the spoilt favourite's saucy remarks. Alexander exerted his lungs to the utmost while the soldier continued to knock him about brutally, when suddenly one of the Czar's officers appeared with a royal order that the boy should be instantly released, and, morover, accompany him to the presence of Peter himself. Alexander made not the slightest resistance to this command, and fearlessly followed the officer to the Czar's apartments. Although there were tears on his dirty little round cheeks, and his eyes still sparkling with excitement, the joyousness of his heart shone forth in his countenance. To every question that the monarch asked he gave some jocose answer, and Peter, wishing to secure a source of overflowing entertainment, attached the young merchant to his service, who, from that day, was named as one of his pages.

When Alexander re-appeared before his master in the splendid and becoming dress which he had exchanged for rags, his childish beauty so delighted the young Czar that henceforth he could not bear him out of his sight: his other pages were unnoticed, and none but Alexander Mentchikoff, as he was then styled, the name having been given by the Emperor, was permitted to enter the private chambers of royalty. In fact, so dear did his society become to his benefactor, that he would not part with it even on grave occasions, and the bold and ready favourite did not shrink from mingling with ministers, and even jocosely offering his opinion, in a manner that frequently entertained the whole court not a little. No one looked on him with either fear or envy, as he grew older, always increasing in his master's favour; for his good-humour and readiness to oblige disarmed the most severe, till, at length, those who had anything to gain saw their advantage in making use of his interest with the Czar, which he employed so adroitly that he generally gained any point he wished to carry. He soon became so good a courtier, that he contrived to put ideas and resolutions of his own into the mind of the Czar, who adopted them as original with the greatest self-complacency.

While Mentchikoff was yet in his position of page, he happened one day to be in a public-house where two men were drinking and talking confidentially: they had not observed his entrance, and a partition in the chamber concealed him. At first he scarcely noticed them, but presently certain words which they dropped, and certain names which they uttered, attracted his attention. He listened and discovered that these were conspirators in a plot, headed by Prince Amilkar, to depose the Czar; and learnt that its execution was to be attempted without delay. As noiselessly as he had entered, he quitted the public-house, and hurried to his master, to whom he related

the facts. Before they had finished the bottle over which they had so imprudently gossipped, the two conspirators were arrested. Prince Amilkar, and all those whose names had reached the ears of Alexander, were also seized. Summary Russian justice was executed on the guilty parties, and the throne of the Czar was saved. Riches, honours, and power were showered on the discoverer, and subsequent services, both in the state and the armies of the Czar, earned for Mentchikoff increasing credit and ceaseless additions of fortune. A private obligation had, however, more weight perhaps with Peter than all the real benefits he received from his intelligent and certainly attached favourite; and this Mentchikoff had the opportunity of rendering.

It had long been the savage custom in Russia when the prince at the head of the state was pronounced of age to marry, that a show should take place of the most remarkable beauty to be found in the kingdom. The daughters of the highest families were brought to Moscow by their parents, and, on a given day, were ranged in rows, to be looked at by the future bridegroom, who chose from amongst their blushing ranks her whose charms made the greatest impression on him. It was in a saloon of his palace that a lovely crowd of young ladies were thus exposed, and from amongst them Peter had selected the fairest, the proudest, and the most attractive, in the person of Eudosia Federowna Lapuchise, the daughter of one of the highest of the nobility of Novgorod, and wealthiest. The marriage was celebrated with greater splendour than had ever been seen in Russia. Two princes were in due time born to render the union perfectly satisfatory; and all went well and happily for two years, when suddenly a change came over the scene: infidelity, jealousy, anger, indignation, and estrangement ensued, and the royal household wore an aspect of storm and desolation. Peter had seen in Anna Moëns another Anna Boleyn, and Eudosia was doomed to the fate of Catherine: unable to obtain, however, from his clergy, permission to break his marriage, Peter took a priest's office on him; and, by a determined exercise of power, pronounced his own divorce, condemning the late Czarina to pass the rest of her days in a convent, where she was compelled to take the vows, and shut herself for ever from the world. Thus free, and again a bachelor, it only remained for Peter to elevate the witty and charming Anna to the czarina's vacant place; but an obstacle was in the way on which he had not calculated—Anna Moëns loved another, and abhorred the Czar. Forced to receive his addresses, he had frequently accused her of coldness and indifference; but after the repudiation of Eudosia, the honest nature of Anna would not allow her to conceal her indignation, and she reproached him bitterly for his cruelty, declaring she could not love one capable of such an action. She did not, it is to be presumed, venture to confess that her affections were given to the envoy of Prussia; but she strove by unalterable coldness and reproach to detach herself from one whose presence was detestable to her, and whose magnificent offers she scorned. The Czar, however, was long before he could resolve to shake off the weakness which enchained him; but at length, wearied with her indifference, he made up his mind to strive no longer against it. The instant Anna found herself free, she and her lover fled beyond the power of the tyrant.

Peter was deeply mortified, but he was not one to consider such a misfortune irreparable: There were beauties enough ready to console him, and he strove to forget the ungrateful Anna in a new attachment. Alexander Mentchikoff had perhaps already laid his plans both for the happiness of his sovereign and the consolidation of his own favour. He introduced to the Czar a lady, whom he had attached to himself, and whose genius, wit, and beauty he felt sure would drive from the mind of Peter all traces of his love for the ungrateful Anna. Without hesitation he gave up his own claims to Catherine to the Czar. Catherine took advantage of her position, exerted herself to charm her royal lover, and succeeded so well, that in a short time she was seated on the throne which Anna had disdained. The devoted attachment of Peter to his new Czarina never knew diminution, and his gratitude to his friend increased with his love for her who rendered him so happy. All that she desired became his law: and Mentchikoff assisted him to invent new ways of showing his fondness and admiration. He travelled with her through every part of his dominions in triumph, and carried her with him to several foreign courts. His ambition was to present her at that of France, but such a degradation as receiving a person of low birth, and more than doubtful character, could not be thought of for an instant, and all sorts of polite subterfuges were invented to ward off such an infliction from the exemplary court of the Regent Orleans.

Catherine brought the Czar several children, and he felt, with vexation, that his son Alexius must take precedence of them, as the eldest. As he had latterly hated Eudosia, the mother of the prince, so he now began to detest her son, and resolved to take measures to set aside his claims to the succession. The family of Lapuchin, meanwhile, thus thrust into the shade, murmured in secret, and even the rest of the imperial family joined in disapproving the meditated injustice of the Czar. Eudosia, whose haughty spirit chafed under her innumerable wrongs, at once threw herself into the very heart of a conspiracy, which was soon formed in favour of her son. Although within the walls of a convent she had yet means to communicate with

the conspirators, and selected for her instrument a Boyard of the province of Bostoff, named Klébow, who was sincerely attached to her interests. Alexius was easily won to consent to head the rebellion against his father; partly instigated to do so by the recollection of a danger he had escaped by the friendly interference of Mentchikoff. It happened when Alexius was only fifteen years old. Having ventured, by direction of the nobles of the court, to remonstrate with his father on some injustice he had committed, it so excited the fury of Peter that he believed he saw in his son a conspirator against his crown and his life. Giving way to such rage as deprived him, for the time, of his senses, Peter commanded a scaffold to be erected in the palace-court, where he insisted that the young prince should be executed at nightfall. These terrific orders were delivered to Mentchikoff, whose duty was, without delay, to give them to the proper persons who were to prepare for this unnatural vengeance.

However secretly all was made ready, the facts of the case became known to the soldiery, and it was then that a noble instance of self-devotion was exhibited. A young soldier, of the same age and size as the prince, offered himself to Mentchikoff as a substitute; declaring that to immolate himself thus, to save his master, would be his pride and glory. Mentchikoff, who was a most unwilling actor in the tragedy, did not allow the generous impulse to cool, accepted the sacrifice, and dressing the young man in the clothes of the Czarowitz, had him conducted to the scaffold and decapitated before the eyes of Peter, who stood at his window to see the act performed. That night he had fallen into a heavy sleep, when Mentchikoff, who always slept in his chamber, was awakened by sudden cries, and, rising, found the Czar in the agonies of remorse, calling loudly on his son, and commanding that he should be restored to him. The explanation that followed put an end to the father's sufferings, and Alexius was once more given to his arms.

The prince, however, inherited both the ferocity of his father and the pride of his ill-used mother, and, when the moment arrived, some years after, he seized with avidity the opportunity of revenge. The journeys of Peter in his dominions furnished an excellent occasion for the plots of the conspirators, which had time to ripen, and the great explosion was about to burst forth when all was revealed; but, by what means is not known. A series of horrible executions followed. The Princess Maria, Peter's own sister, was publicly whipped before all the ladies of the court. Klébow underwent a hideous fate, protesting to the last the innocence of Eudosia; and the unfortunate Alexius was bled to death in his prison, in the citadel of St. Petersburg, before, it is asserted, his father's eyes, who resolved to be witness to his death. Eudosia was condemned to remain a prisoner for life in the citadel of Sleutzelbourg, where no attendant was allowed her but a female dwarf, so infirm that the ex-empress was frequently obliged to provide for her wants as well as her own, and thus, for eight years, her wretched existence lingered on, while the triumphant Catherine floated on the topmost waves of prosperity, and Mentchikoff ascended from one grade of dignity to another, till he became a prince of Russia, first senator, field-marshal, and knight of all the orders of the Czar. Added to these honours, the ex-pastrycook was created regent of the kingdom during the absence of his master, and found himself at the head of boundless power and riches incalculable. It was said with truth that he could travel from Riga in Livonia to Derbend in Persia, sleeping always in his own dominions. From all the princes who dreaded the power of the Czar, Mentchikoff also obtained his wish, and he could, when it pleased him, which was not seldom, exhibit on his bosom the order of the white eagle, the black eagle, the elephant, and many others which were laid at his feet by servile courts. The order of the Holy Ghost, however, most coveted, he could not obtain from France. He was addressed always as highness, and treated in all respects as a royal personage, yet, all this time, clever, acute, far-seeing and quick as he was, he had not overcome the simplest difficulty of education, and could never either read or write. It is surprising that he did not exert himself to obviate this defect; for he would affect to read, and would often pretend to be busily occupied over papers in the presence of others.

Almost a monarch, Alexander Mentchikoff saw no bounds to his power; his tyranny and oppression advanced with it, and hosts of enemies sprung up around him where flatterers and friends were once seen. The Czar returned from one of his progresses to find that his favourite had aped him too far, and, for the first time, was startled at the extraordinary power he had himself created. No sooner did he begin to listen than accusations poured in against Mentchikoff's tyrannical government, his extortions and severities: amongst other things he was accused of having, by fraudulent means, obtained a ruby of fabulous value which had been presented to him by a merchant to purchase. Peter contented himself for the present with seizing on the jewel, which was no other than the great ruby still shining in the Russian diadem, destined, perhaps, one day to take its place beside the Koh-i-noor.

The scales which had fallen from the eyes of the Czar enabled him henceforth to see clearly all those faults which had hitherto been invisible to him in the idol he had set up; but, though he now saw, he hesitated to punish, and besides, his hand was held back

by a still more powerful attachment, and the pleading of the Czarina Catherine could not be disregarded. Peter, however, ceased not to collect proofs of the crimes and misdemeanours of his late adored friend, and the tempest would probably have burst on the devoted head of Prince Mentchikoff, had it not been decreed otherwise. Peter the Great died suddenly. This unexpected event took place in seventeen hundred and twenty-five. It appeared that no time had been given to the monarch to settle the succession. Mentchikoff was saved, and now felt that his full power must be exerted to prevent the chance of future danger: he must secure the eternal gratitude of the Czarina, by confirming her as ruler. His position as field-marshal secured to him the command of the army, and when the senators assembled at his residence, to deliberate as secretly as possible, he caused the house to be surrounded by troops, and then, appearing in his character of first senator and president, boldly proposed the Czarina as successor to the throne of Russia. He represented all the obligations the country owed her, and the known wish of the Czar Peter, as well as the oaths they had already made, but the rest of the senators were of a different opinion, and insisted that the proper heir was the young Grand Duke of Moscow, Peter Alexiowitz, son of the unfortunate Prince Alexius. Mentchikoff replied with contempt to this proposition, and a violent altercation ensued, during which, one of the senators advanced to open the windows in order to appeal to the people. Mentchikoff haughtily bade him desist, as it was not warm enough to have the windows open; and almost immediately, at a given signal, an armed troop entered the hall. Resistance was evidently useless, and the senators were forced to give way.

But, although Catherine owed the crown to her former lover she saw that his motives in thus exerting himself were personal, and Mentchikoff saw that her confidence was not that of genuine friendship. He therefore entered into secret negotiations with the court of Vienna in favour of the succession of the young Grand Duke of Moscow, nearly connected, by his mother's side, with the Empress of the Romans; but the conditions on which he engaged to bring about this result were, that the Czar should marry his eldest daughter. A treaty between the parties had not long been solemnly attested, when on the seventeenth of May, seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, the Empress Catherine died, so opportunely and suddenly, that suspicions of poison immediately arose, and Mentchikoff was not spared in the accusations made. It was asserted that he had presented to the Czarina a large glass of Dantzic brandy, part of which she drank and gave the rest to her maid, who was taken ill immediately; but who, owing to her husband's promptitude in procuring remedies, recovered; it is added that, although he knew it to have been poison which affected his wife, their terror of the powerful field-marshal prevented their informing the physicians of the Czarina, who thus became the victim.

Mentchikoff had, at all events, taken every precaution, as though he expected the death to occur, and had caused every one who inclined towards the Duke and Duchess of Holstein, to be banished, so that he could count upon his partisans; at the same time he communicated with no one, and the young Czarowitz and his friends lived retired and unnoticed at a distance from the court, nor did the prince ever reveal by the slightest action, the interest he took in his advancement. When, therefore, without a moment's delay, on the death of Catherine, the Grand Duke of Moscow was proclaimed Czar of Russia, as Peter the Second, the whole country was taken by surprise. To secure this triumph it was now necessary to convince the young monarch of his entire dependence, and the necessity of giving his whole trust to the friend who had dared and accomplished so much for his sake. He detailed to the terrified boy all the dangers from traitors and enemies which surrounded him, and represented that, young and inexperienced as he was, he required a powerful protector who could guard his throne from all conspiracies. To effect this he declared it was requisite that he should be named vicar-general of the empire, and generalissimo of the armies. No opposition to his claims was made by the admiring and grateful Czar, and the ex-pastrycook saw himself at the topmost height of his ambition. From this moment Alexander Mentchikoff, looked down on all the world as his vassals, and gave laws throughout the land: the marriage of his daughter to the Czar was at once spoken of, and measures were taken to secure the accomplishment of that event as soon as Peter the Second's age should permit. Shocked, astonished at so much presumption, and trembling for the country and their own interests, the nobles observed in secret dread the rapid strides of power taken by the successful favourite who braved their opinion,—but this last daring proposition caused them to utter open murmurs, and proclaim their resolve to oppose it. Mentchikoff knew these nobles well, and was aware that many possessed the courage to oppose him, and would be joined by others if there were a chance of success; he therefore got up accusations of sufficient weight to cause several of the most violent to be arrested as conspirators in the supposed plot, and con rived to criminate them in such a manner that they were sentenced to exile in Siberia. This vigorous management terrified the rest into silence, and not a single voice was raised to oppose the betrothal of the Czar and the young daughter of the successful minister. This

ceremony was hastily performed in the presence of all the nobles and dignitaries of the crown without any attempt at opposition.

There were two nobles whose apparent insignificance of character had deceived the proud favourite, who not only allowed them to remain at court, but accepted their zealous assistance in all his designs—with scorn and insolence, it is true, but in full reliance on their sincerity. These were Prince Olgoruki and Count Osterman. All now seemed propitious to his plans, and he no longer doubted that success was certain to attend his most unbounded wishes, when he was seized with illness. His life was in such imminent danger that his enemies began to rejoice, and Prince Olgoruki, to whom Mentchikoff had confided the charge of the Czar, permitted the young monarch, who had been kept almost a prisoner, to enjoy greater liberty; allowing him to see and be continually with his aunt Elizabeth Petrowna, and to find an agreeable companion in his own son, who was of about the same age as the Czar.

Peter the Second, hitherto a stranger to the happiness of social intercourse, was awakened to new life in this delightful society, and formed so strong an attachment to the son of Olgoruki, that he only breathed in his presence. But the shortlived pleasure was soon to be ended. Mentchikoff recovered, and immediately a change took place; his aunt was no longer permitted to visit him, and the pastimes which had made the unfortunate boy so happy were to be discontinued under the pretext of their disturbing his necessary studies. The old gloom returned, and the young Czar, too timid to resist, was once more in his tyrant's power. Mentchikoff, however, thought it politic to allow him some recreation, and in consequence the court removed to Peterhoff, the summer palace of the Czars, where hunting parties were allowed, in which the delighted boy found consolation, particularly as he was not separated from young Olgoruki, who, as well as his father, so thoroughly deceived the Grand Vicar, that he blamed both merely for silly over-indulgence, without imagining that any design was hidden beneath the guise of simplicity which they assumed. But while he was thus off his guard, a deep plot was being prepared by his worst enemy, Osterman, who in his absence from St. Petersburg, had opportunities of ascertaining the general feeling of the nobles, and found all agreeing in one desire, which was, to rid themselves of a dangerous usurper of the Czar's power. The elder Olgoruki was active in fomenting the conspiracy, excited the more by the prospect of his daughter taking the place of Peter's present betrothed bride. The object of most importance now was to get the young Czar out of the hands of Mentchikoff, and this task was confided to young Olgoruki. As he always slept in the Czar's chamber, he had every opportunity of advising him, and gaining him over to the plans of the Senate. It was agreed that all the ministers should be ready at a certain spot not far from Peterhoff, to receive the Czar, and his escape was left to his young companion. Accordingly, one night, when all the attendants had withdrawn, leaving, as they supposed, their master and his favourite asleep, the latter rose, and softly approaching Peter's bed, whispered to him that the moment of his deliverance from slavery was come, and that he had only to rise and follow him, to be free from the tyranny of Mentchikoff. No persuasion was necessary; Peter, who apparently was already prepared for the attempt, lost no time in imitating the example of his bold favourite, and so noiselessly did they contrive to get out of the window of the chamber, and drop into the gardens beneath, that the guard at the door heard not a movement. The two fugitives traversed the palace gardens with breathless haste, and fortunately reached the appointed spot, where the conspirators against the Grand Vicar were in attendance; the Czar placed himself entirely in their hands, and without delay, the whole party hastened to St. Petersburg, entering in triumph with their prize.

The Grand Vicar, when he was awakened next morning and told of the escape of the precious charge on whose safe keeping all his fortunes depended, hastened instantly to St. Petersburg. But it was too late. He found the guards changed everywhere, and his own palace surrounded by troops. He had lost the day. Then followed the triumph of the opposite party, and his arrest by order of the Czar.

To a last application which he made to be allowed to see the Czar, the only answer was an order that he should instantly quit the capital, and take up his abode at Rennebourg, one of his numerous country seats. He was at liberty to remove with him all that he possessed in St. Petersburg, and whatever attendants he pleased. Mentchikoff gathered together all his valuables, summoned all his retainers, and at mid-day left his gorgeous palace—his carriages and retinue forming such a procession as had never been equalled for regal magnificence. He took the longest route in quitting the city, in order to exhibit to the whole of its inhabitants the spectacle of his reverse of favour, hoping not only to enlist the people in his cause, but to excite the remorse of the Czar when he contemplated so great a change. In fact, it is probable that he succeeded, at least in part, in inspiring sympathy, for his enemies became startled, and a crime was made of the manner in which he had ostentatiously submitted to his degradation. The brilliant cortége had not proceeded more than two leagues when it was overtaken by a party sent to demand from the ex-Grand Vicar the surrender of all his orders. These he immediately delivered. After

having received the casket containing them, the officer, not without a certain degree of hesitation, proceeded to state that his further orders were to see that the party dismounted from their carriages, and took their places in covered carts which had been brought for the purpose.

From this moment Mentchikoff appears, like Wolsey in his disgrace, to have thrown off the last remains of pride, and to have resumed the carelessness and cheerfulness which, in his original station, belonged to him. He stepped lightly from his splendid chariot, while his wife, his son, and two daughters were made to alight and to take their places in the mean conveyances allotted them, each being kept separate, and he not even aware that they were near him. "I am prepared for all events," he observed to the officer; "do your duty without reserve; I have no feeling except of pity towards those who will profit by my spoliation."

The whole of his train of horses, carriages, and attendants was then driven back to St. Petersburg, while he and his family were sent on in their altered state towards Rennebourg, which was situated at the distance of no less than two hundred and fifty leagues from the capital, between the kingdom of Kazan and the province of the Ukraine. The castle which the Prince had built and fortified there was a perfect city in itself, like most Russian residences. A fair had been established by him, which every year in the month of June attracted merchants from Tartary, the Kozáks, and other neighbouring tribes, who brought their furs and costly wares to a ready sale. When therefore he reflected, during his long journey, on the benefits he had conferred on this region, which exclusively belonged to him, the exiled prince dwelt with complacency on the life of philosophical retirement which he saw still in store for him, and which he resolved at once to content himself with, considering it well exchanged for all the pomp and power which had so suddenly slipped from his grasp. But the permission granted to him by his enemies to retain this portion of his vast possessions, and to embrace a life of retirement at a distance from the court, was merely a blind to conceal their hostile intentions for the present.

When the plans of his enemies were matured, the devoted victim, now totally powerless to resist, was disturbed in what he imagined to be his last retreat, and the sentence announced to him which decreed that the remainder of his career should be passed in a horrible desert beyond Siberia, called Yakoutsk, fifteen hundred leagues from the civilised world. He was allowed to take with him no more than eight domestics; he was forced to relinquish the habit he had long worn, and to resume the coarse garb of a Muscovite peasant; the same costume was given to his wife, a woman of high family; and to his son and daughters, one of whom had been destined by her father to share the throne of the Czar. The sufferings of his tender and heroic wife, who bore her afflictions with great courage, were soon ended; unable from her natural delicacy of constitution to endure the frightful hardships of the journey, she died in his arms before they reached Kazan. Here she was buried by her sorrowing husband, by whom her many virtues had always been appreciated; and the sad and diminished party continued their route by water to Tobolsk. Arrived in this capital of the desolate region to which he was condemned, Mentchikoff was the object of premeditated insult and scorn; being received with every indignity by the people, and in particular being loaded with obloquy by two exiled noblemen whom he had himself caused to be banished. To one of these he remarked calmly that his reproaches were just, and he added: "In the state in which you now see me I can yield you no other revenge than invective; satisfy yourself therefore. Know also, that in sacrificing you to my policy, I did so because your integrity and honesty were in my way. But as for you," he continued, addressing the other, "I was ignorant of your fate. The order for your banishment must have been obtained falsely, for I frequently inquired why I saw you no more. You have others to blame for your misfortunes; nevertheless, if to revenge them upon satisfy you, take your fill of such vengeance." His courage however gave way, and he burst into tears, when a third wronged man covered his unfortunate daughters with mud, and reviled them in opprobrious language.

The mercy of the Czar allowed him a certain sum of money at Tobolsk, where he was lodged for a time in prison, and this he expended in articles of necessity for his exile, such as implements of labour, which he knew would be required in the desert home to which he was conducting his children.

When the melancholy cortége of exiles left Tobolsk, they were no longer sheltered by covered wagons, but were exposed in open ones, drawn sometimes by a single horse and sometimes by dogs; and in this manner it took five months to travel from the capital of Siberia to Yakoutsk, through storm and ice and cheerless fog and snows. No incident interrupted the dreadful gloom of monotony which they endured, until they one-day halted at the miserable cabin of a Siberian peasant. While waiting the pleasure of their escort, an officer travelling from Kamchatska entered the same cabin. In him Mentchikoff at once recognised a personage he had himself dispatched during the reign of Peter the Great on a mission connected with the discoveries of Behring in the sea of Amur. This officer had formerly been one of his aides-de-camp; but, his costume, his long beard, and the circumstances

in which they met, prevented the arctic explorer from recognising his former general. When, therefore, the miserable-looking peasant addressed him by his name, he was overwhelmed with astonishment; much more so, when the reply to his demand of who he could be was, "I am Alexander, once Prince Mentchikoff."

The officer, unable to comprehend what he saw, turned for explanation to a young peasant who sat in a corner of the hut mending his boots with packthread. To him he addressed himself, for he still thought he must have been deceived by an accidental resemblance.

"Who is that man?" he asked, pointing to the prince.

"It is Alexander, my father," replied youth. "Do you think it necessary to affect not to know us in our misfortunes—you, who owe us so many obligations?"

Mentchikoff pointed to two peasant girls seated on the floor of the hut, occupied in breaking some hard black bread into wooden bowl of milk. "This one," added Mentchikoff, "is she who was affianced to the Czar Peter the Second, and who would have been Empress of all the Russias." He then recounted to the officer the events which had occurred in the short space of four years, during which the young man had been absent in those frozen regions, where no news of the changes of the dynasty had reached him. "Return now," he concluded, "and give a report of your commission; you will probably find Olgoruki and Osterman in the height of power. Tell them of this meeting, and say I trust they will prove by their talents capable of directing the government."

The time allowed for the halt being at length at an end, the exiles and their pitying friend were forced to part; the latter with a saddened mind proceeded toward St. Petersburg; while the former cheerfully resumed their way to eternal banishment.

Arrived at last at their destined bourne, the exiles at once set to work to render their abode as little dreary as possible. The eight domestics each entered into their labour with goodwill, and a place of residence was built which was not without a certain comfort. Attached to it was an oratory where the exiled prince proposed to dedicate his days to prayer and penitential orisons. Altogether his house contained four chambers, divided between himself and his son, his two daughters, and his servants. Each had their allotted duty to perform. The betrothed empress became their cook, and her sister had the charge of the household. Scarcely were they established in their abode, after extreme labour, when, to their surprise and a delight which only those so desolate could know, the arrival of a small flock of sheep, a bull and two cows, and a large quantity of poultry, rendered their colony rich and flourishing. The most profound secresy attended this opportune present, but the grateful family thought they could trace it to their lately found friend.

The desert home of Mentchikoff soon assumed the aspect of a cloister, but one in which all was harmony, piety, and calm resignation. Six months passed away in comparative happiness, when the eldest daughter of the prince was attacked by the small-pox, and, after much suffering, expired in her father's arms, who performed for her remains the office of priest, and exhorted his two remaining children to learn to die. She was buried in his oratory; and he expressed a wish that, when his hour arrived, he should be laid by her side. Almost immediately after this sad bereavement, both his other children were seized with the same malady; and he was called upon to exert every energy in the hope of saving them. Their recovery at length cast a gleam of joy upon his mind; but, the sorrow, fatigue, and hardship he had gone through, now began to show their force. He was devoured by a low fever, which was undermining his constitution; and in vain he strove to battle with it, concealing its ravages from his agonised family. At length the fatal hour arrived when, feeling that his strength was failing, he called his son and daughter to his bed-side, and, after calmly recapitulating to them his errors and his failings, exhorted them to avoid the snares into which he had fallen. While he was yet speaking, a convulsion seized him; he tried to put forth his hand; but his strength was gone, and sinking back, he expired without a groan.

The tidings of his death was immediately forwarded to St. Petersburg by the officer who had charge of the exiles, and who, with compassion for the helpless position of the orphans, ventured to entreat that the rigour of their detention might be in some degree relaxed. In the mean time, he took upon himself to extend to them the mercy he implored; and in this manner the unfortunate brother and sister were sometimes allowed the liberty of going to mass at Yakoutsk separately and under surveillance.

One day, as the young princess was proceeding to visit the church, she observed a man's head thrust out of an opening in a miserable hut on her route. By the shape of the cap which was worn by this person, and the long ragged beard, she imagined him to be some peasant; yet could not but remark that he appeared to make signs of recognition of her person, which, in her humble garb, she could not think very easy to identify. However, on her return, the same figure was still watching, and endeavoured, by gestures, to attract her attention. Somewhat alarmed, she hastened her pace, and was passing by without notice, when a cry reached her, and she was startled by these exclamations:

"Ah Princess, Princess Mentchikoff! why

do you fly from me? Is it just to preserve feelings of animosity when both are reduced to such misery?"

The princess on this turned, and soon discovered in the wretched being who accosted her, the elder Prince Olgoruki, exiled, with his family, by the Czarina Anna Yvanowna, whom his intrigues had placed on the throne after the death of the young Czar Peter the Second, which occurred when that prince had only reached his fifteenth year—so rapid had been the events which had agitated the court during the short period of the disgrace of Mentchikoff.

Meantime, the news of Mentchikoff's death reached St. Petersburg, and relieved the ministers of all uneasiness respecting him; at the same time they felt the inutility of inflicting further punishment on his children, and were the first to advise the Czarina to recal them. All the possessions of the disgraced prince had been seized by the crown; but large funds, which he had placed in the banks of Venice and Amsterdam, in spite of every application, were retained by the bankers, who represented the impossibility of their delivering up the moneys entrusted to their care, except to the prince himself or his heirs. Thus, an immense revenue was lost to the country, and it was considered politic that it should be restored. No difficulty, therefore, stood in the way of the pardon of the orphans; and their return was accordingly commanded to be arranged with as little delay as their previous exile. They left to his once greatest enemy, the charge of their father's tomb.

They appear to have profited by the severe lessons of their childhood, and to have corrected what was evil in their minds by the experience forced upon them. The son had a fiftieth part of his father's possessions restored to him, which gave him a sufficiently large income; and the Czarina Anna took charge of the daughter, whose dower, when she married her to M. de Biron, son of her Grand Chamberlain, was furnished by the sums placed by Prince Mentchikoff in the banks of Venice and Amsterdam. It is said that the treasure most prized and guarded by the princess, as a memorial of past days, was the peasant's garb she had worn when she stood by the bedside of her dying father in Siberia.

THE WRECK OF 'THE ARCTIC.'

Oh! bark baptised with a name of doom!
The distant and the dead
Seem speaking to our English ear
Where'er that word is said!
It tells of landscapes on whose hills
The forest never grew,—
Where light lies dead, and palsied winds
Have fainted as they flew,—
And, far away, through voiceless gloom,
Of a mystery and an unfound tomb!

By waves that in their very dance
Have fallen fast asleep,
It summons forth our English heart
A weary watch to keep:
On pulseless shores, where Nature lies
Stretched in a mute distress,
And the meteor gleams like a funeral light
O'er the cold dead wilderness,—
And our dying Hope has a double shroud,
The pall of snow and the pall of cloud.

Why carried the bark that name of doom
To the paths of a southward sea,
Where the light at least is a living thing,
And the leaping waves are free,—
Where sound is struck by the minstrel deep
From its beat on the lonely shore,
And scents from the saddest gales that blow
O'er the desolate Labrador,—
Where the land has grass and the sky has sheen,
And the hill is climbed by the column green!

Ah! one of the Spirits, old and gray,
Whose home is the Arctic strand,
Hath a haunt of his own where the waters play
On the shores of the Newfoundland:—
Where ships that looked like things of life
When their sails by the sun were kiss'd,
Like spectre barks go gliding on
Beneath their shrouds of Mist:—
And the Arctic name is a name of fear
When a ghost of the northern world is near!

She left her port—that gallant ship—
The master of the seas,
With heart of fire to quell the wave,
And canvas for the breeze:—
Gay, happy hearts upon her deck
Left happy hearts behind;
The prayers that speed the parting guest
Went with her on the wind,
As, like some strong and spirit thing,
The vessel touched it with her wing.

She left her port—the gallant bark
That reached it never more,—
The hearts have never met again
That parted on that shore.
Ere long she was a riven thing,
The good ship and the free,
The merry souls that sailed her, gone
Across a darker sea;—
And Ruin sat—without a form,
Where Wreck had been—without a storm!

For the wind, whose voice was a long, low sigh
To the eve, without its stars,
Had in many ears that day been song,
As it played round the vessel's spars.
But, ah! how many another voice
That mingled with its strain,
On loving hearts, in sigh or song,
Shall never fall again!—
How many a soul o'ertook ere night
The prayer it poured in the morning's light!

And, oh! the fond and yearning thoughts
That mingled with despair,
As lips that never prayed before
Sent up the spirit's prayer!
The faces of the far-away
That smiled across that sea,
And low sweet tones that reached the heart
Through all its agony!
The hopes for others poured like rain,
When for themselves all hope was vain!

For He who hushed the waves of old,
And walked the foam-white lee
To where the lonely fishing bark
Lay tossing on the sea,
At the wild cry of man's despair,
Or woman's wilder wail,
Shall never more with mortal feet
Come walking through the gale.—
Yet, angels waited round *that* wreck,
And God, unseen, was on the deck!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

The chill, shivery October morning came not the October morning of the country, with soft, silvery mists, clearing off before the sunbeams that bring out all the gorgeous beauty of colouring, but the October morning of Milton, whose silver mists were heavy fogs, and where the sun could only show long dusky streets when he did break through and shine. Margaret went languidly about, assisting Dixon in her task of arranging the house. Her eyes were continually blinded by tears, but she had no time to give way to regular crying. The father and brother depended upon her; while they were giving way to grief, she must be working, planning, considering. Even the necessary arrangements for the funeral seemed to devolve upon her.

When the fire was bright and crackling when everything was ready for breakfast, and the tea-kettle was singing away, Margaret gave a last look round the room before going to summon Mr. Hale and Frederick. She wanted everything to look as cheerful as possible; and yet, when it did so, the contrast between it and her own thoughts forced her into sudden weeping. She was kneeling by the sofa, hiding her face in the cushions that no one might hear her cry, when she was touched on the shoulder by Dixon.

"Come, Miss Hale—come, my dear! You must not give way, or where shall we all be! There is not another person in the house fit to give a direction of any kind, and there is so much to be done. There's who's to manage the funeral; and who's to come to it; and where it's to be; and all to be settled: and master Frederick's like one crazed with crying, and master never was a good one for settling; and, poor gentleman, he goes about now as if he was lost. It's bad enough, my dear, I know; but death comes to us all; and you're well off never to have lost any friend till now."

Perhaps so. But this seemed a loss by itself; not to bear comparison with any other event in the world. Margaret did not take any comfort from what Dixon said, but the unusual tenderness of the prim old servant's manner touched her to the heart; and, more from a desire to show her gratitude for this than for any other reason, she roused herself up, and smiled in answer to Dixon's anxious look at her; and went to tell her father and brother that breakfast was ready.

Mr. Hale came—as if in a dream, or rather with the unconscious motion of a sleep-walker, whose eyes and mind perceive other things than what are present. Frederick came briskly in with a forced cheerfulness, grasped her hand, looked into her eyes, and burst into tears. She had to try and think of little nothings to say all breakfast-time, in order to prevent the recurrence of her companions' thoughts too strongly to the last meal they had taken together, when there had been a continual strained listening for some sound or signal from the sick-room.

After breakfast, she resolved to speak to her father about the funeral. He shook his head, and assented to all she proposed, though many of her propositions absolutely contradicted one another. Margaret gained no real decision from him; and was leaving the room languidly, to have a consultation with Dixon, when Mr. Hale motioned her back to his side.

"Ask Mr. Bell," said he in a hollow voice.

"Mr. Bell!" said she, a little surprised. "Mr. Bell of Oxford?"

"Mr. Bell," he repeated. "Yes. He was my groom's-man."

Margaret understood the association.

"I will write to-day," said she. He sank again into listlessness. All morning she toiled on, longing for rest, but in a continual whirl of melancholy business.

Towards evening, Dixon said to her:

"I've done it, miss. I was really afraid for master, that he'd have a stroke with grief. He has been all this day with poor missus; and when I've listened at the door, I've heard him talking to her, and talking to her, as if she was alive. When I went in he would be quite quiet, but all in a maze like. So I thought to myself, he ought to be roused; and if it gives him a shock at first, it will, maybe, be the better afterwards. So I've been and told him that I don't think it's safe for Master Frederick to be here. And I don't. It was only on Tuesday, when I was out, that I met a Southampton man—the first I've seen since I came to Milton; they don't make their way much up here, I think. Well, it was young Leonards, old Leonards the draper's son, as great a scamp as ever lived—who plagued his father almost to death, and then ran off to sea. I never could abide him. He was in the Orion at the same time as Master Frederick, I know; though I don't recollect if he was there at the mutiny."

"Did he know you?" said Margaret, eagerly.

"Why, that's the worst of it. I don't believe he would have known me but for my being such a fool as to call out his name. He were a Southampton man, in a strange place,

or else I should never have been so ready to call cousins with him, a nasty, good-for-nothing fellow. Says he, 'Miss Dixon! who would ha' thought of seeing you here? But perhaps I mistake, and you're Miss Dixon no longer?' So I told him he might still address me as an unmarried lady, though if I hadn't been so particular, I'd had good chances of matrimony. He was polite enough: 'He couldn't look at me and doubt me.' But I were not to be caught with such chaff from such a fellow as him, and so I told him; and, by way of being even, I asked him after his father (who I knew had turned him out of doors) as if they was the best friends as ever was. So then, to spite me—for you see we were getting savage, for all we were so civil to each other—he began to inquire after Master Frederick, and said, what a scrape he'd got into (as if Master Frederick's scrapes would ever wash George Leonards' white, or make 'em look otherwise than nasty dirty black), and how he'd be hung for mutiny if ever he were caught, and how a hundred pound reward had been offered for catching him, and what a disgrace he had been to his family—all to spite me, you see, my dear, because before now I've helped old Mr. Leonards to give George a good rating, down in Southampton. So I said, there were other families as I knew who had far more cause to blush for their sons, and to be thankful if they could think they were earning an honest living far away from home. To which he made answer, like the impudent chap he is, that he were in a confidential situation, and if I knew of any young man who had been so unfortunate as to lead vicious courses, and wanted to turn steady, he'd have no objection to lend him his patronage. He, indeed! Why, he'd corrupt a saint. I've not felt so bad myself for years as when I were standing talking to him the other day. I could have cried to think I couldn't spite him better, for he kept smiling in my face, as if he took all my compliments for earnest; and I could'nt see that he minded what I said in the least, while I was mad with all his speeches."

"But you did not tell him anything about us—about Frederick?"

"Not I," said Dixon. "He had never the grace to ask where I was staying; and I shouldn't have told him if he had asked. Nor did I ask him what his precious situation was. He was waiting for a bus, and just then it drove up, and he hailed it. But, to plague me to the last, he turned back before he got in, and said, 'If you can help me to trap Lieutenant Hale, Miss Dixon, we'll go partners in the reward. I know you'd like to be my partner, now would n't you? Don't be shy, but say yes.' And he jumped on the bus, and I saw his ugly face leering at me with a wicked smile to think how he'd had the last word of plaguing."

Margaret was made very uncomfortable by this account of Dixon's.

"Have you told Frederick?" asked she.

"No," said Dixon. "I were uneasy in my mind at knowing that bad Leonards was in town; but there was so much else to think about that I did not dwell on it at all. But when I saw master sitting so stiff, and with his eyes so glazed and sad, I thought it might rouse him to have to think of Master Frederick's safety a bit. So I told him all, though I blushed to say how a young man had been speaking to me. And it has done master good. And if we're to keep Master Frederick in hiding, he would have to go, poor fellow, before Mr. Bell came."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Mr. Bell; but I am afraid of this Leonards. I must tell Frederick. What did Leonards look like?"

"A bad-looking fellow, I can assure you, miss. Whiskers such as I should be ashamed to wear—they are so red. And for all he said he'd got a confidential situation, he was dressed in fustian just like a working man."

It was evident that Frederick must go. Go, too, when he had so completely vaulted into his place in the family, and promised to be such a stay and staff to his father and sister. Go, when his cares for the living mother, and sorrow for the dead, seemed to make him one of those peculiar people who are bound to us by a fellow-love for those that are taken away. Just as Margaret was thinking all this, sitting over the drawing-room fire—her father restless and uneasy under the pressure of this newly-aroused fear, of which he had not as yet spoken—Frederick came in, his brightness dimmed, but the extreme violence of his grief passed away. He came up to Margaret, and kissed her forehead.

"How wan you look, Margaret," said he in a low voice. "You have been thinking of everybody, and no one has thought of you. Lie on this sofa—there is nothing for you to do."

"That is the worst," said Margaret, in a sad whisper. But she went and lay down, and her brother covered her feet with a shawl, and then sate down on the ground by her side; and the two began to talk in a subdued tone.

Margaret told him all that Dixon had related of her interview with young Leonards. Frederick's lips closed with a long whew of dismay.

"I should just like to have it out with that young fellow. A worse sailor was never on board ship—nor a much worse man either. I declare, Margaret—— You know the circumstances of the whole affair?"

"Yes, mamma told me."

"Well, when all the sailors who were good for anything were indignant with our captain, this fellow, to curry favour—pah! And to think of his being here! Oh, if he'd a notion I was within twenty miles of him,

he'd ferret me out to pay off old grudges. I'd rather anybody had the hundred pounds they think I am worth than that rascal. What a pity poor old Dixon could not be persuaded to give me up, and make a provision for her old age!"

"Oh, Frederick, hush! Don't talk so."

Mr. Hale came towards them, eager and trembling. He had overheard what they were saying. He took Frederick's hand in both of his:

"My boy, you must go. It is very bad—but I see you must. You have done all you could—you have been a comfort to her."

"Oh, papa, must he go?" said Margaret, pleading against her own conviction of necessity.

"I declare I've a good mind to face it out, and stand my trial. If I could only pick up my evidence. I cannot endure this thought of being in the power of such a blackguard as Leonards. I could almost have enjoyed—in other circumstances—this stolen visit: it has had all the charm which the Frenchwoman attributed to forbidden pleasures."

"One of the earliest things I can remember," said Margaret, "was your being in some great disgrace, Fred, for stealing apples. We had plenty of our own—trees loaded with them; but some one had told you that stolen fruit tasted sweetest, which you took au pied de la lettre, and off you went a-robbing. You have not changed your feelings much since then."

"Yes—you must go," repeated Mr. Hale, answering Margaret's question, which she had asked some time ago. His thoughts were fixed on one subject, and it was an effort to him to follow the zigzag remarks of his children—an effort which he did not make.

Margaret and Frederick looked at each other. That quick momentary sympathy would be theirs no longer if he went away. So much was understood through eyes that could not be put into words. Both coursed the same thought till it was lost in sadness. Frederick shook it off first:

"Do you know, Margaret, I was very nearly giving both Dixon and myself a good fright this afternoon. I was in my bedroom; I had heard a ring at the front door, but I thought the ringer must have done his business and gone away long ago; so I was on the point of making my appearance in the passage, when, as I opened my room door, I saw Dixon coming downstairs; and she frowned and tricked me into hiding again. I kept the door open, and heard a message given to some man that was in my father's study, and that then went away. Who could it have been? Some of the shopmen?"

"Very likely," said Margaret, indifferently. "There was a little quiet man who came up for orders about two o'clock."

"But this was not a little man—a great powerful fellow; and it was past four when he was here."

"It was Mr. Thornton," said Mr. Hale. They were glad to have drawn him into the conversation.

"Mr. Thornton!" said Margaret, a little surprised. "I thought——"

"Well, little one, what did you think?" asked Frederick, as she did not finish her sentence.

"Oh, only," said she, reddening and looking straight at him, "I fancied you meant some one of a different class—not a gentleman; somebody come on an errand."

"He looked like some one of that kind," said Frederick, carelessly. "I took him for a shopman, and he turns out a manufacturer."

Margaret was silent. She remembered how at first, before she knew his character, she had spoken and thought of him just as Frederick was doing. It was but a natural impression that was made upon him, and yet she was a little annoyed by it. She was unwilling to speak; she wanted to make Frederick understand what kind of a person Mr. Thornton was—but she was tongue-tied.

Mr. Hale went on. "He came to offer any assistance in his power, I believe. But I could not see him. I told Dixon to ask him if he would like to see you—I think I asked her to find you, and you would go to him. I don't know what I said."

"He has been a very agreeable acquaintance, has he not?" asked Frederick, throwing the question like a ball for any one to catch who chose.

"A very kind friend," said Margaret, when her father did not answer.

Frederick was silent for a time. At last he spoke:

"Margaret, it is painful to think I can never thank those who have shown you kindness. Your acquaintances and mine must be separate. Unless, indeed, I run the chances of a court-martial, or unless you and my father would come to Spain." He threw out this last suggestion as a kind of feeler; and then suddenly made the plunge. "You don't know how I wish you would. I have a good position—the chance of a better," continued he, reddening like a girl. "That Dolores Barbour that I was telling you of, Margaret—I only wish you knew her; I am sure you would like—no, love is the right word, like is so poor—you would love her, father, if you knew her. She is not eighteen; but if she is in the same mind another year, she is to be my wife. Mr. Barbour won't let us call it an engagement. But if you would come, you would find friends everywhere, besides Dolores. Think of it, father. Margaret, be on my side."

"No—no more removals for me," said Mr. Hale. "One removal has cost me my wife. No more removals in this life. She will be here; and here will I stay out my appointed time."

"Oh, Frederick," said Margaret, "tell us

more about her. I never thought of this but I am so glad. You will have some one to love and care for you out there. Tell us all about it."

"In the first place, she is a Roman Catholic. That's the only objection I anticipated. But my father's change of opinion—nay, Margaret, don't sigh."

Margaret had reason to sigh a little more before the conversation ended. Frederick himself was Roman Catholic in fact, though not in profession as yet. This was, then, the reason why his sympathy in her extreme distress at her father's leaving the Church had been so faintly expressed in his letters. She had thought it was the carelessness of a sailor; but the truth was, that even then he was himself inclined to give up the form of religion into which he had been baptised, only that his opinions were tending in exactly the opposite direction to those of his father. How much love had to do with this change not even Frederick himself could have told. Margaret gave up talking about this branch of the subject at last; and, returning to the fact of the engagement, she began to consider it in some fresh light:

"But for her sake, Fred, you surely will try and clear yourself of the exaggerated charges brought against you, even if the charge of mutiny itself be true. If there were to be a court-martial, and you could find your witnesses, you might at any rate show how your disobedience to authority was because that authority was unworthily exercised."

Mr. Hale roused himself up to listen to his son's answer.

"In the first place, Margaret, who is to hunt up my witnesses? All of them are sailors, drafted off to other ships, except those whose evidence would go for very little, as they took part, or sympathised in the affair. In the next place, allow me to tell you, you don't know what a court-martial is, and consider it as an assembly where justice is administered, instead of what it really is—a court where authority weighs nine-tenths in the balance, and evidence forms only the other tenth. In such cases, evidence itself can hardly escape being influenced by the prestige of authority."

"But is it not worth trying, to see how much evidence might be discovered and arrayed on your behalf? At present, all those who knew you formerly, believe you guilty without any shadow of excuse. You have never tried to justify yourself, and we have never known where to seek for proofs of your justification. Now, for Miss Barbour's sake, make your conduct as clear as you can in the eye of the world. She may not care for it; she has, I am sure, that trust in you that we all have; but you ought not to let her ally herself to one under such a serious charge, without showing the world exactly how it is you stand. You disobeyed authority—that was bad; but to have stood by without word or act while that authority was brutally used, would have been infinitely worse. People know what you did; but not the motives that elevate it out of a crime into an heroic protection of the weak. For Dolores' sake, they ought to know."

"But how must I make them know? I am not sufficiently sure of the purity and justice of those who would be my judges, to give myself up to a court-martial, even if I could bring a whole array of truth-speaking witnesses. I can't send a bellman about, to cry aloud and proclaim in the streets what you are pleased to call my heroism. No one would read a pamphlet of self-justification so long after the deed, even if I put one out."

"Will you consult a lawyer as to your chances of exculpation?" asked Margaret, looking up, and turning very red.

"I must first catch my lawyer, and have a look at him, and see how I like him, before I make him into my confidant. Many a briefless barrister might twist his conscience into thinking that he could earn a hundred pounds very easily by doing a good action—in giving me, a criminal, up to justice."

"Nonsense, Frederick! because I know a lawyer on whose honour I can rely; of whose cleverness in his profession people speak very highly: and who would, I think, take a good deal of trouble for any of—of Aunt Shaw's relations. Mr. Henry Lennox, papa."

"I think it is a good idea," said Mr. Hale. "But don't propose anything which will detain Frederick in England. Don't, for your mother's sake."

"You could go to London to-morrow evening by a night-train," continued Margaret, warming up into her plan. "He must go to-morrow, I'm afraid, papa," said she, tenderly; "we fixed that, because of Mr. Bell, and Dixon's disagreeable acquaintance."

"Yes; I must go to-morrow," said Frederick decidedly.

Mr. Hale groaned. "I can't bear to part with you, and yet I am miserable with anxiety as long as you stop here."

"Well then," said Margaret, "listen to my plan. He gets to London on Friday morning. I will—you might—no! it would be better for me to give him a note to Mr. Lennox. You will find him at his chambers in the Temple."

I will write down a list of all the names I can remember on board the Orion. I could leave it with him to ferret them out. He is Edith's husband's brother, isn't he? I remember your naming him in your letters. I have money in Barbour's hands. I can pay a pretty long bill, if there is any chance of success. Money, dear father, that I had meant for a different purpose; so I shall only consider it as borrowed from you and Margaret."

"Don't do that," said Margaret. "You won't risk it if you do. And it will be a

risk; only it is worth trying. You can sail from London as well as from Liverpool?"

"To be sure, little goose. Wherever I feel water heaving under a plank, there I feel at home. I'll pick up some craft or other to take me off, never fear. I won't stay twenty-four hours in London, away from you on the one hand, and from somebody else on the other."

It was rather a comfort to Margaret that Frederick took it into his head to look over her shoulder as she wrote to Mr. Lennox. If she had not been thus compelled to write steadily and concisely on, she might have hesitated over many a word, and been puzzled to choose between many an expression, in the awkwardness of being the first to resume the intercourse of which the concluding event had been so unpleasant to both sides. However, the note was taken from her before she had even had time to look it over, and treasured up in a pocket-book, out of which fell a long lock of black hair, the sight of which caused Frederick's eyes to glow with pleasure.

"Now you would like to see that, wouldn't you?" said he. No! you must wait till you see her herself. She is too perfect to be known by fragments. No mean brick shall be a specimen of the building of my palace."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

All the next day they sate together—they three. Mr. Hale hardly ever spoke but when his children asked him questions, and forced him as it were into the present. Frederick's grief was no more to be seen or heard; the first paroxysm had passed over, and now he was ashamed of having been so battered down by emotion; and though his sorrow for the loss of his mother was a deep real feeling, and would last out his life, it was never to be spoken of again. Margaret, not so passionate at first, was more suffering now. At times she cried a good deal; and her manner, even when speaking on indifferent things, had a mournful tenderness about it, which was deepened whenever her looks fell on Frederick, and thought of his rapidly approaching departure. She was glad he was going, on her father's account, however much she might grieve over it on her own. The anxious terror in which Mr. Hale lived lest his son should be detected and captured, far outweighed the pleasure he derived from his presence. The nervousness had increased since Mrs. Hale's death, probably because he dwelt upon it more exclusively. He started at every unusual sound; and was never comfortable unless Frederick sate out of the immediate view of any one entering the room. Towards evening he said:

"You will go with Frederick to the station, Margaret? I shall want to know he is safely off. You will bring me word that he is clear of Milton, at any rate?"

"Certainly," said Margaret. "I shall like it, if you won't be lonely without me, papa."

"No, no! I should always be fancying some one had known him, and that he had been stopped, unless you could tell me you had seen him off. And go to the Outwood station. It is quite as near, and not so many people about. Take a cab there. There is less risk of his being seen. What time is your train, Fred?"

"Ten minutes past six; very nearly dark. So what will you do, Margaret?"

"Oh, I can manage. I am getting very brave and very hard. It is a well-lighted road all the way home, if it should be dark. But I was out last week much later."

Margaret was thankful when the parting was over—the parting from the dead mother and the living father. She hurried Frederick into the cab, in order to shorten a scene which she saw was so bitterly painful to her father, who would accompany his son as he took his last look at his mother. Partly in consequence of this, and partly owing to one of the very common mistakes in Bradshaw as to the times when trains arrive at the smaller stations, they found, on reaching Outwood, that they had nearly twenty minutes to spare. The booking-office was not open, so they could not even take the ticket. They accordingly went down the flight of steps that led to the level of the ground below the railway. There was a broad cinder-path diagonally crossing a field which lay alongside of the carriage-road, and they went there to walk backwards and forwards for the few minutes they had to spare.

Margaret's hand lay in Frederick's arm. He took hold of it affectionately.

"Margaret! I am going to consult Mr. Lennox as to the chance of exculpating myself, so that I may return to England whenever I choose, more for your sake than for the sake of any one else. I can't bear to think of your lonely position if anything should happen to my father. He looks sadly changed—terribly shaken. I wish you could get him to think of the Cadiz plan, for many reasons. What could you do if he were taken away? You have no friend near. We are curiously bare of relations."

Margaret could hardly keep from crying at the tender anxiety with which Frederick was bringing before her an event which she herself felt was not very improbable, so severely had the cares of the last few months told upon Mr. Hale. But she tried to rally as she said:

"There have been such strange unexpected changes in my life during this last two years, that I feel more than ever that it is not worth while to calculate too closely what I should do if any future event took place. I try to think only upon the present." She paused; they were standing still for a moment, close on the field side of the stile leading into the road; the setting sun fell on their faces. Frederick held her hand in his, and looked with wistful anxiety into her face,

reading there more care and trouble than she would betray by words. She went on:

"We shall write often to one another, and I will promise—for I see it will set your mind at ease—to tell you every worry I have. Papa is"—she started a little, a hardly visible start—but Frederick felt the sudden motion of the hand he held, and turned his full face to the road, along which a horseman was slowly riding, just passing the very stile where they stood. Margaret bowed; her bow was stiffly returned.

"Who is that?" said Frederick, almost before he was out of hearing.

Margaret was a little drooping, a little flushed, as she replied: "Mr. Thornton; you saw him before, you know."

"Only his back. He is an unprepossessing-looking fellow. What a scowl he has!"

"Something has happened to vex him," said Margaret, apologetically. "You would not have thought him unprepossessing if you had seen him with mamma."

"I fancy it must be time to go and take my ticket. If I had known how dark it would be, we wouldn't have sent back the cab, Margaret."

"Oh, don't fidget about that. I can take a cab here, if I like; or go back by the railroad, when I should have shops and people and lamps all the way from the Milton station-house. Don't think of me; take care of yourself. I am sick with the thought that Leonards may be in the same train with you. Look well into the carriage before you get in."

They went back to the station. Margaret insisted upon going into the full light of the flaring gas inside to take the ticket. Some idle-looking young men were lounging about with the station-master. Margaret thought she had seen the face of one of them before, and returned him a proud look of offended dignity for his somewhat impertinent stare of undisguised admiration. She went hastily to her brother, who was standing outside, and took hold of his arm. "Have you got your bag? Let us walk about here on the platform," said she, a little flurried at the idea of so soon being left alone, and her bravery oozing out rather faster than she liked to acknowledge even to herself. She heard a step following them along the flags; it stopped when they stopped, looking out along the line and hearing the whizz of the coming train. They did not speak; their hearts were too full. Another moment, and the train would be here; a minute more, and he would be gone. Margaret almost repented the urgency with which she had entreated him to go to London; it was throwing more chances of detection in his way. If he had sailed for Spain by Liverpool, he might have been off in two or three hours.

Frederick turned round, right facing the lamp, where the gas darted up in vivid anticipation of the train. A man in the dress of a railway porter started forward; a bad-looking man who seemed to have drunk himself into a state of brutality, although his senses were in perfect order.

"By your leave, miss!" said he, pushing Margaret rudely on one side, and seizing Frederick by the collar.

"Your name is Hale, I believe?"

In an instant—how, Margaret did not see, for every thing danced before her eyes—but by some sleight of wrestling, Frederick had tripped him up, and he fell from the height of three or four feet, which the platform was elevated above the space of soft ground, by the side of the railroad. There he lay.

"Run, run!" gasped Margaret. "The train is here. It was Leonards, was it? oh, run! I will carry your bag." And she took him by the arm to push him along with all her feeble force. A door was opened in a carriage—he jumped in; and as he leant out to say, "God bless you, Margaret!" the train rushed past her; and she was left standing alone. She was so terribly sick and faint that she was thankful to be able to turn into the ladies' waiting-room, and sit down for an instant. At first she could do nothing but gasp for breath. It was such a hurry; such a sickening alarm; such a near chance. If the train had not been there at the moment the man would have jumped up again and called for assistance to arrest him. She wondered if the man had got up: she tried to remember if she had seen him move; she wondered if he could have been seriously hurt. She ventured out; the platform was all alight, but still quite deserted; she went to the end, and looked over, somewhat fearfully. No one was there; and then she was glad she had made herself go, and inspect, for otherwise terrible thoughts would have haunted her dreams. And even as it was, she was so trembling and affrighted that she felt she could not walk home along the road, which did indeed seem lonely and dark, as she gazed down upon it from the blaze of the station. She would wait till the down train passed and take her seat in it. But what if Leonards recognised her as Frederick's companion! She peered about before venturing into the booking-office to take her ticket. There were only some railway officials standing about; and talking loud to one another.

"So Leonards has been drinking again!" said one, seemingly in authority. "He 'll need all his boasted influence to keep his place this time."

"Where is he?" asked another, while Margaret, her back towards them, was counting her change with trembling fingers, not daring to turn round until she heard the answer to this question.

"I don't know. He came in not five minutes ago, with some long story or other about a fall he'd had, swearing awfully; and wanted to borrow some money from me

to go to London by the next up-train. He made all sorts of tipsy promises, but I'd something else to do than listen to him; I told him to go about his business; and he went off at the front door."

"He's at the nearest vaults, I'll be bound," said the first speaker. "Your money would have gone there too, if you'd been such a fool as to lend it."

"Catch me! I knew better what his London meant. Why, he has never paid me off that five shillings"—and so they went on.

And now all Margaret's anxiety was for the train to come. She hid herself once more in the ladies' waiting-room, and fancied every noise was Leonards' step—every loud and boisterous voice was his. But no one came near her until the train drew up; when she was civilly helped into a carriage by a porter, into whose face she durst not look till they were in motion, and then she saw that it was not Leonards.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

HOME seemed unnaturally quiet after all this terror and noisy commotion. Her father had seen all due preparation made for her refreshment on her return; and then sate down again in his accustomed chair to fall into one of his sad waking dreams. Dixon had got Mary Higgins to scold and direct in the kitchen; and her scolding was not the less energetic because it was delivered in an angry whisper; for, speaking above her breath she would have thought irreverent as long as there was any one dead lying in the house. Margaret had resolved not to mention the crowning and closing affright to her father. There was no use in speaking about it; it had ended well; the only thing to be feared was lest Leonards should in some way borrow money enough to carry out his purpose of following Frederick to London, and hunting him out there. But there were immense chances against the success of any such plan; and Margaret determined not to torment herself by thinking of what she could do nothing to prevent. Frederick would be as much on his guard as she could put him; and in a day or two at most he would be safely out of England.

"I suppose we shall hear from Mr. Bell to-morrow," said Margaret.

"Yes," replied her father. "I suppose so."

"If he can come, he will be here to-morrow evening, I should think."

"If he cannot come, I shall ask Mr. Thornton to go with me to the funeral. I cannot go alone. I should break down utterly."

"Don't ask Mr. Thornton, papa. Let me go with you," said Margaret, impetuously.

"You! My dear, women do not generally go."

"No: because often they can't control themselves. Women of our class don't go because they have no power over their emotions, and yet are ashamed of showing them. Poor women go, and don't care if they are seen overwhelmed with grief. But I promise you, papa, that if you will let me go, I will be no trouble. Don't have a stranger, and leave me out. Dear papa! if Mr. Bell cannot come, I shall go. I won't urge my wish against your will, if he does."

Mr. Bell could not come. He had the gout. It was a most affectionate letter, and expressed great and true regret for his inability to attend. He hoped to come and pay them a visit soon, if they would have him; his Milton property required some looking after, and his agent had written to him to say that his presence was absolutely necessary; or else he had avoided coming near Milton as long as he could, and now the only thing that would reconcile him to this necessary visit was the idea that he should see, and might possibly be able to comfort his old friend.

Margaret had all the difficulty in the world to persuade her father not to invite Mr. Thornton. She had an indescribable repugnance to this step being taken. The night before the funeral, came a stately note from Mrs. Thornton to Miss Hale, saying that, at her son's desire, their carriage should attend the funeral, if it would not be disagreeable to the family. Margaret tossed the note to her father.

"Oh, don't let us have these forms," said she. "Let us go alone—you and me, papa. They don't care for us, or else he would have offered to go himself, and not have proposed this sending an empty carriage."

"I thought you were so extremely averse to his going, Margaret," said Mr. Hale in some surprise.

"And so I am. I don't want him to come at all; and I should especially dislike the idea of our asking him. But this seems such a mockery of mourning that I did not expect it from him." She startled her father by bursting into tears. She had been so subdued in her grief, so thoughtful for others, so gentle and patient in all things, that he could not understand her impatient ways to-night; she seemed agitated and restless; and at all the tenderness which her father in his turn now lavished upon her, she only cried the more.

She passed so bad a night that she was ill prepared for the additional anxiety caused by a letter received from Frederick. Mr. Lennox was out of town; his clerk said that he would return by the following Tuesday at the latest; that he might possibly be at home on Monday. Consequently, after some consideration, Frederick had determined upon remaining in London for a day or two longer. He had thought of coming down to Milton again; the temptation had been very strong; but the idea of Mr. Bell domesticated in his father's house, and the alarm he had received at the last moment at the railway station, had made him resolve to stay in London.

Margaret might be assured he would take every precaution against being tracked by Leonards. Margaret was thankful that she received this letter while her father was absent in her mother's room. If he had been present, he would have expected her to read it aloud to him, and it would have raised in him a state of nervous alarm which she would have found it impossible to soothe away. There was not merely the fact, which disturbed her excessively, of Frederick's detention in London, but there were allusions to the recognition at the last moment at Milton, and the possibility of a pursuit, which made her blood run cold; and how then would it have affected her father? Many a time did Margaret repent of having suggested and urged on the plan of consulting Mr. Lennox. At the moment it had seemed as if it would occasion so little delay—add so little to the apparently small chances of detection; and yet everything that had since occurred had tended to make it so undesirable. Margaret battled hard against this regret of hers for what could not now be helped; this self-reproach for having said what had at the time appeared to be wise, but which after events were proving to have been so foolish. But her father was in too depressed a state of mind and body to struggle healthily; he would succumb to all these causes for morbid regret over what could not be recalled. Margaret summoned up all her forces to her aid. Her father seemed to have forgotten that they had any reason to expect a letter from Frederick that morning. He was absorbed in one idea—that th last visible token of the presence of his wife was to be carried away from him, and hidden from his sight. He trembled pitifully as the undertaker's man was arranging his crape draperies around him. He looked wistfully at Margaret; and when released he tottered towards her, murmuring, "Pray for me, Margaret. I have no strength left in me. I cannot pray. I give her up because I must. I try to bear it; indeed I do. I know it is God's will. But I cannot see why she died. Pray for me, Margaret, that I may have faith to pray. It is a great strait, my child."

Margaret sat by him in the coach, almost supporting him in her arms; and repeating all the noble verses of holy comfort, or texts expressive of faithful resignation, that she could remember. Her voice never faltered; and she herself gained strength by doing this. Her father's lips moved her, repeating the well-known texts as her words suggested them; it was terrible to see the patient struggling effort to obtain the resignation which he had not strength to take into his heart as a part of himself.

Margaret's fortitude nearly gave way as Dixon, with a slight motion of her hand, directed her notice to Nicholas Higgins and his daughter, standing a little aloof, but deeply attentive to the ceremonial. Nicholas wore his usual fustian clothes, but had a bit of black stuff sewn round his hat—a mark of mourning which he had never shown to his daughter Bessy's memory. But Mr. Hale saw nothing. He went on repeating to himself, mechanically as it were, all the funeral service as it was read by the officiating clergyman; he sighed twice or thrice when all was ended; and then putting his hand on Margaret's arm, he mutely entreated to be led away, as if he were blind, and she his faithful guide.

Dixon sobbed aloud; she covered her face with her handkerchief, and was so absorbed in her own grief, that she did not perceive that the crowd attracted on such occasions was dispersing, till she was spoken to by some one close at hand. It was Mr. Thornton. He had been present all the time, standing, with bent head, behind a group of people, so that in fact, no one had recognised him.

"I beg your pardon,—but, can you tell me how Mr. Hale is? And Miss Hale, too? I should like to know how they both are."

"Of course, sir. They are much as is to be expected. Master is terribly broke down. Miss Hale bears up better than is likely."

Mr. Thornton would rather have heard that she was suffering the natural sorrow. In the first place, there was selfishness enough in him to have taken pleasure in the idea that his great love might come in to comfort and console her; much the same kind of strange passionate pleasure which comes stinging through a mother's heart, when her drooping infant nestles close to her, and is dependent upon her for everything. But this delicious vision of what might have been—in which, in spite of all Margaret's repulse, he would have indulged only a few days ago—was miserably disturbed by the recollection of what he had seen near the Outwood station. "Miserably disturbed!" that is not strong enough. He was haunted by the remembrance of the handsome young man, with whom she stood in an attitude of such familiar confidence; and the remembrance shot through him like an agony till it made him clench his hands tight in order to subdue the pain. At that late hour, so far from home! It took a great moral effort to galvanise his trust—erewhile so perfect—in Margaret's pure and exquisite maidenliness, into life; as soon as the effort ceased, his trust dropped down dead and powerless: and all sorts of wild fancies chased each other like dreams through his mind. Here was a little piece of miserable, gnawing confirmation. "She held up better than likely" under this grief. She had then some hope to look to, so bright that even in her affectionate nature it could come in to lighten the dark hours of a daughter newly made motherless. Yes! he knew how she would love. He had not loved her without gaining that instinctive knowledge of what capabilities were in her. Her soul

would walk in glorious sunlight if any man was worthy, by his power of loving, to win back her love. Even in her mourning she would rest with a peaceful faith upon his sympathy. His sympathy! Whose? That other man's. And that it was another was enough to make Mr. Thornton's pale grave face grow doubly wan and stern at Dixon's answer.

"I suppose I may call," said he coldly. "On Mr. Hale, I mean. He will perhaps admit me after to-morrow or so."

He spoke as if the answer were a matter of indifference to him. But it was not so. For all his pain, he longed to see the author of it. Although he hated Margaret at times when he thought of that gentle familiar attitude and all the attendant circumstances, he had a restless desire to renew her picture in his mind—a longing for the very atmosphere she breathed. He was in the Charybdis of passion, and must perforce circle and circle ever nearer round the fatal centre.

"I dare say, sir, master will see you. He was very sorry to have to deny you the other day; but circumstances was not agreeable just then."

For some reason or other, Dixon never named this interview that she had had with Mr. Thornton to Margaret. It might have been mere chance, but so it was that Margaret never heard that he had attended her poor mother's funeral.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

A RECENT homeward voyage of the Ripon from Alexandria was one highly gratifying to naturalists, for amongst the distinguished passengers, biped, quadruped, and quadrumanous, a female hippopotamus shone conspicuous. This beautiful Egyptian had, it seems, been waiting for warm weather before she decided—or her friends for her—on coming over to this country to charm the solitude of the somewhat irascible individual of her own species in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park, who, I am happy to say, notwithstanding a slight infirmity of temper, continues to draw, and is, indeed, one of the most popular members of the zoological company. So many interesting particulars have been recorded of this illustrious personage—such, for instance, as her fondness for milk, meal, and music, and her proneness to make a biffin of her Arab keeper—that, although I am no naturalist, I am greatly interested in her; paying her frequent visits. My first visit was on the third day after her arrival—the hottest, perhaps, of the season. On reaching the well-known enclosure, where her companion has so long disported himself, I beheld, weltering in the pool, the huge animal, which, just as I approached, displayed so much of its head as revealed its small ears and wine-stained eyes. "Ah!" said I, proud of the information I had received at the entrance, "much smaller than the male; and"—as the creature's spine rose above the water—"a good deal thinner too, the consequence of travelling." At this moment the English keeper went past. "Where," I asked, in a highly-satisfied, half-dictatorial tone—"where have you put the male hippopotamus?"

"There he is, sir," replied the man, "a-swimming about in his tank!"

I had attracted the attention of a good many spectators by the loudness of my voice, and am free to confess that I must have looked a little foolish when this plain answer was returned; but as no one heard my previous remarks save a very amiable companion (who had differed from me in opinion), I did not feel quite so crest-fallen as I might have done. In order, however, to be no longer a mark for public observation, as the man who didn't know the hippopotamus when he saw him, I descended from the platform, and with as much unconcern as I could assume, placed myself close to the barrier, and looking through my eye-glass—a process necessary even in the case of a brute so monstrous—observed, "Yes, this is the old fellow, no doubt; I hadn't a good view of him before. But where is the female?" I was requested to cast my eyes in an oblique direction across the enclosure, where the workmen have latterly been very busy making additions to the hippopotamian serai, and there, behind a grille, a dark object was visible, which I was informed was the lady in question. She was standing in the midst of some litter upon four very short, thick legs, munching a cabbage; her form, as well as I could make it out, was not remarkable for grace; and her complexion—like that of her celebrated countrywoman, Cleopatra—was "with Phœbus' amorous pinches black:" she was too young, however, for wrinkles such as those of Egypt's queen, but rejoiced in reeves of fat. In answer to further enquiries, I learnt that the apartment occupied by the lovely stranger had not involved any sacrifice of personal comfort on the part of the male hippopotamus, though, of course, he would have been only too happy to have made them—but was regularly prepared before her arrival. As far as I could judge, it consisted of a drawing-room, dining-room, boudoir and bed-room in one; it also contained a bath. The parties, I was told, had been introduced, but only in a formal manner, the young lady, who is still in her noviciate, remaining behind the grate, as is the custom in convents, while the gentleman made his bow, as well as he was able, outside. His behaviour on the occasion is described as having been exceedingly urbane; that is to say, he did not get into a passion and endeavour to demolish the barrier that separated him from the future Mrs. Hip., but conducted himself calmly as a royal proxy. As far as my own observation

goes, I am inclined to think that Vash (such, I believe is his name, or something sounding like it) has been traduced on the score of temper, for his general bearing is one of supreme indifference, as if it took a great deal to ruffle him. The pleasure of doing nothing appears to me to be his chiefest delight; that and wallowing and gurgling, and snorting and trumpeting, and opening his huge jaws—garnished with grinders like corks cut down—and lazily opening and shutting his drunken red eyes. It is true he can be roused to action, as when he obeys the voice of his keeper and flounders towards him, or when he fancies some irreverent workman is about to invade the enclosure: in the latter case, he scuttles angrily through the pool to reach the threatened quarter, but his anger is gone as soon as the offender has disappeared. This kind of life is all very well as long as he remains a bachelor; but when he comes to keep house and home, and knows what married life really is, perhaps he may then—occasionally—boil over.

Without intending any disparagement to the respective families of the elands and giraffes, or wishing to hurt the feelings of the three ragged ostriches, the muddy rhinoceros, the peripatetic elephant, the stony-looking camels, the restless armadillo, the dissatisfied otter, the unpleasant wild-pigs, and other old stagers, I must confess that what I go to the Zoological Gardens for *now*, is to discover something new. The five flamingoes, who cannot be persuaded to stand on more than one leg at a time, have passed out of that category; so have the ant-eaters; so has the apteryx; so have the lion-cubs and the bull-dog; and so have a host of creatures whose attractions remain in full force for strangers from the country.

Accordingly, having seen as much of the Egyptian novelty as she would condescend to show, I betook myself to the monkey-house, to make the acquaintance of the whiskered simian who came over with the female hippopotamus. I was informed that the party was, for the present in seclusion, but that I could have a peep at him if I pleased: there was something, however, added the keeper, which was much better worth seeing. What did I think of a young monkey at the breast?

What did I think, indeed!

Why, ever since I read the adventures of Philip Quarll—in Robinson Crusoe days—no matter how long since, I had been dying to see an infant monkey in that situation. What histories too had I devoured of the experiences of travellers in Brazilian forests, developing so many traits of maternal monkeyhood! And here the very thing I wanted was, as I may say, brought to my own door.

Regardless, therefore, of all the lures held out by the full-grown imps that filled the cages of the establishment, I followed the keeper right on to a small room, under lock and key, which had lately been converted into a nursery. Its principal occupant was Miss Nancy, no more scandalised at being called by her maiden name than Mademoiselle Coulisse of the Gaîté, though, like that charming actress, with a babe in her arms which, if it could have spoken, would have called her mamma. A young donkey has been, on high authority, pronounced to be one of the prettiest things in the world; the same, and a great deal more, may be said of a young monkey when it is only six weeks old. Its round, curling figure, the soft auburn hair that covers its back, the snow-white down sprinkled over its breast and stomach, its sprout of a tail, its slender arms and legs, its delicate fingers and toes, its little old face and weak baby-like eyes, and the unyielding tenacity with which it clings to the maternal teat, no matter what the maternal attitude; these are some of the attractions offered by an infant monkey, and possessed in an eminent degree by the offspring of Miss Nancy. At present the little creature is completely passive in its mother's arms; but there is nothing passive about *her*. Every movement betrays the anxiety she feels for the welfare of her babe. Now she encircles it tenderly to keep it close to her bosom; then she gives it a little cuff—the very gentlest possible—to make it retain its hold, and then, her conscience smiting her for having been too rough, she stoops her head and overwhelms it with caresses—literal kisses. I accidentally moved my hand towards the cage, and in an instant she was roused.

> There's nothing arms a beak or wheels a claw
> More than invasion of one's babes and sucklings.

And Miss Nancy was not slow to convince me of the fact. Her little sharp nails were dashed through the bars, her little flat nose made flatter against them; her bright eyes sparkled with rage, and an angry chattering declared how much I had offended. Having found her strong point I afterwards called it into play by design. At the first movement of my hand she repeated her hostile demonstration, but when I made as if I would have seized her babe, she fled to the remotest corner of her cage, and supporting her charge with one of her lower limbs, extended her hands in an attitude of defiance at once fierce and graceful. It is a common thing to witness the care with which all animals protect their young, but Miss Nancy's proceedings were so earnest and intelligent, that it was a difficult matter to persuade oneself she was not a human being. I have not the slightest wish to be personal, but I have seen many Christian mothers who might be greatly improved by taking a nursing-lesson from this female monkey.

I was so much occupied by Miss Nancy, that I almost forgot the existence of her

whiskered relative, nor was it very easy to make him out, even when his position had been indicated by the keeper. His cage was very dark, and he himself so black that I could only ascertain the fact of his being the very smallest of the monkey tribe, with a tail almost three times the length of his body. He did not seem to be reconciled to his new abode. Very different in that respect from the white monkey, who, as I passed him on my way out, was drinking water out of a tumbler with the most intense satisfaction; he held the glass so well to his lips, that when he had finished his draught I fully expected him to go through the hip, hip, hurray! with one cheer more, and left the Gardens disappointed at his not having done so.

ARMY INTERPRETERS.

A few refreshing anecdotes illustrative of the high standard of capacity attained by our army interpreters in Turkey are now in brisk circulation, and supply an unfailing fund of entertainment at the dinner tables of Sebastopol and elsewhere. I have been favoured with a few which have recently made the most agreeable sensation, and I will proceed to transcribe them.

A band of worthy Mahomedans recently fell in with a portion of the British army. It was not a prudent thing for them to do; but being Turks they relied on the general report about a recent friendship having sprung up between their nation and ours, which may be true; unluckily, however, they interpreted this report according to their own ideas, and believed our friendship for them to be based upon a more intimate acquaintance than it turned out to be. In consequence of this erroneous supposition on their parts they advanced to meet the portion of the British army abovementioned with the utmost confidence and cordiality. What then was their horror at being mistaken for Russians, and promptly made prisoners, in spite of their most energetic remonstrances! It appeared on subsequent inquiry that these stupid people actually could not speak English, and therefore the army interpreter present could not make out what they meant, and naturally imagined that their noisy expostulations were intended for a defiance of the banner under which he had the happiness (and emoluments) of serving. He stated this conviction on his part; and the improper spirit thus reported to exist was promptly put down in the manner we have related. The prisoners thus captured remained some time under confinement before their nationality and amicable intentions were made known by accident to their captors, who of course were not a little annoyed at thus losing a subject of glorification which had already formed the matter of several painfully-spelled despatches forwarded to headquarters. However, the affair occasioned a good deal of sparkling conversation, and gave birth to a joke of Cornet Lord Martingale's, which has quite made his reputation as a wit in the aristocratic regiment to which he belongs. "We always shut up turkeys towards Christmas," said his lordship; "it makes them fatter for killing." The point of the young peer's jest, however, was blunted by the haggard appearance of the prisoners, who having had nothing but salt pork served to them, had supported themselves merely on the bread which was given with it, according to a regulation which the interpreter had a dim idea was somehow or other connected with their religious tenets.

Another anecdote which has tended to enliven the monotony of the besieged, has been good-naturedly afforded them by the capture of an English officer's groom, a Turk from Broussa. He had been so silly as to stray from his master; and shortly afterwards, falling in with some British soldiers, was rather roughly handled; and being taken to the camp, he was thence sent up to Constantinople and lodged in the bagnio, where he now is. The gist of this joke is, that the absurd fellow not only could not speak English, but absolutely did not know a word of French, which might have saved him in the present case at once. The interpreter was therefore naturally of opinion that the man was a Russian spy, or some person equally disreputable. There is an idle story that the man has been induced by some intriguing and mischievous person to set up a preposterous claim for indemnity, and also for some arrears of wages which appear to have been due to him at the time of his capture. We trust, however, that so disagreeable an incident will not turn up to check the cheerful flow of merriment the story has hitherto occasioned, both among besiegers and besieged.

While gossiping on subjects so grateful to our national feelings, and creditable to our sympathies with the brave men to whom we are opposed, I cannot refrain from adverting to a lively little story which has also tended much to raise the spirits of our allies, and heighten the warm feelings of affection with which we are naturally regarded by the Turks.

During a recent engagement, it is pleasantly said that the followers of the Prophet displayed rather unusual agility in running away. On being rallied on this subject the following day, the Turkish commander stated that he had retreated so precipitately in consequence of the orders which had been conveyed to him, by signs, through an officer who appeared to have been despatched to him in great haste for that purpose. He had

at once shown his readiness to act upon the commands he had received, however much they might be in contradiction to his own previous intentions; and he had done so. The reply of the Mussulman has been universally received with a perfect concert of laughter.

No right-minded person can reflect without a decent enthusiasm on the exquisite discrimination which has hitherto guided our appointments in the East. The harmless and amiable character of most of the gentlemen (not employed in our diplomatic relations with the Porte) must be a subject of endless and joyful contemplation to our noble and enlightened nation; and when we think how, and by whom, some of the most important offices are discharged, that joy must infallibly be raised into wonder and awe.

One of the chief interpreters of the British army now arrayed in so imposing an attitude before the most splendid of the Russian possessions in the Black Sea, is a gentleman who for some time carried on the scientific profession of a travelling physician, who roamed from land to land at his own expense, and practised in the proudest defiance of the written rules of the vain art to which we subscribe in Britain. He was his own College of Physicians, and Apothecaries' Hall. Though probably originally of humble birth, and speaking his native tongue but imperfectly, this able man soon acquired that vast fund of terms connected with his calling which at once pointed him out to fill th honourable and responsible post to which he was eventually named. Another of our interpreters was a sage almost equally famous. He was a German renegade, said to have been released from his allegiance to the Austrian crown, in consequence of a brief connection with M. Kossuth. This ardent student appears to have pursued his studies with such energy after his nomination as army interpreter, that several of his most important manuscripts were found in the carriage of Prince Menschikoff, when that vehicle fell into the hands of the British army. These valuable compositions, however, do not appear to have occasioned that scientific glow in the bosom of our commander-in-chief which they were probably designed to arouse, and it is said that the sage has formed another in the melancholy catalogue of learned martyrs who have fallen victims to their erudition.

Some of the rest of our interpreters are wise scholars, whose qualifications were long the theme of the various distinguished visitors who have from time to time enjoyed their conversation while transacting business at the splendid bazaars of Constantinople, or wandering over the mighty structure of St. Sophia. These remarkable men, long attached to the staff of the various great Perote hotels appear to have been miraculously inspired with the knowledge necessary to interpret for our armies; and if they have now and then made some mistakes, the candid inquirer cannot fail to have remarked that many of the most distinguished cosinocracy of England, who have recently arrived in Turkey with startling Oriental reputation, have also frequently been staggered by the singular difference which exists between the Turkish which astounds Belgravia, and that which is unaccountably spoken by the Turks.

Let us cast the enraptured glance of observation over the whole of that vast empire which belongs to Britain, and over which the luminary of day never ceases to cast its beams, and we shall find similar cause for patriotic pride. Our public servants, like the poets described by their great Roman contemporary, are born, not made. True we have no college for the study of oriental languages like the dull Austrians; but, lo! a race of prodigies come to aid us as by miraculous interposition in the hour of need.

In taking leave, therefore, of any young gentleman who has recently entered her Majesty's service, and who may chance to cast an eye on this little eulogy of our institutions, let me affectionately warn him to avoid endeavouring to qualify himself by any vulgar arts, for promotion. Long studies zeal, energy, the genius which is only the fruit of thoughtful and patient labour, will inevitably stand in his way. Let him rather seek to enter the great British cosinocracy by marriage if he really wish to get on. Let him resolutely and perseveringly address himself to gaining the affections of some good old Whig family, and all these things will be given to him. If I wished to offer an example more striking than another, I would point out the emphatic warning afforded by the fate of those silly fellows who have applied themselves for years to the study of oriental languages at her Majesty's embassy at Constantinople. They appear to have entertained the ridiculous idea that such course of application would further their advancement in life!

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THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

WE have received the following communication from DR. RAE. It can have no better commendation to the attention of our readers than the mention of his name:—

Observing, in the numbers of this journal dated the second and ninth of this month, a very ably-written article on the lost Arctic voyagers, in which an attempt is made to prove that Sir John Franklin's ill-fated party did not die of starvation, but were murdered by the Esquimaux; and consequently that they were not driven to the last dread alternative as a means of protracting life, permit me to make a few remarks in support of my information on this painful subject—information received by me with the utmost caution, and not one material point of which was published to the world without my having some good reason to support it.

First, as regards my interpreter. To compare either Augustus or Ouligback (who accompanied Sir John Franklin and Sir John Richardson in their overland journeys) with William Ouligback, my interpreter, would be very unfair to the latter. Neither of the first two could make themselves understood in the English language, and did not very perfectly comprehend the dialect of the natives of the coast westward of the Coppermine River.

William Ouligback speaks English fluently; and, perhaps, more correctly than one half of the lower classes in England or Scotland.

As I could not, from my ignorance of the Esquimaux tongue, test William Ouligback's qualifications, I resorted to the only means of doing so I possessed. There is an old servant of the company at Churchill, an honest, trustworthy man, who has acquired a very fair knowledge of both the Esquimaux character and the Esquimaux language. This man informed me that young Ouligback could be perfectly relied on; that he would tell the Esquimaux exactly what was said, and give the Esquimaux reply with equal correctness; that when he had any personal object to gain, he would not scruple to tell a falsehood to attain it, but in such a case the untruth was easily discovered by a little cross-questioning. This description I found perfectly true.

Again: the natives of Repulse Bay speak precisely the same language as those of Churchill, where young Ouligback was brought up.

The objection offered that my information was received second-hand, I consider much in favour of its correctness. Had it been obtained from the natives who had seen the dead bodies of our countrymen, I should have doubted all they told me, however plausible their tale might have appeared; because had they, as they usually do, deposited any property under stones in the neighbourhood, they would have had a very excellent cause for attempting to mislead me.

That ninety-nine out of a hundred interpreters are under a strong temptation to exaggerate, may be true. If so, my interpreter is the exception, as he did not like to talk more than he could possibly help. No doubt had I offered him a premium for using his tongue freely he might have done so; but not even the shadow of a hope of a reward was held out.

It is said that part of the information regarding cannibalism was conveyed to me by gestures. This is another palpable mistake, which is likely to mislead. I stated in one of my letters to the Times that the natives had preceded me to Repulse Bay; and, by signs, had made my men left in charge of the property there (none of whom spoke a word of Esquimaux) comprehend what I had already learnt through the interpreter.

I do not infer that the officer who lay upon his double-barrelled gun defended his life to the last against ravenous seamen; but that he was a brave, cool man, in the full possession of his mental faculties to the last; that he lay down in this position as a precaution, and, alas! was never able to rise again; and that he was among the last, if not the very last, of the survivors.

The question is asked, was there any fuel in that desolate place for cooking the contents of the kettles? I have already mentioned in a letter to the Times how fuel might have been obtained. I shall repeat my opinion with additions:—When the Esquimaux were talking with me on the subject of the discovery of the men, boats, tents, &c., several of them remarked that

it was curious no sledges were found at the place. I replied that the boat was likely fitted with sledge-runners that screwed on to it. The natives answered, that sledges were noticed with the party of whites [illegible] that their tracks on the ice [illegible] seen near the place where the bodies were found. My answer then was, That [illegible] must have burnt them for fuel; and [illegible] ve no doubt but that the kegs [illegible]ining the ball and shot must [illegible] same fate.

[illegible]been no bears thereabouts to [illegible] bodies—no wolves, no foxes? is [illegible] well-known fact that, from in- [illegible]ears, wolves, nor foxes, nor that [illegible]of all, the glutton or wolverine, [illegible]erge of starvation, will touch [illegible] body; and the carnivorous [illegible]ar the Arctic sea are seldom [illegible]xtremity.

[illegible] from the article on the lost Arctic voyagers. "Lastly, no man can with any show of reason undertake to affirm that the sad remnant of Franklin's gallant band were not set upon and slain by the Esquimaux themselves?"

This is a question which like many others is much more easily asked than answered; yet I will give my reasons for not thinking, even for a moment, that some thirty or forty of the bravest class of one of the bravest nations in the world, even when reduced to the most wretched condition, and having firearms and ammunition in their hands, could be overcome by a party of savages equal in number to themselves. I say equal in number, because the Esquimaux to the eastward of the Coppermine, seldom, if ever, collect together in greater force than thirty men, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the means of subsistence. When Sir John Ross wintered three years in Prince Regent's Inlet, the very tribe of Esquimaux who saw Sir John Franklin's party were constantly or almost constantly in the neighbourhood. In the several springs he passed there, parties of his men were travelling in various directions; yet no violence was offered to them, although there was an immense advantage to be gained by the savages in obtaining possession of the vessels and their contents.

[illegible]d and forty-six-seven [illegible]ve persons wintered at Repulse Bay. In the spring my men were [illegible] in all directions; yet [illegible]d, although we were [illegible]amilies, among whom there were at least thirty men. By murder- [illegible]ve put themselves in [illegible] a quantity of cutlery of great value to them. In the same spring, when perfectly alone and unarmed, except with a common clasp knife, which could [illegible] met on the ice four Esquimaux armed with spear and bow and arrow. I went up to them, made them shake hands; and, after exchanging a few words and signs, left them. In this case no violence was used; although I had a box of astronomical instruments on my back, which might have excited their cupidity. Last spring, I, with seven men, was almost in constant communication with a party four times our number. The savages made no attempt to harm us. Yet wood, saws, daggers, and knives were extremely scarce with them, and by getting possession of our boat, its masts and oars, and the remainder of our property, they would have been independent for years.

What appears to me the most conclusive reason for believing the Esquimaux report, is this: the natives of Repulse Bay, although they visit and communicate for mutual advantage with those further west, both dislike and fear their neighbours, and not without cause; as they have behaved treacherously to them on one or two occasions. So far do they carry this dislike, that they endeavoured, by every means in their power, to stimulate me to shoot several visitors to Repulse Bay, from Pelly Bay, and from near Sir John Ross's wintering station in Prince Regent's Inlet.

Now, is it likely that, had they possessed such a powerful argument to excite—as they expected to do—my anger and revenge as the murder of my countrymen, would they not have made use of it by acquainting me with the whole circumstances, if they had any such to report?

Again, what possible motive could the Esquimaux have for inventing such an awful tale as that which appeared in my report to the secretary of the Admiralty. Alas! these poor people know too well what starvation is, in its utmost extremes, to be mistaken on such a point. Although these uneducated savages—who seem to be looked upon by those who know them not, as little better than brutes—resort to the "last resource" only when driven to it by the most dire necessity. They will starve for days before they will even sacrifice their dogs to satisfy the cravings of their appetites.

One or two facts are worth a hundred theories on any subject. On meeting some old acquaintances among the natives at Repulse Bay, last spring, I naturally enquired about others that I had seen there in eighteen hundred and forty-six and forty-seven. The reply was, that many of them had died of starvation since I left, and some from a disease which, by description, resembled influenza. Among the party that died of starvation was one man whom I well knew —Shi-makeck—and for whom I enquired by name. I learnt that this man, rather than endure the terrible spectacle of his children pining away in his presence, went out and strangled himself. Another, equally well

known to me, being unable, I suppose, to support the pangs of hunger, stripped off his clothes, and exposed himself to cold, until he was frozen to death. In several instances, on this occasion, cannibalism had been resorted to, and two women were pointed out to me as having had recourse to this "last resource." It may be, I have only the words of "babbling and false savages who are, without exception, in heart, covetous, treacherous, and cruel," in support of what I say.

Let us enquire slightly into that want of truthfulness so frequently and indiscriminately charged against savages in general, and the Esquimaux in particular:—When that most distinguished of Arctic navigators — Sir Edward Parry — wintered at Winter Island, not Winter Harbour, and at Igloolik, in the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, he met many of the very tribe of Esquimaux that I saw at Repulse Bay. From these Sir Edward received information and tracings of the coast west of Melville Peninsula, surrounding a bay named by the natives—Akkoolee.

This Esquimaux tracing or delineation of coast was entered in the charts in dotted lines, until my survey of eighteen hundred and forty-seven showed that, in all material points, the accounts given by the natives were perfectly correct. When Sir John Ross wintered three years in Prince Regent's Inlet, the natives drew charts of the coast line to the southward of his position, and informed him that, in that direction, there was no water communication leading to the western sea.

Sir John Ross's statements, founded on those of the natives were not believed at the Admiralty, nor my own, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, although *I saw the land all the way*, and in which I was supported by Esquimaux information. The authorities at the Admiralty would still have Boothia an Island. Last spring I proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, the correctness of my former report, and consequently the truthfulness of the Esquimaux; for, where parties of high standing at home would insist on having nothing but salt water, I travelled over a neck of land or isthmus only sixty miles broad.

On conversing with the natives about the different parties of whites, and the ships and boats they had seen, they described so perfectly the personal appearance of Sir John Ross and Sir James Ross—although the men spoken with had not seen these gentlemen—that any one acquainted with these officers could have recognised them. The natives on one point set me right, when they thought I had made a mistake. I told them that the two chiefs (Sir J. and Sir J. C. Ross) and their men had all got home safe to their own country. They immediately remarked, "that this was not true, for some of the men had died at the place where the vessel was left." I, of course, alluded only to that portion of the party who had got away from Regent's Inlet in safety. It must be remembered that this circumstance occurred upwards of twenty years ago, and consequently is an instance of correctness of memory and truthfulness that would be considered surprising among people in an advanced state of civilisation.

The peculiarities of the Great Fish River, and of the coast near its mouth, has been so minutely described by Sir George Back, and so beautifully illustrated by his admirable drawings, that they can easily be understood by any one. The Esquimaux details on this subject agreed perfectly with those of Sir George Back: the river was described as full of falls and rapids, and that many Esquimaux dwelt on or near its banks. They described the land about a long day's journey (which, with dogs and sledges, is from thirty-five to forty miles) to the north-west of the mouth of the river, as low and flat, without hills of any kind, agreeing in every particular with the descriptions of Sir George Back and Simpson.

They told me that the top of the cairn erected by Dease and Simpson at the Castor and Pollux River had fallen down. This I found to be true; and afterwards, on asking them in which direction it had fallen, they said towards the east. True again. I showed two men, who said they had been along the coast which I had traced, my rough draft of a chart. They immediately comprehended the whole; examined and recognised the several points, islands, &c., laid down upon it; gave me their Esquimaux names, showed me where they had had "caches;" which I actually saw.

Another Esquimaux, on learning that we had opened a "cache," in which we found a number of wings and heads of geese which had lain long there, and were perfectly denuded of flesh, said that the "cache" belonged to him. Thinking that he was stating a falsehood so as to obtain some reward for having interfered with his property, I produced my chart, and told him to show me the island, among a number of similar ones all small, on which his "cache" was; he, without a moment's hesitation, pointed to the right island.

Having dwelt thus much on the trustworthiness of the Esquimaux, I shall next touch on their disposition and aptitude to falsehood; but this I must defer for the present.

We will merely append, as a commentary on the opinion of our esteemed friend, Dr. Rae, relative to the probabilities of the Esquimaux besetting a forlorn and weak party, the speciality of whose condition that people are quite shrewd enough to have perceived; an extract from Sir John Barrow's account of Franklin's and Richardson's second journey:—

"Thus far all went on well; but an accident happened while the crowd was pressing round the boats, which was productive of unforeseen and very annoying consequences:

"'A kaiyack being overset by one of the Lion's oars, its owner was plunged into the water with his head in the mud, and apparently in danger of being drowned. We instantly extricated him from his unpleasant situation, and took him into the boat until the water could be thrown out of his kaiyack; and Augustus, seeing him shivering with cold, wrapped him up in his own great coat. At first he was exceedingly angry, but soon became reconciled to his situation; and, looking about, discovered that we had many bales, and other articles in the boat, which had been concealed from the people in the kaiyacks, by the coverings being carefully spread over all. He soon began to ask for everything he saw, and expressed much displeasure on our refusing to comply with his demands; he also, we afterwards learned, excited the cupidity of others by his account of the inexhaustible riches in the Lion, and several of the younger men endeavoured to get into both our boats, but we resisted all their attempts.'

"They continued, however, to press, and made many efforts to get into the boats, while the water had ebbed so far that it was not knee-deep at the boats, and the younger men, waiting in crowds around them, tried to steal everything they could reach. The Reliance being afloat, was dragged by the crowd towards the shore, when Franklin directed the crew of the Lion (which was aground and immoveable) to endeavour to follow her, but the boat remained fast until the Esquimaux lent their aid and dragged her after the Reliance. One of the Lion's men perceived that the man who was upset had a pistol under his shirt, which it was discovered had been stolen from Lieutenant Back, and the thief, seeing it to be noticed, leaped out of the boat and joined his countrymen, carrying with him the great coat which Augustus had lent him.

"'Two of the most powerful men, jumping on board at the same time, seized me by the wrists and forced me to sit between them; and as I shook them loose two or three times, a third Esquimaux took his station in front to catch my arm whenever I attempted to lift my gun, or the broad dagger which hung by my side. The whole way to the shore they kept repeating the word 'teyma,' beating gently on my left breast with their hands, and pressing mine against their breasts. As we neared the beach, two oomiaks, full of women, arrived, and the 'teymas' and vociferation were redoubled. The Reliance was first brought to the shore, and the Lion close to her a few seconds afterwards. The three men who held me now leaped ashore, and those who remained in their canoes, taking them out of the water, carried them to a little distance. A numerous party then drawing their knives, and stripping themselves to the waist, ran to the Reliance, and having first hauled her as far up as they could, began a regular pillage, handing the articles to the women, who, ranged in a row behind, quickly conveyed them out of sight.'

"In short, after a furious contest, when knives were brandished in a most threatening manner, several of the men's clothes cut through, and the buttons of others torn from their coats, Lieutenant Back ordered his people to seize and level their muskets, but not to fire till the word was given. This had the desired effect, the whole crowd taking to their heels and hiding themselves behind the drift-timber on the beach. Captain Franklin still thought it best to temporise so long as the boats were lying aground, for armed as the Esquimaux were with long knives, bows, arrows, and spears, fire-arms could not have been used with advantage against so numerous a host; Franklin, indeed, states his conviction, 'considering the state of excitement to which they had worked themselves, that the first blood which his party might unfortunately have shed, *would instantly have been revenged by the sacrifice of all their lives.*'

"As soon as the boats were afloat and making to a secure anchorage, seven or eight of the natives walked along the beach, entered into conversation with Augustus, and invited him to a conference on shore. 'I was unwilling to let him go,' says Franklin, 'but the brave little fellow entreated so earnestly that I would suffer him to land and reprove the Esquimaux for their conduct, that I at length consented.' On his return, being desired to tell what he had said to them, 'he had told them,' he said—

"'Your conduct has been very bad, and unlike that of all other Esquimaux. Some of you even stole from me, your countryman; but that I do not mind,—I only regret that you should have treated in this violent manner the white people, who came solely to do you kindness. My tribe were in the same unhappy state in which you now are, before the white people came to Churchill, but at present they are supplied with everything they need, and you see that I am well clothed; I get all that I want, and am very comfortable. You cannot expect, after the transactions of this day, that these people will ever bring goods to your country again, unless you show your contrition by restoring the stolen goods. The white people love the Esquimaux, and wish to show them the same kindness that they bestow upon the Indians. *Do not deceive yourselves, and suppose they are afraid of you;* I tell you they are not; and that it is entirely owing to their humanity that many of you were not killed to-day; for they have all guns, with which they can destroy you either when near or at a distance. I also have a gun, and can assure you, that if a white man had fallen, I would

have been the first to have revenged his death.'

"'The language of course is that of Franklin, who however gives it as the purport of Augustus's speech, and adds, 'his veracity is beyond all question with the party.' 'We could perceive,' says Franklin, 'by the shouts of applause, with which they filled the pauses in his language, that they assented to his *arguments;*' [that is, to his representation of the superior power of those white men]; 'and he told us they had expressed great sorrow for having given so much cause of offence.' He said, moreover, that they pleaded ignorance, having never before seen white men; that they had seen so many fine things entirely new to them, that they could not resist the temptation of stealing; they promised never to do the like again; and gave a proof of their sincerity by restoring the articles that had been stolen. And thus in an amicable manner was the affray concluded."

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Reader, were you ever in—I have a difficulty in expressing the word. Four little letters would serve my turn; but I dare not—this being above all for Household eyes—write them down. I might say Tophet, Hades, the place that is said to be paved with good intentions, the locality where old maids lead specimens of the simious race, Purgatory, L'Inferno, Tartarus; the debateable land where Telemachus (under the guidance of good Archbishop Fénélon, taking the pseudonym of Mentor) went to seek for Ulysses; all sorts of things; but, none of them would come up in terseness and comprehensiveness to the name the place is really called by, and which it is really like.

Reader, were you ever in Bartholomew Lane in the city of London. There is the wall of the Bank of England; there the Rotunda with those pleasant swing doors that with their "out" and "in" seem to bear the converse of Dante's immortal inscription; for who enters there takes Hope along with him—the hope of the residuary legatee, and the executor, and the dividend warrant bearer, and the government annuitant. There are the men who sell the dog-collars; the badly painted, well varnished pictures (did ever anybody buy one of those pictures, save perhaps a mad heir, frantic with the vanity of youthful blood to spend the old miser his grandfather's savings, and by misuse to poison good?); the spurious bronze sixpenny popguns; and the German silver pencil cases. There, above all are sold those marvellous pocket-books, with metallic pages, everlasting pencils, elastic straps, snap-locks, almanacs of the month, tables of the eclipses of the moon, the tides, the price of stamps, compound interest, the rate of wages, the birthdays of the Royal Family, and the list of London bankers—those pocket-books full of artful pockets—sweetly smelling pouches—for gold, silver, or notes, that suggest inexhaustible riches; and that a man must buy if he have money, and very often does buy, being without, but hoping to have some. I have such a pocket-book to this day. It is old, greasy, flabby, white at the edges now; but it burst with banknotes once—yea, burst—the strap flying one way and the clasp the other; and on its ass-skin opening pages were memoranda of the variations of the funds. There in the distance is Lothbury, whose very name is redolent of bullion—the dwelling-place of the golden Jones and the Lloyds made of money; of auriferous gold-heavers in dusky counting-houses, who shovel out gold and weigh sovereigns until their hands become clogged and clammy with the dirt of dross, and they wash them perforce. There is the great Mammon Club, the Stock Exchange, where bulls and bears in white hats and cutaway coats are now frantic about the chances of the Derby favourite, and the next pigeon match at the Red House; now about three and a quarter for the account and Turkish scrip; now about a "little mare," name unknown, that can be backed to do wonderful things, anywhere, for any amount of money; but who allow no one to be frantic within the walls of their club under a subscription of ten guineas per annum; tarring, feathering, flouring, bonneting, and otherwise demolishing all those who dare to worship Mammon without a proper introduction and a proper burnt-offering. All Bartholomew Lane smells of money. Orange tawny canvas bags; escorted Pickford vans with bullion for the bank cellars; common-looking packing-cases full of ingots that might turn Bethnal Green into Belgravia; bankers' clerks with huge pocket-books secured by iron chains round their bodies, holding bills and cheques for thousands; stockbrokers, billbrokers, sharebrokers, money-brokers' offices; greasy men selling Birmingham sovereigns for a penny a piece (and a wager, of course); auctioneers, at the great roaring mart, knocking down advowsons and cures of souls to the highest bidder: there is gold everywhere in pockets, hearts, minds, souls, and strengths—gold, "bright and yellow, hard and cold"—gold for bad and gold for good,—

> "Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd,—
> Heavy to get, and light to hold,
> Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
> And now with Bloody Queen Mary."

But how about the place I did not care to name? This. Little reck the white-neck-clothed clergymen of the Church of England, so demure, so smug, so unimpeachable in umbrella; the old ladies in their gray shawls and coal-scuttle bonnets; the young spendthrifts flushed with the announcement of so much money standing in their names in Consols, and eager to find brokers to sell out

for them; the anomalous well-dressed, watch-chained, clean-shaven class, who seem to make it a pretext of having "business in the city" to consume bowls of soup at the Cock in Threadneedle Street, or sandwiches and sherry at Garraway's;—little do these harmless votaries of Mammon reck of the existence of a sulphureous subterranean in the vicinity, where Mammon strips off his gold-laced coat and cocked hat; sends Dei Gratiâ packing; and puts on his proper livery of horns and hoofs and a tail; where the innocuous veal pie in Birch the pastrycook's window in Cornhill casts off its crust—has four legs, horns, and a yellow coat, and stands on a pedestal—the Golden Calf—in—the place I won't mention to ears polite.

Under Capel Court, where the lame ducks, the disembodied spirits of ruined stockbrokers hover, like phantoms, on the banks of the Styx with no halfpenny to pay their ferry-boat over, there is a staircase—foul, stony, precipitous and dark—like one in a station-house or the poor side of a debtors' prison. Such establishments have no monopoly of underground staircases like these that lead from life and liberty to squalor, misery, and captivity. At the bottom of the staircase there is a board that some misanthropic brewer has cast into the pit (hoping to find it eventually), relative to entire porter and sparkling ales. Placards also, telling of wines and spirits, are as distinct as the gloominess of a place rivalling a coal-cellar in obscurity and a bear-pit in savagery, will allow them to be. This place is a public-house and — well, let us compromise the matter, and call it Hades.

You have very little opportunity of judging what the place is like inside. You only know that it is dark and full of smoke and men. Walls, bar, chairs, tables, drinking-vessels must be of little account when the noblest study of mankind—being, as it is well known, man—man, compasses you round about, a smoking, drinking, whiskered, hoarse, squabbling, shrieking crowd. Here a boastful buck, all rings and rags. Here rags in their unadulterated condition, but laced with grease and slashed with prospectuses and share-lists. Here roguery, in luck, with clothes all too new, and that will become old before their time, acting the cheap Amphytrion in beer and pipes. Here carcasses without gibbets and gibbets without carcasses looking hungrily upon those who feed. Here utter broken-down misery: hunger that was once well-fed—that has lent to many, but is ashamed to borrow; perfect poverty that has no game up—no little caper—that is not fly to anything—that has no irons in the fire—that knows no parties—that can put you up to no first-rate moves—that is not waiting for a chance or to see its way, or something to turn up, but is only too glad to warm itself at an eleemosynary fire, and inhale the fumes of other men's tobacco, and wrap itself as in a garment with the steam of the fried onions of the more prosperous, and brood quietly in a corner of this Bartholomew Lane Hades, ever remembering that it is a beggar, and that it was once worth a hundred thousand pounds.

You that have heard of commercial manias, and that they are periodical, don't believe in their transient nature. There is always a Mania. Speculation never lulls. When thousands are shy, sixpence halfpenny offers. Mammon tempers the wind to the shorn speculator. There is always something up. Thus in this Hades when railways are flat, there is always something to be done in gold mines. When the auriferous veins run short, there are nice little pickings to be got out of amalgamated companies for the exploitation of coal; strata of which are always found in the very nick of time somewhere where they were never heard or dreamed of before. Should the yield of the black diamond prove unremunerative, a rich vein of lead is sure to turn up at those famous Pyngwylly-Tuddyllyg mines in Wales, where lead has been promising for so many years, and has swallowed up so many thousand pounds in red gold, and driven so many Welsh squires to madness, or the Bankruptcy Court. Copper (somewhere between Honolulu and Vancouver's Island), or quicksilver (anywhere in the Sou-west-by-eastern latitudes) can scarcely fail when lead is scarce. When metals are at a discount, Land Companies; Emigration Companies; Extra-Economical Gas Companies, to give consumers gas (in their own pipes) at a penny farthing per thousand feet; Economical Funeral Companies—a shroud, a leaden coffin, mutes with silk scarves, gloves, hatbands, cake and wine, and a tombstone surmounted by a beautiful sculptured allegory of the three Graces inciting the trumpet of Fame to sound the praises of the domestic Virtues—all for three pound ten; Economical Hotel Companies—beds free, breakfasts gratis, wax candles for nothing, and no charge for waiters—Loan Societies, lending any amount of money on personal security at nominal rates of interest; Freehold Land and Building Societies, by subscribing to which (no fines, no stoppages, no entrance money), parties can become their own landlords—dwelling in houses as big as Count Walewski's at Albert Gate, and walking fifty miles per diem, if they choose, on their own land—in the short space of three months from day of enrolment; Guarantee Societies for securing merchants and bankers against dishonest clerks, landlords from non-rent paying tenants, sheep from the rot, pigs from the measles, feet from corns, drunkards from red noses, and quiet, country parsonages from crape-masked burglars. Such, and hundreds more such companies are always somehow in the market, susceptible of being quoted, advertised, and bruited about in Hades. There are always

sufficient of these evanescent specs afloat for appointments to be made between dingy men; for pots of beer to be called for on the strength of; for letters to be written (on the first sheet of the half quire of sleeky post, purchased with borrowed halfpence from the cheap stationer —he who also sells greengrocery and penny blacking—in Stag's Head Court); for the pot boy to be importuned for wafers; for a Post-office Directory of the year before last to be in immense request; for postage-stamps to be desired with a mad unquenchable (ofttimes hopeless) longing; for pipes to be lit, and the unwonted extravagance of another screw indulged in; for uncombed heads to be brought in close contact; for pens to be anxiously bitten, gnawed, and sucked; for the thick black mud at the bottom of the greasy, battered inkstand to be patiently scraped up, as if there were indeed a Pactolus at the bottom; for intricate calculations to be made with scraps of chalk, or wet fingers on the dinted table—the old, old, flatteringly fallacious calculations that prove with such lying accuracy that where there are no proceeds the profits must be necessarily very large: that two and two infallibly make five, and that from a capital of nothing, interest of at least seventy per centum per annum must immediately accrue; for those worn, tattered, disreputable old pocket books at whose existence I have already hinted to be unbuckled and disembowelled; for the old dog's-eared bundles of foolscap to be dug up from the recesses of the old scarecrow hat with the crape round it—the hat that certainly holds, in addition, the lamentable ninepenny cotton pocket-handkerchief full of holes, and perhaps the one black worsted glove without finger-tops; and not impossibly the threepen'north of boiled beef for to-night's supper; for, finally the "party" to be waited for—the party who has money, and believes in the scheme; the party who is seldom punctual, and sometimes fails altogether in keeping his appointment — but when he does come produces a pleasurable sensation in Hades by the sight of his clean shirt, unpatched boots, nappy hat and watchchain:—who cries out with a loud confident voice, "What are you drinking, gentlemen? Beer! Psha—have something warm;" and orders the something warm; and throws down the broad, brave five shilling piece to pay for it; and, with his creaking boots, his shining jewellery, and big cigar-case (to say nothing of that new silk umbrella, which did it belong to the speculator in the blue goggles and check trousers opposite would be in less than half an hour safe in the Times office in Printing House Square, in the shape at least, of a five and sixpenny advertisement of the "Putative nephews and Cousins-german Tontine and Mutual Assurance Company," provisionally registered), infuses unutterable envy of gold into ragged hunger yonder, who whispers to unquenched thirst his neighbour, that Tom Lotts has got hold of another good card, and what a lucky fellow he is!

Moons and stars, can anything equal the possessed state of mind of a man with a scheme! A man walks about, pulls his hair, talks folly, writes nonsense, makes a fool of himself about a fair woman. He falls enamoured of a picture, an opera tune, a poem with a new thought in it. A friend's goodness moves him quite to forget his own, till the friend turns out a rascal. A new country, city, house may engross all his admiration, observation, appreciation, till he become immensely bored; but give him a scheme—a project, that he thinks he can make his fortune by. Set up *that* Golden Calf on the altar of his heart, and you will never find him writing letters to the Times to complain of the length of Mammon's liturgy, as some short-breathed Christians do of that of the Church of England. Twenty full services a day will not be too much for him. As he walks the streets, his scheme precedes him as the pillar of cloud and fire went before the Israelites of old. When he reads the share list in the newspapers, the market prices of his company stand out in highest altitude of relief, and quote themselves in letters of burnished gold. It is a fine day in November when his scheme is at premium; it freezes in July when it is at discount. There are no names in the Court Guide so aristocratic as those in his committee (with power to add to their number). He envies no one. Nor dukes their gilded chariots, nor bucks in the parks their hundred guinea horses, nor members of clubs their Pall Mall palaces, nor M.P.'s their seats in the House; nor peers their robes, nor earls their yachts, nor mayors their chains, nor aldermen their turtle, nor squires their broad lands, parks, and deer; nor judges their old port; nor college dons their claret and red mullet; nor bankers their parlours; nor old ladies their dividends. All these things and more will belong to him when his scheme pays. The rainbow waistcoats in the shops are ticketed expressly for his eye, to fix themselves on his remembrance till the project succeeds, and he can buy them. Mr. Bennett is now manufacturing gold watches, Mr. Hoby boots, Mr. Sangster jewelled walking-sticks; Mr. Hart is new painting the Trafalgar at Greenwich, redecorating the Collingwood room, and bottling milk punch by the thousand dozen; Messrs. Hedges and Butler are laying down Brunart's champagne, and Johannisberger; Messrs. Fortnum and Mason are importing truffles, pâté-de-foie-gras, Narbonne honey, Belgian ortolans, edible birds'-nests, and Russian caviare; Messrs. Laurie are building carriages with silver axle-boxes, and emblazoned hammer-cloths; Messrs. Day and Scott are training two year-olds at Newmarket; all expressly for him when his scheme comes into its property, and he has

twenty thousand pounds to spare in trifle For that good time coming, Mr. Cubitt running up a few nine-storied houses or s down Kensington way; some half doze members of parliament—all staunch conservatives of course, as befits men of property—are thinking seriously of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds; and two or three peers of th realm are going to the dogs as fast a they can, in order to be sold up, and thei estates, country houses, manorial rights disposed of (in the good time) to the lucky possessor of the successful scheme. Which is the philosopher's stone. Which is th latch-key to Thomas Tiddler, his ground. Which, even in abeyance, even in the topmost turret of a castle in the air, can ye comfort, solace, soothe the schemer, making him forget hunger, thirst, cold, sleeplessness, debt, impending death. Which is Almaschar's basket of glass, and is kicked down often into the kennel, with a great clatter, and ruin of tumblers, pepper-casters, and hopes. Yet to have a scheme, and to believe in it, is to be happy. Do you think Salomon de Caux, crazy, ragged, in the Bicêtre, did not believe that his scheme would triumph eventually, and he be sent for to Versailles, while the mad-house keeper and all unbelievers in steam-engines were to be conveyed incontinently to the gallies? Do you think that that poor worn-out loyal gentleman, the Marquis of Worcester, cared one jot for the hundreds of thousand of pounds he had lost in the king's service, while he yet had schemes and inventions, which *must* at last turn out successful, and bring him fame and fortune? Do you think that the alchemists grudged their patrimonies smouldered away in the crucible; or that the poor captain, who imagined if he did not perfectly invent the long range, was not comforted even on his death-bed, by the persuasion that the Great Mogul, the Grand Serag, the King of Oude, the Lama of Thibet, or the Emperor of Japan, must come before life was extinct, and buy the great invention, though English Boards of Ordnance, and European potentates looked coldly upon it, for millions sterling, down? Do you think that Corney O'Gripper yonder, though ragged and penniless, is not happy while he has some old "schame" to propound, or some new one to perfect.

Corney has a most puissant and luxuriant head of hair—the only thing that is rich about him. It is a popular belief that Corney scratches his various "schames" ready made out of this head of hair as the cock in the fable did the pearl. At all events his long fingers are continually busied in the tufted recesses of his head-thatch, and as he scratches he propounds. His attire is very bad, but black. In his very worst phase of costume he was never known to wear any waistcoat than a black satin one, any coat but a swallow tail. Both these articles of apparel show much more of the lining than is consonant with our received notions of taste in costume. From one imputation, however, they must be exempt. Numerous as are their crevices and gaps they never disclose the existence of such an article as a shirt. On wet days the soles of his boots whistle like blackbirds, or (occasionally) oysters. He wears a black stock, the original satin fabric of which has gone away mournfully into shreds, and shows a dingy white substance beneath, wavering in appearance between sackcloth and buckram. It is rumoured that Corney O'Gripper has been a hedge schoolmaster, a coast-guardsman, an illicit whisky-distiller, a guager, a sapper and miner, a pawnbroker, a surgeon on the coast of Africa, a temperance lecturer, a repealer, a fishmonger, a parish clerk, an advertising agent, a servants' registry office-keeper, a supercargo, a collector of rents, a broker's man, an actor, a roulette table-keeper on a race-course, a publican, a betting office-keeper, an itinerant, a lawyer's clerk, a county court bailiff, and a life assurance actuary. He confesses himself to have been a "tacher;" also to having been in America, where he did something considerable in town-lots, in the bank-notes known as shin plaisters, and where he was blown up in a Mississippi steam-boat; also to having passed twice through the Insolvent Court. His present profession, and one that he glories in, is that of a "promoter." A promoter of what? Companies. He knows of a Spanish galleon sunk in the bay of Vera Cruz, in Admiral Hosier's time, with two millions five hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling in doubloons, pillar dollars, and golden candlesticks destined for the chapel of our Lady of Compostella, on board. A joint stock company is just the thing to fish her up, and secure a bonus of two hundred and forty per cent. to every one of the shareholders. He only wants a few good men to complete the list of directors of the Great Female Moses Company, or Emporium of Ladies' Ready-made Wearing Apparel Society. Lend him sixpence and he will be enabled provisionally to register the Curing Herrings on the North-west Coast of Ireland Company. He is to be managing director of the Persons condemned to Capital Punishment Life Assurance Society; he promoted the Joint Stock Housebreakers' Investment Company; the Naval, Military, European, and General Pickpockets Savings Bank and Sick Fund; the Amalgamated Society for binding and illustrating Cheesemongers' and Trunkmakers' Wastepaper; the Mutual Silver Snuff-box Voting Company; the Bankrupts' Guarantee Fund; and the Insolvents' Provident Institution. But the world has dealt hardly with him. No sooner has he promoted companies and set them on their legs, than solicitors have flouted, directors repudiated him. He has nothing left now but his inextinguishable brogue, and his inexhaustible invention. He will go on pro-

moting till he goes to utter penury, broken-downedness, and the workhouse; and let me whisper it to you, among all the wild, impossible, crazy "schames" to which the tufted head of Corney O'Gripper has given birth, there have been some not quite wanting in feasibility and success. There are at this moment companies with lofty-sounding names—with earls for chairmen; companies that spend thousands a year in advertisements, and have grand offices in Cannon Street and branch offices in Waterloo Place—that were in the origin promoted by this poor ragged creature, who is not too proud to sit on the taproom bench in the public-house under Capel Court; who is only too happy to borrow ninepence, and who sleeps no one knows where, and feeds on fried fish, baked potatoes, saveloys, penny ham sandwiches and meat pies, when he is lucky enough even to be able to procure those simple viands.

Thus wags the world in the place I do not care to name. I wonder what should set—humph—Hades—running in my head this evening, and move me to descant upon it, for it is more than a year agone since I was there. What have the pewter pots, the rank tobacco, the shabby men, the fried beefsteaks and onions, the runners of spirits and the sawdust of that old English Inferno in common with the pier-glass and arabesque decorated café, the marble table and crimson velvet couches where I sit, the opal-like scintillating glass of absinthe I am imbibing on the great Paris Boulevard, hard by the Café de l'Opéra. I have not been to the Bourse to-day, though I know *that* great screaming, tumbling, temple of Mammon well, and of old: its hot, reeking atmosphere, the snow storm of torn scraps of paper on its pavement; the great inner and outer rings where the bulls and bears offer, refuse, scream, and gesticulate at each other like madmen; the lofty galleries where crowds of idlers, mostly in blouses, lounge with crossed arms over the balustrades, lazily listening to the prodigious clamour that rises to the vaulted roof — the Kyrie Eleison of the acolothites of Mammon; the deceptive frescoes on the cornices that look so like bas-reliefs; the ushers in uniform darting about with the course of exchange; the municipal guards and gendarmes; the nursery maids and children that come en promenade (where will not nursery maids and children come?), the trebly serried ranks of private carriages, fiacres and cabriolets in the place outside. No, I have not been to the Bourse. I sit quietly smoking a penny cigar and imbibing eight sous worth of absinthe preparatory to going to my friend Madame Busque's to dinner. Whatever can put Hades into my head this December evening I wonder.

This, your Excellency. The café where I sit (I was all unconscious of it before) is Hades; and in its pier-glassed precincts from five to seven every evening, sometimes later, the worshippers of the Golden Calf go through their orisons (oh forgive me if I am free-tongued!) like the very devil. For know you that the Bourse being closed the gaping for gain is by no means closed in the hearts of men. They rush to this café, hard by the Passage de l'Opéra and get up a little Bourse of their own—an illegitimate Bourse be it understood, and one, when its members are detected in flagrante delicto, treated with considerable severity by the government. Before I have been in the place ten minutes Sebastopol has been taken,—retaken—the allies defeated—kings and emperors assassinated twenty times over. Bank notes, Napoleons, and five franc pieces are strewn on the table amidst absinthe glasses, dominoes, decanters, and cigar ends. Moustachiod men lean over my shoulder and shake pencils at their opposite neighbours fiercely. Seedy men sit silent, in corners; prosperous speculators pay with shining gold. Shrieks of vingt-cinq, trente, quatre-vingt-cinq are bandied about like insults. It is the old under Capel Court Inferno with a few moustaches, some plate-glass, and a ribbon or two of the Legion of Honour; and as I finish my absinthe in the din, I seem to see a Golden Calf on the marble, plate covered-counter, very rampant indeed.

AN OLD FRENCH TOWN.

When the railroad train from Paris to Strasbourg stopped, for my convenience, at the Meaux station, I was much impressed with the majestic appearance of the town, enclosed in high walls, and dominated by a gigantic cathedral of stately architecture, which rose as if out of the surrounding roofs of houses, that looked like children's playthings in comparison with its size. Intermixed with these dolls' houses a whole grove of trees threw a green drapery across the view; a broad rugged field and a fine avenue of limes alone divided me from the entrance of the town, and masses of ancient masonry, surmounted by modern walls covered with thick ivy, pointed out to me the spot where the once famous strong castle — now the prison—stood. A few minutes' walk brought me into the street, with my baggage preceding on a truck; for nothing in the shape of omnibus or cab was at the station for the use of travellers, although a train has long run on Sundays from Paris to Meaux exclusively. Having heard of this fact, I expected to see great bustle and much gaiety, and was singularly surprised at the total silence, except of birds, and the absence of movement in the grass-grown streets. As I had desired to be conducted to an hotel with a garden, taking it for granted that such a place existed at a town said to be frequented by Parisians, it had been decided for me that my haven of refuge should be La Sirène.

where I arrived and was welcomed by a large, slovenly, benevolent-looking landlady, who, having scanned my dusty dress and given a glance at my well-worn trunks, seemed for a moment to hesitate as to the sort of apartment I should be indulged in; but a mystic sign from my apparently artless porter, and a rapid look at the English name inscribed on my chattels, settled her doubts, and I instantly took possession of a spacious apartment on the first floor, where I became instantly aware that instinct had not deceived me, and that I was in the land of gardens. Two fabulously-enormous windows opened to a balcony, which hung over a large flower and fruit garden, filled to overflowing with shrubs and trees, all glowing in the richest luxuriance of August. One look was sufficient to show that my host, who was busy there, was a distinguished amateur, and my first business was to watch him as he arranged, along a carved parapet before a temple, a whole host of small pots, containing apparently every variety of cactus that capricious nature in her sportive moods has invented. My host wore the costume not of a gardener, but of a cook; and I felt convinced that one who was so neat-handed as regarded his flowers would be able to satisfy the appetite which I had brought with me, in the most approved style. "Why not?" said my hostess; "was not my husband chief cook in the household of the Emperor?—I mean the first—and did he not accompany the Empress Josephine to the château de Navarre, near Evreux, where she went when the two separated? His delight is in serving a dinner to those who understand it; and he knows what English taste of the first order is well enough, for he lived for ten years with Milor M——, who was not easily pleased." I remarked that the hotel did not appear to be crowded at that moment, —to which she answered, that the fashion for Meaux was entirely past, and now that the line to Strasbourg was completed, it was a rarity to behold a stranger. English milors, however, she informed me, were in the habit of coming to Sirène with their families, and there taking up their abode for months, in the summer, for the sake of the dinners and the gardens, which, she flattered herself, were unrivalled in her establishment. "You can do whatever you please," she added, patronizingly, "and shall have the salon that opens to the garden for your dining-room. No one will interrupt you; there is only a French captain of hussars here, who is out all day; the whole mansion is your own."

I found every particular exact as Madame la Sirène had named it; and during the week I stayed at Meaux, I was not a little amused by my observations. The house had evidently, in former times, been the residence of a nobleman,—its fine staircases, long passages, lofty rooms with carved ceilings, and general style of building, proclaiming its aristocratic character. There was an entire repose about its dignified walls and roofs and gables—a grace in its antique garden walks and bowers, —a richness in its numerous hot-houses and graperies, that did not belong to a mere hotel. At one side of the garden a long low building, very much decorated, was altogether out of keeping with the rest, and when I was admitted by my friendly hostess to its interior, I understood when and how profits might accrue to the keeper of what seemed the ghost of an hostelry, which appeared to exist only on memories of the past. This chamber was, I found, dedicated to wedding dinners, balls, concerts, and the like; and its crimson and white draperies, numerous looking-glasses, and yet unfaded garlands, proved that even in the tranquil town of Meaux the neighbourhood of the great capital had set an example not neglected, and that gaiety and enjoyment found a spot in which to indulge on occasion.

"My husband and I are no longer young," said La Sirène—a Frenchwoman never mentions the word "old"—"and after a long life of hard work, we are content to take things easy now. Our children are married; we have long lived in the château; we like our garden; why leave it for a smaller? and we do not want for visitors enough. The reputation of the dinners of the Sirène is sufficient."

My host had, besides his flowers, a little treasure, of which he was very tender, and which he kept in his own private sanctum close to the bar, where his wife always sat with her spectacles on, writing, or appearing to write, in a huge book, the details of her housekeeping. This treasure, when we became intimate, was duly shown to me. It was a coloured print, after a miniature of Isabey, of the Empress Josephine herself, given to him with her own hand, and pronounced by her adoring and regretful admirer the very best likeness that was ever done. Indeed I could well believe so, for the face had an expression of amiability and kindness, such as the usual portraits rarely give. The large dark brown eyes were soft and smiling, the mouth was peculiarly sweet, and a dimple was on each side of the rounded cheeks. "That's what she really was," said my host with a sigh; "the best woman that ever breathed, and made up of goodness and grace." Grace, as the French understand the word, is the quality always insisted on as the attribute of Josephine, whose name always awakens a tender feeling in the hearts of all; and the remark frequently follows it, "Ah, it was an evil day for the Emperor when they parted!" Josephine, like Mary Stuart, is destined to excite interest, and in her fate all her foibles are forgotten. Marie Antoinette has harder measure, although her friends and foes are many, and energetic too. The tide, however, of sympathy ebbs and flows according to events; and the star of the gentle grandmother of the second Emperor is at present in the ascendant. Mine host's por-

trait has therefore had its dust brushed off, and is the observed of all observers at the Sirène at Meaux.

The true object of a visit to this ancient capital of La Brie, once a place of immense importance, is the cathedral; which is one of the finest in this part of France, and in its grandeur and gloomy solemnity is most imposing. Destroyed several times, its latest date is of the fourteenth century, and all that the fury of religious and revolutionary animosity has left of it is exquisite. The Calvinists, whose head quarters at one time was Meaux, did all they could to get rid of its fine tombs and statues. Nevertheless, it is rich in sculptured galleries and majestic columns. There are no remains of the beautiful monument of a certain Countess Marie, which once stood between the two pillars of the sanctuary, and before which a torch was always kept burning. It was customary, after incense had been offered at the altars, for the officiating priest, before his task was ended, to cast the holy perfume three times over her tomb in grateful remembrance of the benefits she had conferred on the church. This Countess Marie was the mother of the famous Thibault Count of Champagne and Brie, whose hopeless love for Blanche of Castile has been so often sung by the troubadours. Her saucy little son, Saint Louis, on one occasion took the liberty of adding to his mortification at the beautiful queen's coldness by throwing a soft cheese of Brie in the warrior Count's face, much to the amusement of the courtiers. The cheeses of Brie are as good now as they were then; when a spoilt child, according to poets' history, caused a furious war.

In the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament is the remains of a tomb which has been a good deal mutilated; but on the walls, between a series of delicate little arches and columns, can still be traced a fresco painting, not wholly effaced. This painting, as well as two figures on the tomb, represented a man and his wife, whose names are still remembered in Meaux, after every other name connected with the history of the province has faded. Jean Roze, in the middle of the fourteenth century, founded this chapel, and was here buried with his wife. He was a citizen of great wealth and greater benevolence; and, in order to render essential service to his fellow townsmen in time of real need; and, in imitation of the patriarch, bought up corn when it could be had cheap, and sold it on the lowest terms when it was too dear in the market to afford the people sufficient sustenance. He founded a hospital for the blind, and left funds in perpetuity to support it. What became of them in the numerous overturnings of the town, does not appear; but a Jesuit seminary exists where the hospital stood, and the arms and bust of Jean Roze are still over the entrance.

Connoisseurs say that the nave of the cathedral is too short, but the effect is to make the building appear of gigantic height, and it seems to me a beauty rather than a defect. There is a fine organ, and I fortunately strolled into the church just as a rehearsal was going on for a grand ceremony the following day; and had the advantage of hearing a splendid anthem, which stole through the empty, silent aisles, as if for my special delight, as I sat concealed behind one of the immense groups of pillars close to the pulpit, the panels of which are the same as those of Bossuet's time.

Since my visit the long-lost tomb of Bossuet has been discovered in this cathedral. On the fifteenth of last November the leaden coffin was opened by order of the Bishop of Meaux. The folds of linen that covered Bossuet's head were cut away with a pair of scissors, and the features were seen to be very little changed, considering that the body had been buried a century and a half. The head was leaning a little to the right, like to that of a person asleep. The left part of the face was exceedingly well preserved, and at once reminded the lookers-on of Rigaud's portrait of Bossuet. The white hair, and the moustaches and imperial were visible. When it was known that the features could be seen, the cathedral was crowded. Glass was fixed over the face so as to preserve it from the external air, and a funeral service was performed, at which the bishop officiated. Pontifical ornaments covered the coffin; a crosier was placed close to it; and Bossuet once more appeared as bishop in his own cathedral. After the mass the crowd walked round to see the features of the deceased. The coffin was replaced in the evening in the vault.

When I walked about the town with the pastor of the Protestant flock—the remnant of those who at one time were so numerous in Meaux—he called my attention to the spot where a great number of those of his creed were burnt for heresy. I went to the Protestant chapel; which is very well built at government expense. I found the congregation singularly small, and all peasants. The subject which the preacher had selected was the Revolution of China; and, to give weight to his eloquence, he read a long account from a newspaper of two years old, in which the Chinese rebels are proved to be good Protestants. What benefit his flock derived from this information I know not; but I observed that very little attention was paid to it by the little boys who sat in a row on a bench, or the old women who slept behind them, and who were only roused up at the giving out of the hymn, in which all assisted with much animation. The house granted to the Protestant minister is one which formerly belonged to Bossuet.

I was strolling in search of the castle—which is now, I found, only a name—and was

passing the palace of the archbishop, merely glancing at the building, when I was invited to enter by a very smart gentleman in black, with elaborately curled hair and a thick gold chain over his satin waistcoat. He courteously conducted me up the famous tower staircase; which, similar to that in the Castle of Amboise, inclines so gently, without steps, that mules were accustomed to carry their loads to the highest part. It now reaches no higher than the second floor, where it stops abruptly at a fine gothic window on a landing-place. The roof is arched and carved, and in perfect repair. The rest of the palace has been rebuilt at different times, and is very handsome. The dry-rubbed floors of the numerous saloons are as bright as looking-glass, and the heavy draperies and massive furniture of the time of the Empire, give a dignified air to the abode where the benevolent Bossuet resided when Bishop of Meaux. His chamber and cabinet, and the window with small panes looking over a pretty terrace and garden, were restored by Napoleon the First, and remain as in old times; when he sat there and reflected for the good of his kind. An excellent portrait of him hangs in the chief room, which my polite friend pronounced the very best that was ever done. There was much importance in the manner of my guide with the gold chain. He spoke of having travelled with Monseigneur—by whom he meant the present bishop; also of persons and places connected with the bishopric, and, on the whole, impressed me with so much awe that I felt sure he was at least the private secretary of that dignitary, with whom he was always associated as "we." He made me particularly observe a clock which had been presented by Napoleon the First to the then reigning prelate. It was a pretty toy of the sort; the face of purple enamel, with a border of large pearls; the supporters two sphynxes of Sèvres china, and Grecian figures in the correct taste of the time. The clock tells the hours and minutes, and the phases of the moon. Some fabulous English milor is on record as having offered a fabulous price for this wonder.

My guide and I parted at the foot of the winding way without steps; and my confusion was great as to whether I dared offer to so distinguished a personage the gratuity which trembled in my hand. I had reason to rejoice that I overcame my foolish shame when, on inquiring of the porter the quality of my Virgil, I was told he was the valet of the bishop.

The most antique part of the town of Meaux is that part called the Cornillon, or Marché: the market-place itself is said to have remained unchanged since the fourteenth century, and several half-timbered houses round the great square retain their ancient exteriors. No trace, however, is found of the citadel whence Duguesclin and the Count of Foix, besieged by the Parisians and betrayed by the townspeople, made that celebrated sortie so often described, and rode down the Jacquérie, whose hosts fled before two resolute knights, who thus delivered the terrified ladies shut up in a tower, where they awaited a terrible fate, which they expected to share with the young dauphiness their mistress. Few towns have been so often divided against themselves as Meaux has been. Sometimes the counts and their vassals, sometimes the citizens and besieging Parisians, entrenched themselves in the respective fortress belonging to each side of the two rivers and the Canal de l'Ourque. The Calvinists and Catholics were continually defending themselves against each other in the two separate parts of the town, till both strongholds were at length destroyed, and all contentions, in arms at least, at an end.

There was always great jealousy between those who lived in the Cornillon and those of the Castle side, and any infringement of their rights was violently resented. The memory of a disagreement between the bailli of the town and the chapter of the cathedral is preserved in the name of one of the doors of the cathedral, which is called Maugarni. Guillot Maugarni, it seems, was a notorious malefactor, who, being taken, received summary justice at the hands of the bailli, Gace, of Meaux, who had him hanged on the spot before the cathedral. Now, the chapter had the right of punishing any offender in their own jurisdiction, and the members of that reverend body were highly indignant at the liberty taken by the the civil magistrate. Thereupon they went to law, and carried on a suit for seven years against Gace, who was at length, condemned to forfeit five hundred livres, to pay the law expenses, and moreover was ordered to provide a wooden figure having the semblance of a man, to place the said figure in a car, and see it conducted to the market-place, where the effigy was to be hanged, then taken down and brought back to the spot where the real execution had taken place, and there the figure was to be given into the hands of the chapter by the bailli, bareheaded and asking pardon. To all this ceremony the magistrate demurred, and, resolving not so to compromise his dignity, appealed to Charles the Wise, then king, who endeavoured to compromise the matter by ordering Gace to perform a part of the drama enjoined. The latter contented himself by taking his lay figure and putting it down between the two doors where he had hanged the culprit, leaving it for the churchmen to do what they pleased with it. The chapter was furious at this unceremonious proceeding, and kept up the quarrel stoutly; at last they were satisfied with hanging up the effigy at the church door, where Maugarni remained for about two centuries, till he shared the

fate of his betters, and was made a bonfire of by the Huguenots, when the cathedral fell into their hands.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

THE "bearing up better than likely" was a terrible strain upon Margaret. Sometimes she thought she must give way, and cry out with her pain, as the sudden sharp thought came across her, even during her apparently cheerful conversations with her father, that she had no longer a mother. About Frederick, too, there was great uneasiness. The Sunday post intervened, and interfered with their London letters; and on Tuesday Margaret was surprised and disheartened to find that there was still no letter. She was quite in the dark as to his plans, and her father was miserable at all this uncertainty. It broke in upon his lately acquired habit of sitting still in one easy chair for half a day together. He kept pacing up and down the room; then out of it; and she heard him upon the landing opening and shutting the bed-room doors, without any apparent object. She tried to tranquillise him by reading aloud; but it was evident he could not listen for long together. How thankful she was then that she had kept to herself the additional cause for anxiety produced by their encounter with Leonards. She was thankful to hear Mr. Thornton announced. His visit would force her father's thoughts into another channel.

He came up straight to her father, whose hands he took and wrung without a word—holding them in his for a minute or two, during which time his face, his eyes, his look, told of more sympathy than could be put into words. Then he turned to Margaret. Not "better than likely" did she look. Her stately beauty was dimmed with much watching and with many tears. The expression on her countenance was of gentle patient sadness—nay of positive present suffering. He had not meant to greet her otherwise than with his late studied coldness of demeanour; but he could not help going up to her, as she stood a little aside, rendered timid by the uncertainty of his manner of late, and saying the few necessary commonplace words in so tender a tone of voice that her eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to hide her emotion. She took her work and sate down very quiet and silent. Mr. Thornton's heart beat quick and strong, and for the time he utterly forgot the Outwood lane. He tried to talk to Mr. Hale; and—his presence always a certain kind of pleasure to Mr. Hale, as his power and decision made him, and his opinions, a safe sure port—was unusually agreeable to her father, as Margaret saw.

Presently Dixon came to the door and said, "Miss Hale, you are wanted."

Dixon's manner was so flurried that Margaret turned sick at heart. Something had happened to Fred. She had no doubt of that. It was well that her father and Mr. Thornton were so much occupied by their conversation.

"What is it, Dixon?" asked Margaret, the moment she had shut the drawing-room door.

"Come this way, miss," said Dixon, opening the door of what had been Mrs. Hale's bed-chamber, now Margaret's, for her father refused to sleep there again after his wife's death. "It's nothing, miss," said Dixon, choking a little. "Only a police-inspector. He wants to see you, miss. But I dare say, it's about nothing at all."

"Did he name—" asked Margaret, almost inaudibly.

"No, miss; he named nothing. He only asked if you lived here, and if he could speak to you. Martha went to the door, and let him in; she has shown him into master's study. I went to him myself, to try if that would do; but no—it's you, miss, he wants."

Margaret did not speak again till her hand was on the lock of the study door. Here she turned round and said, "Take care papa does not come down. Mr. Thornton is with him now."

The inspector was almost daunted by the haughtiness of her manner as she entered. There was something of indignation expressed in her countenance, but so kept down and controlled that it gave her a superb air of disdain. There was no surprise, no curiosity. She stood awaiting the opening of his business there. Not a question did she ask.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but my duty obliges me to ask you a few plain questions. A man has died in the Infirmary in consequence of a fall, received at Outwood station, between the hours of five and six on Thursday evening, the twenty-sixth instant. At the time, this fall did not seem of much consequence; but it was rendered fatal, the doctors say, by the presence of some internal complaint, and the man's own habit of drinking."

The large dark eyes, gazing straight into the inspector's face, dilated a little. Otherwise there was no motion perceptible to his experienced observation. Her lips swelled out into a richer curve than ordinary, owing to the enforced tension of the muscles, but he did not know what was their usual appearance, so as to recognise the unwonted sullen defiance of the firm sweeping lines. She never blenched or trembled. She fixed him with her eye. Now—as he paused before going on, she said, almost as if she would encourage him in telling his tale—"Well—go on!"

"It is supposed that an inquest will have

to be held; there is some slight evidence to prove that the blow, or push, or scuffle that caused the fall, was provoked by this poor fellow's half-tipsy impertinence to a young lady, walking with the man who pushed the deceased over the edge of the platform. This much was observed by some one on the platform, who, however, thought no more about the matter, as the blow seemed of slight consequence. There is also some reason to identify the lady with yourself; in which case—"

"I was not there," said Margaret, still keeping her expressionless eyes fixed on his face with the unconscious look of a sleep-walker.

The inspector bowed, but did not speak. The lady standing before him showed no emotion, no fluttering fear, no anxiety, no desire to end the interview. The information he had received was very vague; one of the porters rushing out to be in readiness for the train had seen a scuffle, at the other end of the platform, between Leonards and a gentleman accompanied by a lady, but heard no noise; and before the train had got to its full speed after starting, he had been almost knocked down by the headlong run of the enraged half-intoxicated Leonards, swearing and cursing awfully. He had not thought any more about it, till his evidence was routed out by the inspector, who, on making some farther inquiry at the railroad station, had heard from the station-master that a young lady and gentleman had been there about that hour—the lady remarkably handsome—and said, by some grocer's assistant present at the time, to be a Miss Hale, living at Crampton, whose family dealt at his shop. There was no certainty that the one lady and gentleman were identical with the other pair, but there was great probability. Leonards himself had gone, half mad with rage and pain, to the nearest gin-palace for comfort; and his tipsy words had not been attended to by the busy waiters there; they, however, remembered his starting up and cursing himself for not having sooner thought of the electric telegraph, for some purpose unknown; and they believed that he left with the idea of going there. On his way, overcome by pain or drink, he had lain down in the road, where the police had found him and taken him to the Infirmary: there he had never recovered sufficient consciousness to give any distinct account of his fall, although once or twice he had had glimmerings of sense sufficient to make the authorities send for the nearest magistrate, in hopes that he might be able to take down the dying man's deposition of the cause of his death. But when the magistrate had come, he was rambling about being at sea, and mixing up names of captains and lieutenants in an indistinct manner with those of his fellow porters at the railway; and his last words were a curse on the "Cornish trick" which had, he said, made him a hundred pounds poorer than he ought to have been. The inspector ran all this over in his mind—the vagueness of the evidence to prove that Margaret had been at the station—the unflinching calm denial which she gave to such a supposition. She stood awaiting his next word with a composure that appeared supreme.

"Then, madam, I have your denial that you were the lady accompanying the gentleman who struck the blow, or gave the push, which caused the death of this poor man?"

A quick sharp pain went through Margaret's brain. "Oh God! that I knew Frederick were safe!" A deep observer of human countenances might have seen the momentary agony shoot out of her great gloomy eyes, like the torture of some creature brought to bay. But the inspector was a very keen, though not a very deep observer. He was a little struck notwithstanding by the form of the answer, which sounded like a mechanical repetition of her first reply—not changed and modified in shape so as to meet his last question.

"I was not there," said she, slowly and heavily. And all this time she never closed her eyes, or ceased from that glassy, dream-like stare. His quick suspicions were aroused by this dull echo of her former denial. It was as if she had forced herself to one untruth, and had been stunned out of all power of varying it.

He put up his book of notes in a very deliberate manner. Then he looked up; she had not moved any more than if she had been some great Egyptian statue.

"I hope you will not think me impertinent when I say that I may have to call on you again. I may have to summon you to appear on the inquest, and prove an alibi, if my witnesses" (it was but one who had recognised her) "persist in deposing to your presence at the unfortunate event." He looked at her sharply. She was still perfectly quiet—no change of colour, or darker shadow of guilt, on her proud face. He thought to have seen her wince: he did not know Margaret Hale. He was a little abashed by her regal composure. It must have been a mistake of identity. He went on:

"It is very unlikely, ma'am, that I shall have to do anything of the kind. I hope you will excuse me for doing what is only my duty, although it may appear impertinent."

Margaret bowed her head as he went towards the door. Her lips were stiff and dry. She could not speak even the common words of farewell. But suddenly she walked forwards, and opened the study door, and preceded him to the door of the house, which she threw wide open for his exit. She kept her eyes upon him in the same dull, fixed manner, until he was fairly out of the house. She shut the door, and went half-way into the study; then turned back, as if moved by

some passionate impulse, and locked the door inside.

Then she went into the study, paused—tottered forward—paused again—swayed for an instant where she stood, and fell prone on the floor in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

Mr. Thornton sate on and on. He felt that his company gave pleasure to Mr. Hale; and was touched by the half-spoken wishful entreaty that he would remain a little longer—the plaintive "Don't go yet," which his poor friend put forth from time to time. He wondered Margaret did not return; but it was with no view of seeing her that he lingered. For the hour—and in the presence of one who was so thoroughly feeling the nothingness of earth—he was reasonable and self-controlled. He was deeply interested in all her father said

> Of death, and of the heavy lull,
> And of the brain that has grown dull.

It was curious how the presence of Mr. Thornton had power over Mr. Hale to make him unlock the secret thoughts which he kept shut up even from Margaret. Whether it was that her sympathy would be so keen, and show itself in so lively a manner, that he was afraid of the reaction upon himself, or whether it was that to his speculative mind all kinds of doubts presented themselves at such a time, pleading and crying aloud to be resolved into certainties, and that he knew she would have shrunk from the expression of any such doubts—nay, from him himself as capable of conceiving them—whatever was the reason, he could unburden himself better to Mr. Thornton than to her of all the thoughts and fancies and fears that had been frost-bound in his brain till now. Mr. Thornton said very little; but every sentence he uttered added to Mr. Hale's reliance and regard for him. Was it that he paused in the expression of some remembered agony, Mr. Thornton's two or three words would complete the sentence, and show how deeply its meaning was entered into. Was it a doubt—a fear—a wandering uncertainty seeking rest, but finding none—so tear-blinded were its eyes—Mr. Thornton, instead of being shocked, seemed to have passed through that very stage of thought himself, and could suggest where the exact ray of light was to be found, which should make the dark places plain. Man of action as he was, busy in the world's great battle, there was a deeper religion binding him to God in his heart, in spite of his strong wilfulness, through all his mistakes, than Mr. Hale had ever dreamed. They never spoke of such things again, as it happened; but this one conversation made them peculiar people to each other; knit them together, in a way which no loose indiscriminate talking about sacred things can ever accomplish. When all are admitted, how can there be a Holy of Holies?

And all this while, Margaret lay as still and white as death on the study floor! She had sunk under her burden. It had been heavy in weight and long carried; and she had been very meek and patient, till all at once her faith had given way, and she had groped in vain for help! There was a pitiful contraction of suffering upon her beautiful brows, although there was no other sign of consciousness remaining. The mouth—a little while ago, so sullenly projected in defiance—was relaxed and livid.

> E par che de la sua labbia si mova
> Uno spirto soave e pien d'amore,
> Chi va dicendo a l'anima: sospira!

The first symptom of returning life was a quivering about the lips—a little mute soundless attempt at speech; but the eyes were still closed; and the quivering sank into stillness. Then feebly leaning on her arms for an instant to steady herself, Margaret gathered herself up, and rose. Her comb had fallen out of her hair; and with an intuitive desire to efface the traces of weakness, and bring herself into order again, she sought for it, although from time to time, in the course of the search, she had to sit down and recover strength. Her head drooped forwards—her hands meekly laid one upon the other—she tried to recall the force of her temptation, by endeavouring to remember the details which had thrown her into such deadly fright; but she could not. She only understood two facts—that Frederick had been in danger of being pursued and detected in London, as not only guilty of manslaughter, but as the more unpardonable leader of the mutiny, and that she had lied to save him. There was one comfort; her lie had saved him, if only by gaining some additional time. If the inspector came again to-morrow, after she had received the letter she longed for to assure her of her brother's safety, she would brave shame, and stand in her bitter penance—she, the lofty Margaret—acknowledging before a crowded justice-room, if need were, that she had been as "a dog, and done this thing." But if he came before she heard from Frederick; if he returned, as he had half threatened, in a few hours, why! she would tell that lie again; though how the words would come out, after all this terrible pause for reflection and self-reproach, without betraying her falsehood, she did not know, she could not tell. But her repetition of it would gain time—time for Frederick.

She was roused by Dixon's entrance into the room. Dixon had just been letting out Mr. Thornton.

He had hardly gone ten steps in the street, before a passing omnibus stopped close by him, and a man got down, and came up to him, touching his hat as he did so. It was the police-inspector.

Mr. Thornton had obtained for him his first situation in the police, and had heard from time to time of the progress of his protégé, but they had not often met, and at first Mr. Thornton did not remember him.

"My name is Watson, George Watson, sir, that you got—"

"Ah, yes! I recollect. Why you are getting on famously, I hear."

"Yes, sir. I ought to thank you, sir. But it is on a little matter of business I made so bold as to speak to you now. I believe you were the magistrate who attended to take down the deposition of a poor man who died in the Infirmary last night."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thornton. "I went and heard some kind of a rambling statement, which the clerk said was of no great use. I am afraid he was but a drunken fellow, though there is no doubt he came to his death by violence at last. One of my mother's servants was engaged to him, I believe, and she is in great distress to-day. What about him?"

"Why, sir, his death is oddly mixed up with somebody in the house I saw you coming out of just now; it was a Mr. Hale's, I believe."

"Yes!" said Mr. Thornton, turning sharp round and looking into the inspector's face with sudden interest. "What about it?"

"Why, sir, it seems to me that I have got a pretty distinct chain of evidence, inculpating a gentleman, who was walking with Miss Hale that night at the Outwood station, as the man who struck or pushed Leonards off the platform and so caused his death. But the young lady denies that she was there at the time."

"Miss Hale denies she was there!" repeated Mr. Thornton, in an altered voice. "Tell me, what evening was it? What time?"

"About six o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-sixth instant."

They walked on side by side in silence for a minute or two. The inspector was the first to speak.

"You see, sir, there is like to be a coroner's inquest; and I've got a young man who is pretty positive,—at least he was at first;—since he has heard of the young lady's denial, he says he should not like to swear; but still he's pretty positive that he saw Miss Hale at the station, walking about with a gentleman not five minutes before the time, when one of the porters saw a scuffle, which he set down to some of Leonards' impudence—but which led to the fall which caused his death. And seeing you come out of the very house, sir, I thought I might make bold to ask if—you see, it's always awkward having to do with cases of disputed identity, and one does n't like to doubt the word of a respectable young woman unless one has strong proof to the contrary."

"And she denied having been at the station that evening!" repeated Mr. Thornton, in a low, brooding tone.

"Yes, sir, twice over, as distinct as could be. I told her I should call again, but seeing you just as I was on my way back from questioning the young man who said it was her, I thought I would ask your advice, both as the magistrate who saw Leonards on his deathbed, and as the gentleman who got me my berth in the force."

"You were quite right," said Mr. Thornton. "Don't take any steps till you have seen me again."

"The young lady will expect me to call, from what I said."

"I only want to delay you an hour. It's now three. Come to my warehouse at four."

"Very well, sir!"

And they parted company. Mr. Thornton hurried to his warehouse, and, sternly forbidding his clerks to allow any one to interrupt him, he went his way to his own private room, and locked the door. Then he indulged himself in the torture of thinking it all over, and realising every detail. How could he have lulled himself into the unsuspicious calm in which her tearful image had mirrored itself not two hours before, till he had weakly pitied her and yearned towards her, and forgotten the savage, distrustful jealousy with which the sight of her—and that unknown to him—at such an hour—in such a place—had inspired him! How could one so pure have stooped from her decorous and noble manner of bearing! But was it decorous—was it? He hated himself for the idea that forced itself upon him just for an instant—no more—and yet, while it was present, thrilled him with its old potency of attraction towards her image. And then this falsehood—how terrible must be some dread of shame to be revealed—for, after all, the provocation given by such a man as Leonards was, when excited by drinking, might, in all probability, be more than enough to justify any one who came forward to state the circumstances openly and without reserve! How creeping and deadly that fear which could bow down the truthful Margaret to falsehood! He could almost pity her. What would be the end of it? She could not have considered all she was entering upon; if there was an inquest and the young man came forward. Suddenly he started up. There should be no inquest. He would save Margaret. He would take the responsibility of preventing the inquest, the issue of which, from the uncertainty of the medical testimony (which he had vaguely heard the night before, from the surgeon in attendance), could be but doubtful; the doctors had discovered an internal disease far advanced, and sure to prove fatal; they had stated that death might have been accelerated by the fall, or by the subsequent drinking and exposure to cold. If he had but known how Margaret would have become involved

in the affair—if he had but foreseen that she would have stained her whiteness by a falsehood he could have saved her by a word; for the question, of inquest or no inquest, had hung trembling in the balance only the night before. Miss Hale might love another—was indifferent and contemptuous to him—but he would yet do her faithful acts of service of which she should never know. He might despise her, but the woman whom he had once loved should be kept from shame; and shame it would be to pledge herself to a lie in a public court, or otherwise to stand and acknowledge her reason for desiring darkness rather than light.

Very gray and stern did Mr. Thornton look as he passed out through his wondering clerks. He was away about half an hour; and scarcely less stern did he look when he returned, although his errand had been successful.

He wrote two lines on a slip of paper, put it in an envelope, and sealed it up. This he gave to one of the clerks, saying:—

"I appointed Watson — he who was a packer in the warehouse, and who went into the police—to call on me at four o'clock. I have just met with a gentleman from Liverpool who wishes to see me before he leaves town. Take care to give this note to Watson when he calls."

The note contained these words:

"There will be no inquest. Medical evidence not sufficient to justify it. Take no further steps. I have not seen the coroner; but I will take the responsibility."

"Well," thought Watson, "it relieves me from an awkward job. None of my witnesses seemed certain of anything except the young woman. She was clear and distinct enough; the porter at the railroad had seen a scuffle; or when he found it was likely to bring him in as a witness, then it might not have been a scuffle, only a little larking, and Leonards might have jumped off the platform himself; —he would not stick firm to anything. And Jennings, the grocer's shopman,—well, he was not quite so bad, but I doubt if I could have got him up to an oath after he heard that Miss Hale flatly denied it. It would have been a troublesome job and no satisfaction. And now I must go and tell them they won't be wanted."

He accordingly presented himself again at Mr. Hale's that evening. Her father and Dixon would fain have persuaded Margaret to go to bed; but they, neither of them, knew the reason for her low continued refusals to do so. Dixon had learnt part of the truth—but only part. Margaret would not tell any human being of what she had said, and she did not reveal the fatal termination to Leonards' fall from the platform. So Dixon's curiosity combined with her allegiance to urge Margaret to go to rest, which her appearance, as she lay on the sofa, showed but too clearly that she *required. She did not speak except when spoken to; she tried* to smile back in reply to her father's anxious looks and words of tender enquiry; but, instead of a smile, the wan lips resolved themselves into a sigh. He was so miserably uneasy that, at last, she consented to go into her own room, and prepare for going to bed. She was indeed inclined to give up the idea that the inspector would call again that night, as it was already past nine o'clock.

She stood by her father, holding on to the back of his chair.

"You will go to bed soon, papa, won't you? Don't sit up alone!"

What his answer was she did not hear; the words were lost in the far smaller point of sound that magnified itself to her fears, and filled her brain. There was a low ring at the door-bell.

She kissed her father and glided down stairs, with a rapidity of motion of which no one would have thought her capable, who had seen her the minute before. She put aside Dixon.

"Don't come. I will open the door. I know it is him—I can—I must manage it all myself."

"As you please, miss!" said Dixon testily; but in a moment afterwards, she added, "But you're not fit for it. You are more dead than alive."

"Am I?" said Margaret, turning round and showing her eyes all aglow with strange fire, her cheeks flushed, though her lips were baked and livid still.

She opened the door to the Inspector, and preceded him into the study. She placed the candle on the table, and snuffed it carefully, before she turned round and faced him.

"You are late!" said she. "Well?" She held her breath for the answer.

"I 'm sorry to have given any unnecessary trouble, ma'am; for, after all they 've given up all thoughts of holding an inquest. I have had other work to do and other people to see, or I should have been here before now."

"Then it is ended," said Margaret. "There is to be no further enquiry."

"I believe I've got Mr. Thornton's note about me," said the Inspector, fumbling in his pocket-book.

"Mr. Thornton's!" said Margaret.

"Yes! he's a magistrate—ah! here it is." She could not see to read it—no, not although she was close to the candle. The words swam before her. But she held it in her hand, and looked at it as if she were intently studying it.

"I'm sure, ma'am, it's a great weight off my mind; for the evidence was so uncertain, you see, that the man had received any blow at all,—and if any question of identity came in, it so complicated the case, as I told Mr. Thornton—"

"Mr. Thornton!" said Margaret, again.

"I met him this morning, just as he was coming out of this house, and, as he's an old friend of mine, besides being the magistrate who saw Leonards last night, I made bold to tell him of my difficulty."

Margaret sighed deeply. She did not want to hear any more; she was afraid alike of what she had heard, and of what she might hear. She wished that the man would go. She forced herself to speak.

"Thank you for calling. It is very late. I dare say it is past ten o'clock. Oh! here is the note!" she continued, suddenly interpreting the meaning of the hand held out to receive it. He was putting it up, when she said, "I think it is a cramped, dazzling sort of writing. I could not read it; will you just read it to me?"

He read it aloud to her.

"Thank you. You told Mr. Thornton that I was not there?"

"Oh, of course, ma'am. I'm sorry now that I acted upon information, which seems to have been so erroneous. At first the young man was so positive; and now he says that he doubted all along, and hopes that his mistake won't have occasioned you such annoyance as to lose their shop your custom. Good night, ma'am."

"Good night." She rang the bell for Dixon to show him out. As Dixon returned up the passage Margaret passed her swiftly.

"It is all right!" said she, without looking at Dixon; and before the woman could follow her with further questions she had sped up-stairs, and entered her bed-chamber, and bolted her door.

She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her bed. She was too much exhausted to think. Half-an-hour or more elapsed before the cramped nature of her position, and the chilliness, supervening upon great fatigue, had the power to rouse her numbed faculties. Then she began to recall, to combine, to wonder. The first idea that presented itself to her was, that all this sickening alarm on Frederick's behalf was over; that the strain was past. The next was a wish to remember every word of the Inspector's which related to Mr. Thornton. When had he seen him? What had he said? What had Mr. Thornton done? What were the exact words of his note? And until she could recollect, even to the placing or omitting an article, the very expressions which he had used in the note, her mind refused to go on with its progress. But the next conviction she came to was clear enough; Mr. Thornton had seen her close to Outwood station on the fatal Thursday night, and had been told of her denial that she was there. She stood as a liar in his eyes. She was a liar. But she had no thought of penitence before God; nothing but chaos and night surrounded the one lurid fact that, in Mr. Thornton's eyes, she was degraded. She cared not to think, even to herself, of how much of excuse she might plead. That had nothing to do with Mr. Thornton; she never dreamed that he, or any one else, could find cause for suspicion in what was so natural as her accompanying her brother; but what was really false and wrong was known to him, and he had a right to judge her. "Oh, Frederick! Frederick!" she cried, "what have I not sacrificed for you!" Even when she fell asleep her thoughts were compelled to travel the same circle, only with exaggerated and monstrous circumstances of pain.

When she awoke a new idea flashed upon her with all the brightness of the morning. Mr. Thornton had learnt her falsehood before he went to the coroner; that suggested the thought, that he had possibly been influenced so to do with a view of sparing her the repetition of her denial. But she pushed this notion on one side with the sick wilfulness of a child. If it were so, she felt no gratitude to him, as it only showed her how keenly he must have seen that she was disgraced already, before he took such unwonted pains to spare her any further trial of truthfulness which had already failed so signally. She would have gone through the whole—she would have perjured herself to save Frederick, rather—far rather—than Mr. Thornton should have had the knowledge that prompted him to interfere to save her. What ill-fate brought him in contact with the Inspector? What made him be the very magistrate sent for to receive Leonards' deposition? What had Leonards said? How much of it was intelligible to Mr. Thornton, who might already, for aught she knew, be aware of the old accusation against Frederick, through their mutual friend Mr. Bell? If so, he had striven to save the son, who came in defiance of the law to attend his mother's death-bed. And under this idea she could feel grateful—not yet, if ever she should, if his interference had been prompted by contempt. Oh! had any one such just cause to feel contempt for her? Mr. Thornton, above all people, on whom she had looked down from her imaginary heights till now! She suddenly found herself at his feet, and was strangely distressed at her fall. She shrank from following out the premises to their conclusion, and so acknowledging to herself how much she valued his respect and good opinion. Whenever this idea presented itself to her at the end of a long avenue of thoughts, she turned away from following that path—she would not believe in it.

It was later than she fancied, for in the agitation of the previous night, she had forgotten to wind up her watch; and Mr. Hale had given especial orders that she was not to be disturbed by the usual awakening. By and by the door opened cautiously, and Dixon put her head in. Perceiving that Margaret was awake, she came forwards with a letter.

"Here's something to do you good, miss. A letter from Master Frederick."

"Thank you, Dixon. How late it is!"

She spoke very languidly, and suffered Dixon to lay it on the counterpane before her, without putting out a hand to take it.

"You want your breakfast, I'm sure. I will bring it you in a minute. Master has got the tray all ready, I know."

Margaret did not reply; she let her go; she felt that she must be alone before she could open that letter. She opened it at last. The first thing that caught her eye was the date two days earlier than she received it. He had then written when he had promised, and their alarm might have been spared. But she would read the letter and see. It was hasty enough, but perfectly satisfactory. He had seen Henry Lennox, who knew enough of the case to shake his head over it, in the first instance, and tell him he had done a very daring thing in returning to England, with such an accusation, backed by such powerful influence, hanging over him. But when they had come to talk it over, Mr. Lennox had acknowledged that there might be some chance of his acquittal, if he could but prove his statements by credible witnesses—that in such case it might be worth while to stand his trial, otherwise it would be a great risk. He would examine—he would take every pains. "It struck me," said Frederick, "that your introduction, little sister of mine, went a long way. Is it so? He made many inquiries, I can assure you. He seemed a sharp, intelligent fellow, and in good practice too, to judge from the signs of business and the number of clerks about him. But these may be only lawyers' dodges. I have just caught a packet on the point of sailing—I am off in five minutes. I may have to come back to England again on this business, so keep my visit secret. I shall send my father some rare old sherry, such as you cannot buy in England,—(such stuff as I've got in the bottle before me)! He needs something of the kind—my dear love to him—God bless him. I'm sure—here's my cab. P.S.—What an escape that was! Take care you don't breathe of my having been—not even to the Shaws."

Margaret turned to the envelope; it was marked "Too late." The letter had probably been trusted to some careless waiter, who had forgotten to post it. Oh! what slight cobwebs of chances stand between us and Temptation! Frederick had been safe, and out of England twenty, nay, thirty hours ago; and it was only about seventeen hours since she had told a falsehood to baffle pursuit, which even then would have been vain. How faithless she had been! Where now was her proud motto, "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra?" If she had but dared to bravely tell the truth as regarded herself, defying them to find out what she refused to tell concerning another, how light of heart she would now have felt! Not humbled before God, as having failed in trust towards Him, not degraded and abased in Mr. Thornton's sight. She caught herself up at this with a miserable tremor; here was she classing his low opinion of her alongside with the displeasure of God. How was it that he haunted her imagination so persistently? What could it be? Why did she care for what he thought in spite of all her pride; in spite of herself? She believed that she could have borne the sense of Almighty displeasure, because He knew all, and could read her penitence, and hear her cries for help in time to come. But Mr. Thornton—why did she tremble, and hide her face in the pillow? What strong feeling had overtaken her at last?

She sprang out of bed and prayed long and earnestly. It soothed and comforted her so to open her heart. But as soon as she reviewed her position she found the sting was still there; that she was not good enough, nor pure enough to be indifferent to the lowered opinion of a fellow creature; that the thought of how he must be looking upon her with contempt stood between her and her sense of wrong-doing. She took her letter in to her father as soon as she was drest. There was so slight an allusion to their alarm at the railroad station, that Mr. Hale passed over it without paying any attention to it. Indeed, beyond the mere fact of Frederick having sailed undiscovered and unsuspected, he did not gather much from the letter at the time, he was so uneasy about Margaret's pallid looks. She seemed continually on the point of weeping.

"You are sadly overdone, Margaret. It is no wonder. But you must let me nurse you now."

He made her lie down on the sofa, and went for a shawl to cover her with. His tenderness released her tears; and she cried bitterly.

"Poor child!—poor child!" said he, looking fondly at her, as she lay with her face to the wall, shaking with her sobs. After a while they ceased, and she began to wonder whether she durst give herself the relief of telling her father of all her trouble. But there were more reasons against it than for it. The only one for it was the relief to herself; and against it was the thought that it would add materially to her father's nervousness, if it were indeed necessary for Frederick to come to England again; that he would dwell on the circumstance of his son's having caused the death of a man, however unwittingly and unwillingly; that this knowledge would perpetually recur to trouble him, in various shapes of exaggeration and distortion from the simple truth. And about her own great fault—he would be distressed beyond measure at her want of courage and faith, yet perpetually troubled to make excuses for her. Formerly Margaret would have come to him as priest as well as father,

to tell him of her temptation and her sin but latterly they had not spoken much on such subjects; and she knew not how, in his change of opinions, he would reply if the depth of her soul called unto his. No; she would keep her secret, and bear the burden alone. Alone she would go before God, and cry for His absolution. Alone she would endure her disgraced position in the opinion of Mr. Thornton. She was unspeakably touched by the tender efforts of her father to think of cheerful subjects on which to talk, and so to take her thoughts away from dwelling on all that had happened of late. It was some months since he had been so talkative as he was this day. He would not let her sit up, and offended Dixon desperately by insisting on waiting upon her himself.

At last she smiled; a poor, weak little smile; but it gave him the truest pleasure.

"It seems strange to think, that what gives us most hope for the future should be called Dolores," said Margaret. The remark was more in character with her father than with her usual self; but to-day they seemed to have changed natures.

"Her mother was a Spaniard, I believe that accounts for her religion. Her father was a stiff Presbyterian when I knew him But it is a very soft and pretty name."

"How young she is!—younger by fourteen months than I am. Just the age that Edith was when she was engaged to Captain Lennox. Papa, we will go and see them in Spain."

He shook his head. But he said, "If you wish it, Margaret. Only let us come back here. It would seem unfair—unkind to your mother, who always, I'm afraid, disliked Milton so much, if we left it now she is lying here, and cannot go with us. No, dear; you shall go and see them, and bring me back a report of my Spanish daughter."

"No, papa, I won't go without you. Who is to take care of you when I am gone?"

"I should like to know which of us is taking care of the other. But if you went, I should persuade Mr. Thornton to let me give him double lessons. We would work up the classics famously. That would be a perpetual interest. You might go on, and see Edith at Corfu, if you liked."

Margaret did not speak all at once. Then she said rather gravely: "Thank you, papa. But I don't want to go. We will hope that Mr. Lennox will manage so well, that Frederick may bring Dolores to see us when they are married. And as for Edith, the regiment won't remain much longer in Corfu. Perhaps we shall see both of them here before another year is out."

Mr. Hale's cheerful subjects had come to an end. Some painful recollection had stolen across his mind, and driven him into silence. By and by Margaret said:

"Papa—did you see Nicholas Higgins at the funeral? He was there, and Mary too. Poor fellow! it was his way of showing sympathy. He has a good warm heart under his bluff abrupt ways."

"I am sure of it," replied Mr. Hale. "I saw it all along, even while you tried to persuade me that he was all sorts of bad things. We will go and see them to-morrow, if you are strong enough to walk so far."

"Oh yes. I want to see them. We did not pay Mary—or rather she refused to take it, Dixon says. We will go so as to catch him just after his dinner, and before he goes to his work."

Towards evening Mr. Hale said:

"I half expected Mr. Thornton would have called. He spoke of a book yesterday which he had, and which I wanted to see. He said he would try and bring it to-day."

Margaret sighed. She knew he would not come. He would be too delicate to run the chance of meeting her while her shame must be so fresh in his memory. The very mention of his name renewed her trouble, and produced a relapse into the feeling of depressed pre-occupied exhaustion. She gave way to listless languor. Suddenly it struck her that this was a strange manner to show her patience, or to reward her father for his watchful care of her all through the day. She sate up, and offered to read aloud. His eyes were failing, and he gladly accepted her proposal. She read well; she gave the due emphasis; but had any one asked her, when she had ended, the meaning of what she had been reading, she could not have told. She was smitten with a feeling of ingratitude to Mr. Thornton, inasmuch as, in the morning, she had refused to accept the kindness he had shown her in making further inquiry from the medical men, so as to obviate any inquest being held. Oh! she was grateful! She had been cowardly and false, and had shown her cowardliness and falsehood in action that could not be recalled; but she was not ungrateful. It sent a glow to her heart to know how she could feel towards one who had reason to despise her. His cause for contempt was so just that she should have respected him less if she had thought he did not feel contempt. It was a pleasure to feel how thoroughly she respected him. He could not prevent her doing that; it was the one comfort in all his misery.

Late in the evening the expected book arrived, "with Mr. Thornton's kind regards, and wishes to know how Mr. Hale is."

"Say that I am much better, Dixon, but that Miss Hale—"

"No, papa," said Margaret, eagerly—"don't say anything about me. He does not ask."

"My dear child, how you are shivering!" said her father, a few minutes afterwards. 'You must go to bed directly. You have turned quite pale!"

Margaret did not refuse to go, though

she was loth to leave her father alone. She needed the relief of solitude after a day of busy thinking, and busier repenting.

But she seemed much as usual the next day; the lingering gravity and sadness, and the occasional absence of mind, were not unnatural symptoms in the early days of grief. And almost in proportion to her re-establishment in health, was her father's relapse into his abstracted musing upon the wife he had lost, and the past era in his life that was closed to him for ever.

CHIP.

CRIMINAL LUNATICS.

In reference to a recent Chip, entitled Her Majesty's Pleasure, a correspondent mentions that during the last six or eight months two cases have come under his notice in which criminal lunatics, who had committed very grave offences, had been acquitted by a jury on the plea of insanity, and having been placed in temporary custody in the county asylum, have been set at liberty. There was no difficulty in the matter. The medical officer of the asylum sent his certificate to the Home Secretary, declaring that these criminals were perfectly restored to sanity; and "Her Majesty's pleasure on the subject of their custody," was immediately made known in a warrant for their release.

"In cases where the offence committed has been one of a very grave character," he adds, "the certificate of the medical officer has to be accompanied by a formal petition from the Committee of Visiting Justices to the Home Secretary for the liberation of the offender. But, if I am not mistaken, in crimes of a less serious nature, the latter formality is dispensed with. I imagine, therefore, that if any criminal lunatic, restored to undoubted sanity still remain in custody, 'her Majesty's pleasure on the subject' not having been made known, it arises not from any defect in the laws, but more probably from the fact that no certificate has been presented to her Majesty that such lunatic is now of undoubted sanity, and is a fit person to be at large."

A SCIENTIFIC FIGMENT.

With all its love of demonstration, Science sometimes dreams as strange dreams as Poetry itself. The ancient systems of Astronomy have long ago waned into the region of myths and visions; and Ptolemy, since he cannot maintain his place among the discoverers of natural laws, must be content to rank henceforth as an unconscious fabulist. So, also, with the astrologers, and the alchemists, and the disciples of the divining-rod, and, it must be added, with many of the would-be wise men of our own day, who confuse the boundary lines of Science and Superstition. Investigation, in fact, has a tendency to go to sleep at times over its work; and, while thus somnolent, to be troubled with nightmares of a very fantastical character.

One of the most curious of these aberrations—though by no means the most absurd—was the belief, entertained by the ancient philosophers, and lasting until recent times, that many of the lower order of animals were produced (not only in the original formation of all things, but systematically, so to speak, and year after year) by the action of the sun upon moist clay, or putrescent matter in a state of fermentation. This notion probably arose from the fact that heat and moisture appear to be the two great principles of physical life; and the old and universal tradition of the substance of all things having originally existed in Chaos, where it lay inert until vivified by the Divine warmth and energy, seemed to justify and strengthen an opinion which was not in itself so unreasonable as might at first appear. The ancient Persians adored the sun as the visible Creative Power; and the more we search into the essential nature (physically speaking) of things, the more we discover in earth and moisture the passive and pliable elements, and in heat the working and formative. It seems probable that the first creation of all animals (as far as concerns merely secondary causes) was from the combination of these elements; though whether such a phenomenon is ever repeated, is more capable of question. But the belief in the affirmative was formerly so general, that we can scarcely wonder at the many wild chimæras to which it has given birth.

Animals, as well as the rudiments of all other things, according to the Phœnicians, were formed from the putrefying of the mud and ooze left by the dark waters of Chaos after subsiding. These rudiments, however, remained lifeless, until the brooding heat of the sun produced clouds, from which issued thunder and lightning; when the slumbering principle of vitality was awakened, and the earth, sea, and air swarmed with throbbing, conscious, and multiform life. This tradition may possibly be the origin of a very grand and lurid fable in connection with the Bermuda Islands. Stowe records that these lonely spots,

> Placed far amidst the melancholy main,

"were of all nations said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devills, which grow by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storms, and tempests." Here, in its turn is probably the hint out of which arose the idea of Shakspeare's Caliban, and the other ugly phantasms of the wonderful drama of enchantment. A living Shakspearian commentator, who is himself a noble dramatist, eloquently remarks upon the above passage from Stowe, that "this account of the elemental growth and generation of the hags, and imps, and devils, and abortions, is

fearfully fine. Caliban, and Sycorax, and Setebos might well be imagined to have first glared into life through the long-fermenting incantation of 'accustomed monstrous thunder.'"

The serpent Python, slain by Apollo, was said to have been evolved by heat from the mud and moisture left by the Deucalion deluge. He was the stupendous offspring of a terrible solar chemistry. Ovid, in the First Book of the Metamorphoses, speaking of the creation of this serpent, as well as of all brute animals, after the celebrated Greek flood, says:

All other creatures took their numerous birth
And figures from the voluntary earth.
When that old humour with the sun did sweat,
And slimy marishes grew big with heat,—
The pregnant seeds, as from their mother's womb,
From quickening Earth both growth and form assume.
So, when seven-channell'd Nile forsakes the plain,
When ancient bounds retiring streams contain,
And late-left slime ethereal fervours burn,
Men various creatures with the glebe upturn:
Of those, some in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others half alive, half earth.
For Heat and Moisture, when they temperate grow,
Forthwith conceive, and life on things bestow.
From striving Fire and Water all proceed,
Discording concord ever apt to breed.
So, Earth, by that late deluge muddy grown,
When on her lap reflecting Titan shone,
Produced a world of forms, restored the late,
And other unknown monsters did create.

We quote from the old muscular translation (sixteen hundred and thirty-two) by George Sandys, who, in his singular annotations, observes: "Heat and Moisture, the parents of Generation, are feigned here to have produced Python. . . . But the sense of this fable is merely physical; for Python, born after the Deluge, of the humid earth, is that great exhalation which rose from the late drowned world, until it was dissipated by the fervour of the sun, or Apollo. The word [Python] signifies putrefaction: and because the sun consumes the putrefaction of the earth, his beams darting from his orb like arrows,—with his arrows he is said to have killed Python. So, serpentine Error by the light of Truth is confounded."

Milton, in Paradise Lost, speaks of this serpent as him

Whom the sun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python.

Shakspeare probably had the idea of solar creation in his mind when he made Timon of Athens (act iv., scene iii.) exclaim, addressing the earth,—

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!

And, a few lines before this, the misanthrope speaks of—

All the abhorred births below crisp Heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine.

The fructifying power of the Nile, mentioned by Ovid in the foregoing quotation from the Metamorphoses (it is thought, by the way, that the belief in the spontaneous creation of animals, arose in Egypt) has been a favourite idea of the poets. It is thus alluded to by Spenser in the Faery Queene (Book I., c. i.):—

As when old Father Nilus 'gins to swell
With timely pride above the Egyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later spring 'gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitfull seed:
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

And again, in Book III. c. vi., where the poet writes with all the zeal of a fire-worshipper:

—— Reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive, and quickned are by kynd:
So, after Nilus' inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informèd in the mud on which the sunne hath shynd.

Great Father he of Generation
Is rightly cald,—th' Author of life and light;
And his faire sister, for creation,
Ministreth matter fitt, which, tempred right
With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.

After all, may not the matter of fact be correct, even though the deduction be erroneous? We know that in hot countries it is very common for oviparous animals to leave their eggs in mud or sand, where they are in time hatched by the warmth of the heavens. Your sun is a great incubator. We have read accounts of the Nile sands being at certain seasons alive with the upheaving of the newly born crocodiles, as they come shouldering their way into the sultry air and light.

It was long before the belief of which we write was given up, even by the scientific. Bacon, who, notwithstanding his sturdiness in repudiating much of the lumber of the schools, had ever a backward eye to the traditions of antiquity, held firmly to the opinion that many living creatures are produced solely from putrefaction. In his Natural History (Century VII. Experiments 696, 697, 698), he discourses at large upon this subject. He classes earthworms, eels, snakes, wood-worms, fleas, moths, grasshoppers, silkworms, flies, bees, and some others, under the head of imperfect and anomalously produced creatures. And he mentions the sudden birth of a kind of fly by intense heat; a story which has apparently derived startling confirmation within the last few years from the accidental discovery of Mr. Crosse, of Bristol. "It is affirmed," says Bacon, "both by ancient and modern observation, that in furnaces of copper and brass, where chalcites (which is vitriol) is often cast in to mend the working,

there riseth suddenly a fly, which sometimes moveth, as if it took hold on the walls of the furnace; sometimes is seen moving in the fire below; and dieth presently as soon as it is out of the furnace. Which is a noble instance, and worthy to be weighed; for it showeth that as well violent heat of fire as the gentle heat of living creatures will vivify, if it have matter proportionable. Now, the great axiom of vivification is, that there must be heat, to dilate the spirit of the body; an active spirit to be dilated; matter, viscous or tenacious, to hold in the spirit; and that matter to be put forth and figured. Now, a spirit dilated by so ardent a fire as that of the furnace, as soon as ever it cooleth never so little, congealeth presently. And (no doubt) this action is furthered by the chalcite which hath a spirit that will put forth and germinate, as we see in chimical trials." In Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas (Book I. c. vi.) we find this phenomenon thus alluded to.

So, of the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly Perausta with the flaming wings:
Without the fire it dies; within it, joys,
Living in that which each thing else destroys.

As a companion to this strange fact (if it be one), Bacon tells us, on the authority of the ancients, of "a worm that breedeth in old snow, and is of colour reddish, and dull of motion, and dieth soon after it cometh out of snow: which should show that snow hath in it a secret warmth, for else it could hardly vivify. And the reason of the dying of the worm may be the sudden exhaling of that little spirit as soon as it cometh out of the cold which had shut it in."

So, the cold humour breeds the salamander;
Who, in effect like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire, though glowing ne'er so much.
Du Bartas.

It is related that Dr. Darwin once preserved a piece of vermicelli under a glass case until it became endued with motion; and a tale was once current respecting a snake which was supposed to arise from the hair of a horse dropped into stagnant water. This tradition (which was regarded as of sufficient importance to be elaborately disproved by Dr. Lister in the Philosophical Transactions) has furnished Shakspeare with an allusion in Antony and Cleopatra (Act. i., scene 2), and has thus, probably, been saved from oblivion:

Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.

Coleridge accounts for this marvel by supposing that the animalculæ contained in the stagnant water may collect round the horse-hair, and impart to it a wormy motion.

Analogous to the foregoing is the well-known story of the Soland geese or barnacles, found in the Western Isles of Scotland, and in Jersey, and "whose equivocal generation from a rotten piece of wood, tossed in the sea and impregnated with nitre and salt, is generally received for a truth, and attested by persons of good credit; who affirm they have frequently seen these birds sticking to the plank in different forms, and according to the progress of nature; some in the size and figure of mushrooms; others farther advanced towards their species; and some perfectly fledged." * It was said that the flesh of these birds tasted of fir; but the whole thing is explained by what has been alleged by some observers—namely, that the eggs of this species of goose are deposited by the mother in old logs of wood, and there hatched. The attestation of the miracle by persons of good credit is a noticeable feature of the story. How often have we, in doubting any marvel of the present day, been knocked on the head by these same persons of good credit! For it is observable that every nine days' wonder, however huge and unwieldly, is sure to be backed up by the emphatic asseverations of persons of good credit; and the believers make a great deal of that kind of evidence. It must be admitted that there is no small amount of strategical skill in this method of disputation; for the argument is at once removed from the ground of abstract principles to that of personality; and you find yourself suddenly placed in the disagreeable position of seeming to impugn the character of some unknown A. or B. You are then accused of being very unfair; and the adversary, with a grand flourish of trumpets, withdraws exultingly. And yet, in the end, nonsense is certain to find its level—persons of good credit notwithstanding.

The account given of the goose phenomenon by old Gerard, in his Herbal (fifteen hundred and ninety-seven), differs somewhat from that already quoted. He says: "There are in the north parts of Scotland certain trees, whereon do growe shell-fishes, which, falling into the water, do become fowles, whom we call barnakles; in the north of England, brant geese; and in Lancashire, tree geese." Mandeville speaks of a tree, somewhere in the far east, the fruit of which changes into birds:

So, slow Boötes underneath him sees,
In the icy isles, those goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turn'd (they say) to living fowls soon after.
So, rotten sides of broken ships do change
To barnacles: oh, transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree; then a gallant hull;
Lately a mushroom; now a flying gull.
Du Bartas.

In Isaac Walton's Complete Angler (Part i., chap. 5) we find an opinion quoted from Pliny to the effect that some kinds of flies, worms, and other insects, have their birth or

* Collier's Dictionary, Supplement, 1727.—Art. Jersey.

being from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs and flowers; and others from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages: all which kinds of dews, being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them hatched, and in three days made living creatures." Dr. Darwin was inclined to think that insects are derived from particles of flowers kindled into separate vitality—an opinion which seems in some degree supported by the modern microscopical discovery of active molecules in plants.

Frogs were once thought to be a kind of animated mud—probably from their being spawned in ditches, and from their undergoing a slow and visible process of formation. After a certain period, it was supposed that they returned to their pristine material melting gradually away into their native slime. Toads, also, were said to have the same origin; and it was asserted, shortly after one of the great plagues of London that toads were found in the low grounds about the metropolis, with tails two or three inches long, although they are generally without any tail whatever—a phenomenon which was thought to argue "a great disposition to putrefaction in the soil and air." Of the same class of opinions is that relating to the utter shapelessness of a bear's whelp immediately after birth and until they have been fashioned by the dam's tongue (which Sir Thomas Browne has condescended to confute in his Vulgar Errors); and a ghastly story concerning a serpent which arises from the pith of a man's back-bone after death. Paulus Æmilius avers that in the tomb of Charles Martel was discovered one of these snakes for the existence of which, Sandys, in his commentary on the Fifteenth Book of the Metamorphoses, gives this portentous reason: "In the beginning, the Serpent infused his poison into man; and no marvaile if from that contagion a serpent should be engendered of his marrow." (!) Jeremy Taylor relates a story of a fair young German gentleman, who, after the frequent importunities of his friends that he should have his portrait taken, told them that they might send a painter to his vault a few days after his burial, and, if they pleased, might cause him to draw the image of his death unto the life. This being done, they "found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and back-bone full of serpents. And so he stands among his ancestors." After this, we really feel uncomfortable in the region of our vertebræ, and decidedly suspicious of our midriff.

Bacon was so impressed with the truth of such stories as these, that, in his philosophical romance of the New Atlantis, he makes the rearing of novel kinds of animals from putrefaction one of the special studies of the inmates of Solomon's House.

Still stranger fancies than any of the above have had their periods of belief. Kepler thought that comets were a sort of chimæras starting into life in the regions of space; and in the old German romance of Doctor Faustus we find this opinion set forth with a scientific particularity that would make modern astronomers stare. According to the Doctor, comets proceed from the conjunction of the sun and moon! But, in truth, there is no limit to the lunatic dreams of morbid speculatists. Wild as the conception of Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein appears to be, it does not lack its counterpart in the actual aberrations of real men. Paracelsus aimed at the making of pygmies; and Baptista Porta conceived the possibility of a similar result! We laugh at these fancies now, and rightly; yet equally wondrous incidents in this great mystery of life are daily taking place in our own bodies. We cannot, at our will, evoke new forms of vitality; yet we ourselves are undergoing a perpetual decay and reconstruction. We die and are born again, in some imperceptible atom, every instant. That body which was the conscious and sensitive dwelling-house of our spirit in childhood, and through the gates and avenues of which our soul looked forth upon the outer world, and saw, and felt, and understood, the majestic shows of the universe, and the amplitudes of being—that temporary shell is already dead and in its grave; and the organisation which we now possess is the matrix of its own successor. It is calculated that, from the continual falling off of old, and access of fresh particles, we acquire a perfectly new body once in every seven years, or even less; so that we may be said to be constantly refashioning our own identity. Thus, that which seems most tangible and solid fluctuates with treacherous mutability, and vanishes even from ourselves; while the inner man remains unmoved in the midst of his sandy and shifting habitation. The creations of romance are nothing to this hourly miracle. The first wild guesses of infantine science, when every laboratory was as a haunted chamber in the dark, were not more strange and bewildering. And so the marvel of existence expands before us as we advance in our inquiries; and the phantoms of fable grow tame before the living verities of God.

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DR. RAE'S REPORT.

DR. RAE'S communication to us on the subject of his Report, which was begun last week, resumes and concludes as follows:

When the Esquimaux have an object to gain, they will not hesitate to tell a falsehood, but they cannot lie with a good grace; "they cannot lie like truth," as civilised men do. Their fabrications are so silly and ridiculous, and it is so easy to make them contradict themselves by a slight cross-questioning, that the falsehood is easily discovered. I could give a number of instances of this, but shall confine myself to two.

When Sir John Richardson descended the M'Kenzie in 1848, a great number of Esquimaux came off in their canoes; they told us that on an island to which they pointed, a number of white people had been living for some time; that they had been living there all winter, and that we ought to land to see them. Their story was altogether so incredible, that we could not have a moment's doubt or difficulty in tracing its object. They wished to get us on shore in order to have a better opportunity of pillaging our boats, as they did those of Sir John Franklin; for it must be remembered that the Esquimaux at the M'Kenzie and to the westward are different from any of those to the eastward. The former, notwithstanding the frequent efforts of the Hudson's Bay Company to effect a peace, are at constant war with the Louchoux Indians, and consequently with the "white men," as they think the latter, by supplying guns and ammunition to the Louchoux, are their allies.

Another instance excited much interest in England when it was first made known here. It was reported to Captain M'Clure by an Esquimaux, that one of a party of white men had been killed by one of his tribe near Point Warren. That the white men built a house there, but nobody knew how they came, as they had no boat; and that they went inland. When asked "when this took place?" the reply was, that "it might be last year or when I was a child."

How any one could place any faith in such a report as this, I am at a loss to discover. Any man at all acquainted with the native character, would in a moment set down this tale at its proper value; at least Sir John Richardson and I did—and the first is high authority. Indeed, throughout the whole of Captain or Commander M'Clure's communication with the natives in the neighbourhood of the M'Kenzie, he appears to have been admirably imposed upon by them. Let us again get at a fact or two.

He is told by a chief that the Esquimaux go so far to the westward to trade, instead of to the M'Kenzie, "because, at the latter place, the white man had given the Indians very bad water, which killed many and made others foolish (drunk), and that they would not have any such water. From this it evidently appears that the Company lose annually many valuable skins, which find their way to the Colvill instead of to the M'Kenzie."

Let us quietly examine the above statements. It is well known that since the M'Kenzie has been discovered, ardent spirits have not been admitted within the district, for the natives. At present, and for many years back spirits or wines have not been allowed to enter the M'Kenzie or its neighbouring district of Athabasca, as allowances for either officers or men in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, so that the natives might not have it to say that we took for ourselves what we would not give to them. We do not know, nor do I think that there are, any Russian trading posts on the Colvill. The true reason that these Esquimaux do not trade with the Hudson's Bay Company is, that the former are constantly at war with the Louchoux. Frequent attempts have been made to effect a reconciliation between these tribes, but hitherto without success.

Captain M'Clure tells us that the Esquimaux informed him that "they had no communication with any person belonging to the Great River" (M'Kenzie); yet, strange to say, he intrusts the very despatches in which this is mentioned, to natives of the same tribe, and indulges the hope that his "letter may reach the Hudson's Bay Company this year," (one thousand eight hundred and fifty). In another case, Captain M'Clure mentions that he gave a gun and ammunition to an Esquimaux chief, to deliver a despatch into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. In any case, prepayment is acknowledged to be

a bad plan, but worst of all in that of a savage with whom you are unacquainted, and on whom you have no hold. Had the pay depended upon the performance of the service, the despatch might have had some chance of reaching its destination.

I have had some opportunities of studying Esquimaux character; and, from what I have seen, I consider them superior to all the tribes of red men in America. In their domestic relationship they show a bright example to the most civilised people. They are dutiful sons and daughters, kind brothers and sisters, and most affectionate parents. So well is the first of these qualities understood among them, that a large family is considered wealth by a father and mother—for, the latter well know that they will be carefully tended by their offspring, well clothed and fed, whilst a scrap of skin or a morsel of food is to be obtained, as long as a spark of life remains; and, after death, that their bodies will be properly placed either on or under the ground, according to the usage of the tribe.

I do not stand alone in the high opinion I have formed of the Esquimaux character. At the Hudson's Bay Company's establishments of Fort George on the east, and Churchill on the west, coast of Hudson's Bay, where the Esquimaux visit, they are looked upon in an equally favourable light. The Moravian missionaries on the Labrador coast find the Esquimaux honest and trustworthy, and employ them constantly and almost exclusively as domestic servants. The report of the residents in the Danish settlements on the west shores of Greenland, is no less favourable; and although I have no special authority for saying so, I believe that Captain Perring's opinions are similar. During the two winters I passed at Repulse Bay, I had men with me who had been, at some time of their lives, in all parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. These men assured me that they had never seen Indians so decorous, obliging, unobtrusive, orderly, and friendly, as the Esquimaux.

Oh! some one may remark, perhaps they have some private reason for this.

Now, my men had not any "private reason" for saying so. I firmly believe, and can almost positively assert, that no case of improper intercourse took place between them and the natives of Repulse Bay during the two seasons I remained there—which is more, I suspect, than most of the commanders of parties to the Arctic Sea can truthfully affirm. A number of instances (principally shipwrecks), are brought forward to show that cannibalism has not been usually resorted to in cases of extreme want; that it is the exception, not the rule. Yet not one of those properly represent the probable position of Sir John Franklin's party. In all the cases above alluded to, the parties suffering were deprived of water as well as of food. We all know that when any one suffers from two painful sensations, but painful in different degrees, the more severe of the two prevents the lesser from being felt.

Thirst causes a far more painful sensation than hunger, and consequently, whilst the first remains unappeased, the pangs of the other are very slightly, if at all, felt. In the case of Franklin's party, their thirst could be easily assuaged, and consequently the pangs of hunger would be felt the more intensely. Even Franklin's former disastrous journey (from the narrative of which large extracts have been made) is not a parallel case. In it the suffering party had generally something or other every few days to allay the cravings of hunger. They had pieces of old leather, tripe de roche, and an infusion of the tea-plant. Unfortunately, near the mouth of Back's Fish River, there are none of the above named plants, — nothing but a barren waste with scarcely a blade of grass upon it. Much stress is laid on the moral character and the admirable discipline of the crews of Sir John Franklin's ships. What their state of discipline may have been I cannot say, but their conduct at the very last British port they entered was not such as to make those who knew it, consider them very deserving of the high eulogium passed upon them in Household Words. Nor can we say that the men, in extreme cases of privation, would maintain that state of subordination so requisite in all cases, but more especially during danger and difficulty.

We have, I am sorry to say, but too many recent instances of disagreement and differences among the officers employed on the Arctic service. It is well known in naval circles that, in one vessel which has not yet arrived from the north, there will be two or three courts martial as soon as she reaches home. To place much dependence on the obedience and good conduct of the comparatively uneducated seamen, if exposed to the utmost extremes of distress, when their superiors, without having any such excuse, have forgotten themselves on a point of such vital importance, would be very unreasonable. Besides, seamen generally consider themselves, when they have lost their ship and set foot on shore, as being freed from that strict discipline to which they would readily submit themselves when on board.

As these observations have already attained a much greater length than I at first anticipated, I shall refrain from mentioning, as I intended, one or two instances of persons fully as well educated as the generality of picked seamen usually are, and brought up as Christians, having, in cases of extreme want, had recourse to the "last resource," as a means of maintaining life.

I am aware of the difficulties I have to encounter in replying to the article on the "Lost Arctic Voyagers." That the author of that article is a writer of very great ability

and practice, and that he makes the best use of both to prove his opinions, is very evident. Besides, he takes the popular view of the question, which is a great point in his favour. To oppose this, I have nothing but a small amount of practical knowledge of the question at issue, with a few facts to support my views and opinions; but, I can only throw them together in a very imperfect and unconnected form, as I have little experience in writing, and, like many men who have led a wandering and stirring life, have a great dislike to it. It is seldom that a man can do well what is disagreeable to him.

That my opinions remain exactly the same as they were when my report to the Admiralty was written, may be inferred from all I have now stated.

That twenty or twenty-five Esquimaux could, for two months together, continue to repeat the same story without variation in any material point, and adhere firmly to it, in spite of all sorts of cross-questioning, is to me the clearest proof that the information they gave me was founded on fact.

That the "white men" were not murdered by the natives, but that they died of starvation, is, to my mind, equally beyond a doubt.

In conclusion, let me remark, that I fully appreciate the kind, courteous, and flattering manner in which my name is mentioned by the writer on the subject of the lost Arctic Voyagers.

COLONEL QUAGG'S CONVERSION.

Some of our religions in the States are not over well paid. Down Punkington way, now, they have a religion with a chandelier; at least the chapel in which Reverend Rufus P. Pillsbury officiates has one. That religion has a bell, and a weathercock, and a flight of steps of General Buffum's patent scagliola adamant, and columns with Corinthian fixings outside—bright and handsome. There's another religion there, though, that has no better chapel than a loft, formerly used for warehousing dry goods; and our citizens have to go to worship up a ladder, and through a trap-door. Elder Peabody Eagle proposed that they should have a crane outside the building, as was the case in Baggby Brothers', the former proprietors' time, and so hoist the congregation up like cotton or molasses; but the proposition, though practical, was thought irreverent, and came to nothing. Reverend Doctor Nathan Fowler, who officiated over the dry goods, was very poorly off. Indeed, people said that he had nothing under his black doctor of divinity's gown but a shirt and pants, and that his whole income did not amount to two hundred dolls. a-year; whereas Reverend Rufus P. Pillsbury had a clear seven or eight hundred; besides a store of silk gowns as stiff as boards and that rustled beautifully; white cambric handkerchiefs by the whole dozen; a real diamond ring; starched collars and bands by scores; and better than all, the run of all his congregation's sympathies and houses, which was worth I don't know how many corncakes, cups of tea every day; and comforters, over-shoes, umbrellas, gold watches, silver teapots, self-acting coffee-biggins and select libraries of theology, given or sent to him in the way of testimonials in the course of the year, without end. Folks do say, too, that when Reverend Rufus was in the ministry down South, before he came to Punkington, he was even still richer in worldly goods, for that he owned something mentionable in niggers. But you know how folks will talk.

Punkington is in Buffum county, Mass. There are a good many religions there. They don't quite hate each other; strive, speechify, write and talk against each other, as seems to be indispensable with orthodoxy and heterodoxy in Britain. Each religion gets along pretty well as it can: some grandly, some poorly, from Reverend Rufus P. Pillsbury, with his chandelier, stiff silk gown and diamond ring, down to Reverend Lovejoy Snowdrop, who is quite black, and preaches to the coloured people (they can sing, some—coloured people can) down in a little crazy affair sot up with planks and sailcloth down close to the wharf, that is more like a wash-house than a chapel.

It may be ten years ago that there was a religion in rather a small way in Punkington, called the Grace-Walking Brethren. They had originally been called the Punkington Seceders; but, coalescing with Reverend Pygrave Clapp—who had just sloped from Coonopolis, Ga., where he had had a slight difficulty with the citizens on the Freesoil (whole ticket) question, which ended by his being ridden on a rail out of the state, and a report being spread abroad that the darkness of his complexion came from his having been tarred; and that under his clothes he was feathered like a bird—coalescing with this persecuted Testifier, the amalgamated ticket was thenceforward known as Grace-Walking. They encountered some little opposition at first. The Baal-Peor congregation (brass band connection) felt it incumbent upon them to denounce and repudiate the Grace-Walkers as Erastians, Arminians, Socinians, nigger-saviors, money-diggers, and traders in shin-plaisters. Reverend Lysander Sphoon published a card in the Punkington Sphynx and Commercial Advertiser, in which he accused Reverend Barkley Baggs of the Grace-Walkers of whittling in the pulpit, chewing in the vestry, and having a bust of Tom Paine over his bookcase. Reverend B. B. retorted by another card in the Punkington Sibyl and North and South Buffum Oracle, in which he alluded to the well-known story of Reverend L. Sphoon having been in early life in Sing Sing penitentiary for picking up things on the wharf; adding

some little anecdotes concerning what he had done subsequently in the wooden nutmeg trade, the clocks-that-wouldn't-figure trade, the school-teaching trade, the tarred-oakum-imitation-India-rubber trade, the temperance lecturing trade, and the whiskey selling trade. He regretted that his sacerdotal character precluded him from cowhiding Reverend L. Sphoon the first time he met him in town; but offered to match any one of his lay-elders against his opponent's deacons, and to forfeit fifty dolls. if the former left a strip of skin broader than a finger on the body of the latter after half-an-hour's "licking."

This was the only feud of any consequence in which the Grace-Walking Brethren were concerned. They were peaceful, decent, harmless bodies enough, minding their own business, not interfering with that of anybody else, and our citizens took to them kindly. Their congregations soon began to multiply in number, and they had chapels at Marathon, Squashborough, Lower Whittle, Thermopylæ, Jeffersonville and East Halleluia. Within a year from their establishment they had five circuits within a fifty miles circle of Punkington.

Now a circuit, you must understand, may comprehend five, ten, fifteen, twenty congregations; and, the religion not being quite rich enough to entertain a minister for each separate congregation, there are so many circuits—religious "beats," in fact—each of which is assigned to a different clergyman, who goes the round thereof in turn. Punkington circuit, including as it did the townships of Eggnogville, Bunkum, and Beersheba, together with Rapparoarer city and the villages of Snakesby, Fiscopolis, New Marseilles, Globbs and Ephesus, was a very popular circuit indeed. There were always dreadful handsome girls at preachings and camp meetings, and plenty of comfortable farm-houses where the ministers were entertained with such delicacies in the way of pork fixings, mush, hominy, johnnycakes, canvas-backed ducks, pumpkin pies, squash, whitepot, curds, molasses, York hams, turkies, and apple pasties; with elder wine, and perhaps a sly drop of peach brandy or Monongahela whiskey, that would have brought water into the mouth of a London alderman all cloyed and soggy from a tortoise dinner at Guildhall, or a proud British nobleman surfeited with the luxuries of a regal banquet at the court of Saint James's. The country around Punkington was pretty and picturesque; and the brethren walked in grace with meekness and devoutness. There was but one thing wanting to make the whole circuit one real land of milk and honey; or, rather, there was one thing that turned it into a land of gall and wormwood—of soreness of flesh and bitterness of spirit; and that thing was an individual; and that individual was Colonel Quagg.

A dreadful man, a skeery man, a man to waken snakes and rile monkies was Colonel Quagg. Goliah Washington Quagg was his name; and two and a half miles from Punkington did he locate, on the main road to Rapparoarer city. He was six foot three without his stockings, which would have made him, in jack-boots something terrifically gigantic to look at. He had a bushy beard and whiskers, and the integument that covered his bones was hard and horny as a crab-shell. The hair of his head was like a primeval forest, for it looked as though it had never been cut, combed, weeded, or trimmed. His eyes were fearful to look upon when they flashed, and they flashed almost always. He ate so much that people said that he was hollow all through—legs, arms, and all—and packed his food from the feet upwards. Some people compared him to a locomotive, for he was always smoking, drinking, roaring, and coming into collision with other folks. He compared himself to a Mississippi steam-boat with the safety-valves tied down with rope-yarn. "Rosin me up and stand on my bo lers," he used to cry. "Give me goss and let me rip. Strangers pay your bills, and liquor once more before you die, for I must lik every 'coon of you or bust." He was always licking 'coons. He licked a backwoodsman; four "Bowery bhoys" from New York, one after the other; an Irish hod-carrier (with one hand), and an English prize-fighter. They set a giant out of a menagerie at him once, and the giant closed with him, and was heard, soon afterwards to crack like a nut. The giant said, (after he cracked), that it was a darned, tarnation, everlasting shame it was; for he had gone in to whip a man, not a grisly bear.

Colonel Quagg was a blacksmith. He was not by any means the sort of blacksmith that Professor Longfellow has described. He had no boys to sit in the church among, no little daughter to hear singing in the choir. He was not the sort of blacksmith *I* saw once, during my travels in Europe, in a little village in the south of France, and who, on a broiling July day, was hammering away at his anvil with might and main,—in his shirt, and with his hair in curl papers; for it was Sunday, and there was a fête in the village in the evening. No. Colonel Quagg was a very different kind of Mulciber: not a harmonious blacksmith or a learned blacksmith; but a roaring, rampagious, coaly, knotty, sooty Vulcan of a man. To hear him shout out hoarsely to 'Zeek, his long, lank bellows-blower; to see him whirl his tremendous hammer above his head as though it had been a feather, and bring it down upon the iron on his anvil with such a monstrous clang that the sparks flew about and the flames leaped up the chimney and tripped up the heels of the smoke, as if they were frightened out of their wits. This was a sight—grand if you like—but fearful.

The colonelcy of Goliah Quagg arose from

his command of the Rapparoarer Tigers. These redoubtable volunteers were (of course) the ægis of the Union, and the terror of Buffum County. On fourth of July day they fired off so many rounds of musketry that their eventually blowing themselves up with gunpowder was thought to be by no means a matter of extreme improbability. The Rapparoarer Screamer newspaper teemed with cards headed "Rapparoarer Tigers, attention!" and commanding the attendance of the corps at reviews, burials or weddings of members, or political meetings. Colonel Quagg, in his Tiger uniform, at the head of his corps, vowing vengeance against the Punkington National Guards, the Lower Whittle Fire Corps; the Squashborough Invincibles; the Bunkum Defenders; the East Halleluia Hussars. Between which last-named volunteers and the Tigers there had occurred a deadly fray at the corners of Seventh Street and Slog Avenue, Punkington; the Hussars being at last obliged to take refuge in a liquor-store in the next block, and two eyes and unnumbered double teeth being left on the field. Colonel Quagg brandishing his sabre and threatening gouging, cowhiding, and eternal chawing up to creation in general and rival militia and fire corps in particular, was a great and glorious sight to see once, perhaps twice, but not oftener; for the sun at noon-day dazzles, and distance lends enchantment to the voice of a powder magazine, or Vesuvius, or a mad dog.

Colonel Quagg had neither wife nor relations, chick nor child. He lived behind the smithy, in a grim cabin; where, for aught anybody knew he slept on the bones of his enemies, or kept bears and wolves, or burned brimstone and Bengal lights in his fire-place. Where he was raised was not certain. What he did on Sundays (for he never went to church or meeting, and could not, in deference to our citizens, work in his smithy on the Sabbath) was not known. There were but two things about him on which arguments could be, with tolerable certainty, held. That he liked rum—raw—which he drank in vast quantities without ever winking, or being intoxicated; and that he hated the Grace-Walking Brethren.

What these, or any other brethren had ever done to incur his dislike was not stated; but it was clear and certain that he hated them fiercely and implacably. He declaimed against them in drinking bars; he called them opprobrious names in the street; and, what was particularly disagreeable to the brethren themselves, he made a point of giving every minister who passed his smithy—on horse or on foot, on business or pleasure—a sound and particularly humiliating beating.

Colonel Quagg's method was this. 'Zeek, the long, lanky assistant would, as he blew the bellows, keep a sharp look out through a little round hole in the smithy wall. When, on the crest of the little hill in the valley beneath which the smithy lay (the bridge over the Danube, leading to Punkington, was in the other direction), there appeared the devoted figure of a Grace-Walking clergyman, Zeek' would call out, "one o' them, Colonel!" Whereupon the blacksmith would lay down his hammer, and say grimly, "'Zeek, 'ile.'"

The "ile," or oil, being brought, the Colonel would therewith anoint a tremendous leather strap, in size and appearance between the trace for a cart-horse and the movement-band for a steam-engine. Then would he sally forth, tug the luckless preacher by one leg off his horse—if he happened to be riding—or grapple him by the collar of his coat if he were a-foot, and thrash him with the strap—not till he howled for mercy; for the victim always did that at the very first stroke of the awful strap; but till his own brawny arm could no longer hold the mighty weapon. All this was accompanied by a flood of abuse on the part of the Colonel: the minister, his congregation, sect, person, and presumed character, were all animadverted upon; and, after having been treated with brutality, he was dismissed with scorn, with a sardonic recommendation to send as many more of his brethren that way as he could, to be served in the same way. Then, execution being done, and the miserable victim of his ferocity being gone on his bruised way towards Punkington, the Colonel would stride into Silas B. Powkey's tavern over the hill, hot, perspiring, and fatigued; and, throwing his terrible strap on the bar, and seating himself on a puncheon, would throw his legs aloft, half in weariness half in triumph, even till they reached the altitude of the mantel-piece, would there rest them, and, ejecting a mighty stream of tobacco juice, cry:

"Squire, strapped another Grace-Walker: Rum."

Now this, as in the celebrated Frog and Boy case (vide spelling-book reports), albeit excellent sport to one party concerned, was death to the other. Martyrdom had not exactly been contracted for when the Grace-Walking Brethren entered the ministry; and without martyrdom there was no riding the Punkington circuit. There was no avoiding the colonel and his awful strap. There was no going round another way. There was no mollifying, persuading, or infusing soft pity into the colonel's breast. "I licks ye," he was wont to reply when interceded with, "because I kin, and because I like, and because ye'se critters that licks is good for. Skins ye have on and skins I'll have off; hard or soft, wet or dry, spring or fall. Walk in grace if ye like till pumpkins is peaches; but licked ye must be till your toe-nails drop off and your noses bleed blue ink." And licked they were accordingly.

What was to be done with such a man—a man with this dreadful fixed idea of strapping

clergymen—a man with an indomitable will, a strong arm, and an abusive tongue. Warrants, summonses, exigents, and actions for battery, the colonel laughed to scorn. "As much law as you like," he said, "but not one lick will that save you." The female members of the Grace-Walking congregation were fain to write anonymous letters to him, exhorting him to repentance. Reverend Joash M'Tear wrote to Lucretia Z. Tackeboguey of Grimgribberopolis, Va., the celebrated table-turner and spirit-rapper, and begged her to consult a four-legged mahogany of extraordinary talent and penetration with reference to Colonel Quagg's persecution of the saints. He received in reply a highly-flattering and interesting communication from the spirits of Cleopatra and his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, in which it was confidently predicted that shortly after the passing of the Maine liquor law in Holland, and the adoption of Bloomerism at the court of Queen Victoria, Colonel Quagg would be bound in leathern straps for five hundred years; which, all things taken into consideration, was not a very encouraging look out for the Grace-Walkers. Then they took to holding public meetings, mass meetings, indignation meetings, against him; then to praying for him; then to praying to be delivered from him as from a dragon or a fiery serpent. One bright spirit of the sect suggested bribery, either directly by the enclosure of dollars, or indirectly by the encouragement of the colonel's trade in having horses shod at his smithy. But both artifices failed. The colonel took the first ten-dollar bill that was offered him, and administered a more unmerciful thrashing than ordinary to the giver—as a receipt, he said. The next victim happened to have a horse that opportunely cast both his fore-shoes in front of the colonel's residence. The enemy of Grace-Walkers shod the beast; but the only benefit that its proprietor derived was the privilege of being beaten inside the smithy instead of out, and the threat that the next time he presumed to come that way he should be laid on the anvil and beaten as flat as a wheel-tire with a red-hot crowbar.

This state of things was growing intolerable. The more the brethren went on preaching the more the colonel went on licking. The more they beat the—

> "Pulpit drum ecclesiastic
> With fist instead of a stick,"

the more Colonel Quagg proved his doctrine orthodox—

> "By apostolic blows and knocks."

The Punkington circuit began to lack ministers. Clergymen were not forthcoming. The pulpits were deserted. The congregations began to cry out. No wonder. Devotion, meekness, self-abnegation are all admirable qualities in their way, but human nature, after all, is not cast iron. It will wrestle with wild beasts at Ephesus, but it does not exactly love to wrestle when the wild beasts are twisting the bars of their cage, and have not had a shin-bone to feed on for three weeks. To put one's head into the lion's mouth is good once in a way; but it is hardly prudent to do so when the lion's tail begins to wag, and his mane to bristle, and his eyes to flash fire and fury.

There was a meeting held at Punkington to decide upon what ministers should go the ensuing Spring circuit; just as, in Europe, the Judges meet to arrange among themselves who shall go a hanging, and where. The question of Colonel Quagg was debated in solemn conclave: for, though all the other places in the circuit found ready volunteers not one clergyman could be found to offer to administer to the spiritual necessities of the Rapparoarer brethren. Brother M'Tear had a bad cold; brother Brownjohn would rather not; brother Knash had a powerful call down Weepingwail way; brother Bobberlink would next time—perhaps. Brother Slocum gave a more decided reason than any one of his brother ministers. He said that he would be eternally licked if he'd go, because he'd be sure to be considerably licked if he went.

A brother who, up to that time, had said little or nothing—a long, thin, loose-limbered brother, with a face very like a quince more than three parts withered—who sat in the corner of the room during the debate, with his legs curled up very much in the fashion of a dog:—a brother, to say the truth, of whose abilities a somewhat mean opinion was entertained, for he was given to stammering, blushing, hemming, hawing, scraping with his feet, and seemed to possess no peculiar accomplishment save the questionable one of shutting one eye when he expectorated—this brother, by name Zephaniah Stockdolloger, here addressed himself modestly to speech:—

"Thorns," he said, "is'nt good eating; stinging-nettles is'nt pleasant handling, without gloves; nor is thistles comfortable, worn next to the skin. Corns is painful. Man's skin was not made to be flayed off him like unto the hide of a wild cat. But vocation is vocation, and duty, duty. Some. I, Zephaniah Stockdolloger will go on the Rapparoarer location, and if Brother Brownjohn will lone me his hoss I will confront the man—even Goliah Quagg." After which the devoted brother shut his eyes and expectorated.

The meeting turned their quids and expectorated too; but without shutting their eyes. They adopted the long brother's disinterested proposition, nem.-con. But Brother Bobberlink whispered to Brother Slocum that he had allays thought Zephaniah Stock-

dolloger considerable of a fool, and that now he knew it—that was a fact.

The fire roared, the sparks flew up the chimney, and the great bellows blew fiercely one April evening, and Colonel Quagg and his anvil were in fierce dispute about a red hot horseshoe. The colonel had the advantage of a hammer that Tubal Cain might have wielded when he fashioned the first ploughshare; but the anvil was used to hard knocks, and stood out against the blacksmith bravely. Indeed, if a certain metallic vibration was to be taken into account, the anvil had the best of it; for it had the last word. Only the unfortunate horseshoe came to grief; and, like the man between two stools who came to the ground, was battered into all sorts of shapes between the two disputants. Suddenly, 'Zeek, the bellows-blower, ceased for a moment in his occupation, and remarked,

"One o' them, colonel, top o' the hill. On a hoss. Legs as long as a coulter."

"Twankeydillo! twankeydillo!" * sung out Colonel Quagg in great exultation. "Ile 'Zeek, and plenty of it for Jack Strap, the critter is getting as rusty as Old Hundred."

The fatal strap being iled rather more liberally than usual, the colonel grasped it in his mighty hand, and passed out of the smithy door.

He saw, coming towards him down the hill, a long-legged, yellow-faced man in black, with a white neckcloth and a broad brimmed hat. He bestrode a solemn-looking white horse with a long tail. He had but one spur (the rider) but it was a very long and rusty spur. In his hand he carried a little dog's-eared book; and, as he rode, he sang, quite softly, a little hymn that ran something like the following:—

"We are marching through the gracious ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And then we shall in glory reign,
And never, never part again.
What, never part again?
No, never part again.
No never, never, never, &c.
And then we shall, &c."

Colonel Quagg waited till the verse of the hymn was quite finished, and the horseman had got to within a couple of yards of his door, when he called out in a terrible voice,

"Hold hard!"

"Brother," said the man on the horse, "good evening and peace."

"For the matter of that," responded Colonel Quagg, "rot! Hold hard, and git out of that hoss."

"Brother?" the other interrogated, as if not quite understanding the command.

"Git out, I tell you," cried the blacksmith. "Legs and feet! Git out, you long-tailed blackbird. Git out, for I'm riz, and snakes will wake! I want to talk to you."

The long man slid rather than got off his horse. It was, indeed, Brother Zephaniah Stockdolloger; for his face was quincier than ever, and, as he descended from his steed, he shut his eyes and expectorated.

"Now," said the blacksmith, seating himself on the horse-block in front of his dwelling, and giving a blow on the ground with his strap that made the pebbles dance. "Where do you hail from?"

"From Punkington city, brother," answered the reverend Zephaniah.

"And whar are you a goin' tu?"

"To Rapparoarer city."

"And what may you be goin' for to du in that location?"

"Goin' on circuit."

"What!"

"Lord's business, brother."

Colonel Quagg shook out the strap to its full length, and passed it through his horny hand

"There was a brother of yours," he said sententiously, "that went to Rapparoarer city on Lord's business last fall. He passed this edifice, he did. He met this strap close by here. And that strap made him see comets, and dance like a shaking Quaker, and feel uncommon like a bob-tail bull in fly time."

There was something so dreadfully suggestive in the position of a bob-tailed bull in fly time (the insects frequently kill cattle with their stings) that brother Stockdolloger wriggled uneasily.

"And I *du* hope," the colonel continued, "that you, brother, aren't of the same religion as this babe of grace was as met the strap as he was riding. That religion was the Grace-Walking religion, and that religion I always lick."

"Lick, brother!"

"Lick. With the strap. Dreadful."

"Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the minister, "for such, I know, is your name in the flesh, I *am* a preacher of the Grace-Walking connection. Humble, but faithful, I hope."

"Then," returned Colonel Quagg, making an ironical bow, "this *is* the strap with which I am a going for to lick you into sarse."

"Brother, brother," the other cried, shaking his head, "cast that cruel strap from out of thine hand. Close thine hand, if thou wilt, upon the hammer of thy trade, the coulter of thy plough, upon a pen, the rudder of a ship, the handle of a lantern to light men to peace and love and good-will; but close it not upon sword of iron, or bludgeon of wood, or strap of leathern hide. For, from the uplifting and downfalling of those wicked instruments came never good; but rather boiling tears, and bruises and blood, and misery, and death."

"Now look you here," the blacksmith cried, impatiently. "Talk as long as you like; but talk while I am a licking of you.

* "Twankeydillo" is the refrain of an old country blacksmith's song.

For time is precious, and must not be thrown away, nohow. Lick you I must, and lick you I will. Hard."

"But, brother—but, colonel——"

"Rot!" exclaimed the colonel. "Straps is waiting. Stubs and fences! I'll knock you into horseshoes and then into horse-nails, if you keep me waiting."

"Have you no merciful feelings?" asked Zephaniah, as if sorely troubled.

"Not a cent of 'em! Air you ready? Will you take it fighting, or will you take it lying down? Some takes it fighting; some takes it like lambs, lying down. Only make haste."

"Goliah Quagg," the minister responded, "I am a man of peace, and not one that goes about raging with sword and buckler, like unto Apollyon, or a corporal of the Boston Tigers; and I would rather not take it at all."

"You must!" the colonel roared, now fairly infuriated. "Pickled alligators! you must. Hold hard, you coon! Hold hard! for I'm a goin' to begin. Now, once more; is it fighting, or is it quiet, you mean for to take it?"

"Well," said brother Zephaniah, "you are hard upon me, Colonel, and that's true. It's fighting or lying down, isn't it?"

"Aye," returned the colonel, brandishing his strap.

"Then I'll take it fighting!" the man of peace said quietly.

Colonel Quagg halted for a moment, as if amazed at the audacity of the Grace-Walker. Then, with a wild hallo, he rushed upon him very much as a bob-tailed bull does rush about under the aggravating influence of flies. His hand was upon the minister's collar; the strap that had done so much execution in its time was swinging high in air, when—

Stay. Can you imagine the rage, astonishment, and despair of a schoolmaster caned by his pupil; of the Emperor of China sentenced to be bambooed by a Hong Kong coolie; of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade expulsed therefrom by a boy with a basket; of a butler kicked by a footpage; of a Southern planter cowhided by one of his own niggers; of a Broadway dandy jostled by a newly landed Irish emigrant; of a policeman ordered to move on by an apple-woman; of the Commander-in-chief of the army in the Crimea desired to stand at ease by a drummer; of the Pope of Rome blessed with two fingers by a chorister boy? If you can imagine anything of this sort,—but only if you can—you may be able to form an idea of how Colonel Quagg felt when a storm of blows, hard, well-directed, and incessant, began to fall on his head, on his breast, on his face, on his shoulders, on his arms, on his legs—all over his body, so rapidly that he felt as if he was being hit everywhere at once,—when he found his strap would hit nowhere on the body of his opponent, but that he himself was hit everywhere.

Sledgehammers! Sledgehammers were nothing to the fists of the Grace-Walking brother. A bob-tail bull in fly time was an animal to be envied in comparison to the colonel. He danced with all the vigour of a nigger toeing and heeling a hornpipe. He saw more comets than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ever dreamed of. He felt that he was all nose, and that a horribly swollen one. Then that he had swallowed all his teeth. Then that he had five hundred eyes, and then none at all. Then that his ribs went in and his blood came out. Then his legs failed under him, and he fell down all of a heap; or perhaps, to speak classically and pugilistically, he hit out wildly, felt groggy, and went down at the ropes. The tall brother went down atop of him, and continued pounding away at his body—not perhaps as hard as he could, but decidedly much harder than the colonel liked—singing all the while the little hymn beginning

"We are marching through the gracious ground,"

quite softly, to himself.

"Hold hard!" gasped the colonel at last, faintly. "You don't mean murder, du you? You won't hit a man when he's down, much more, will you, brother?"

"By no means," answered Zephaniah, bringing down his fist nevertheless with a tremendous "bash" upon the colonel's nose, as if there were a fly there, and he wanted to kill it. "But you've took it fighting, colonel, and you may as well now take it like a lamb, lying down."

"But I'm broke, I tell you," groaned the vanquished blacksmith. "I can't do no more. You air so almighty hard, you are."

"Oh! You give in, then?"

"Aye," murmured Colonel Quagg.

"Speak louder—I'm hard of hearing."

"Yes!" repeated the colonel, with a groan. "I *du* give in. For I'm beat; whittled clean away to the small end o' nothing—chawed up—cornered."

"You must promise me one little thing," Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the reverend Stockdolloger, without however removing his knees from the colonel's chest. "You must promise, before I leave off hammering of your body, never for to ill-treat by word or deed any of our people—ministers, elders, deacons, or brethren."

"I'll promise," replied the colonel; "only let me up. You're choking me."

"Nor to rile, lick, or molest any other peaceable critturs as are coming or going past your way upon Lord's business."

"I promise," muttered the colonel, who was becoming purple in the face.

"Likewise," concluded Zephaniah, playfully knocking away one of his adversary's loose teeth, so as to make his mouth neat and tidy, "you must promise to give up drinking of rum; which is a delusion and a snare, and bad for the innards, besides being

on the trunk line to perdition. And finally, you must promise to come to our next camp meeting, clean shaved, and with a contrite heart."

"No," cried the almost expiring colonel, "I won't; not for all the toebacco in Virginny! Nor yet for Martin Van Buren, or Dan'el Webster! Nor yet for to be postmaster!"

"You won't, brother?" asked Zephaniah, persuasively raising his fist.

"No; I'm darned if I do!"

"Then," returned the Grace-Walker, meekly, "I must sing another little hymn."

Immediately afterwards Colonel Quagg's tortures recommenced. He struggled, he roared, he entreated; but in vain. All he could see were the long man's arms whirling about like the sails of windmills. All he could feel was the deadly pain of the blows on his already hideously bruised face and body. All he could hear was the snuffling voice of his tormentor singing, with an occasional stammer, a verse of a little hymn commencing:

"I'm goin' home to bliss above—
Will you go, will you go?
To live in mercy, peace, and love—
Will you go, will you go?
My old companions, fare you well,
A brighter fate has me befel,
I mean up in the skies to dwell—
Will you go, will you go?"

He could stand it no longer. He threw out his arms, and groaned, "Spare my life, and I'll promise anything."

"Happy to hear it, colonel," answered brother Stockdolloger, helping his adversary to rise, and then coolly settling his own white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to look after my hoss a bit. He cast a shoe just after I left Punkington."

Colonel Quagg, quite humiliated and crestfallen, proceeded to shoe the horse, which had been quietly cropping the stunted herbage while the colonel was being licked. The operation finished, as well as Quagg's bruised arms would permit, the Grace-Walker gravely handed him a coin, which the blacksmith as gravely took; then mounted his steed, and rode away. As for 'Zeek he had been hiding away somewhere during the combat. But he now appeared; and, to judge by the energetic manner in which he blew the bellows and a certain grin overspreading his swarthy countenance, he seemed not altogether displeased at the discomfiture of his master.

Colonel Quagg had never read Shakspeare, but he had unconsciously enacted the part of Ancient Pistol. He had been compelled to eat the leek which he had mocked. He had been a woodmonger, and bought nothing of brother Stockdolloger but cudgels. He had taken a groat, too, to heal his pate. Let us hope with Fluellen that it was good for his wounded sconce.

There is a seat at religious camp meetings in America called the "anxious seat." A camp meeting is not unlike a fair—a very pious one, of course; and the anxious seat is one on which sit the neophytes, the newly-entered—those who have anything to confess, anything to complain of, anything to disclose, or to tell, or to ask.

Upon the anxious seat at the next camp meeting near Rapparoarer city of the Grace-Walking Brethren sat Colonel Goliah Quagg. Amid a breathless silence, he frankly avowed his former evil course of life; narrated the events of his conversion by brother Stockdolloger, and promised amendment for the future. A brother who had been reposing on a bench, with his limbs curled up after the manner of a dog—a long, yellow-faced brother, who had a curious habit of shutting his eyes when he expectorated—rose to speak when the colonel sat down. He expressed how happy he was to have been the instrument of Colonel Quagg's conversion; and that the means he had employed, though somewhat rough, had been efficacious. With much modesty also he alluded to his own conversion. It was not such a long time ago, he said, that he himself had been but as one of the wicked. He owned it with shame that he had at one time been one of the abandoned men called prizefighters—a pugilist to be backed and betted upon for hire and gain; and that he had beaten Dan Grummles, surnamed the Brooklyn Pet, in a stand-up fight for two hundred dolls. aside.

Colonel Quagg kept his promise. He left off rum and parson-licking. He resigned the command of the Tigers, and is now, as Elder Quagg, a shining and a burning light among the Grace-Walking Brethren.

CHIPS.

THE CHRISTMAS CATTLE SHOW.

THE geography and statistics of the Smithfield Cattle Show which has recently taken place present in a narrow compass a view of by whom and where the best stock for fattening, as distinguished from the best stock for breeding or dairy purposes, is raised.

First come, according to the order of the catalogue, thirty-three Devons—steers, bullocks, heifers and cows, from two years and upwards—nice compact little animals, all of a dark red, with fine sort skins, covered with curly hair, and faces mild but genteel. These are all bred in North Devonshire, or Somersetshire, or Norfolk. The Norfolks are smaller than those bred on their native hills. All make up in quality and quantity of choice joints, for what they want in gross weight. A royal farmer, Prince Albert, takes off the first prize for a

steer bred on the rich pastures round South Molton, under a damp and genial climate. The Prince and a gentleman near Southampton are the only persons who obtain prizes, not being Devon or Norfolk men. Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester, late of Holkham, introduced Devons into Norfolk, with his great agricultural improvements. His son carries off two prizes for oxen, but is beaten by his great tenant, Mr. Hudson, of Castle Acre, in the contest for the fat cow prize.

Next come Herefords, in number twenty-two, red coloured, whitefaced, larger and coarser than the Devons, yet much loved by the butcher. On tracing their origin, we find none bred except in their native county, in the adjoining Welsh county of Brecon, and in Shropshire. But they are fed in Norfolk, in Berks, in Oxfordshire, in Somerset, in Dorset, Middlesex, Glo'stershire, Surrey-hills, by claimants for the Smithfield stakes. An innkeeper of Bristol comes in first, and Prince Albert second, for the chief prizes.

Thirdly, come the representatives of beef for the million—the white nose short-horn, of every colour except black and cream. Forty-two claimants have come to the poll, beside ten half-breds, who on one side or other are half short-horns. This is the beast most useful for all purposes—an animal that gives meat and fat to the butcher, and milk and cream to the dairy; not for flavour or grain equal to the Devon or well-fed Highlander; but an excellent, respectable, and most useful beast. Therefore found settled and naturalised in all counties and countries where civilised beef is esteemed and dairies are maintained. Patrons of the short-horn have sent up milk-white specimens, red specimens, red and white specimens, and roan specimens, from Cambridge, Lincoln, Wiltshire, Norfolk, Berkshire, Beds, Bucks, Essex, Dumfries, York, Dorset, Northampton, Glo'ster, Lancashire, Worcester, Warwickshire, Aberdeen. The Duke of Rutland wins the gold medal for the best animal in the yard, bred and fed by himself. When this nobleman was born, the short-horn breed had not been established by the brothers Collings. He has lived to breed and feed the best short-horn that ever carried off a prize at the Smithfield Show. A Squire of an old Lancashire family follows with the gold medal for a white cow, which would have been worshipped in heathen times. When the Duke of Rutland was of age, no Lancashire Squire would have condescended to admit a short-horn on his farm.

In sheep—divided into long-woolled and short-woolled—a Marquis and a Squire of ancient name—one a celebrated master of foxhounds—each take a first and a second prize in two classes for their pure Leicesters. The Marquis is the representative of Queen Bess's wise Burleigh, who could never have contemplated such an innovation as modern mutton chops.

The gold medal for the delicious South Down discovered by Ellman perfected by Jonas Webb, goes to the Duke of Richmond, who is run hard by a Norfolk peer.

In pigs, the commoners have it all their own way; Prince Albert only securing commendation for Mrs. Betty, a white pig. No ancient boar of Druid times could recognise his descendants in the placid swine which slept so sweetly on their wooden pillows. Good pigs nowadays are of no county, as forty-one snoring specimens of all sizes proved.

WALTER HURST.

Walter Hurst,
In the grim old days of James the First,
Was a young Esquire of five-and-twenty,
With cows, and sheep, and lands in plenty,
And all things fit for his condition:
But the brains within his head were muddled
By that base and profitless superstition,—
More fit for a worshipper of Apis,
Or a South Sea Islander when he is fuddled,
Than any civilised, sober being,—
Which taught that, by means of the secret unction
Of a certain Philosophic Lapis,
(If rightly timed with the moon's conjunction
And the mystical stars thereto agreeing),
Or else by a chemical transformation,
You might effect the quick mutation
Of lead to gold, though at the risk
Of the currency's depreciation.—
So Walter, with furnaces slow or brisk,
And the aid of alembic, retort, and crucible,
Day after day kept drudging and toiling,
His clean complexion smudging and spoiling
With smoke and sharp metallic vapours
And the flare of many lamps and tapers,
Though the gold was plainly non-producible.
Yet no wonder that *he* should be thus mistaken,
When my Lord of Verulam, Francis Bacon
(Vide Century Four of his Natural History),
Rather pats the back of this ancient mystery,
While repudiating all connexion
With stones or astrologic spells,
And grounding success on a deep inspection
Of Nature's close and inward cells.
This vain attempt
Walter continued year by year,
Until he dreamt
One night that a Spirit heavenly-clear,
With a face like moonrise when it lightens
The eastern hills with a budding crescent,
And touches the sunset in the west,
While the air between, as it faintly brightens,
Seems held in a deep, enchanted rest,
And a glory subtle and evanescent,
Beside his bed stood richly blooming;
And all around, in a golden glooming,
Answer'd her limbs' harmonious motion
With gleams that alternately dusk'd and glisten'd,
Like a dolphin at night in the dark mid ocean.
His life hung feeding upon her lips,
And he felt that his heart stood still, and listen'd;
For, thorough the luminous eclipse
Of her vapoury shape, to the finger-tips,
Her soul shone forth with a starry splendour,

As, in musical cadence full and tender,
Which was half like talking and half like singing,
And up-borne on a mighty sway and swinging,
She spoke what I cannot rightly render,
But can only give in plain narration,
Like a noble poem's bad translation.

She said that he must leave his home,
And up and down the wide world roam,
Till, in a land beyond the seas,—
A land far off in the lulling distance,
Where the winds are drows'd in the thick pine trees
With the murmur of their sweet persistence,—
He should attain to Life's chief Treasure,
The bliss that knows not stint nor measure;
Yea, even unto the high communion
Of soul with soul in mystical union,
Wherefrom, by a process unbeholden,
The leaden dross of earth turns golden,
As sullen Winter melts to smiles
When Spring's warm arms are round him folden.
But if thenceforward he should leave
This wealthy boon of Heaven's sending,
And throw contempt on such great befriending
He might wander over weary miles,
And sit in weedy nooks and grieve,
Yet never after would regain
The end and guerdon of his pain;
Never till he had cross'd a dim
And noiseless river with crumbling brim,
Whose stream flows onward steady and swift
Beneath a sky of blackest seeming,
Which on the other shore is rift
By the lustre of a crystal clift
And a royal city vast and gleaming:
A city built with domes and towers
And terraces of blossoming flowers,
Where the sculptured colonnades behold,
Through their sultry light of beaten gold,
The far-off silver spires freeze
In the shadows of high pyramides:
The home of many crown'd Magicians,
And solemn pageantry of visions,
Closed round with triple walls, and sheer,
Between whose bulwarks broad and steep
The green tops of the palm-trees sleep
In the still and scented atmosphere.

And, having to this purpose spoken,
In empty air, she paled and vanish'd
And all the magic gleams lay broken
Before the darkness they had banish'd.
Walter was seiz'd with a general quaking
When the Shape had gone; and, at length awaking,
Saw the shining fringe of morning light
On the edge of the eastern robe of Night;
When, suddenly into rapture breaking,
He cried aloud, "To me is given
The glorious task of making known
The nature of the Marvellous Stone
And the noblest secret under Heaven.
Yet the Spirit might have spared her warning;
For who would leave the great adorning
Which comes of the only perfect Science?
Trust me, O Spirit sweet and fair,
That, by the exquisite appliance
Of thy most sumptuous revelation,
A radiance primitive and rare
Shall flow from nation unto nation,
Till all the world is richly lying
In the Golden Age that is undying."

It was not long
Ere Walter, with only one attendant,
But his heart like a star in the ascendant,
Set out on his adventurous travel
Through distant countries, and among
Outlandish people subtle and strong,
This solemn Mystery to unravel.
I will not speak of half his wanderings,
Or a quarter of his schemes and ponderings:
Suffice it, that, from France to Poland,
From Greece to Muscovy, there was no land
Of Europe—North, South, East, or West—
That came not in his painful quest
After Alchemical Philosophy.
Likewise, all grave and learned men
Who kept the planets in their ken,
Or had any pretension to theosophy,—
Those priests of science, who took their stand
In the mists of that debatable land
Between religion and gymnosophy,—
He sought for, and consulted often:
And sometimes in old tomby places
And abbey ruins whose ponderous bases
The rains and the tempest sap and soften,
He would delve at midnight by the glimmer
Of a leering lanthorn that made still dimmer
The walls and the gloomy interspaces,
In the hope of finding the Stone of all stones;
But, although he dug up large and small stones
And tested their virtues in projection,
Years laps'd, and yielded not the spoil
Of all his travel and weary toil,
While in nowise changing his mind's direction.

The years they came, the years they passed;
And a purple day-spring dawn'd at last
Over his work of dross and mire.
—You have doubtless found in Life's short poem
When the Universe's epic poem,
As if pregnant with God's etherial fire,
Is veil'd in the awful light of Beauty,
And the earth, like a sudden revelation,
Seems all fresh with the dew of its creation,—
You have found in that season rich and fruity
A strange delight—a winged wonder—
A living soul in sight and sound,
That fills as with harmonious thunder
And flame the regions over and under,
And the meanest aspects standing round—
A song from which all discords dwindled—
A light as of a star just kindled
In some white virgin tract of space:
And I wot you know as well as I do
That this magic centres in one face;
For, since the period of Queen Dido,
(Or, perhaps, in days still more antique
Than those of fabulous Æneas)
We've all been subject to this freak,
Albeit some sages strive to free us.
Even thus in time it chanced with Walter:
Not that his heart began to falter
In seeking for the promised boon;
Or that he felt the burning noon
Of existence growing an oppression;
But simply that the sweet possession
Of that gentle mystery, like a dream,
Through the silent chambers of his being,
Brought depths on depths of inward seeing.
And the sunrise of a glory extreme,
Which stamp'd with some divine new mai
Whatever came within its beam.
So, knowing that his hair now dark,

In a few more years would show some hoar lock,
And that Time, though leisurely, never tarried,
He wisely took him by the forelock :
—In short, he married.

Oh, perfect rest ! oh, dulcet ease !
As of a ship that finds some haven,
By still, translucent waters paven,
After the weary, wandering seas !
Oh, nest beneath the dark pine trees,
In the smile of its own whiteness sleeping,
Where the clangour of the festive bees
Answers the branchy chorus sweeping
From bough to bough when the winds are out;
Oh, swift cascades that dance and shout
Down the sides of the carv'd and glittering peaks
Of the mountains, steady, and great and calm ;
Looking up at the sky with wet, gray cheeks
How your healing influence bathed in balm
The mind that was sear'd and scorch'd with longing !
Better it was than wisest books ;
And it was bliss to see the brooks
For ever along the valley thronging,
And the kine at feed in the placid meadows,
Dumbly feeding above their shadows,
And the birds with their wild and rapid looks
Leaping in and out of the leaves,
As they sprinkled the air with a musical rain,
And the doves that around the weather-vane
Flash'd on their white angelical wings,
And the heavy-headed, sustaining sheaves,
Like the dark earth's golden kings.
—Walter, within his soul's white morn,
Saw vast Nature newly born;
For when the jaded brain receives
Celestial light and fire, all things
Put forth fresh buds and infant shoots
Up from their old, eternal roots,
And this gray, wrinkled world is seen
As at the First it may have been,
Lying, all young, and soft and tender,
In the arms of th' enfolding Heaven,
Unmingled with that bitter leaven,
Which the successive ages render.

But the stream of Time is always gliding,
And the fairest things are least abiding.
—It's said (and I think there's a great deal of truth in it),
That some cross-grain'd folks are apt to mutter
And make wry mouths at their bread and butter,
Unwisely refusing to set a tooth in it,
Because they think it not good enough
For their worshipful stomachs—or some such stuff.
Thus, Walter, having lived in bliss
A year or two, began to miss
His former travels in prosecution
Of the golden secret's grand solution ;
And, turning again his addled brain
To the old vexation, toil, and pain,
(Though more for the glory than the pelf,)
He thought like a fool within himself,
That, by a sacred obligation,
He must forsake all human ties,
To fulfil the Spirit's revelation,
And aid the world's high destinies.
And so, in the gray of a summer morning,
Without the least farewell or warning,
He crept away with a stealthy tread,
And a cruel devil in heart and head—
Crept away like a thief that feels
His conscience dogging at his heels—
Crept away from the soft inclosing
Of th' arms where he had lain reposing—
Crept awhile, then swiftly ran
Into the outer world of man.

'Twould be a tedious task, and bootless,
For me to give or you to hear a
Full record of his efforts fruitless
In seeking for that vain chimera ;—
The restless toil, the fierce consuming,
The fret, the fever, and the fuming—
The haggard nights, dream-curst and eager,
The days that found him pale and meagre—
Fighting for aye a ghastly fight
Against Despair by a baleful light
Of hope that seem'd itself despairing !
But at length (when the choice was calm, or madness)
His mind, like a taper spent with flaring,
Lay down on the edge of darkness faintly ;
And over the darkness and the sadness
Came a visage sad and saintly,—
Sad and saintly and bright and lonely,—
Bright and lonely as an only
Star in heaven when heaven is shrouded ;
And, in a vast and mighty anguish,
He felt his very bones to languish,
And his soul to thirst with an infinite thirsting
(As men for air when over-crowded)
For the face that he had left to sorrow.
His heart with remorse and shame was bursting ;
And he vow'd in his weeping that on the morrow
He would seek his home and beg for grace.

And when once more he reach'd the place
He found the cottage closed and dusty,
With crumbling doors and iron rusty,
That scarcely withstood the stinging sabres
Of the weeds that clomb with dull exertion.
On a sudden, his tongue grew parch'd and fiery :
Stumbling and wild, he sought the neighbours,
Who turn'd away with cold aversion ;
And, in reply to his inquiry,
With murderous shortness only said—
"Dead !"

And through his grief's transcendant night—
Too late, too late !—he saw the light,
And understood the consummation
Of the Spirit's typical revelation.
Oh, he had once held Life's chief Treasure,
The bliss that knows not stint nor measure !
He had attain'd the high communion
Of soul with soul in mystical union,
And had lost that boon of Heaven's sending
In casting aside its great befriending.
Therefore his few remaining years
He sow'd with salt and barren tears,
And wander'd about with hair all gray,
Gazing like one who had lost his way
By night in a desert cold and wide :
And ever he pray'd for his latest breath
That so at length he might regain
Her dear embrace in that domain
Which shines like a sun on the other side
Of the dark and rapid river of Death

And that's the Tale.
If you ask me what it may avail ?
I answer, it shows that when we're blest
With a gift of Heaven's own bequest,
We must learn to prize and understand it,
And be thankful to Him who wrought and plann'd it,

Instead of wishing the very next day
To cast it in the dirt away,
Like an infant with its bells and coral.
—And that's the Moral.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

—♦—

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

At the time arranged the previous day, they set out on their walk to see Nicholas Higgins and his daughter. They both were reminded of their recent loss by a strange kind of shyness in their new habiliments, and in the fact that it was the first time for many weeks that they had deliberately gone out together. They drew very close to each other in unspoken sympathy.

Nicholas was sitting by the fire-side in his accustomed corner: but he had not his accustomed pipe. He was leaning his head upon his hand, his arm resting on his knee. He did not get up when he saw them, though Margaret could read the welcome in his eye.

"Sit ye down, sit ye down. Fire's welly out," said he, giving it a vigorous poke, as if to turn attention away from himself. He was rather disorderly, to be sure, with a black unshaven beard of several days' growth, making his pale face look yet paler, and a jacket which would have been all the better for patching.

"We thought we should have a good chance of finding you, just after dinner-time," said Margaret.

"We have had our sorrow too, since we saw you," said Mr. Hale.

"Ay, ay. Sorrows is more plentiful than dinners just now; I reckon my dinner hour stretches all o'er the day; yo're pretty sure of finding me."

"Are you out of work?" asked Margaret.

"Ay," he replied shortly. Then, after a moment's silence, he added, looking up for the first time: 'I'm not wanting brass. Dunno yo think it. Bess, poor lass, had a little stock under her pillow, ready to slip into my hand, last moment, and Mary is fustian cutting. But I'm out o' work a' the same."

"We owe Mary some money," said Mr. Hale, before Margaret's sharp pressure on his arm could arrest the words.

"If hoo takes it, I'll turn her out o' doors. I'll bide inside these four walls, and she'll bide out. That's a'."

"But we owe her many thanks for her kind service," began Mr. Hale again.

"I ne'er thanked yo'r daughter there for her deeds o' love to my poor wench. I ne'er could find th' words. I'se have to begin and try now, if yo start making an ado about what little Mary could sarve yo."

"Is it because of the strike you're out of work?" asked Margaret gently.

"Strike's ended. It's o'er for this time. I'm out o' work because I ne'er asked for it. And I ne'er asked for it, because good words is scarce, and bad words plentiful."

He was in a mood to take a surly pleasure in giving answers that were like riddles. But Margaret saw that he would like to be asked for the explanation.

"And good words are—?"

"Asking for work. I reckon them's almost the best words that men can say. 'Gi' me work' means, 'and I'll do it like a man.' Them's good words."

"And bad words are refusing you work when you ask for it."

"Ay. Bad words is saying 'Aha, my fine chap! Yo've been true to yo'r order, and I'll be true to mine. Yo did the best yo could for them that wanted help; that's yo'r way of being true to yo'r kind; and I'll be true to mine. Yo've been a poor fool as knowed no better nor be a true faithful fool. So go and be d—d to yo. There's no work for yo here.' Them's bad words. I'm not a fool; and if I was, folk ought to ha' taught me how to be wise after their fashion. I could mappen ha' learnt, if any one had tried to teach me."

"Would it not be worth while," said Mr. Hale, "to ask your old master if he would take you back again? It might be a poor chance, but it would be a chance."

He looked up again, with a sharp glance at the questioner; and then tittered a low and bitter laugh.

"Measter! if it's no offence, I'll ask yo a question or two in my turn."

"You're quite welcome," said Mr. Hale.

"I reckon yo ha' some way of earning your bread. Folk seldom live in Milton just for pleasure, if they can live anywhere else."

"You are quite right. I have some independent property, but my intention in settling in Milton was to become a private tutor."

"To teach folk. Well! I reckon they pay yo for teaching them, dunnot they?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Hale, smiling. "I teach in order to get paid."

"And them that pays yo, do they tell yo whatten to do, or whatten not to do wi' the money they gives you in just payment for your pains—in fair exchange like?"

"No; to be sure not!"

"They dunnot say, yo may have a brother or a friend as dear as a brother, who wants this here brass for a purpose both yo and he think right; but yo mun promise not to give it him. Yo may see a good use, as yo think, to put yo'r money to; but we don't think it good, and so if yo spend it a-that-ens we'll just leave off dealing with yo. They dunnot say that, dun they?"

"No: to be sure not!"

"Would yo stand it if they did?"

"It would be some very hard pressure that would make me even think of submitting to such dictation."

"There's not the pressure on all the broad earth that would make me," said Nicholas Higgins. "Now yo've got it. Yo've hit the bull's eye. Hampers—that's where I worked—makes their men pledge 'emselves they'll not give a penny to help th' Union, or keep turn-outs fra clemming. They may pledge and make pledge," continued he, scornfully, "They nobbut make liars and hypocrites. And that's a less sin, to my mind, to making men's hearts so hard that they'll not do a kindness to them as needs it, or help on the right and just cause, though it goes again the strong hand. But I'll ne'er forswear mysel' for a' the work the King could give me. I'm a member o' the Union; and I think it's the only thing to do the workman any good. And I've been a turn-out, and known what it were to clem; so if I get a shilling, sixpence shall go to them if they ask it from me. Consequence is I dunnot see where I'm to get a shilling."

"Is that rule about not contributing to the Union in force at all the mills?" asked Margaret.

"I cannot say. It's a new regulation at ourn; and I reckon they'll find that they cannot stick to it. But it's in force now. By-and-by they'll find out tyrants makes liars."

There was a little pause. Margaret was hesitating whether she should say what was in her mind; she was unwilling to irritate one who was already gloomy and despondent enough. At last out it came. But in her soft tones, and with her reluctant manner, showing that she was unwilling to say anything unpleasant, it did not seem to annoy Higgins, only to perplex him.

"Do you remember poor Boucher saying that the Union was a tyrant? I think he said it was the worst tyrant of all. And I remember at the time I agreed with him."

It was a long while before he spoke. He was resting his head on his two hands, and looking down into the fire, so she could not read the expression on his face.

"I'll not deny but what th' Union finds it necessary to force a man into his own good. I'll speak truth. A man leads a dree life who's not i' th' Union. But once i' th' Union his interests are taken care on better nor he could do it for himsel, or by himsel, for that matter. It's the only way working men can get their rights by all joining together. More the members, more chance for each one separate man having justice done him. Government takes care o' fools and madmen; and if any man is inclined to do himsel or his neighbour a hurt, it puts a bit or a check on him, whether he likes it or no. That's all we do i' th' Union. We can't clap folk into prison; but we can make a man's life so heavy to be borne, that he's obliged to come in, and be wise and helpful in spite of himself. Boucher were a fool all along, and ne'er a worse fool than at th' last."

"He did you harm?" asked Margaret, guileless.

"Ay, that did he. We had public opinion on our side till he and his sort began rioting and breaking laws. It were all o'er wi' the strike then."

"Then would it not have been far better to have left him alone, and not forced him to join the Union? He did you no good; and you drove him mad."

"Margaret," said her father, in a low warning tone, for he saw the cloud gathering on Higgins's face.

"I like her," said Higgins, suddenly. "Hoo speaks plain out what's in her mind. Hoo does'nt comprehend th' Union for all that. It's a great power: it's our only power. I ha' read a bit o' poetry about a plough going o'er a daisy, that made tears come into my eyes, afore I'd other cause for crying. But the chap ne'er stopped driving the plough, I'se warrant, for all he were pitiful about the daisy. He'd too much mother-wit for that. Th' Union's the plough making ready the land for harvest-time. Such as Boucher—'twould be settin' him up too much to liken him to a daisy; he's liker a weed lounging over the ground—must just make up their mind to be put out o' the way. I'm sore vexed wi' him just now. So, mappen, I dunnot speak him fair. I could go o'er him wi' a plough mysel, wi' a' the pleasure in life."

"Why? What has he been doing? Anything fresh?"

"Ay, to be sure. He's ne'er out o' mischief, that man. First on all, he must go raging like a mad fool, and kick up yon riot. Then he'd to go into hiding, where he'd a been yet if Thornton had followed him out as I'd hoped he would ha' done. But Thornton having got his own purpose did not care to go on wi' the prosecution for the riot. So Boucher slunk back again to his house. He ne'er showed himsel abroad for a day or two. He had that grace. And then where think ye that he went? Why, to Hampers'. Damn him! He went wi' his mealy-mouthed face, that turns me sick to look at, a-asking for work, though he knowed well enough the new rule o' pledging themselves to give nought to th' Unions; nought to help the starving turn-out! Why he'd a clemmed to death, if th' Union had na helped him in his pinch. There he went ossing to promise aught, and pledge himsel to aught—to tell a' he know'd on our proceedings, the good-for-nothing Judas. But I'll say this for Hamper, and thank him for it at my dying day, he drove Boucher away and would na listen to him—n'er a word—though folk standing by says the traitor cried like a babby."

"Oh! how shocking! how pitiful!" exclaimed Margaret. "Higgins, I don't know you to-day. Don't you see how you've made Boucher what he is by driving him into the Union against his will—without his heart going with it. You have made him what he is!"

Made him what he is! What was he?

Gathering, gathering along the narrow street, came a hollow measured sound; now forcing itself on their attention. Many voices were hushed and low; many steps were heard, not moving onwards, at least not with any rapidity or steadiness of motion, but as if circling round one spot. Yes, there was one distinct, slow tramp of feet, which made itself a clear path through the air, and reached their ears; the measured laboured walk of men carrying a heavy burden. They were all drawn towards the house door by some irresistible impulse; impelled thither—not by a poor curiosity, but as if by some solemn blast.

Six men walked in the middle of the road, three of them being policemen. They carried a door, taken off its hinges, upon their shoulders, on which lay some dead human creature; and from each side of the door there were constant droppings. All the street turned out to see, and seeing, to accompany the procession, each one questioning the bearers, who answered almost reluctantly at last, so often had they told the tale.

"We found him in the brook in the field beyond there."

"The brook!—why there's not water enough to drown him!"

"He was a determined chap. He lay with his face downwards. He was sick enough o' living, choose what cause he had for it."

Higgins crept up to Margaret's side, and said in a weak piping kind of voice: "It's not John Boucher? He had na spunk enough. Sure! It's not John Boucher! Why, they are a' looking this way! Listen! I've a singing in my head, and I cannot hear."

They put the door down carefully upon the stones, and all might see the poor drowned wretch—his glassy eyes, one half open, staring right upwards to the sky. Owing to the position in which he had been found lying, his face was swollen and discoloured; besides, his skin was stained by the water in the brook, which had been used for dying purposes. The fore part of his head was bald; but the hair grew thin and long behind, and every separate lock was a conduit for water. Through all these disfigurements, Margaret recognised John Boucher. It seemed to her so sacrilegious to be peering into that poor distorted, agonised face, that, by a flash of instinct, she went forwards and softly covered the dead man's countenance with her handkerchief. The eyes that saw her do this followed her, as she turned away from her pious office, and were thus led to the place where Nicholas Higgins stood, like one rooted to the spot. The men spoke together, and then one of them came up to Higgins, who would have fain shrunk back into his house.

"Higgins, thou knowed him! Thou mun go tell the wife. Do it gently, man, but do it quick, for we canna leave him here long."

"I canna go," said Higgins. "Dunnot ask me. I canna face her."

"Thou knows her best," said the man. "We have done a deal in bringing him here—thou take thy share."

"I canna do it," said Higgins. "I'm welly felled wi' seeing him. We was'nt friends; and now he's dead."

"Well, if thou wunnot thou wunnot. Some one mun though. It's a dree task; but it's a chance, every minute, as she does'nt hear on it in some rougher way nor a person going to make her let on by degrees, as it were."

"Papa, do you go," said Margaret, in a low voice.

"If I could—if I had time to think of what I had better say; but all at once——" Margaret saw that her father was indeed unable. He was trembling from head to foot.

"I will go," said she.

"Bless yo, miss, it will be a kind act; for she's been but a sickly sort of body, I hear, and few hereabouts know much on her."

Margaret knocked at the closed door; but there was such a noise, as of many little ill-ordered children, that she could hear no reply; indeed, she doubted if she was heard, and as every moment of delay made her recoil from her task more and more, she opened the door and went in, shutting it after her, and even, unseen to the woman, fastening the bolt.

Mrs. Boucher was sitting in a rocking-chair on the other side of the ill-redd up fireplace; it looked as if the house had been untouched for days by any effort at cleanliness.

Margaret said something, she hardly knew what, her throat and mouth were so dry, and the children's noise completely prevented her being heard. She tried again.

"How are you, Mrs. Boucher? But very poorly, I'm afraid."

"I've no chance o' being well," said she querulously. "I'm left all alone to manage these childer, and nought for to give 'em for to keep 'em quiet. John should na ha' left me, and me so poorly."

"How long is it since he went away?"

"Four days sin'. No one would give him work here, and he'd to go on tramp toward Greenfield. But he might ha' been back afore this, or sent me some word if he'd getten work. He might——"

"Oh, don't blame him," said Margaret. "He felt it deeply, I'm sure——"

"Will ta' hold thy din, and let me hear the lady speak!" addressing herself in no very gentle voice to a little urchin of about a year old. She apologetically continued to Margaret, "He's always mithering me for 'daddy' and 'butty;' and I ha'no butties to give him, and daddy's away, and forgotten us a', I think. He's his father's darling, he is," said she, with a sudden turn of mood,

and, dragging the child up to her knee, she began kissing it fondly.

Margaret laid her hand on the woman's arm to arrest her attention. Their eyes met.

"Poor little fellow!" said Margaret, slowly; "he *was* his father's darling."

"He *is* his father's darling," said the woman, rising hastily, and standing face to face with Margaret. Neither of them spoke for a moment or two. Then Mrs. Boucher began in a low growling tone, gathering in wildness as she went on: "He *is* his father's darling, I say. Poor folk can love their childer as well as rich. Why dunno yo speak? Why dun yo stare at me wi' your great pitiful eyes? Where's John?" Weak as she was, she shook Margaret to force out an answer. "Oh my God!" said she, understanding the meaning of that tearful look. She sank back into the chair. Margaret took up the child and put him into her arms.

"He loved him," said she.

"Ay," said the woman, shaking her head, "he loved us a'. We had some one to love us once. It's a long time ago; but when he were in life and with us he did love us, he did. He loved this babby mappen the best on us; but he loved me and I loved him, though I was calling him five minutes agone. Are yo sure he's dead?" said she, trying to get up. "If it's only that he's ill and like to die, they may bring him round yet. I'm but an ailing creature mysel—I've been ailing this long time."

"But he is dead—he is drowned!"

"Folk are brought round after they're dead-drowned. Whatten was I thinking of, to sit still when I should be stirring mysel. Here, whisth thee, child—whisth thee! tak this, tak aught to play wi', but dunnot cry while my heart's breaking! Oh, where is my strength gone to? Oh John—husband!"

Margaret saved her from falling by catching her in her arms. She sate down in the rocking-chair, and held the woman upon her knees, her head lying on Margaret's shoulder. The other children, clustered together in affright, began to understand the mystery of the scene; but the ideas came slowly, for their brains were dull and languid of perception. They set up such a cry of despair as they guessed the truth, that Margaret knew not how to bear it. Johnny's cry was loudest of them all, though he knew not why he cried, poor little fellow.

The mother quivered as she lay in Margaret's arms. Margaret heard a noise at the door.

"Open it. Open it quick," said she to the eldest child. "It's bolted; make no noise—be very still. Oh, papa, let them go upstairs very softly and carefully, and perhaps she will not hear them. She has fainted—that's all."

"It's as well for her, poor creature," said a woman following in the wake of the bearers of the dead. "But yo're not fit to hold her. Stay, I'll run fetch a pillow, and we'll let her down easy on the floor."

This helpful neighbour was a great relief to Margaret; she was evidently a stranger to the house, a new-comer to the district, indeed; but she was so kind and thoughtful that Margaret felt she was no longer needed; and that it would be better, perhaps, to set an example of clearing the house, which was filled with idle, if sympathising gazers.

She looked round for Nicholas Higgins. He was not there. So she spoke to the woman who had taken the lead in placing Mrs. Boucher on the floor.

"Can you give all these people a hint that they had better leave in quietness? So that when she comes round, she should only find one or two that she knows about her. Papa, will you speak to the men, and get them to go away. She cannot breathe, poor thing, with this crowd about her."

Margaret was kneeling down by Mrs. Boucher and bathing her face with vinegar; but in a few minutes she was surprised at the gush of fresh air. She looked round, and saw a smile pass between her father and the woman.

"What is it?" asked she.

"Only our good friend here," replied her father, "hit on a capital expedient for clearing the place."

"I bade 'em begone, and each take a child with 'em, and to mind that they were orphans, and their mother a widow. It was who could do most, and the childer are sure of a bellyful to-day, and of kindness too. Does hoo know how he died?"

"No," said Margaret; "I could not tell her all at once."

"Hoo mun be told because of th' Inquest. See! Hoo's coming round; shall you or I do it? or mappen your father would be best?"

"No; you, you," said Margaret.

They awaited her perfect recovery in silence. Then the neighbour woman sat down on the floor, and took Mrs. Boucher's head and shoulders on her lap.

"Neighbour," said she, "your man is dead. Guess yo how he died?"

"He were drowned," said Mrs. Boucher, feebly, beginning to cry for the first time, at this rough probing of her sorrows.

"He were found drowned. He were coming home very hopeless o' aught on earth. He thought God could na be harder than men; mappen not so hard; mappen as tender as a mother; mappen tenderer. I'm not saying he did right, and I'm not saying he did wrong. All I say is, may neither me nor mine ever have his sore heart, or we may do like things."

"He has left me alone wi' a' these children!" moaned the widow, less distressed at the manner of the death than Margaret expected: but it was of a piece with her

helpless character to feel his loss as principally affecting herself and her children.

"Not alone," said Mr. Hale, solemnly. "Who is with you? Who will take up your cause?" The widow opened her eyes wide, and looked at the new speaker, of whose presence she had not been aware till then.

"Who has promised to be a father to the fatherless?" continued he.

"But I've getten six children, sir, and the eldest not eight years of age. I'm not meaning for to doubt His power, sir,—only it needs a deal o' trust;" and she began to cry afresh.

"Hoo'll be better able to talk to-morrow, sir," said the neighbour. "Best comfort now would be the feel of a child at her heart. I'm sorry they took the babby."

"I'll go for it," said Margaret. And in a few minutes she returned, carrying Johnnie, his face all smeared with eating, and his hands loaded with treasures in the shape of shells, and bits of crystal, and the head of a plaster figure. She placed him in his mother's arms.

"There!" said the woman, "now you go. They'll cry together, and comfort together, better nor any one but a child can do. I'll stop with her as long as I'm needed, and if yo come to-morrow, yo can have a deal o' wise talk with her, that she's not up to to-day."

As Margaret and her father went slowly up the street, she paused at Higgins's closed door.

"Shall we go in?" asked her father. "I was thinking of him too."

They knocked. There was no answer, so they tried the door. It was bolted, but they thought they heard him moving within.

"Nicholas!" said Margaret. There was no answer, and they might have gone away, believing the house to be empty, if there had not been some accidental fall, as of a book, within.

"Nicholas!" said Margaret, again. "It is only us. Won't you let us come in?"

"No," said he. "I spoke as plain as I could 'bout using words when I bolted th' door. Let me be, this day."

Mr. Hale would have urged their desire, but Margaret placed her finger on his lips.

"I don't wonder at it," said she. "I myself long to be alone. It seems the only thing to do one good after a day like this."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Higgins's door was locked the next day when they went to pay their call on the widow Boucher: but they learnt this time from an officious neighbour, that he was really from home. He had, however, been in to see Mrs. Boucher before starting on his day's business, whatever that was. It was but an unsatisfactory visit to Mrs. Boucher; she considered herself as an ill-used woman by her poor husband's suicide; and there was quite germ of truth enough in this idea to make it a very difficult one to refute. Still it was unsatisfactory to see how completely her thoughts were turned upon herself and her own position, and this selfishness extended even to her relations with her children, whom she considered as incumbrances, even in the very midst of her somewhat animal affection for them. Margaret tried to make acquaintance with one or two of them, while her father strove to raise the widow's thoughts into some higher channel than that of mere helpless querulousness. She found that the children were truer and simpler mourners than the widow. Daddy had been a kind daddy to them; each could tell, in their eager stammering way, of some tenderness shown, some indulgence granted by the lost father.

"Is yon thing upstairs really him; it doesna look like him. I'm feared on it, and I never was feared o' daddy."

Margaret's heart bled to hear that the mother, in her selfish requirement of sympathy, had taken her children upstairs to see their disfigured father. It was intermingling the coarseness of horror with the profoundness of natural grief. She tried to turn their thoughts in some other direction; on what they could do for mother; on what—for this was a more efficacious way of putting it—what father would have wished them to do. Margaret was more successful than Mr. Hale in her efforts. The children seeing their little duties lie in action close around them, began to try each one to do something that she suggested towards redding up the slatternly room. But her father set too high a standard, and too abstract a view, before the indolent invalid. She could not rouse her torpid mind into any vivid imagination of what her husband's misery might have been, before he had resorted to the last terrible step; she could only look upon it as it affected herself; she could not enter into the enduring mercy of the God who had not specially interposed to prevent the water from drowning her prostrate husband; and, although she was secretly blaming her husband for having fallen into such drear despair, and denying that he had any excuse for his last rash act, she was inveterate in her abuse of all who could by any possibility have been supposed to have driven him to such desperation. The masters—Mr. Thornton in particular, whose mill had been attacked by Boucher, and who, after the warrant had been issued for his apprehension on the charge of rioting, had caused it to be withdrawn,—the Union, of which Higgins was the representative to the poor woman,—the children so numerous, so hungry, and so noisy—all made up one great army of personal enemies whose fault it was that she was now a helpless widow.

Margaret heard enough of this unreasonableness to dishearten her; and when they

came away she found it impossible to cheer her father.

"It is the town life," said she. "Their nerves are quickened by the haste and bustle and speed of everything around them, to say nothing of the confinement in these pent-up houses, which of itself is enough to induce depression and worry of spirits. Now in the country people live so much more out of doors, even children, and even in the winter."

"But people must live in towns. And in the country some get such stagnant habits of mind that they are almost fatalists."

"Yes; I acknowledge that. I suppose each mode of life produces its own trials and its own temptations. The dweller in towns must find it as difficult to be patient and calm, as the country-bred man must find it to be active, and equal to unwonted emergencies. Both must find it hard to realise a future of any kind; the one because the present is so living and hurrying and close around him; the other because his life tempts him to revel in the mere sense of animal existence, not knowing of, and consequently not caring for any pungency of pleasure, for the attainment of which he can plan, and deny himself and look forward."

"And thus both the necessity for engrossment, and the stupid content in the present, produce the same effects. But this poor Mrs. Boucher! how little we can do for her."

"And yet we dare not leave her without our efforts, although they may seem so useless. Oh papa! it's a hard world to live in!"

"So it is, my child. We feel it so just now, at any rate; but we have been very happy, even in the midst of our sorrow. What a pleasure Frederick's visit was!"

"Yes, that it was," said Margaret, brightly. "It was such a charming, snatched, forbidden thing." But she suddenly stopped speaking. She had spoiled the remembrance of Frederick's visit to herself by her own cowardice. Of all the faults she most despised in others was the want of bravery; the meanness of heart which leads to untruth. And here had she been guilty of it! Then came the thought of Mr. Thornton's cognisance of her falsehood. She wondered if she should have minded detection half so much from any one else. She tried herself in imagination with her Aunt Shaw and Edith; with her father; with Captain and Mr. Lennox; with Frederick. The thought of this latter knowing of what she had done, even in his own behalf, was the most painful, for the brother and sister were in the first flush of their mutual regard and love; but even any fall in Frederick's opinion was as nothing to the shame, the shrinking shame she felt at the thought of meeting Mr. Thornton again. And yet she longed to see him, to get it over; to understand where she stood in his opinion. Her cheeks burnt as she recollected how proudly she had implied an objection to trade (in the early days of their acquaintance), because it too often led to the deceit of passing off inferior for superior goods, in the one branch; of assuming credit for wealth and resources not possessed, in the other. She remembered Mr. Thornton's look of calm disdain, as in few words he gave her to understand that in the great scheme of commerce all dishonourable ways of acting were sure to prove injurious in the long run, and that, testing such actions simply according to the poor standard of success, there was folly and not wisdom in all such, and every kind of deceit in trade, as well as in other things. She remembered—she, then strong in her own untempted truth—asking him, if he did not think that buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market proved some want of the transparent justice which is so intimately connected with the idea of truth; and she had used the word chivalric—and her father had corrected her with the higher word, Christian; and so drawn the argument upon himself, while she sate silent by with a slight feeling of contempt.

No more contempt for her!—no more talk about the chivalric! Henceforward she must feel humiliated and disgraced in his sight. But when should she see him? Her heart leaped up in apprehension at every ring of the door-bell; and yet when it fell down to calmness, she felt strangely saddened and sick at heart at each disappointment. It was very evident that her father expected to see him, and was surprised that he did not come. The truth was, that there were points in their conversation the other night on which they had no time then to enlarge; but it had been understood that if possible on the succeeding evening—if not then, at least the very first evening that Mr. Thornton could command,—they should meet for further discussion. Mr. Hale had looked forward to this meeting ever since they had parted. He had not yet resumed the instructions to his pupils, which he had relinquished at the commencement of his wife's more serious illness, so he had fewer occupations than usual; and the great interest of the last day or so (Boucher's suicide) had driven him back with more eagerness than ever upon his speculations. He was restless all evening. He kept saying, "I quite expected to have seen Mr. Thornton. I think the messenger who brought the book last night must have had some note, and forgot to deliver it. Do you think there has been any message left to-day?"

"I will go and inquire, papa," said Margaret, after the changes on these sentences had been rung once or twice. "Stay, there's a ring!" She sate down instantly, and bent her head attentively over her work. She heard a step on the stairs, but it was only one, and she knew it was Dixon's. She lifted up her head and sighed, and believed she felt glad.

"It's that Higgins, sir. He wants to see you, or else Miss Hale. Or it might be Miss

Hale first, and then you, sir; for he's in a strange kind of way."

"He had better come up here, Dixon; and then he can see us both, and choose which he likes for his listener."

"Oh! very well, sir. I've no wish to hear what he's got to say, I'm sure; only if you could see his shoes I'm sure you'd say the kitchen was the fitter place."

"He can wipe them, I suppose," said Mr. Hale. So Dixon flung off to bid him walk up-stairs. She was a little mollified, however, when he looked at his feet with a hesitating air; and then, sitting down on the bottom stair, he took off the offending shoes, and without a word walked up-stairs.

"Sarvant, sir!" said he, slicking his hair down when he came into the room: "If hoo'l excuse me (looking at Margaret) for being i' my stockings; I'se been tramping a' day, and streets is none o' th' cleanest."

Margaret thought that fatigue might account for the change in his manner, for he was unusually quiet and subdued; and he had evidently some difficulty in saying what he came to say.

Mr. Hale's ever-ready sympathy with anything of shyness or hesitation, or want of self-possession, made him come to his aid.

"We shall have tea up directly, and then you'll take a cup with us, Mr. Higgins. I am sure you are tired if you've been out much this wet relaxing day. Margaret, my dear, can't you hasten tea?"

Margaret could only hasten tea by taking the preparation of it into her own hands, and so offending Dixon, who was emerging out of her sorrow for her late mistress into a very touchy irritable state. But Martha, like all who came in contact with Margaret—even Dixon herself, in the long run—felt it a pleasure and an honour to forward any of her wishes; and her readiness, and Margaret's sweet forbearance, soon made Dixon ashamed of herself.

"Why master and you must always be asking the lower classes up-stairs since we came to Milton, I cannot understand. Folk at Helstone were never brought higher than the kitchen; and I've let one or two of them know before now that they might think it an honour to be even there."

Higgins found it easier to unburden himself to one than to two. After Margaret left the room, he went to the door and assured himself that it was shut. Then he came and stood close to Mr. Hale.

"Master," said he, "yo'd not guess easy what I've been tramping after to-day. Special if yo remember my manner o' talk yesterday. I've been a seeking work. I have," said he. "I said to mysel, I'd keep a civil tongue in my head, let who would say what 'em would. I'd set my teeth into my tongue sooner nor speak i' haste. For that man's sake—yo understand," jerking his thumb back in some unknown direction.

"No, I don't," said Mr. Hale, seeing he waited for some kind of assent, and completely bewildered as to who "that man" could be.

"That chap as lies there," said he, with another jerk. "Him as went and drownded himself; poor chap! I did na' think he'd got it in him to lie still and let the water creep o'er him till he died. Boucher, yo know."

"Yes, I know now," said Mr. Hale. "Go back to what you were saying: you'd not speak in haste——"

"For his sake. Yet not for his sake; for where'er he is, and whate'er, he'll ne'er know other clemming or cold again; but for the wife's sake, and the bits of childer."

"God bless you!" said Mr. Hale, starting up; then, calming down, he said breathlessly, "What do you mean? Tell me out."

"I have telled yo," said Higgins, a little surprised at Mr. Hale's agitation. "I would na ask for work for mysel; but them's left as a charge on me. I reckon, I would ha guided Boucher to a better end; but I set him off o' the road, and so I mun answer for him."

Mr. Hale got hold of Higgins's hand and shook it heartily, without speaking. Higgins looked awkward and ashamed.

"There, there, master! There's ne'er a man, to call a man, amongst us, but what would do the same; ay, and better too; for, belie' me, I'se ne'er got a stroke o' work, nor yet a sight of any. For all I telled Hamper that, let alone his pledge—which I would not sign—no, I could na, not e'en for this—he'd ne'er ha' such a worker on his mill as I would be—he'd ha' none o' me—no more would none on th' others. I'm a poor black feckless sheep—childer may clem for aught I can do, unless, parson, yo'd help me?"

"Help you! How? I would do anything,—but what can I do?"

"Miss there"—for Margaret had re-entered the room, and stood silent, listening—"has often talked grand o' the South, and the ways down there. Now I dunnot know how far off it is, but I've been thinking if I could get 'em down there, where food is cheap and wages good, and all the folk, rich and poor, master and man, friendly like; yo could, may be, help me to work. I'm not forty-five, and I've a deal o' strength in me master."

"But what kind of work could you do, my man?"

"Well, I reckon I could spade a bit——"

"And for that," said Margaret, stepping forwards, "for anything you could do, Higgins, with the best will in the world, you would, may be, get nine shillings a week; may be ten, at the outside. Food is much the same as here, except that you might have a little garden——"

"The childer could work at that," said he. "I'm sick o' Milton anyways, and Milton is sick o' me."

"You must not go to the South," said

Margaret, "for all that. You could not stand it. You would have to be out all weathers. It would kill you with rheumatism. The mere bodily work at your time of life would break you down. The fare is far different to what you have been accustomed to."

"I'se nought particular about my meat," said he, as if offended.

"But you've reckoned on having butcher's meat once a day, if you're in work; pay for that out of your ten shillings, and keep those poor children if you can. I owe it to you—since it's my way of talking that has set you off on this idea—to put it all clear before you. You would not bear the dulness of the life; you don't know what it is; it would eat you away like rust. Those that have lived there all their lives, are used to soaking in the stagnant waters. They labour on from day to day in the great solitude of steaming fields—never speaking or lifting up their poor, bent, downcast heads. The hard spade-work robs their brain of life; the sameness of their toil deadens their imagination; they don't care to meet to talk over thoughts and speculations, even of the weakest, wildest kind, after their work is done; they go home brutishly tired, poor creatures! caring for nothing but food and rest. You could not stir them up into any companionship you get in a town as plentiful as the air you breathe, whether it be good or bad; and that I don't know but I do know, that you of all men are not one to bear a life among such labourers. What would be peace to them, would be eternal fretting to you. Think no more of it, Nicholas, I beg. Besides, you could never pay to get mother and children all there—that's one good thing."

"I've reckoned for that. One house mun do for us a', and the furniture o' t'other would go a good way. And men there mun have their families to keep—mappen six or seven childer. God help 'em!" said he, more convinced by his own presentation of the facts than by all Margaret had said, and suddenly renouncing the idea which had but recently formed itself in a brain worn out by the day's fatigue and anxiety. "God help 'em! North an' South have each getten their own troubles. If work's sure and steady there, labour's paid at starvation prices; while here we've rucks o' money coming in one quarter, and ne'er a farthing th' next. For sure, th' world is in a confusion that passes me or any other man to understand; it needs fettling, and who's to fettle it, if it's as you folks say, and there's nought but what we see?"

Mr. Hale was busy cutting bread and butter; Margaret was glad of this, for she saw that Higgins was better left to himself: that if her father began to speak ever so mildly on the subject of Higgins's thoughts, the latter would consider himself challenged to an argument, and would feel himself bound to maintain his old ground. She and her father kept up an indifferent conversation until Higgins, scarcely aware whether he ate or not, had made a very substantial meal. Then he pushed his chair away from the table, and tried to take an interest in what they were saying; but it was of no use; and he fell back into dreamy gloom. Suddenly Margaret said (she had been thinking of it for some time, but the words had stuck in her throat), "Higgins, have you been to Marlborough Mills to seek for work?"

"Thornton's?" asked he. "Ay, I've been at Thornton's."

"And what did he say?"

"Such a chap as me is not like to see the measter. Th' o'erlooker bid me go and be d——d."

"I wish you had seen Mr. Thornton," said Mr. Hale. "He might not have given you work, but he would not have used such language."

"As to th' language, I'm welly used to it; it dunnot matter to me. I'm not nesh mysel when I'm put out. It were th' fact that I were na wanted there, no more nor ony other place, as I minded."

"But I wish you had seen Mr. Thornton," repeated Margaret. "Would you go again—it's a good deal to ask, I know—but would you go to-morrow and try him? I should be so glad if you would."

"I'm afraid it would be of no use," said Mr. Hale, in a low voice. It would be better to let me speak to him." Margaret still looked at Higgins for his answer. Those grave soft eyes of hers were difficult to resist. He gave a great sigh.

"It would tax my pride above a bit; if it were for mysel, I could stand a deal of clemming first; I'd sooner knock him down than ask a favour from him. I'd a deal sooner be flogged mysel; but yo're not a common wench, axing yo'r pardon, nor yet have yo common ways about yo. I'll e'en make a wry face, and go at it to-morrow. Dunna yo think that he'll do it. That man has it in him to be burnt at the stake afore he'll give in. I do it for yo'r sake, Miss Hale, and its first time in my life as e'er I give way to a woman. Neither my wife nor Bess could e'er say that much again me."

"All the more do I thank you," said Margaret, smiling. "Though I don't believe you: I believe you have just given way to wife and daughter as much as most men."

"And as to Mr. Thornton," said Mr. Hale, "I'll give you a note to him, which, I think I may venture to say, will ensure you a hearing."

"I thank yo kindly, sir, but I'd as lief stand on my own bottom. I dunnot stomach the notion of having favour curried for me by one as does'nt know the ins and outs of the quarrel. Meddling 'twixt master and man is liker meddling 'twixt husband and wife than aught else: it takes a deal o' wisdom for to do ony good. I'll stand guard at the lodge door. I'll stand there fra six in the

morning till I get speech on him. But I'd liefer sweep th' streets, if paupers had na' got hold on that work. Dunna yo hope, miss. There'll be more chance o' getting milk out of a flint. I wish yo a very good night, and many thanks to yo."

"You'll find your shoes by the kitchen fire; I took them there to dry," said Margaret.

He turned round and looked at her steadily, and then he brushed his lean hand across his eyes and went his way.

"How proud that man is!" said her father, who was a little annoyed at the manner in which Higgins had declined his intercession with Mr. Thornton.

He is," said Margaret; "but what grand makings of a man there are in him, pride and all!"

'It's amusing to see how he evidently respects the part in Mr. Thornton's character which is like his own."

"There's granite in all these northern people, papa, is there not?"

"There was none in poor Boucher I am afraid; none in his wife either."

"I should guess from their tones that they had Irish blood in them. I wonder what success he'll have to-morrow. If he and Mr. Thornton would speak out together as man to man—if Higgins would forget that Mr. Thornton was a master, and speak to him as he does to us—and if Mr. Thornton would be patient enough to listen to him with his human heart, not with his master's ears—"

"You are getting to do Mr. Thornton justice at last, Margaret," said her father, pinching her ear.

Margaret had a strange choking at her heart, which made her unable to answer. "Oh!" thought she, "I wish I were a man, that I could go and force him to express his disapprobation, and tell him honestly that I knew I deserved it. It seems hard to lose him as a friend just when I had begun to feel his value. How tender he was with dear mamma! If it were only for her sake, I wish he would come, and then at least I should know how much I was abased in his eyes."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A ROADSIDE PICTURE.

It seems to me as if I had gone to bed last night in the nineteenth century and waked this morning in the tenth. The scene around me is more like a dream of the middle ages than a reality of to-day. The rude culture of the fields, the armed peasantry, the chartered freebooters, the lonely and deserted country, the rugged road, and the mean dwellings of a people who scorn their homes,—all seem to recall a state of things which, I had believed, passed away ages ago.

I frankly own for the rest, that there is a sort of all-alone feeling creeps over me in the midst of my armed companions. The sole Christian among these wild horsemen and mountain robbers of Asia Minor. And, bless my heart! there is the cholera about, and no medical man in the neighbourhood. Let us get rid of these inconvenient thoughts as soon as possible.

The building which I have bolted comprises a few rambling sheds, not unlike farm stabling in the north of England. A few fowls are walking about not unsuspiciously, as it seems to me, and my train are grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude. Most of them are hewing huge water-melons into wedges with their daggers. Some are smoking; others attending to their horses, or gossipping with mine host and his men,—as truculent-looking rogues as ever gave robbers notice of a traveller's route.

There are some other fellows, who do not belong either to our party or the coffee-house. They are a powerful, swarthy set of bravoes, in gay but worn dresses. They bristle with arms. They are Tebecks; men whose trade is robbery. They will even tell you so themselves, if you feel any doubt or curiosity. There they sit, however, side by side with the Governor's guards, who have brought me hither; and nobody, either here or elsewhere, ever dreams of making an observation on the subject. That is to say, nobody but Hamed; who was for many years a highwayman himself; and who by no means condemns their profession, but only their mode of following it.

"Those fellows call themselves thieves," he sneers, with the true disdain of a great artist for a pretender. "Why, they will eat your bread, and then lay wait to fire at you from behind a stone or a tree. They robbed my brother of fifty piastres the other day in this way. He would have killed a dozen of them in fair fight."

Presently there is a scream, and a frightened flutter among the fowls; then, as the shadow goes lengthening along the opposite wall, I gradually doze off and dream of the pilaff which will be ready in due course by-and-by. I do not dream long; and, when I wake there is a peculiar tingling in my left ear, which reminds me that I am in the sunny land where the musquito makes his home. A yell from Hamed and a blow on the ground succeed in rousing me completely. It is fortunate a keen eye has been watching me. He has killed a scorpion which was making full speed for my waistcoat. Marshallah! let me take my pilaff and treasure up the amusement to be derived from the bump on my left ear till afterwards. We have some rakee and melons to begin with; also some pungent onion salad; some eggs fried in red butter; and then a violent dispute between Hamed and the coffee-house-keeper. He offers ten piastres, or about two francs. The latter asks two hundred piastres. Hence the difference; which can of course only be terminated by frantic yelling on both sides. The affair soon waxes

warm enough for cuffs; several of which are exchanged with great earnestness. At last, however, the coffee-house keeper takes bold Hamed on his weak side.

"Is not your master a great man?" he asks contemptuously.

"To be sure he is; swine!"

"Why then does he expect to pay less than a poor hoja who passed here yesterday, and gave me one hundred and fifty piastres without a word?" returned mine host. This settles the question. The two hundred piastres change hands, Hamed throws himself into the saddle and leads on. Three or four hours more sharp riding brings us into the rich plains of Magnesia, and the storied old city rises before us beautiful as a vision. There are no signs of human habitation anywhere else. In an eight hours' ride we have passed but one small village. The whole country is a lovely unpeopled waste.

At last the evening closes solemnly and grandly over the beautiful landscape, and the moon rises. Hamed checks the led horses, and causing the finest to be unclothed, holds the stirrup while I mount. So we ride in a stately manner through the quaint Eastern streets: the Turks who meet us forming in line, with their hands veiling their eyes: which is the usual salute. My horse, which has belonged to a Pasha, seems to recognise it and goes curvetting and throwing his beautiful head up and down every time I raise my hand to my hat in reply. He is the politest horse I ever saw. We stop before the fine palace of the Great Sadik Bey, one of the most powerful and wealthy Satraps in the land.

LOCUSTS.

An Eastern summer is full of wonders; but there is, perhaps, nothing about it more awfully appalling than those vast flights of locusts which sometimes destroy the vegetation of whole kingdoms in a few days, and where they found a garden leave a wilderness.

I am riding along a pleasant hill side—towards the end of May. There is a sharp pattering noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, falling on hard ground. I look attentively towards the earth, knowing that it cannot be a shower this clear, balmy morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects no bigger than a pin's head. They are hopping and springing about in myriads, under my horse's feet—along the hard stony road, which is quite black with them, and far away among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with those little insects, and the same sharp pattering noise continues. They are the young of the locusts, who left their eggs in the ground last year. They have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen.

A little later and I am passing through a Greek village. The alarm has spread everywhere, and the local authorities have bestirred themselves to resist their enemies while still weak. Large fires are burning by the river-side, and immense cauldrons full of boiling water are streaming over them. The whole country side has been out locust-hunting. They have just returned with the result of their day's exertion. Twenty-three thousand pounds weight of these little insects, each, as I have said, no bigger than a pin's head, have been brought in already in one day.

They have been caught in a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them. Children of six years old can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom are all that is necessary. Place the open sack on the ground and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village community pay about a farthing a pound for locusts. Some of the hunters have earned two or three shillings a day. As the sacks are brought in they are thrust into the cauldrons of boiling water, and boiled each for some twenty minutes. They are then emptied into the rapid little river swollen by the melting of mountain snows.

My Albanian, Hamed, watches these proceedings from his embroidered scarlet saddle with much melancholy gravity. "Ah," he says, "if there was but one dervish or good man among those rogues he could pray them away in an hour. There are no locusts in my village, because we have a dervish—a saintly man—there."

It appears that no dervish comes, and the plague goes on spreading daily from village to village—from town to town. This is the fourth year since they first appeared at Mytilene, whence I am writing. It is said that they seldom remain at one place longer, but that, in the fourth generation, the race dies out unless it is recruited from elsewhere. I am not aware whether this is a mere popular superstition, or a fact based on experience. They show, however, certainly no symptom of weakness or diminution of numbers. In ten days they have increased very much in size, they are now as long as cockchafers, only fatter. They seem to be of several distinct species. Their bodies are about an inch and a half long, but some are much larger round than others. They have six legs. The hind legs of the largest kind are nearly three inches long, or twice the length of the body. They have immense strength, and can spring four or five yards at a time. The legs are terminated by sharp, long claws, and have lesser claws going about half way up at the sides of them; their hold is singularly tenacious. Their heads and shoulders are covered with a kind of horny armour, very tough. Some are of a bright green colour all over, some have brown backs and yellow bellies with red legs, and are speckled not unlike a partridge. Some are nearly black all over, and have long wings. The largest

species have immensely long feelers projecting out near the eyes. I noticed some of these feelers twice the length of the rest of the body. The bite of the largest kind is strong enough to bend a pin. This locust has immense sharp tusks, furnished with saws inside. His mouth opens on all four sides, and closes like a vice. His eyes are horny, and he cannot shut them. The largest kind have too short yellow wings and a long pointed fleshy tail, the smallest have four long black wings and no tail. The head is always large in comparison to the body, and not unlike that of a lobster. In moving, its scales make a noise like the creaking of new leather.

The locusts are on the wing, they have risen from the ground into the air. They darken the sky in their steady flight for hours, and they make a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind. Far as the eye can see over land and water broods the same ominous cloud. The imagination refuses to grasp their number. It must be counted by millions of millions. Count the flakes of a snow-storm, the sands by the seashore, the leaves of summer trees, and the blades of grass on dewy meadows. For days and days the locust storm and the hot south wind continue. At night the locusts descend on the gardens and cornfields. They struggle for pre-eminence on the points of palings, and the topmost overlooks the rest with extraordinary gravity. They crawl and hop loathsomely on fruit and flower. They get into eggs and fish, which become uneatable in consequence. There is no help against them because of their multitude. They eat holes in my bedding; they get into my pockets, and into my hair and beard. The Greek women are obliged to tie their trowsers on above their gowns as a protection against them. You tread upon them; they blow against you, they fly against you, they dine off the same plate, and hop on a piece of food you are putting into your mouth. Their stench is horrible, and this lasts for weeks.

I was tempted to impale one of them as a specimen, and left it sticking on a pin in the wall. Hamed slyly removed it, believing the proceeding to be a charm or magical device to counteract the designs of Heaven.

"It is God's will!" he said, sententiously, when I found him out and reproached him.

So they ate up the corn lands and the vineyards, wheresoever they fell. I counted nine on one blade of wheat. When they left it, it was as bare as a quill.

"They have still left your apples untouched," I said to a gardener.

"Helas!" replied the man. "They have eaten up all beside; and what is the use of your eyebrows if you have lost your eyes!"

Three days after they had eaten his apples too.

I noticed, however, that in the years the locusts appear there is no blight or smaller insects about. Perhaps, therefore, they are mercifully sent to destroy the smaller and more dangerous insects when they have multiplied exceedingly under the prolific suns of the East.

But, they are a dreadful visitation. They ate holes in my clothes as I walked about. They got among Hamet's arms. They choked up the barrels of his pistols, and fed upon his sash of silk and gold. They ate away the tassel of his cap and the leathern sheath of his sword. My French debardeur dressing-gown, one month from Alfred's, might have been taken for a recent purchase at Rag Fair. They ate the sole of my slipper while I was asleep on a sofa. They ate my shirts in the wardrobe, and they eat my stockings. Hamed's "good man" never arriving, he catches many and puts them out of the window with much tenderness. The pasha, my host, with a touching faith in the goodness of God, goes about with a long stick to save them from drowning when they are driven by the winds into his reservoir of gold fish.

Perhaps the pasha is right: but I cannot be so good as he is. For, the locusts eat the back hair off women's heads while washing at the fountain, and the mustachios off gardeners while they sleep in the noonday shadow. They strip trees till they look as if struck by lightning or burnt by fire. I see the plants green and gay in the moonlight. In the morning their freshness and beauty have departed.

Families sit wailing in their fields over the ruin of their little all. There is a story that the locusts have eaten a child while its mother was away at work. There is a tradition that they once ate a drunken man who fell down in the kennel. Neither event is improbable. I saw a locust draw blood from the lips of an infant in its mother's arms.

They will not die. They seem to have neither sight nor hearing—vile things with nothing but mouths. If you catch one he will spring from your hold, and leaving his legs behind him go on as well as ever. The Cadi had a little garden; he had it watched day and night, for it was his pride, and full of far-away flowers. He kept fires surrounding it night and day to prevent the locusts crawling in. When they had learned to fly he fired guns to turn aside their course. When they came in spite of this he turned a garden engine upon them. Then he buried them, but every green thing and every blossom was stripped from his garden for all that.

They will not die. They can swim for hours. Hot water, cold water, acids, spirits, smoke, are useless. I plunged one in salt and water. He remained four minutes, and sprung away apparently uninjured. I recaught him and smoked him for five minutes. Two minutes afterwards he had revived, and was hopping away. I recaught

the same locust, and buried him as deeply in the ground as I could dig with a pocket knife. I marked the place, and the next morning I looked for my friend, but he was gone. Nothing will kill them but smashing them to a jam with a blow, or boiling them. There is no protection against them. They despise and eat through the thickest cloths, or sacking, or matting; and glass coverings for a large extent of ground would be of course too expensive. The only way in which one of my neighbours was enabled to save part of his harvest was by gathering his fruits and cutting down his corn when the locusts came, and then burying his property in holes dug in the ground and covered over with a heavy stone at the aperture, as I had seen the peasantry do in some parts of Western Africa. This saved him a little. No barn or room would have done so.

Yet another three weeks, towards the end of July, and the cloud which has hovered over the land so long is clearing away. And there arises a great wind, so that the locusts are swept off in countless armies to the sea, and so drowned. It is impossible to bathe for days, or to walk by the sea-shore, because of the stench of them. But, they are gone, and their bodies float over the sea like a crust, extending to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.

I found out while busy with this subject, that the locusts were supposed to have come from Asia Minor to Mytilene; that when they first appeared on the northern coast of the island, they were few in number,—a greater portion of the flight which settled here having been probably drowned on their passage. It was not till the third year that they became so numerous and so mischievous as to cause alarm. Their devastations were principally confined to the vines and olives; afterwards, they grew more general.

Last year the inhabitants, dreading their return, endeavoured to take timely precautions for their destruction. There was some difficulty about this, however. It was necessary to apply to the Turkish local authorities. The local authorities were obliged to refer the matter to the Grand Sehoul-Islam, who published a fetfah, or decree, on the subject. But the fetfah was not obtained without a great deal of importunity, as it was believed by many learned doctors that the demand was altogether contrary to Moslem law. However, as the ravages of the locusts continued to increase to an extent, which seemed to menace the revenue derived from the island, a fetfah was at last issued. In virtue of this, permission was given to destroy the locusts by all means save those of fire and water. It was necessary to evade this provision, since fire and water were universally acknowledged as the only effectual means of destruction.

The matter was now made the subject of a fixed legal regulation, by which every family was required to destroy from about twelve to twenty-five pounds weight of locusts, according to their numbers, for the common benefit. Some of the villages where labour was scarce, paid this tribute in money. Twopence a pound was first given for locusts; but, the price afterwards sunk to a farthing. The efforts of some places were, however, defeated by the indifference or superstition of others; so that labour, time, and money were all lost. More than seven hundred thousand weight were destroyed without any visible effect on their numbers. Their weight at this time was about two hundred and seventy to the ounce.

The Turks resolutely refused to assist in these proceedings. They looked upon the visitation as the will of God, with which it was impious to interfere. The captain of a Turkish man-of-war, seeing a locust drowning in the sea, bade his favourite coffee-boy plunge into the water to save it.

Some of the uneducated Greeks had also their own peculiar way of going to work. They insisted that the locusts had arrived in punishment for the sins of the community, and consequently that human efforts against them would be vain. It appeared to them that public prayers and processions were much more reasonable. They also applied to a certain St. Tryphon on the subject, for St. Tryphon is the recognised patron and protector of fields and plants. They likewise sent a deputation to Mount Athos, requesting St. Tryphon to come and pass a few days at Mytilene—but he didn't.

It has been noticed that they appear, invariably, about the middle of May, and that they die or depart in August. They are most mischievous during the month of June. They have an objection to damp or marshy grounds. The females bury themselves in the earth when dying, probably to conceal their eggs. The males die aboveground, where the ants and smaller insects speedily devour them. Neither rain nor cold, however severe, appears to destroy or injure the eggs, which lie in the ground like seed during the winter, and burst forth into life in the first warmth of summer. Each female is understood to have about fifty young, which, in some measure, accounts for the astounding increase of the tribe. They require about twenty days to attain their full growth; sometimes longer, if the weather is unfavourable.

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WHEEL WITHIN WHEEL.

"THE war is bad enough," said Gaudissart; "but the end of it is clear before us. The only thing the English and the French can do is to finish it in such a way as to make it the last war to be ever possible in the midst of European civilisation. It isn't the war which deranges me."

Now, Gaudissart was not Gaudissart's real name, but an honorary title bestowed upon him by his brother commercial travellers, after De Balzac's "illustrious" Prince of Bagmen. My Gaudissart, who had advised me to take up my quarters, as he did, at Madame the Widow Richards's sign of the Green Tree, Castle Street, Dijon, resembled his imaginary prototype only in the variety of articles in which he travelled, the careful way in which he got up his subject for conversational and recommendatory purposes, and the satisfactory result with which he executed his commissions. He was two or three and thirty years of age, with a beautiful brown beard and a bright black eye. He seemed, as far as I could guess from his talk, an affectionate father and a faithful husband. At dinner he did not first eat the flesh of a fowl, and then offer you the dish of bones; he did not drink all the wine, and then hand you the empty bottle. He did not make insulting speeches about English perfidy and the English accent. In short, he was not the ill-behaved rogue which certain tourists have painted him.

"It is not the war which makes me uneasy," repeated Gaudissart, "but the sugar."

"And the wheat?" asked a military-looking person opposite; but who really was the editor of a provincial newspaper.

"And the wine?" said I. "With only a twelvemonth's stock in hand, I suppose we shall have to come to water in another six months."

"Not quite yet," answered Gaudissart with a knowing toss of the head. "There's some good old wine in many holes and corners, which will serve as an excellent last resource. And if there is not now, there would soon be plenty, and plenty of good new wine, if the sugar affair were but settled."

The editor nodded affirmatively. 'The wine and the wheat and the sugar are one," he said; "that is, all three hang together. But this time, if troubles break out in France, it will be the sugar."

"I don't see clearly how that should be," I said; "I wish you would give us a leader in your journal, discussing the question and stating your views."

"Ah!—discuss!" he exclaimed, with a shrug. "We can only record the acts of the government, without presuming to preach upon them."

"Pray tell me, then, by word of mouth, how there should be, at the present moment in France, such an intimate connection between sugar, wheat, and wine."

"Willingly. You will have read enough of the history of France to know that dear bread is the sure forerunner of political convulsions. As the price rises, there is a boiling-point, at which the contents of the heaving vessel rise and run over, scattering about ashes and smoke, and sometimes setting fire to the house itself. When poor sinned-against Marie Antoinette expressed her wonder that the people should complain of want of bread, while such nice little tartlets could be bought for a penny at the pastry-cook's, it was a strong symptom that the conductors of the state did not quite know which way they were driving. When a high official personage, on being told that the people were eating grass, haughtily answered, 'Let them eat grass, then!' it was a quite-to-be-expected verification of the prognostic that his head should be paraded, as it afterwards was, on the top of a pole, with a bunch of grass sticking out of its mouth. We know in France what too-dear bread means, as well as we know the probable consequences of thunder-clouds, hail-storms, and wintry snow-drifts. It is hunger that makes the wolf come out of the wood."

"But I do not yet see how sugar is in fault," I interposed.

"Be patient, and you will very soon learn. Neither the sugar-makers, nor the present government are to be blamed for the existing state of things. Both, on the contrary, are greatly to be pitied. The latter, especially, is suffering for the enormous faults of its predecessor, the first empire. It has discovered the mistakes of its ancestors, and feels that it has no choice but to rectify them. You know well that Napoleon the First, to be independent, as he thought, of England, excluded her colonial

sugars, and set his learned chemists at home to discover a native substitute; for sugar was sold at fabulous prices. Almost every woman in easy circumstances, spent more money on sugar than she did on bread. M. Delacroix, a literary personage, complained at Versailles of the price of sugar; which was then more than five francs the pound. 'Ah!' he said, in a sentimental tone, 'if ever sugar drops to thirty sous, I'll never drink a glass of water without three or four lumps in it.' A substitute was found, and the juice of beet-root supplies the place of cane syrup. But there is one thing which Napoleon probably did not think of. Beet-root cannot grow without occupying space on the land; nor upon any but fertile soil. In short, for every acre devoted to sugar, the country has an acre of wheat the less. And we already have a much smaller expanse of wheat land than we ought to have, because so much space is occupied by vines. The strong temptation to increase the extent of existing vineyards, has often given rise to serious alarm, and has been made the subject of legislation in several of the most famous wine-growing departments; because there they cannot produce wheat enough to supply themselves; and it was thought better that people should go without wine than that they should lack bread."

"That would be true," I ventured to remark, "if wine were an article that could not be exported and sold, and if bread could not be bought with the money it fetched."

"Without knowing it," interrupted Gaudissart, "you have hit the nail on the head. 'Tis the sugar which must set all matters right."

"How?" I asked. "I am still in the dark. But I suppose you want a commission from the sugar-makers. You would like to stub up all the vineyards of the plain, and then plant them half with beet-root, and half with wheat."

"No, no, no! You are now all wrong again. I would not eradicate a single vine-cep, but would rather plant a great many more. I certainly would accept a travelling commission from any respectable house on earth. I would travel in anything—dolls or drapery, wines or woollens, fantaisies or foundered iron. And, as I like to sell a good article, I would take a commission in the sugar line; but, as I prize my country's welfare, it should only be from an English firm."

"That cannot be," I said, looking hard, to see whether he were in earnest. "West Indian sugar does not come into France."

"It does not;" said the editor. "But it will. Wheat we must have, if we are to lead quiet lives, as no one knows better than the Head of the State. We can no longer afford to grow sugar at home. We must raise every grain of wheat we can. The war, a colossal fact, stares us full in the face, and it may be some time yet before we get corn from Russia. You may judge to what uncomfortable straits we are reduced, from the necessity which has occasioned the Imperial decree forbidding the distillation of ardent spirits from all farinaceous substances that serve for human food."

"But you now let foreign spirit in," I observed.

"Yes; your rum *has* found its way amongst us, and I predict that sugar will shortly follow. I like the decree; because it really is a piece of national wastefulness to consume by fire so much good corn as we actually do, in the pleasant shape of burnt brandy and blazing punch. I like the decree about distillation, all the better that I look upon it as a small instalment of the good cane-sugar which is sure to come."

"Then you would not be surprised," I asked, "to wake any morning, and find the French ports open to English sugars, and beet-sugar factories thereby instantaneously stopped?—for it is impossible for an inferior article to contend for a single day with a superior one at half the price."

"Of course, I should not," said Gaudissart, off-handedly. "I have seen too much to be surprised at anything. The sugar will come in, and all—or at least a good deal—will go right."

"We should consider that rather an abrupt proceeding in England. We are accustomed to have a good deal of preliminary talk before deciding on such important measures. What is to become of the poor sugar-makers, who have invested enormous capital on the belief that the present law will be maintained?"

The editor and Gaudissart made a simultaneous and similar reply, by shrugging up their right shoulder, and inclining their head on the same side.

"In England, we should probably give compensation. When we emancipated our West Indian blacks, we paid twenty millions sterling to indemnify their owners; and it will be cruel if the beet-sugar growers have their bread taken out of their mouths for no other crime than that of having put their faith in Anglophobic princes."

"It is very true," said the editor. "So much the worse for them. But, *enfin*, what would you have, after all? In France the only way to have a thing done, is to do it. To talk about it and to write about it is the sure way not to have it done at all; for we should tear one another in pieces before we settled which was the way to do it. We have too many men of words who are not men of deeds also. They would not suit us; they would drive us mad. Supposing that we do but get English sugar, the beet-growers must make the best of it they can afterwards. And they really have made some pretty little fortunes during the years their monopoly has lasted."

"With sugar freely admitted into France,"

said Gaudissart, exultingly, "the wine trade will be well worth travelling in."

"I am much puzzled to understand that," I said.

"Listen," said Gaudissart, with the air of an oracle. "If we take sugar of you, of course you will take wine of us without loading it with impossible duties. That is understood without saying a word (*cela va sans dire*). Now, although you may not know it, many of our wine-growers are imploring our government to let them have your sugar, as the means of enabling their wine to stand the journey to England better. Monsieur the Editor will correct me if I am wrong, but the whole Côte d'Or is fermenting with the sugar question. At ordinary vintages in ordinary vineyards there are produced, not so much in that department as elsewhere, whole rivers and floods of grape-juice with every quality requisite to make good and well-keeping wine, except the sweetness. In fact, sugar is the element in which French wines are most deficient. Green, unripe grapes are known as 'verjus;' the sourest of the sour. You have seen the caricature of the Northern Fox making wry faces at a bunch of verjuice, simply because it is labelled, 'Constantinople?' It is curious, however, that when Bonaparte, by the bribe of a million of francs, set people searching after sugar in all sorts of materials, grapes should have been driven out of the field by beet-root, as a source of supply. Grape sugar was all very well, and rendered useful service in its day; but it only could be had in grains, and obstinately refused to crystallise. New wine, then, often absolutely wants sugar: there are many who say that a little sugar always does good; and to confirm them, distinguished chemists have advised the systematic sugaring of wines, as a mode of softening and preserving them. Second and third-rate wines may, by this simple addition (which cannot be called an adulteration), be raised almost to the rank of the first."

"But doctors differ," said the editor. "There are two sides to the question. Many proprietors of vineyards protest strongly against the practice."

"I know they do. But you also know that, protest as loudly as they can, feeble wines will be sugared all the same, if not at home, certainly as soon as they get to Paris and the Halle aux Vins. Nothing can prevent it; and I do not see why anything should. Honey, even, has been used for the purpose. In the sugar you provide a sustenance for the wine to feed upon and maintain its vitality. You infuse into it a conservative principle which prolongs its existence beyond the period which its own native strength would enable it to attain. Again, we cannot increase the quantity of our very first-class wines, which are tasted only by aristocratic lips; but our second-rate can be multiplied indefinitely; and, with sugar, we can raise them to a degree of excellence which will satisfy any reasonable and moderate-palated man, seeing that he will have them for a moderate price. Sugar, too, in indifferent years, will make the difference between profit and loss to the wine-grower. He will be enabled to produce wine instead of vinegar. So that not only shall we sell our wine, to buy sugar as well as bread, but the more cheap sugar we can get into the country the more good wine we shall send out of it. We shall grow wheat where we now grow beetroot. Instead of converting corn into alcohol, as we have done, we shall be able always to make it into bread; because we shall then find no difficulty in procuring sugar-alcohol."

"I see what you are aiming at. France and England are not independent of each other, but have mutual requirements which must be mutually supplied. We are no more than distinct parts of one great machine, which is meant to act in harmony and union, wheel within wheel."

"Exactly."

"If you let our sugars in before next summer, there is one French wheel will be set in motion which," I urged, "you little suspect. With abundance of most delicious fruits, you hardly know what to do with them. They are eaten by the pigs, or are sold half-rotten to the poor in large cities; helping you sometimes to cholera. But, with sugar, you will be able to make them into exquisite preserves: you will create a trade with foreign countries whose extent you cannot even guess at; and you will confer an immense benefit on the whole class of French gardeners and owners of fruit-orchards, which in many cases will be the means of raising them from poverty to easy circumstances. Much of their fruit, now unsaleable, will be eagerly bought up. Then look at our West Indies,—is not Jamaica in a starving condition?"

"Bravo!" said Gaudissart, filling his own glass, the Editor's, and mine. "Let us drink, messieurs, to the triple alliance and permanent good understanding between wine, wheat, and cane-sugar."

"With all my heart! And may France and England ever keep good time together, with well-oiled steady-going clock-work, wheel within wheel."

MARK HANSEL'S VISITOR.

Death was holding high revelry in the good city of London, in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. At that time, there dwelt in Cheapside, a certain silk-mercer, named Mark Hansel, who was a substantial, rich old citizen; and a very respectable one after his sort, which was a sort that does not include any strong feelings, or highly sensitive perceptions, but has a drowsy, cash-box sense of right and wrong, and loves Virtue most when she is comfortably seated by the

fireside with a mug of ale at her elbow. Mark Hansel was a very respectable man, and always paid his way; and, although he had never read Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations, for the conclusive reason that that work was not then written nor its author born, he conducted himself as well as if he had; and increased and multiplied.

Nevertheless, he could not prevent the Plague from entering his house; which vexed him a great deal, as he had taken vast pains to keep it out, and he was naturally piqued at the failure of his plans. Mark was a widower, with no children; and his household consisted of himself, one or two of his clerks, and 'prentices, his maid-servant, and a few lodgers in the upper stories: for Mark's house was large, and silk-mercers in those days were not the fine gentlemen they are now, and did not think themselves above taking a staid, decent person into their dwellings at a certain rate per week. Now, when the Plague first of all threatened the city, Mark did what was very common at that time—he made it a condition with those who dwelt there that if they staid at all, they must provide themselves with every requisite, and be content to remain without stirring a foot out of doors until the pest should have abated. As they offered no objection to these terms, the house was solemnly closed and barred (as if the Plague cared for locks and bolts!) and the windows were shut close, and business was suspended, and there was a strange, dull, twilight, funeral look in all the rooms, and the rue and wormwood and other disinfecting plants, lying about at every turn, were anything but cheerful in their suggestions. It was bad enough in the day-time, but at night old Mark would lie awake in his bed, listening to the stagnant silence, and fancying that he heard in it the stealthy, creeping, footsteps of the Enemy going to and fro upon his errands. And he was not far wrong in his guess; for one night the said Enemy paused before Mark's door, and passed through it, bolts and all, and went creeping, [creeping up the staircase, with his ghostly, silent steps—so silent that not a soul heard him, though his breath was thick and clammy on the walls—and entered one of the upper rooms, and with a strong gripe upon the throat, seized him who lay there, and left him dead and livid by the dawn.

Old Mark was greatly astonished at this when he came to find it out in the morning; for he had no idea that the Plague could possibly enter a house that was barricaded. However, he got the body away as quickly as he could, and, as an additional precaution, had all the shutters closed over all the windows; and then, thinking himself infallibly secure, sat down once more in his voluntary idleness, and amused himself with looking over his account-books, and calculating how much he was worth. But the great Enemy came again silently in the night, and smote another victim. Then, another and another, until not one soul beside Mark himself was left in the house; and, as the body of the last victim was carried forth one evening and thrown into the dead-cart, he felt more solitary than ever he had felt in his life.

I have said that the last body was taken forth one evening. Mark saw it put into the cart; and, after having barred up the door, returned to his room, and sat down, thinking. He was puzzling his brains how to manage for companionship, and had almost made up his mind to ask the only nephew he had to come and live with him (although he knew him to be a young rake and a spendthrift), when it occurred to him that, as shutting up the house had so signally failed—and he could not but admit that it had failed—he might as well run the risk of breathing a little of the open air, and seeing at the same time whether he could light upon a neighbour. It was the month of September; and, the disease being at its height, the government had set a watch upon all infected houses, with strict orders that no one should be allowed to issue forth. Mark, however, knew that the watchman over his house had been comfortably drunk at an adjacent tavern for the last hour; so he opened the outer door, and stood gazing up and down the street. What he saw did not in the least tend to raise his spirits; for, instead of a gay, loud thoroughfare, with horses and vehicles, and cavaliers and ladies, there was a silent desert. No lights glimmered in the dull, black casement—no faces looked forth upon the empty road below—no sound of life stirred within the languid air. A thick crop of grass had sprung up between the stones of the road: and the lightest blade scarcely fluttered in the heavy stagnation. Looking towards Old St. Paul's, Hansel saw the rich and various outline of that beautiful structure—then within a twelvemonth of its utter destruction—almost massed by the leaden gloom of the evening sky, against which it was scarcely relieved; and, turning away his gaze, he beheld at very small intervals the dreadful red cross smeared with lurid distinctness on the shutters of several of his neighbours. Mark began to feel that, after all, he had better remain indoors; and, would have departed instantly, but that his ear caught the now unusual sound of a carriage rattling over the pavement. It came from the direction of Cornhill, and made an ominous rumble in the hush.

For the mere sake of a little companionship, however brief, Hansel determined to wait until the carriage had passed. He therefore stood watching its approach. It was drawn with surprising quickness by four black horses, which pranced and scattered the foam from their nostrils in a grand and royal manner; and at every step their hoofs beat

up such a shower of sparks from the stones that the passage of the vehicle was vividly delineated in a running stream of fire. Mark wondered who the traveller might be: but much time was not allowed him for conjecture, as the swiftness at which the carriage was drawn soon brought it up to his house; and his astonishment was great when he perceived it came suddenly to a dead halt precisely at that spot. He now observed that the vehicle, as well as the horses, was black, and that the coachman and the footmen were clothed in mourning liveries. "Some family that has lost a relation or two in the Plague," thought Hansel.

The door of the carriage was opened by one of the footmen, and a very handsome, stately gentleman alighted. He, too, was clothed in black; and, on his head, he wore a hat with a large drooping feather.

"Good evening, Mark Hansel!" he said, making a kind of salutation. "I want to have a word with you."

"At your service," returned Mark, bowing profoundly. "You seem, sir, to know something of me; but I have not the honour of recollecting you."

"No?" said the stranger, with a momentary smile. "I have known you, however, from your birth upwards."

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Mark. "I should have supposed you were a younger man than myself, by a good score of years."

"Older, older," replied the stranger. "But I must admit I bear my years well, considering all I have had to go through; and yet there are times when I feel I should like to lie down somewhere and rest."

He spoke this in a low, meditative tone; and Hansel could not help remarking that he seemed to carry with him a palpable darkness, which alternately dilated and contracted with a wavering motion. And yet there was nothing very singular in this, either; for the night was rapidly falling, and the fluctuating outline of the black velvet mantle which the stranger wore, mingled heavily with the gloom.

"Will you walk into my poor house, sir?" inquired Mark. "We shall be quite alone; all here except myself have died of this dreadful sickness."

"No," replied the gentleman; "that is not my object. I want you first to accompany me to a place where you will see some friends of yours; and then to ask you to do me a favour,—to be paid for, mind, and handsomely. Will you follow me?"

"I shall be proud," said Hansel, "to go wherever your worship may command."

Stepping into the carriage, the stranger beckoned Mark to follow him; and the horses immediately set off at full gallop.

"How suddenly the night has fallen!" observed Hansel "and how close the air has grown!"

"No wonder," replied his companion: "there is mischief in the air; and a great cloud of death hangs over all London."

Faster and faster went the coach; every instant seeming to add obviously to its speed. Mark looked out of the windows, and saw the houses on each side of the way spinning past in a long, indistinct, dull line, in which all details were blurred and lost, like the painted sides of a humming-top in the intensity of its whirl. Faster and faster yet; until, by the fervour of the motion, the stagnant air was wakened into life, and rushed past the carriage windows with a long, wailing sigh. Faster and faster still; and darker and darker grew the night; and through the blackness Mark could see nothing but the eyes of his companion gleaming like two small fires at the back of a deep, dusky cavern. And now the town was passed; and Mark beheld a wide open country, very bare and grim, which he did not recognise. He began to feel uneasy. Still, faster and faster went the coach; and darker and darker grew the night; till it appeared as if they were being carried on the wind itself into a great black empty gulf. During all this time the stranger did not utter one word. Nor did Mark; for his breath was gone.

At length the carriage came to a dead halt with so much suddenness, that the ground reeled beneath their feet, and a long, dark hedgerow on each side of the road, still appeared to rush giddily past into the wide obscurity. As soon as Hansel could get the use of his eyes, he perceived that they were standing before a vast, dimly-defined building, which rose far up into the air, until it became one with the night. It belonged to an order of architecture which Mark had never seen before; and had a look of great age and melancholy grandeur. Columns of an indescribable fashion—grotesque faces and prodigious sculptures, that seemed each one an awful riddle—made themselves heavily manifest through the darkness; and, though Mark was anything but an imaginative man, it struck even him that the whole edifice was a sort of shadowy symbol, and that it typified an unutterable mournfulness and desolation. He observed all this in a single moment, for the stranger, without a word, drew him through a wide doorway into the interior. A spacious, but dimly lighted hall was then disclosed; and the strange gentleman, turning to Mark, said—

"This is one of my country mansions. You must come with me, and look over all the rooms."

Hansel, though fear was in his heart, and he would gladly have been away, bowed humbly, and walked by the side of his conductor. They passed through several magnificent apartments, filled with objects of great pomp and majesty; but a sense of sadness and wickedness was over all; and not a living being was to be seen; and the

silence was oppressive. Black velvet curtains fell in massive folds from the walls; and all the rooms were involved in perpetual shadow. After some time, they reached a chamber of greater extent than any of the others—so large, indeed, that the citizen could not see the opposite side; and here his companion paused. The next moment Hansel observed that the place was occupied by eight or nine male figures, dressed in uncouth habiliments, and playing very earnestly at a game resembling skittles: the pins formed by a row of fleshless bones, and the projectiles smooth, bare skulls. The sport, seemed to Mark rather grim, and the performers had very pale faces; but they kept on chattering vivaciously in an unknown tongue; and, whenever any one made a hit, all chuckled and laughed.

"Draw a little nearer," said the master of the house. "Do you remember these gentlemen?"

Mark advanced a pace or two, and then suddenly started back. The skittle-players were none other than the recent inmates of his house, whom he had supposed were dead of the Plague!

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the silkmercer. "What is the meaning of this?"

"It means," replied the strange gentleman, "that all your late friends are provided for by me, and without any charge to them. But you must not speak to them. They would not understand you, nor you them. Don't you think they look very happy?"

"The Lord deliver me!" thought Mark; "for I am in a land of phantoms." But, fearing to offend his companion, he answered, "They must needs be happy under your worship's protection."

"A right courtly speech!" cried the other, with a disagreeable laugh. "Well, since you admit that they look happy, there could be no great harm in sending a few more to the same place—eh?"

"Your worship is the best judge," replied Hansel, who thought it advisable to maintain a respectful demeanour.

"Follow me, then." And the master of the mansion led the way out of the hall, and conducted Mark into the open air.

A wide desert plain stretched far away before their eyes, unbroken by a single house, tree, or any other object, and covered by a dry, burnt-up turf. Thick night hung ponderously overhead; but flashes of lightning played incessantly across the sky, revealing in the distance an abrupt rock of dusky stone, down the sides of which a stream of water fell noiselessly, and crept away through weedy channels until lost to sight.

"Listen to me now," exclaimed the stranger, fixing his intense and gleaming eyes upon Mark. "The plague is in London, as you know."

"Indeed, sir, I know it but too well," said Hansel. "The people are dying round us with a dreadful quickness every day."

"And yet not fast enough," responded the other. "I say, not fast enough," he added, seeing Mark change countenance. "Why, what better could you wish for a man than to come to this quiet spot, and play with the skulls and bones of his enemies? They come thronging in hour after hour; but it is my mood that they should come faster. Yea, I will have every soul in London for my guest. You see that stream of water pouring down the rock in the distance? That water is poisoned; and with it I design to kill every one of your townsfolk. Hearken. If you will consent to take with you a portion of this subtle fluid, and so corrupt all the wells and springs of London, I will give you riches uncountable; and you shall be the last to die and the first to taste all the pleasures of my domain. Will you do this?"

During the delivery of this speech, Mark observed a terrible transformation in the whole appearance of his companion. An awful light boiled up out of the black depth of his eyes; his lips became twisted into an expression of mingled fierceness and sarcastic laughter; and Mark saw that he stood in the presence of the Evil One.

"Get thee behind me, Satan—Devil! I defy thee and all thy host, thou Old Mischief! I spit in thy face, and on thy offer, thou Shadow of the Curse of God!"

At this, the fearful thing wavered before his eyes like the shadow of a tree upon the ground when the tree itself is shaken by a high wind; but the Old One steadied himself after awhile, and said:

"You refuse? Then attend to my last words. Nine of the inmates of your house have already died of the Plague. By to-morrow night, a tenth shall be stricken."

And, as he spoke, a tempest and an earthquake, with amazing flashes of fire, and a great roaring, seemed to rise up in the place; and instantly everything vanished; and Mark found himself seated in his own room in his own arm-chair, rather frightened, and very much dazed.

It is my own opinion—as a firm disbeliever in all such stories—that the worthy mercer had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming; that he had not been standing at the street-door at all, but had been overtaken by slumber as he sat thinking about his prospects; and that he was awakened by a thunder-storm which was then raging, and which formed the conclusion of his dream. Hansel himself, however, firmly believed in the absolute truth of the vision; and you may safely assume that it made him feel very melancholy. He lay awake during the greater part of the night, preparing himself for his approaching end, and trembling with fear every moment, lest he should be exposed to some new temptation. When, after a

troubled sleep, he awoke in the morning, he reflected that that was the last time he should behold the light; "for," said he, "I am the only one left in the house, and consequently there cannot be any other addition to the list." And he felt himself overpowered with wretchedness and dread.

The day passed slowly and mournfully. Poor Hansel endeavoured as much as possible to force his mind into a state of religious resignation, and, to this end, brought forth the great family Bible, and read more of it at a stretch than he had done since his school-days. But the awful cry of the attendants upon the dead-carts continually broke in upon his studies and his heart was sick within him. He could not shut out the thought that, within a little while, he too would be lying among those festering masses,—a thing horrible to look at, perilous to approach, fit only to be hurried away to the revolting grave-pits. And then he speculated upon how soon it would be before his death would be discovered, and whether the authorities would, after a time, break open the doors and find his rigid body staring with unclosed eyes upon the air. He fought hard against these reflections; but every moment was one of intense watchfulness and agony, for he could not tell when the first symptoms of disease would attack him. It seemed to him as if he were waiting in a dark room for the mortal stab of an enemy; and he therefore held his nerves in perpetual readiness for the shock.

Not a bit or drop passed his lips during the day, and towards evening he felt a faintness coming over him, which he believed to be the approach of the fatal malady. The light was rapidly fading; and as it seemed horrible to him to die in the dark, he lit a candle and sat down again in his chair, waiting, and commending himself to God. A deep, grand silence prevailed within and without the house, and although there was something awful in it, the poor silk-mercer found it very soothing. It was so exceedingly intense, that it seemed to have life and consciousness in it, and to swell upwards like a noble psalm in the ears of eternity. So Mark sat listening to it, and hoping that he might die out into that silence, as moths and insects of the summer cease in the stillness of an autumn night.

At length he was conscious of a sound within the silence. He listened, and heard footsteps in the upper rooms of the house, and immediately after he was aware that they were descending the stairs. At this he felt greatly troubled; for he feared either that the devil was about to renew his temptations, or that death was coming upon him in a visible shape. Slowly, and with some unsteadiness, the steps came down the stairs, and paused for a moment before the room in which Mark was sitting. The door was then opened, and a figure entered.

It was a young man, dressed after the manner of a cavalier of that time. His clothes, however, were soiled and discomposed, and his face, though handsome, was flushed and haggard. His whole appearance was debauched and utterly abandoned, and he came into the room with a reckless manner, and threw himself into a chair. Hansel stared at him for a moment in silence; then suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise:

"Mercy on me!" he cried; "it is my wretched nephew."

"Yes," said the intruder, in a thick voice, "it's your nephew — and you may say your wretched nephew too, for I have no money."

"Ay, that is the only reason why I see you here, I suppose. You want, as you call it, to 'borrow' some of me. But how, in the name of mischief, did you get into my house? I thought all the doors were bolted."

"Why you see, nunks, I heard at the next house that all your companions were dead of the Plague, and so I prevailed upon your neighbour to let me over his roof, to see if there was any little cranny through which I could creep, in order to come and see you. And I found a trap-door unfastened; so here I am, come over the house-top! Now, that's kind and dutiful, I think."

"Gilbert, Gilbert! you're a scoffing young rake. I don't wish to be harsh with you; but I am now on the point of death, and you disturb my devotions. I desire you to leave my house."

"Just about to die! I must say you look mighty well for a moribund; but you know best. As for leaving the house, I'll do so directly I've got what I want—the key of your strong-box."

"Then you'll wait for ever, Gilbert; for you won't get it. You want my money to go rioting about the town at this dreadful season, and sink yourself into all the horrible vices that your heart can yearn for. Why, you're drunk now, sir."

"Drunk! Of course. I'm always drunk. How else could I keep myself alive, with poison in the very air I breathe, and people dropping all round me, like over-ripe medlars! I soak myself in wine, and I live. I could fight the devil himself with a flask of Burgundy."

"And I, Gilbert, can fight him without. But I will not help you to your favourite weapon, because I know you will use it *against* yourself and *for* the devil. Leave the house!"

"Listen to me, you grey sinner!" exclaimed Gilbert Hansel, starting up, and drawing his rapier. "You told me just now that you were on the point of death; and unless you instantly give me what I want, you never spoke a truer word, for I'll run you through the body. I must have gold, that I

may buy me meat and wine, and laugh at death. If once I get sober, I shall die; but with the cheerful Burgundy singing in my brain, I would sit in a dead-pit, and defy fate. I must drink, and dance, and sing, and dice, and make roaring love to maids, wives and widows, and disport me gallantly, to keep away this Phantom that walks up and down. So, the key of the money-chest, greybeard, before I draw my sword across your throat!"

As old Hansel had fully made up his mind that he should die, it might have been supposed that this menace would have had very little effect upon him. But there is something exceedingly disagreeable in having one's throat carved in cold blood; and —to make use of an Hibernicism—it is natural to wish to put off the evil day, if only for half an hour. So, after some muttering and shirking, Mark at length—quickened in his movements by the near approach of the rapier—put his hand into his pocket, and produced the required key. His nephew received it with a laugh of triumph.

"One more favour I require of you. I want the key of your wine-cellar as well."

"Why trouble me farther?" muttered the old silk-mercer. "I am no wine-bibber like yourself, thank Heaven!"

"The very reason why there is plenty for me in your cellars. I know you can produce a good flask upon occasion; and I mean to taste the quality of your wines before I go. Come, give me the key without more ado.—Ah, that's it! Thanks! See what a civil fellow I am as long as you behave like a dutiful uncle. Now will I go and embalm me in your Rhenish, and fortify my flesh against corruption. Farewell, nunks—unless you will come and crack a bottle with me. You won't? Then I leave you to die at your leisure, while I live merrily: I, drunk and living; you, sober and carrion. Farewell, greybeard! and the devil seize the right one!"

He reeled out of the room as he spoke, and went lumbering down the stairs, seeming to make direct for the wine-cellar. Mark heard him enter, and close the door with a loud jar behind him. Then all was again quiet, except at intervals; when fragments of some drunken song from below became faintly distinguishable.

"What a horrible, abandoned reprobate he is!" thought Mark. "I wish he had never found his way in. I have lost my money, my wine, and my resignation, all at one blow. How long the dreadful hour is in coming!"

At length he fell asleep, quite worn out with watching and mental excitement. When he awoke it was broad daylight. Looking at the clock, and finding that it was six, his heart leaped within him, and he could not help shouting out aloud, "Hurra! By the blessing of Heaven, the Old Liar's prophecy is defeated. I have lived over the night." And he fairly danced about the room.

In a little while, feeling hungry, he set about preparing himself some breakfast, and began eating it with great relish. "I shall laugh at the devil's prophecies in future," he thought. "But I wonder what has become of that rascal nephew of mine. If he is still in the house, I could almost shake hands with him, I feel so happy. I don't think it was a dream that he was here last night. Stay; I'll go seek him."

Mark went through several of the empty rooms without success, and at last bethought him of the wine-cellar. Thither he repaired, and saw something lying on the ground, like a heap of clothes.

"Here he is," thought Mark, "drunk and sleeping like a log, with an empty wine-flask in his hand. Asleep? Merciful Heaven! he's dead—plague-struck—twisted and wrenched with pain! Horrible!" And Mark rushed out of the cellar.

His nephew was indeed dead. The Pest had overtaken him in the midst of his boasted preservative, and had withered him like a leaf. And so the prophecy was fulfilled, though not in the sense understood.

Mark must have been fated not to die of the Plague; for, even this last peril did not hurt him. After he had seen his nephew buried, he went into the country to some distant relatives, and lived many years longer. During this time he frequently related the story of his interview with the Devil—in which he never ceased to believe—and of the death of his wild nephew.

As for me, I confess that, to my mind, the devil part of the story was a dream; but this is only my individual opinion, and I offer it as nothing more.

THE AUTHOR OF GIL BLAS.

In a line with the south transept of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Boulogne, runs a little street—the Street of the Château. Whoever looks at the second house on the left, in passing up the street from the cathedral, may observe, over its picturesque doorway, the outline of a dark block of marble, upon which is to be read by good eyes, an inscription in Roman capitals that have lost much of their distinctness. "Here died the Author of Gil Blas, in seventeen hundred and forty-seven." Le Sage has, I believe, no other monument of stone, and he owes this to the enthusiasm of what might be thought an odd set of admirers, namely, the Boulogne Agricultural Society; but the most intelligent gentlemen of the department are, in fact, enrolled in this patriotic association, and papers on literary subjects are read, and poems recited, at some of its meetings.

Not only stone-masons, but even biographers have been too little concerned with

Monsieur Alain-René Le Sage. He was an only son. His father was a country lawyer, and a rich man according to provincial ideas of wealth. Alain-René was born in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-eight, at Sarzeau, a little town in the peninsula of Rhuys, four leagues from Vannes. When he was nine years old he lost his mother. When he was fourteen years old he lost his father. He passed then under the guardianship of an uncle, who lost for him his inheritance. The son of an educated man, he received liberal instruction,—that is to say, he was sent to a school established by the Jesuits at Vannes,—and he was a quick pupil. Of his life during the first years of orphanhood no record remains; but it was probably through the good offices of his father's friends that he obtained employment upon the collection of the customs in Bretagne. He either abandoned that employment or was dismissed from it. The pure tone of his character makes it likely that he forsook the calling as offensive to the generosity of youth and inconsistent with his nobler aspirations. Certainly he left it with a full knowledge of the general character of the class of men—farmers of revenue—under whom he served, and the disgust that he felt towards them stuck by him throughout his life.

Thus it happened that, at the age of twenty-four, Le Sage travelled to Paris, meaning there to graduate at the university, and to find, if he could, new means of livelihood. He was a handsome and agreeable young fellow, remarkable for his wit and his good taste in literature, by which he was not without hope that he might get a living. He won quickly the good graces of the ladies whom he met. One lady of quality, it is said, made him an offer of her hand and fortune; but he scorned selfishness in marriage; and, having quietly fallen in love with Marie-Elisabeth Hudyard, a tradesman's daughter—who had, like himself, more treasure in the heart than in the pocket—he made her his wife when he was a few months more than twenty-six years old.

Remaining true to literature, he was advised to translate the Letters of Aristenetes. His friend, Monsieur Danchet, being made professor of rhetoric at Chartres, promised his influence to get them printed there. The translation was accordingly made, and published, as it appears, at Rotterdam. The world, however, took but very little notice of it. Young Le Sage had obtained for himself a status as an advocate before the Court of Parliament, when he married and settled in Paris. Though, in want of money, and apt at making friends who could have put him on the road to loaves and fishes, he had a spirit above begging, and besieged no man with solicitation. Even while living in discomfort, he refused to sell his independence to the Marshal de Villeroi: and a little employment that, after a time, came to him he abandoned as soon as he felt it possible to live by devoting himself wholly to literary work. The difficult first step in the career of a man of letters was made easier to Le Sage by the Abbé de Lionne, a passionate admirer of Spanish literature, who taught Le Sage the language out of which his pleasures were derived; and, by presenting him with a moderate annuity, enabled him to employ this acquisition to advantage. Le Sage then commenced in good earnest his career of authorship, by working on the dramatic stores of Spain, whereof few grains had then been scattered among readers north of the Pyrenees. Translations, or imitations, of some of the best comedies of Lope de Vega, Calderon, and others, were published by him or performed at the Théâtre Français, with limited success. A more favourable reception did not greet the appearance of two small volumes, comprising his version of Avellaneda's continuation of Don Quixote.

Following, in spite of discouragement, the course on which he had embarked, he brought out, in seventeen hundred and seven, his famous Diable Boiteux. To what extent Le Sage is indebted, in this production, to Velez, from whom, avowedly, the idea is taken, he has himself stated, in his dedication to the Spanish author, of the enlarged edition of seventeen hundred and twenty-six. The success of the Diable Boiteux was prodigious. So eager was the demand for it, that, we are told, two young gallants of the court, happening to enter the publisher's shop to purchase copies when (of the second edition) only one remained on hand, were hardly prevented from deciding the question which of them should have it by a duel. Such extreme popularity was owing, not to the merit of the work only, but also to the introduction into it of many piquant anecdotes and lively satires upon living personages.

Le Sage had presented to the Théâtre Français a comedy in one act, with the title of the Presents,—Les Etrennes—to be performed on a day of New Year's gifts, the first of January seventeen hundred and six. It was a work begotten of his experience among the farmers of revenue, and was designed, in a spirit of righteous indignation, to inflict public chastisement upon them for their villanous extortions. The piece was refused. Le Sage was, however, very much in earnest. He took it back; and, instead of cutting down or mollifying the expression of his scorn, he extended it into a five-act comedy, and called it after its hero, Turcaret. This change was very far from removing his difficulties. The class attacked was powerful, and it resorted to all possible expedients to escape a public flogging. But, while the stage was denied to him, Le Sage could nevertheless secure a certain degree of publicity and influential advocates for his work by reading it in some of those brilliant Parisian coteries the titled members

of which were by no means backward in assistance to a satirist fighting against wealthy parvenus; who were presumptuous and despicable in their eyes. Le Sage wrote out of a noble spirit, and such patrons applauded what he wrote out of a mean spirit. But the man of letters was no servant to their pride. The Princess de Bouillon appointed a day for the reading of Turcaret, and condescended to permit the favoured author to fix the hour of attendance most convenient to himself. Le Sage happened by a rare chance to be engaged, on the appointed day, as advocate in a cause before the court of parliament. This business detained him; and, when he did at last reach the Princess's hotel, he found the aristocratic circle in a flutter of affront. He related, with much earnest apology, the cause of the delay. His apology was haughtily received. No reason, the Princess said, could justify the impropriety of keeping such a dignified assembly so long waiting. "Madame," replied Le Sage, "I have been the cause of your highness's losing an hour. I will now be the means of your regaining it." With a profound bow he retired. The Princess endeavoured to detain him; some of the company ran after him to bring him back. In vain: Le Sage never again entered the hotel of the Princess de Bouillon.

Le Sage's manly feeling was shown about the same time in another way. A hundred thousand francs were offered him by the farmers of revenue for the suppression of his play. Poor as he was, he scorned the [illegible] The culprits redoubled their intrigues, and it required an express order from the Dauphin, before the actors of the Théâtre Français could be persuaded to put Turcaret upon the stage; and, on the evening of Valentine's day seventeen hundred and nine, its first performance took place; Le Sage being then a little more than forty years of age. The success of Turcaret was perfect; yet it at first enjoyed a run of only seven nights. The extraordinary cold, which had kept theatres closed during the previous winter months, still continued to be excessive in February. At the same time the efforts of the party satirised to stop the comedy in its career, were of course incessant. Its representation was, however, subsequently resumed; and it is to this day a stock-piece at French theatres.

A second play, entitled the Tontine, having been ill-received by the actors, the author broke off with them, renounced for a time all connection with the stage, and engaged in a task honourable to his friendship. His friend Petis de la Croix, then employed upon his translation of the Thousand and One Nights, needed the assistance of a more expert pen than his own in preparation of the work for press; and one or two of the best years of Le Sage's life were spent in the revision of this translation. Meantime a war of rival interests had arisen among the comedians, which opened the way for the lucrative exercise of his peculiar talent, the union of pungent satire with the airy fun demanded in the lighter productions of the French stage. Besides the two great theatres of Paris, certain "minors" were allowed to be open during two seasons of the year, in the ancient fairs of Saint-Germain and Saint-Laurent. Only marionnettes were, at first, the performers; and when, in sixteen hundred and ninety, an attempt was made to introduce a troop of children of both sexes, the company of the Théâtre Français, who had one of two shares in the exclusive privilege of speaking the native language upon a dramatic stage, ordered the usurping show to be pulled down. The Italian company—which had not long before been relieved from the general prohibition to use the French tongue, and enjoyed the other half share in the monopoly—made in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-seven an unfortunate use of their privilege. It announced a comedy for representation under the title of The False Prude. The court discovered in those words a libel upon Madame de Maintenon, and banished the Italians from the country. The conductors of the performances of the fair affected then to step into the vacant place, assumed the character of the Italians' successors, and played fragments of Italian farces. These exhibitions proved attractive, and the French comedians obtained an order from the judges, forbidding their rivals to represent any comedy whatever by means of dialogue. The innovators thereupon abstained from comedies, and confined their performances to single scenes. These likewise were prohibited. Taking advantage of the literal sense of the word "dialogue," they had, next, recourse to scenes in monologue. At first only one actor spoke, and the rest expressed themselves by signs. Then came an improved form of monologue; the actor who had spoken retreated behind the scenes, while the other, who remained, spoke in his turn, and in turn retreated, in order again to give place upon the stage to the first. Sometimes the speaking was all done behind the scenes; and sometimes the one actor who spoke before the public repeated aloud what the others whispered to him. The ingenuity of these contrivances to elude the vexatious pursuit of the law, gave zest to the performances, and the people thronged to the spectacles of the fair.

The next step of the dramatic warriors was to purchase from the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, to whom it was understood legally to belong, the privilege of singing. But, when they attempted to make use of this privilege, they found their theatre invaded by a strong body of the police, sent by order of the judges; and, under the protection of these authorities the carpenter of the Théâtre Français and his assistants proceeded to a second demolition of the buil

This work had already begun, when an officer made his appearance with a command from the court, bearing date the same day, which overruled the decree of the judges. The proprietors instantly set about the repairing of what little mischief had been done; next morning the play-bills were placarded just as usual, and in the evening the house overflowed. Again, however, their theatre was destroyed, and that completely, even to the burning of its fragments; but again it was rebuilt.

To prevent the recurrence of these ruinous attacks, the actors of the fair at last determined to confine their performance to dumb show. Among other pieces represented in this manner was one called the Chicks of Leda; a ludicrous parody of the Tyndarides of Danchet. The company of the Théâtre Français had by this time come to be familiarly known as the Romans; and the success of the Chicks of Leda, as well as of many similar pieces, was ensured by the energy with which the Romans were burlesqued and mimicked by their opponents. Each noble Roman was at once to be recognised—not only by caricatures of the characters in which he commonly appeared, but by the imitation of his peculiar gestures and the tones of his voice. In order to accomplish the last object without breaking the rule of dumbness, the comedians of the fair pronounced in solemn tragic tones a succession of syllables without sense or meaning, but arranged in sonorous Alexandrine mouthfuls.

A further improvement: the actors came upon the stage each furnished with a roll of bills, on which were printed in large characters the names of their parts, with the most necessary of the words that they must be supposed to speak. On coming to the point at which the matter inscribed on any particular bill was required—the whole roll having previously put in order—he unrolled and displayed it, and then slipped it to the back. At first these placards were in prose; afterwards, couplets adapted to well-known airs were written on them. The orchestra played the air; persons hired for the purpose, and posted in different parts of the pit, sang the words; the public itself supplied the chorus. By means of a further contrivance, the performers were relieved from the inconvenience of carrying so many paper bills: little boys, dressed as Cupids, were suspended by machinery from the roof: and, supporting the rolls between them, unfolded and displayed them at the proper times.

Although Le Sage, in the prologue to Turcaret, had pointed some satirical strokes against the performers of the fair, he now sympathised with them to the extent of setting about some compositions suited to their new school of art—the opera of handbills.

The first pieces composed by him for this purpose were represented by means of bills, and the words were wholly sung. A few sentences of prose were, by degrees, interspersed among the couplets. At length, their confidence increasing with their strength, the two companies of the fair ventured to assume the title of Opéra Comique. The accession of Le Sage was thus the means of introducing consistency, and something of the appearance and polish of art, into the homely beginnings of the French comic opera, or what is now called comédie vaudeville. Neither the deplorable state of public affairs in France, the higher interests of other departments of literature and art, nor the intrigues of the court and church, prevented the public attention from being profoundly occupied by the progress of the war between the privileged company, the regulars, and the guerillas of the fair. Law and authority being at every point defeated or eluded by the fair men, the belligerents on both sides let law alone, and confined their efforts to the use of pun and satire, ridicule and personation. In seventeen hundred and sixteen, the Italian company was recalled and entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Théâtre Français; but the allied troupes were worsted. Parody, the chief weapon of the fair, was too strong for prerogative: the dexterous pointing of Le Sage's pieces had the effect of silencing the batteries of the allies. The Duchess of Orleans, wife of the Regent, being determined to witness the representation of the Princess of Carisma, one of Le Sage's most popular vaudevilles, it was ordered to be performed at the Palais Royal. The Regent was present at the entertainment, and the triumph of the comic opera was perfect. The records of the French stage enumerate one hundred and one pieces, wholly or in part composed by Le Sage, and performed by the companies of the comic opera.

In the midst, however, of those less worthy occupations—which, through a long series of years, were the means of keeping alive the fire upon his hearth—Le Sage did not forget the higher claims of literature. Of Gil Blas—that world's romance—two volumes were published in seventeen hundred and fifteen, their author's age then being forty-seven; and a third was issued nine years afterwards. The fourth and final volume, was delayed until eleven years after the third had appeared. This work placed Le Sage, at once and for all time, in the rank of a European classic. Its contemporary reputation may have been owing in a measure, to the skilfully interwoven anecdotes and allusions, then more intensely relished, because better understood, than they can now be by ourselves. But the truth of its lively pictures of human nature will for ever satisfy the wits of the experienced, and their variety will never cease to charm the fancies of the young. The creator of its class,

it has been followed by a thousand imitations.

A notion was long current, and is perhaps not yet quite exploded, that Gil Blas is itself an imitation. Voltaire asserted that it was translated or stolen from the Spanish of Vincent Espinel; and, more recently, the charge was repeated, in another form, by a Spanish Jesuit named Isla. A translation of the work by this person was published at Madrid in eighteen hundred and five, under the title of Gil Blas Restored to his Country. He asserts that Gil Blas was composed in the Spanish language, during the ministry of the Duke of Olivarez (sixteen hundred and thirty-five), that the work was denounced to the government as containing dangerous revelations regarding the secrets of the court, and the manuscript seized. The unnamed author, escaping into France, there, it is said, died, leaving a copy of his manuscript, which he had concealed and taken with him; this fell into the hands of Le Sage, and was by him enlarged, and otherwise adapted to his purpose, in the same way as he had adapted previously the work of Velez. This story refutes itself, because Isla confirmed it with the assertion that the original MS. was still in the Escurial. The Comte de Neuchâteaux, in a dissertation read before the French Academy, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, and prefixed to the edition of Gil Blas published the year following by Didot, has answered both Voltaire's assertions and the Spaniard's. He proves that the Life of the Squire Obregon, the work named by Voltaire, as the original from which Le Sage copied, bears no resemblance to Gil Blas, either in subject, form, or style. Proceeding then to deal with Isla, he overthrows the Jesuit's assertion, by showing that if, as he pretends, the original work was accessible in Spanish, he ought to have published that work with all the evidences of its authenticity; instead of translating Gil Blas into Spanish out of French.

Le Sage published many other works—some original, others translations or imitations. Among the latter, besides those already particularised, are Roland the Lover, from Boiardo, and the Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache, from the Spanish of Alleman. He was the first to naturalise Alleman's amusing tale in France, though not its first, or even its second, translator into the language of that country. His industry appears to have increased with his years. The Bachelor of Salamanca was his last and his own favourite fiction; and, at the close of his literary life—which did not take place till seventeen hundred and forty-three—when he had reached the age of seventy-five, he published his Miscellany of sallies of wit and the most striking historic incidents.

Le Sage was no less fitted to shine in society than to excel in literature, but he lived after his marriage an exceedingly domestic life. His family consisted of three sons and an only daughter. Two of the sons, the eldest, Réné André, and the youngest François Antoine, occasioned their father no little pain by choosing the stage for their profession. Réné André, whom he had intended for the law, rose to a high reputation as an actor, under the name of Montmenil. His style was the quiet, natural, and unaffected. François Antoine was incited by his brother's success to an unsuccessful imitation. Le Sage had for some time ceased to admit Montmenil to his presence, when, by the pious management of the second son, Julien François, who had gone into the church, he was persuaded to witness, at the Théâtre Français, the performance of his own Turcaret. Le Sage appreciated his son's talent and forgave him for following its bent. Father and son had, both of them, good hearts, and Montmenil effaced the remembrance of his early disobedience by conduct the most filial and submissive. He became the old man's pride and his constant companion; a support and an honour to the family. When his duties at the theatre prevented Montmenil from passing his evenings at his father's house, Le Sage, deprived of the chief delight at home, was accustomed to adjourn to a neighbouring café. He had, even in youth, been affected with symptoms of deafness, which increased with his years, but his natural gaiety was not lessened. His conversation abounding with wit, anecdote, and shrewd observation, and shown to the best advantage by a manly and various elocution, was heard always with delight. The picture of the author of Gil Blas, advanced in life, surrounded by a throng of youthful admirers, the more distant mounted on chairs and tables, in order to catch every word of his discourse, recals what we may have heard of our own glorious John Dryden at the coffee-house.

Montmenil's death, in seventeen hundred and forty-three, was a blow from which Le Sage never recovered. Paris became insupportable, and he retired with his wife and daughter to the house at Boulogne, which his second son inhabited in quality of canon of the cathedral. This son (Julien François)—remarkable for a strong personal resemblance to Montmenil—was an admirable man; a wit, and an admirable reader. The Comte de Tressan, commandant of the Boulonnais, seconded the attentions of the family; and from him we derive the few surviving anecdotes of the last years of Le Sage's life. They seem to have passed heavily enough. The finely-strung nervous system of the author of Gil Blas, like that of some other great writers, had lost its tone from too continued tension. He is said at last to have existed only by help of the sun. From daybreak until noon his faculties grew more and more lively. From noon till evening they gradually left him. When the sun had actually set, he

fell into a state of lethargy, from which it was in vain to attempt to rouse him, till the morning brought the sun with it again.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

It was not merely that Margaret was known to Mr. Thornton to have spoken falsely, though she imagined that for this reason only was she so turned in his opinion, but that this falsehood of hers bore a distinct reference in his mind to some other lover. He could not forget the fond and earnest look that had passed between her and some other man—the attitude of familiar confidence, if not of positive endearment. The thought of this perpetually stung him; it was a picture before his eyes wherever he went and whatever he was doing. In addition to this (and he ground his teeth as he remembered it) was the hour, dusky twilight; the place, so far away from home and comparatively unfrequented. His nobler self had said at first, that all this last might be accidental, innocent, justifiable; but once allow her right to love and be beloved (and had he any reason to deny her right?—had not her words been severely explicit when she cast his love away from her *I*), she might easily have been beguiled into a longer walk, on to a later hour than she had anticipated. But that falsehood! which showed a fatal consciousness of something wrong, and to be concealed, which was unlike her. He did her that justice, though all the time it would have been a relief to believe her utterly unworthy of his esteem. It was this that made the misery—that he passionately loved her, and thought her, even with all her faults, more lovely and more excellent than any other woman; yet he deemed her so attached to some other man, so led away by her affection for him, as to violate her truthful nature. The very falsehood that stained her was a proof how blindly she loved another—this dark, slight, elegant, handsome man—while he himself was rough, and stern, and strongly made. He lashed himself into an agony of fierce jealousy. He thought of that look, that attitude!—how he would have laid his life at her feet for such tender glances, such fond detention! He mocked at himself for having valued the mechanical way in which she had protected him from the fury of the mob: now he had seen how soft and bewitching she looked when with a man she really loved. He remembered point by point the sharpness of her words—"There was not a man in all that crowd for whom she would not have done as much, far more readily than for him." He shared with the mob in her desire of averting bloodshed from them. But this man, this hidden lover, shared with nobody; he had looks, words, hand-cleavings, lies, concealment, all to himself.

Mr. Thornton was conscious that he had never been so irritable as he was now in all his life long; he felt inclined to give a short abrupt answer, more like a bark than a speech, to every one that asked him a question; and this conciousness hurt his pride: he had always piqued himself on his self-control, and control himself he would. So the manner was subdued to a quiet deliberation, but the matter was even harder and sterner than common. He was more than usually silent at home; employing his evenings in a continual pace backwards and forwards, which would have annoyed his mother exceedingly if it had been practised by any one else; and did not tend to promote any forbearance on her part even to this beloved son.

"Can you stop—can you sit down for a moment? I have something to say to you, if you would give up that everlasting walk, walk, walk."

He sat down instantly, on a chair against the wall.

"I want to speak to you about Betsy. She says she must leave us; that her lover's death has so affected her spirits she can't give her heart to her work."

"Very well. I suppose other cooks are to be met with."

"That's so like a man. It's not merely the cooking, it is that she knows all the ways of the house. Besides, she tells me something about your friend Miss Hale."

"Miss Hale is no friend of mine. Mr. Hale is my friend."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for if she had been your friend, what Betsy says would have annoyed you."

"Let me hear it," said he, with the extreme quietness of manner he had been assuming for the last few days.

"Betsy says, that the night on which her lover—I forget his name—for she always calls him 'he'—"

"Leonards."

"The night on which Leonards was last seen at the station—when he was last seen on duty, in fact—Miss Hale was there walking about with a young man who Bessy believes killed Leonards by some blow or push."

"Leonards was not killed by any blow or push."

"How do you know?"

"Because I distinctly put the question to the surgeon of the Infirmary. He told me there was an internal disease of long standing, caused by Leonards' habit of drinking to excess; that the fact of his becoming rapidly worse while in a state of intoxication, settled the question as to whether the last fatal attack was caused by excess of drinking, or the fall."

"The fall! What fall?"

"Caused by the blow or push of which Betsy speaks."

"Then there was a blow or push?"

"I believe so."

"And who did it?"

"As there was no inquest, in consequence of the doctor's opinion, I cannot tell you."

"But Miss Hale was there?"

No answer.

"And with a young man?"

Still no answer. At last he said: "I tell you mother, that there was no inquest—no inquiry. No judicial inquiry, I mean."

"Betsy says that Woolmer (some man she knows, who is in a grocer's shop out at Crampton) can swear that Miss Hale was at the station at that hour, walking backwards and forwards with a young man."

"I don't see what we have to do with that. Miss Hale is at liberty to please herself."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Thornton, eagerly. "It certainly signifies very little to us—not at all to you, after what has passed! but I—I made a promise to Mrs. Hale, that I would not allow her daughter to go wrong without advising and remonstrating with her. I shall certainly let her know my opinion of such conduct."

"I do not see any harm in what she did that evening," said Mr. Thornton, getting up, and coming near to his mother; he stood by the chimney-piece with his face turned away from the room.

"You would not have approved of Fanny's being seen out after dark in rather a lonely place, walking about with a young man. I say nothing of the taste which could choose the time, when her mother lay unburied, for such a promenade. Should you have liked your sister to have been noticed by a grocer's assistant for doing so?"

"In the first place, as it is not many years since I myself was a draper's assistant, the mere circumstance of a grocer's assistant noticing any act does not alter the character of the act to me. And in the next place, I see a great deal of difference between Miss Hale and Fanny. I can imagine that the one may have weighty reasons, which may and ought to make her overlook any seeming impropriety in her conduct. I never knew Fanny have weighty reasons for anything. Other people must guard her. I believe Miss Hale is a guardian to herself."

"A pretty character of your sister, indeed! Really, John, one would have thought Miss Hale had done enough to make you clear-sighted. She drew you on to an offer by a bold display of pretended regard for you,—to play you off against this very young man, I've no doubt. Her whole conduct is clear to me now. You believe he is her lover, I suppose—you agree to that."

He turned round to his mother; his face was very grey and grim. "Yes, mother. I do believe he is her lover." When he had spoken he turned round again; he writhed himself about like one in bodily pain. He leant his face against his hand. Then before she could speak, he turned sharp again.

"Mother. He is her lover, whoever he is; but she may need help and womanly counsel;—there may be difficulties or temptations which I don't know. I fear there are. I don't want to know what they are; but as you have ever been a good, ay, and a tender mother to me, go to her, and gain her confidence, and tell her what is best to be done. I know that something is wrong; some dread must be a terrible torture to her."

"For God's sake, John!" said his mother, now really shocked, "what do you mean? What do you know?"

He did not reply to her.

"John! I don't know what I shan't think unless you speak. You have no right to say what you have done against her."

"Not against her, mother! I *could* not speak against her."

"Well! you have no right to say what you have done, unless you say more. These half-expressions are what ruin a woman's character."

"Her character! Mother, you do not dare—" he faced about, and looked into her face with his flaming eyes. Then, drawing himself up into determined composure and dignity, he said, "I will not say any more than this, which is neither more nor less than the simple truth, and I am sure you believe me,—I have good reason to believe that Miss Hale is in some strait and difficulty connected with an attachment, which of itself, from my knowledge of Miss Hale's character, is perfectly innocent and right. What my reason is, I refuse to tell. But never let me hear any one say a word against her, implying any more serious complication than that she now needs the counsel of some kind and gentle woman. You promised Mrs. Hale to be that woman!"

"No!" said Mrs. Thornton. "I am happy to say I did not promise kindness and gentleness, for I felt at the time that it might be out of my power to render these to one of Miss Hale's character and disposition. I promised counsel and advice such as I would give to my own daughter; I shall speak to her as I would do to Fanny, if she had gone gallivanting with a young man in the dusk. I shall speak with relation to the circumstances I know, without being influenced either one way or another by the 'strong reasons' which you will not confide to me. Then I shall have fulfilled my promise, and done my duty."

"She will never bear it," said he passionately.

"She will have to bear it, if I speak in her dead mother's name,"

"Well!" said he, breaking away, "don't tell me any more about it. I cannot endure to think of it. It will be better that you should speak to her any way, than that she

should not be spoken to at all.—Oh! that look of love!" continued he, between his teeth, as he bolted himself into his own private room. "And that cursed lie; which showed some terrible shame in the background, to be kept from the light in which I thought she lived perpetually! Oh, Margaret, Margaret! Mother, how you have tortured me! Oh! Margaret, could you not have loved me? I am but uncouth and hard, but I would never have led you into any falsehood for me."

The more Mrs. Thornton thought over what her son had said, in pleading for a merciful judgment for Margaret's indiscretion, the more bitterly she felt inclined towards her. She took a savage pleasure in the idea of "speaking her mind" to her in the guise of fulfilment of a duty. She enjoyed the thought of showing herself untouched by the "glamour," which she was well aware Margaret had the power of throwing over many people. She snorted scornfully over the picture of the beauty of her victim; her jet black hair, her clear smooth skin, her lucid eyes would not help to save her one word of the just and stern reproach which Mrs. Thornton spent half the night in preparing to her mind.

"Is Miss Hale within?" She knew she was, for she had seen her at the window, and she had her feet inside the little hall before Martha had half answered her question.

Margaret was sitting alone, writing to Edith, and giving her many particulars of her mother's last days. It was a softening employment, and she had to brush away the unbidden tears as Mrs. Thornton was announced.

She was so gentle and ladylike in her mode of reception that her visitor was somewhat daunted; and it became impossible to utter the speech, so easy of arrangement with no one to address it to. Margaret's low rich voice was softer than usual; her manner more gracious, because in her heart she was feeling very grateful to Mrs. Thornton for the courteous attention of her call. She exerted herself to find subjects of interest for conversation; praised Martha, the servant whom Mrs. Thornton had found for them; had asked Edith for a little Greek air about which she had spoken to Miss Thornton. Mrs. Thornton was fairly discomfited. Her sharp Damascus blade seemed out of place, and useless among rose-leaves. She was silent because she was trying to task herself up to her duty. At last she stung herself into its performance by a suspicion which, in spite of all probability, she allowed to cross her mind, that all this sweetness was put on with a view of propitiating Mr. Thornton; that, somehow, the other attachment had fallen through, and that it suited Miss Hale's purpose to recall her rejected lover. Poor Margaret! there was perhaps so much truth in the suspicion as this: that Mrs. Thornton was the mother of one whose regard she valued, and feared to have lost; and this thought unconsciously added to her natural desire of pleasing one who was showing her kindness by her visit. Mrs. Thornton stood up to go, but yet she seemed to have something more to say. She cleared her throat and began:

"Miss Hale, I have a duty to perform. I promised your poor mother that, as far as my poor judgment went, I would not allow you to act in any way wrongly, or (she softened her speech down a little here) inadvertently, without remonstrating; at least, without offering advice, whether you took it or not."

Margaret stood before her, blushing like any culprit, with her eyes dilating as she gazed at Mrs. Thornton. She thought she had come to speak to her about the falsehood she had told—that Mr. Thornton had employed her to explain the danger she had exposed herself to of being confuted in full court; and although her heart sank to think he had not rather chosen to come himself, and upbraid her, and receive her penitence, and restore her again to his good opinion, yet she was too much humbled not to bear any blame on this subject patiently and meekly.

Mrs. Thornton went on:

"At first, when I heard from one of my servants, that you had been seen walking about with a gentleman so far from home as the station, at such a time of the evening, I could hardly believe it. But my son, I am sorry to say, confirmed her story. It was indiscreet, to say the least; many a young woman has lost her character before now—"

Margaret's eyes flashed fire. This was a new idea—this was too insulting. If Mrs. Thorton had spoken to her about the lie she had told, well and good—she would have owned it, and humiliated herself. But to interfere with her conduct—to speak of her character! she—Mrs. Thornton, a mere stranger—it was too impertinent! She would not answer her—not one word. Mrs. Thornton saw the battle-spirit in Margaret's eyes, and it called up her combativeness also.

"For your mother's sake, I have thought it right to warn you against such improprieties; they must degrade you in the long run in the estimation of the world, even if in fact they do not lead you to positive harm."

"For my mother's sake," said Margaret, in a tearful voice, "I will bear much; but I cannot bear everything. She never meant me to be exposed to insult, I am sure."

"Insult, Miss Hale!"

"Yes, madam," said Margaret more steadily, "it is insult. What do you know of me that should lead you to suspect—— Oh!" said she, breaking down, and covering her face with her hands—"I know now, Mr. Thornton has told you——"

"No, Miss Hale," said Mrs. Thornton, her

truthfulness causing her to arrest the confession Margaret was on the point of making, though her curiosity was itching to hear it. "Stop. Mr. Thornton has told me nothing. You do not know my son. You are not worthy to know him. He said this. Listen, young lady, that you may understand, if you can, what sort of a man you rejected. This Milton manufacturer, his great tender heart scorned as it was scorned, said to me only last night, 'Go to her. I have good reason to know that she is in some strait, arising out of some attachment; and she needs womanly counsel.' I believe those were his very words. Farther than that—beyond admitting the fact of your being at the Outwood station with a gentleman on the evening of the twenty-first—he has said nothing—not one word against you. If he has knowledge of anything which should make you sob so, he keeps it to himself."

Margaret's face was still hidden in her hands, the fingers of which were wet with tears. Mrs. Thornton was a little mollified.

"Come, Miss Hale. There may be circumstances, I'll allow, that, if explained, may take off from the seeming impropriety."

Still no answer. Margaret was considering what to say; she wished to stand well with Mrs. Thornton; and yet she could not might not, give any explanation. Mrs Thornton grew impatient.

"I shall be sorry to break off an acquaintance; but for Fanny's sake—as I told my son, if Fanny had done so we should consider it a great disgrace—and Fanny might be led away——"

"I can give you no explanation," said Margaret, in a low voice. "I have done wrong, but not in the way you think of. I know about. I think Mr. Thornton judges me more mercifully than you;"—she had hard work to keep herself from choking with her tears—"but, I believe, madam, you mean to do rightly."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Thornton, drawing herself up; "I was not aware that my meaning was doubted. It is the last time I shall interfere. I was unwilling to consent to do it when your mother asked me I had not approved of my son's attachment to you while I only suspected it. You did not appear to me worthy of him. But when you compromised yourself as you did at the time of the riot, and exposed yourself to the comments of servants and workpeople, I felt it was no longer right to set myself against my son's wish of proposing to you—a wish, by the way, which he had always denied entertaining until the day of the riot." Margaret winced, and drew in her breath with a long, hissing sound; of which, however, Mrs. Thornton took no notice. "He came; you had apparently changed your mind. I told my son yesterday, that I thought it possible, short as was the interval, you might have heard or learnt something of this other lover——"

"What must you think of me, madam?" asked Margaret, throwing her head back with proud disdain, till her throat curved outwards like a swan's. "You can say nothing more, Mrs. Thornton. I decline every attempt to justify myself for anything. You must allow me to leave the room."

And she swept out of it with the noiseless grace of an offended princess. Mrs. Thornton had quite enough of natural humour to make her feel the ludicrousness of the position in which she was left. There was nothing for it but to show herself out. She was not particularly annoyed at Margaret's way of behaving. She did not care enough for her for that. She had taken Mrs. Thornton's remonstrance to the full as keenly to heart as that lady expected; and Margaret's passion at once mollified her visitor far more than any silence or reserve could have done. It showed the effect of her words. "My young lady," thought Mrs. Thornton, to herself; "you've a pretty good temper of your own. If John and you had come together, he would have had to keep a tight hand over you, to make you know your place. But I don't think you will go a-walking again with your beau at such an hour of the day in a hurry. You've too much pride and spirit in you for that. I like to see a girl fly out at the notion of being talked about. It shows they're neither giddy, nor bold by nature. As for that girl she might be bold, but she'd never be giddy. I'll do her that justice. Now as to Fanny, she'd be giddy, and not bold. She's no courage in her, poor thing!"

Mr. Thornton was not spending the morning so satisfactorily as his mother. She at any rate was fulfilling her determined purpose. He was trying to understand where he stood; what damage the strike had done him. A good deal of capital was locked up in new and expensive machinery; and he had also bought cotton largely, with a view to some great orders which he had in hand. The strike had thrown him terribly behindhand, as to the completion of these orders. Even with his own accustomed and skilled workpeople, he would have had some difficulty in fulfilling his engagements; as it was, the incompetence of the Irish hands, who had to be trained to their work at a time requiring unusual activity, was a daily annoyance.

It was not a favourable hour for Higgins to make his request. But he had promised Margaret to do it at any cost. So, though every moment added to his repugnance, his pride, and his sullenness of temper, he stood leaning against the dead wall, hour after hour, first on one leg, then on the other. At last the latch was sharply lifted, and out came Mr. Thornton.

"I want for to speak to yo, sir."

"Can't stay now, my man. I'm too late as is."

"Well, sir, I reckon I can wait till yo come back."

Mr. Thornton was half way down the street. Higgins sighed. But it was no use. To catch him in the street, was his only chance of seeing "the measter;" if he had rung the lodge bell, or even gone up to the house to ask for him, he would have been referred to the overlooker. So he stood still again, vouchsafing no answer, but a short nod of recognition, to the few men who knew and spoke to him as the crowd drove out of the millyard at dinner time, and scowling with all his might at the Irish "knobsticks" who had just been imported. At last Mr. Thornton returned.

"What! you there still!"

"Ay, sir. I mun speak to yo."

"Come in here, then. Stay! we'll go across the yard; the men are not come back, and we shall have it to ourselves. These good people I see are at dinner;" said he, closing the door of the porter's lodge.

He stopped to speak to the overlooker. The latter said in a low tone:

"I suppose you know, sir, that that man is Higgins, one of the leaders of the Union; he that made that speech in Hurstfield."

"No, I didn't," said Mr. Thornton, looking round sharply at his follower. Higgins was known to him by name as a turbulent spirit.

"Come along!" said he; and his tone was rougher than before. "It is men such as this," thought he, "who interrupt commerce, and injure the very town they live in: mere demagogues, lovers of power, at whatever cost to others."

"Well, sir! what do you want with me?" said Mr. Thornton, facing round at him as soon as they were in the counting-house of the mill.

"My name is Higgins"—

"I know that," broke in Mr. Thornton. "What do you want, Mr. Higgins? That's the question."

"I want work."

"Work! You're a pretty chap to come asking me for work. You don't want impudence, that's very clear."

"I've getten enemies and backbiters, like my betters; but I ne'er heerd o' ony of them calling me o'er-modest," said Higgins. His blood was a little roused by Mr. Thornton's manner, more than by his words.

Mr. Thornton saw a letter addressed to himself on the table. He took it up, and read it through. At the end, he looked up and said, "What are you waiting for?"

"An answer to th' question I axed."

"I gave it you before. Don't waste any more of your time."

"Yo made a remark, sir, on my impudence: but I were taught that it was manners to say either 'yes' or 'no,' when I were axed a civil question. I should be thankfu' to yo if yo'd give me work. Hamper will speak to my being a good hand."

"I've a notion you'd better not send me to Hamper to ask for a character, my man. I might hear more than you'd like."

"I'd take th' risk. Worst they could say of me is, that I did what I thought best, even to my own wrong."

"You'd better go and try them, then, and see whether they'll give you work. I've turned off upwards of a hundred of my best hands for no other fault than following you, and such as you; and d'ye think I'll take you on? I might as well put a firebrand into the midst of the cotton-waste."

Higgins turned away; then the recollection of Boucher came over him, and he faced round with the greatest concession he could persuade himself to make:

"I'd promise yo, measter, I'd not speak a word as could do harm, if so be yo did right by us; and I'd promise more; I'd promise that when I seed yo going wrong, and acting unfair, I'd speak to yo in private first; and that would be a fair warning. If yo and I did na agree in our opinion o' your conduct, yo might turn me off at an hour's notice."

"Upon my word, you don't think small beer of yourself! Hamper has had a loss of you. How came he to let you and your wisdom go?"

"Well, we parted wi' mutual dissatisfaction. I would not gi'e the pledge they were asking; and they would not have me at no rate. So I'm free to make another engagement; and, as I said before, though I should na' say it, I'm a good hand, measter, and a steady man—specially when I can keep fra drink; and that I shall do now, if I ne'er did afore."

"That you may have more money laid up for another strike, I suppose?"

"No! I'd be thankful if I was free to do that; it's for to keep th' widow and childer of a man who was drove mad by them knobsticks o' yourn; put out of his place by a Paddy that did na know weft fra warp."

"Well! you'd better turn to something else if you've any such good intention in your head. I should not advise you to stay in Milton; you're too well known here."

"If it were summer," said Higgins, "I'd take to Paddy's work, and go as a navvy, or haymaking, or summut, and ne'er see Milton again. But it's winter, and the childer will clem."

"A pretty navvy you'd make! why, you could not do half a day's work at digging against an Irishman."

"I'd only charge half-a-day for th' twelve hours, if I could only do half-a-day's work in th' time. Yo're not knowing of any place, where they could gi' me a trial away fra the mills, if I'm such a firebrand? I'd take any wage they thought I was worth, for the sake of those childer."

"Don't you see what you would be? You'd be a knobstick. You'd be taking less wages than the other labourers—all for the

sake of another man's children. Think how you'd abuse any poor fellow who was willing to take what he could get to keep his own children. You and your Union would soon be down upon him. No! no! if it's only for the recollection of the way in which you've used the poor knobsticks before now, I say No to your question. I will not give you work. I won't say I don't believe your pretext for coming and asking for work; I know nothing about it. It may be true, or it may not. It is a very unlikely story, at any rate. Let me pass. I will not give you work. There's your answer."

"I hear, sir. I would na ha' troubled yo but that I were bid to come, by one as seemed to think yo'd getten some soft place in yo'r heart. She were mistook and I were misled. But I'm not the first man as is misled by a woman."

"Tell her to mind her own business the next time, instead of taking up your time and mine too. I believe women are at the bottom of every plague in this world. Be off with you."

"I'm obleeged to yo for a' yo'r kindness, measter, and most of a' for yo'r civil way o' saying good-bye."

Mr. Thornton did not deign a reply. But looking out of the window a minute after he was struck with the lean bent figure going out of the yard; the heavy walk was in strange contrast with the resolute clear determination of the man to speak to him. He crossed to the porter's lodge:

"How long has that man Higgins been waiting to speak to me?"

"He was outside the gate before eight o'clock, sir. I think he's been there ever since."

"And it is now—?"

"Just one, sir."

"Five hours," thought Mr. Thornton; "it's a long time for a man to wait, doing nothing but first hoping and then fearing."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

MARGARET shut herself up in her own room after she had quitted Mrs. Thornton. She began to walk backwards and forwards in her old habitual way of showing agitation; but then, remembering that in that slightly-built house every step was heard from one room to another, she sate down until she heard Mrs. Thornton go safely out of the house. She forced herself to recollect all the conversation that had passed between them; speech by speech she compelled her memory to go through with it. At the end she rose up, and said to herself, in a melancholy tone:

"At any rate, her words do not touch me; they fall off from me; for I am innocent of all the motives she attributes to me. But still it is hard to think that any one—any woman—can believe all this of another so easily. It is hard and sad. Where I have done wrong, she does not accuse me—she does not know. He never told her: I might have known he would not!"

She lifted up her head, as if she took pride in any delicacy of feeling which Mr. Thornton had shown. Then, as a new thought came across her, she pressed her hands tightly together:

"He, too, must take poor Frederick for some lover." (She blushed as the word passed through her mind.) "I see it now. It is not merely that he knows of my falsehood, but he believes that some one else cares for me; and that I——Oh dear!—oh dear! What shall I do? What do I mean? Why do I care what he thinks, beyond the mere loss of his good opinion as regards my telling the truth or not? I cannot tell. But I am very miserable! Oh, how unhappy this last year has been! I have passed out of childhood into old age. I have had no youth—no womanhood; the hopes of womanhood have closed for me—for I shall never marry; and I anticipate cares and sorrows just as if I were an old woman, and with the same fearful spirit. I am weary of this continual call upon me for strength. I could bear up for papa; because that is a natural, pious duty. And I think I could bear up against—at any rate, I could have the energy to resent, Mrs. Thornton's unjust, impertinent suspicions. But it is hard to feel how completely he must misunderstand me. What has happened to make me so morbid to-day? I do not know. I only know I cannot help it. I must give way sometimes. No, I will not though," said she, springing to her feet. "I will not—I *will* not think of myself and my own position. I won't examine into my own feelings. It would be of no use now. Some time, if I live to be an old woman, I may sit over the fire, and, looking into the embers, see the life that might have been."

All this time she was hastily putting on her things to go out, only stopping from time to time to wipe her eyes, with an impatience of gesture at the tears that would come, in spite of all her bravery.

"I dare say, there's many a woman makes as sad a mistake as I have done, and only finds it out too late. And how proudly and impertinently I spoke to him that day! But I did not know then. It has come upon me little by little, and I don't know where it began. Now I won't give way. I shall find it difficult to behave in the same way to him with this miserable consciousness upon me; but I will be very calm and very quiet, and say very little. But, to be sure, I may not see him; he keeps out of our way evidently. That would be worse than all. And yet no wonder he avoids me, believing what he must about me."

She went out, going rapidly towards the country, and trying to drown reflection by swiftness of motion.

As she stood on the door-step, on her return, her father came up :

"Good girl!" said he. "You've been to Mrs. Boucher's. I was just meaning to go there, if I had time, before dinner."

"No, papa ; I have not," said Margaret, reddening. "I never thought about her. But I will go directly after dinner ; I will go while you are taking your nap."

Accordingly Margaret went. Mrs. Boucher was very ill ; really ill—not merely ailing. The kind and sensible neighbour, who had come in the other day, seemed to have taken charge of everything. Some of the children were gone to the neighbours. Mary Higgins had come for the three youngest at dinner time ; and since then Nicholas had gone for the doctor. He had not come as yet ; Mrs. Boucher was dying ; and there was nothing to do but to wait. Margaret thought that she should like to know his opinion, and that she could not do better than go and see the Higginses in the meantime. She might then possibly hear if Nicholas had been able to make his application to Mr. Thornton.

She found Nicholas busily engaged in making a penny spin on the dresser, for the amusement of three little children who were clinging to him in a fearless manner. He, as well as they, was smiling at a good long spin ; and Margaret thought that the happy look of interest in his occupation was a good sign. When the penny stopped spinning, "little Johnnie" began to cry.

"Come to me," said Margaret, taking him off the dresser, and holding him in her arms ; she held her watch to his ear, while she asked Nicholas if he had seen Mr. Thornton.

The look on his face changed instantly.

"Ay!" said he. "I've seen and heerd too much on him."

"He refused you, then?" said Margaret, sorrowfully.

"To be sure. I knew he'd do it all along. It's no good expecting marcy at the hands o' them measters. Yo're a stranger and a foreigner, and are not likely to know their ways ; but I knowed it."

"I am sorry I asked you. Was he angry? He did not speak to you as Hamper did, did he?"

"He weren't o'er-civil!" said Nicholas, spinning the penny again, as much for his own amusement as for that of the children. "Never yo fret, I'm only where I was. I'll go on tramp to-morrow. I gave him as good as I got. I telled him I'd not that good opinion on him that I'd ha' come a second time of mysel; but yo'd advised me for to come, and I were beholden to yo."

"You told him I sent you?"

"I dunno if I ca'd yo by your name. I dunnot think I did. I said, a woman who knew no better had advised me for to come and see if there was a soft place in his heart."

"And he—?" asked Margaret.

"Said I were to tell yo to mind yo'r own business. That's the longest spin yet, my lads. And them's civil words to what he used to me. But ne'er mind. We're but where we was ; and I'll break stones on th' road afore I let these little uns clem."

Margaret put the struggling Johnnie out of her arms, back into his former place on the dresser.

"I am sorry I asked you to go to Mr. Thornton's. I am disappointed in him."

There was a slight noise behind her. Both she and Nicholas turned round at the same moment, and there stood Mr. Thornton, with a look of displeased surprise upon his face. Obeying her swift impulse, Margaret passed out before him, saying not a word, only bowing low to hide the sudden paleness that she felt had come over her face. He bent equally low in return, and then closed the door after her. As she hurried to Mrs. Boucher's she heard the clang, and it seemed to fill up the measure of her mortification. He too was annoyed to find her there. He had tenderness in his heart—"a soft place," as Nicholas Higgins called it; but he had some pride in concealing it ; he kept it very sacred and safe, and was jealous of every circumstance that tried to gain admission. But if he dreaded exposure of his tenderness, he was equally desirous that all men should recognise his justice ; and he felt that he had been unjust, in giving so scornful a hearing to any one who had waited with humble patience for five hours to speak to him. That the man had spoken saucily to him when he had the opportunity, was nothing to Mr. Thornton. He rather liked him for it ; and he was conscious of his own irritability of temper at the time, which probably made them both quits. It was the five hours of waiting that struck Mr. Thornton. He had not five hours to spare himself ; but one hour —two hours, of his hard penetrating intellectual, as well as bodily labour, did he give up to going about collecting evidence as to the truth of Higgins's story, the nature of his character, the tenor of his life. He tried not to be, but was convinced that all that Higgins had said was true. And then the conviction went in as if by some spell, and touched the latent tenderness of his heart; the patience of the man, the simple generosity of the motive (for he had learnt about the quarrel between Boucher and Higgins), made him forget entirely the mere reasonings of justice, and overleap them by a diviner instinct. He came to tell Higgins he would give him work ; and he was more annoyed to find Margaret there than by hearing her last words ; for then he understood that she was the woman who had urged Higgins to come to him ; and he dreaded the admission of any thought of her as a motive to what he was doing solely because it was right.

"So that was the lady you spoke of as a

woman?" said he indignantly to Higgins. "You might have told me who she was."

"And then maybe yo'd ha' spoken of her more civil than yo did; yo'd getten a mother who might ha' kept yo'r tongue in check when yo were talking o' women being at the root of all the plagues."

"Of course you told that to Miss Hale?"

"In coorse I did. Leastways, I reckon I did. I telled her she weren't to meddle again in aught that concerned yo."

"Whose children are those—yours?" Mr. Thornton had a pretty good notion whose they were from what he had heard; but he felt awkward in turning the conversation round from this unpromising beginning.

"They're not mine, and they are mine."

"They are the children you spoke of to me this morning?"

"When yo said," replied Higgins, turning round with ill-smothered fierceness, "that my story might be true or might not, but it were a very unlikely one. Measter, I've not forgetten."

Mr. Thornton was silent for a moment; then he said: "No more have I. I remember what I said. I spoke to you about those children as I had no business to do. I did not believe you. I could not have taken care of another man's children myself, if he had acted towards me as I hear Boucher did towards yon. But I know now that you spoke truth. I beg your pardon."

Higgins did not turn round, or immediately respond to this. But when he did speak, it was in a softened tone, although the words were gruff enough.

"Yo've no business to go prying into what happened between Boucher and me. He's dead, and I'm sorry. That's enough."

"So it is. Will you take work with me? That's what I came to ask."

Higgins's obstinacy wavered, recovered strength, and stood firm. He would not speak. Mr. Thornton would not ask again. Higgins's eye fell on the children.

"Yo've called me impudent, and a liar, and a mischief-maker, and yo might ha' said wi' some truth, as I were now and then given to drink. An' I ha' called you a tyrant an' an oud bull-dog, and a hard cruel master; that's where it stands. But for th' childer. Measter do yo think we can e'er get on together?"

"Well!" said Mr. Thornton, half-laughing, "it was not my proposal that we should go together. But there's one comfort, on your own showing. We neither of us can think much worse of the other than we do now."

"That's true," said Higgins, reflectively. "I've been thinking ever sin' I saw you, what a marcy it were yo did na take me on, for that I ne'er saw a man whom I could less abide. But that's maybe been a hasty judgment; and work's work to such as me. So, measter, I'll come; and what's more I thank yo: and that's a deal fra' me," said he, more frankly, suddenly turning round, and facing Mr. Thornton fully for the first time.

"And this is a deal from me," said Mr. Thornton, giving Higgins's hand a good grip. "Now mind you come sharp to your time," continued he, resuming the master. "I'll have no laggards at my mill. What fines we have we keep pretty sharply. And the first time I catch you making mischief, off you go. So now you know where you are."

"Yo spoke of my wisdom this morning. I reckon I may bring it wi' me; or would yo rather have me 'bout my brains?"

"'Bout your brains, if you use them for meddling with my business; with your brains, if you can keep them to your own."

"I shall need a deal o' brains to settle where my business ends and yo'rs begins."

"Your business has not begun yet, and mine stands still for me. So good afternoon."

Just before Mr. Thornton came up to Mrs. Boucher's door, Margaret came out of it. She did not see him; and he followed her for several yards, admiring her light and easy walk, and her tall and graceful figure. But suddenly this simple emotion of pleasure was tainted, poisoned by jealousy. He wished to overtake her, and speak to her, to see how she would receive him, now she must know that he was aware of some other attachment. He wished too, but of this wish he was rather ashamed, that she should know that he had justified her wisdom in sending Higgins to him to ask for work, and had repented him of his morning's decision. He came up to her. She started.

"Allow me to say, Miss Hale, that you were rather premature in expressing your disappointment. I have taken Higgins on."

"I am glad of it," said she, coldly.

"He tells me he repeated to you what I said this morning about—." Mr. Thornton hesitated. Margaret took it up:

"About women not meddling. You had a perfect right to express your opinion, which was a very correct one, I have no doubt. But" she went on a little more eagerly, "Higgins did not quite tell you the exact truth." The word "truth," reminded her of her own untruth, and she stopped short, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable. Mr. Thornton at first was puzzled to account for her silence; and then he remembered the lie she had told, and all that was foregone. "The exact truth!" said he. "Very few people do speak the exact truth. I have given up hoping for it. Miss Hale, have you no explanation to give me? You must perceive what I cannot but think."

Margaret was silent. She was wondering if an explanation of any kind would be consistent with her loyalty to Frederick.

"Nay," said he, "I will ask no farther. I may be putting temptation in your way. At present, believe me, your secret is safe with me. But you run great risks, allow me to say, in being so indiscreet. I am now only

speaking as a friend of your father's: if I had any other thought or hope, of course that is at an end. I am quite disinterested."

"I am aware of that," said Margaret, forcing herself to speak in an indifferent careless way. "I am aware of what I must appear to you, but the secret is another person's, and I cannot explain it without doing him harm."

"I have not the slightest wish to pry into the gentleman's secrets," he said, with growing anger. "My own interest in you is—simply that of a friend. You may not believe me, Miss Hale, but it is—in spite of the persecution I'm afraid I threatened you with at one time—but that is all given up; all passed away. You believe me, Miss Hale?"

"Yes," said Margaret, quietly and sadly.

"Then, really, I don't see any occasion for us to go on walking together. I thought, perhaps you might have had something to say, but I see we are nothing to each other. If you're quite convinced that any foolish passion on my part is entirely over, I will wish you good afternoon." He walked off very hastily.

"What can he mean?" thought Margaret—"what could he mean by speaking so, as if I were always thinking that he cared for me, when I know he does not; he cannot. His mother will have said all those cruel things about me to him. But I won't care for him. I surely am mistress enough of myself to control this wild, strange, miserable feeling, which tempted me even to betray my own dear Frederick, so that I might but regain his good opinion; the good opinion of a man who takes such pains to tell me that I am nothing to him. Come! poor little heart! be cheery and brave. We'll be a great deal to one another if we are thrown off and left desolate."

Her father was almost startled by her merriment this morning. She talked incessantly, and forced her natural humour to an unusual pitch; and if there was a tinge of bitterness in much of what she said; if her accounts of the old Harley Street set were a little sarcastic, her father could not bear to check her, as he would have done at another time—for he was glad to see her shake off her cares. In the middle of the evening she was called down to speak to Mary Higgins; and when she came back, Mr. Hale imagined that he saw traces of tears on her cheeks. But that could not be, for she brought good news—that Higgins had got work at Mr. Thornton's mill. Her spirits were damped at any rate, and she found it very difficult to go on talking at all, much more in the wild way that she had done. For some days her spirits varied strangely; and her father was beginning to be anxious about her, when news arrived from one or two quarters that promised some change and variety for her. Mr. Hale received a letter from Mr. Bell, in which that gentleman volunteered a visit to them; and Mr. Hale imagined that the promised society of his old Oxford friend would give as agreeable a turn to Margaret's ideas as it did to his own. Margaret tried to take an interest in what pleased her father; but she was too languid to care about any Mr. Bell, even though he were twenty times her godfather. She was more roused by a letter from Edith, full of sympathy about her aunt's death; full of details about herself, her husband, and child; and at the end saying, that as the climate did not suit the baby, and as Mrs. Shaw was talking of returning to England, she thought it probable that Captain Lennox might sell out, and that they might all go and live again in the old Harley Street house; which, however, would seem very incomplete without Margaret. Margaret yearned after that old House, and the placid tranquillity of that old well-ordered monotonous life. She had felt it occasionally tiresome while it lasted; but since then she had been buffeted about, and felt so exhausted by this recent struggle with herself that she thought that even stagnation would be a rest and a refreshment. So she began to look towards a long visit to the Lennoxes on their return to England as to a point—no, not of hope—but of leisure, in which she could regain her power and command over herself. At present it seemed to her as if all subjects tended towards Mr. Thornton; as if she could not forget him with all her endeavours. If she went to see the Higginses, she heard of him there; her father had resumed their readings together, and quoted his opinions perpetually; even Mr. Bell's visit brought his tenant's name upon the tapis; for he wrote word that he believed he must be occupied some great part of his time with Mr. Thornton, as a new lease was in preparation, and the terms of it must be agreed upon.

A MAIL-PACKET TOWN.

ALL the world knows that Southampton, situated about midway in the British Channel, offers a convenient and safe harbour for vessels of all kinds. All the world ought to know it, for the fact is a very old one; it was common knowledge in the reign of Ethelwolf, almost a thousand years ago. Southampton even then was an old and thriving town,—good proof of its prosperity being supplied by the fact that it was thought worth robbing by the Danes.

Within the last fourteen years, Southampton has become a town, and this, too, all the world very well knows, of first-rate importance to this country. The South-Western Railway, providing between London and Southampton rapid and easy means of transit, so connects the towns that the Southampton of the present day has become a channel outport of London, for the outward and homeward-bound passengers and mails along the principal ocean-routes of the world.

There are eight steam-packet companies connected with the port. They own nearly a hundred steamers, the original cost of which was above six millions sterling. The neighbourhood of Southampton docks is now crowded with eating-houses, restaurants, Oriental, American, Dock, Temperance, and Railway hotels, hotels Français, and Spanish fondas. Amongst the seamen of the East and West India and American steamers, are great numbers of negroes, lascars, creoles, Arabs, mulattoes, and quadroons When a couple of large mail steamers arrive on the same day, which often happens, the windows of the hotels are to be seen crowded with foreign merchants, West India and American planters, East Indian, Australian, and Californian nabobs, military or naval officers, and foreign officials, with their families, dressed in every variety of costume. All these people are at the same time besieged vigorously in all their hotels by English, Italian, and German street-bands. A great many street musicians get their bread by playing before the Southampton hotels on packet days. Of German bands there are a dozen located in the town. They are imported, drilled, paid wages, and furnished with instruments by a resident German, who is often to be seen at a short distance from the performers, paying critical attention to their music, and perhaps having an eye on their receipts. This man groups the performers. Sometimes you may see a band of twelve with music-stands and books, playing choice and difficult music before one hotel. At other times such a band is not to be found in the town; its members are broken up into several parties, who are playing before several hotels Polkas, Vilikinses, and Last Roses of Summer. The band arrangements all depend upon the concentration or dispersion of the passengers, and upon the rank, taste, and wealth of the arrivals.

The scenes incident to the incoming and outgoing of packets are of all kinds. All dread of observation is apt to be laid aside when parents are taking leave for years of children, or wives part from husbands bound for a port thousands of miles away. It is the same when nearest relatives are meeting one another for the first time, after a long absence. When a homeward packet enters the Southampton dock, there is a rush through the dock gates of friends of the passengers. They have been waiting for the ship perhaps for days. It is half-an-hour before the huge bulk of the steamer can be hauled alongside of the quay. During this time the passengers are grouped on deck, intently looking for their friends on shore; the friends ashore are not less intently searching among the passengers with opera-glasses. Presently there are recognitions, and a kind of sacred pantomime begins. The friends on the quay seem to be suffering the pains of Tantalus. They walk hurriedly to and fro, smiling to themselves; then they stop short, stand still, and gaze intently on the vessel; then they kiss a hand or wave a handkerchief, and restlessly walk up and down again. The minutes spent in bringing the ship fairly alongside seem to them hours. At the first moment possible they make a rush to get on board, but are kept back by the custom-house officers, with a bluff order that "they must wait ashore until the passengers have landed."

At length the passengers do land, and are received with love expressed unrestrainedly in open arms. Some time ago an aged soldier arrived from the east. A peerage and honours awaited him in this country. Hundreds of people were in Southampton docks, cheering him before he landed. They rushed on board, pushing aside the custom-house officers to greet him. The deck was crowded. With much trouble, a lady succeeded in getting close to him, and whispered a word or two into his ear. He turned quickly round, held her out at arm's length, and looked intently at her, his eyes streaming with tears. Then he embraced her. She was a daughter-in-law, whom he had never seen before; the only one of his relations able to come near him for the crowd.

Sometimes the large steam-packets leave the docks, and go out into what is called the stream, a day or two before they depart on their voyages. When that is the case, small steamers run to and from them and the dock quay, carrying their mails and passengers. You may always tell the line to which such an outward-going packet may belong by the appearance of the passengers. If you see about the dock, bearded, moustached, jim-crow-hatted gentlemen, who smoke much, the American packet is about to start. If you see a number of thin, pallid, bilious-looking persons, with white chip hats, and accompanied by cadaverous-faced ladies, and coloured women, carriers of babies that are neither white nor black, the West India steamer is about to get under weigh. If you observe a number of well-dressed, clean-shaved, healthy-looking fellows, with heaps of luggage, leisurely going into the docks in cabs, some turbans and fezzes now and then appearing, it is the East India packet that is getting up her steam. Even the appearance of the mails will show to what part of the world the ship is bound. Huge India-rubber sacks contain the American mails; canvas bags the West Indian letters; and the East India mail is contained in variously coloured boxes.

Southampton must be a mine of treasure for the quid-nunc. Almost every week distinguished passengers arrive there: foreign monarchs, Royal Bengal tigers, Indian, African, and Egyptian princes, great monkeys, distinguished ambassadors, hippopotamuses, generals, admirals, illustrious exiles, Californian bears, colonial

governors, &c. What each may have said, done, or devoured during the voyage home—the colour of his countenance or skin—what hotels each put up at, and full particulars relating to the suites and the keepers that attended on them—all furnish abundant material for the descriptive powers of Southampton correspondents. Here, in Southampton, exiles wait to catch the first news from abroad, or watch the moment when they can return to their own countries. An amiable-looking old man, with an English face, leisurely walking about the town, with a tiny black footman following him, is General Rosas, the once terrible Dictator of Buenos Ayres. Espartero and Count de Thomar stopped here until the time arrived when they could safely return to the Peninsula.

The King of Portugal; the Scindian princes; Ibrahim Pacha; El Hami Pacha; Nepaulese, Persian, and Turkish ambassadors; the Rajahs of Surat and Coorg; the Dukes of Oporto and Cobourg: the son and grandson of Tippoo Saib, called the Tiger of Mysore; the son of Runjeet Singh, surnamed the Lion of Lahore; Louis Kossuth; Orista and Paredes, the banished Presidents of Mexico; Count de Thomar, the expatriated Prime Minister of Portugal; Guizot; and many more with whose names Europe is familiar, have landed at Southampton. Many come on errands of friendship or homage, bringing costly presents for the Queen. Dusky princes from farther Ind come to see the land of the people who have subjugated mighty empires in the East, or to crave increased allowance from merchants who are kings in Hindostan. Some of these visitors come to make of our island a platform from which to scatter abroad winged words, that they may shake kings on their thrones or raise up nations from the dust. Others, again, seek in this country only shelter from the rage of princes or of peoples. The contrast between the ways in which some of these men have been received at Southampton is very singular. A few years since a Gibraltar mail-packet arrived at that port, and twenty thousand people congregated in the docks to receive one of its passengers. Hundreds wept for joy at the sight of him. Strong men fought for the honour of drawing his chariot. All business was suspended in the town. No ancient conqueror entering the capital of his country with the spoils of armies and kingdoms ever had a greater welcome. The next Gibraltar packet that arrived contained a passenger who emerged stealthily from the fore-cabin. No one welcomed him. The Custom House officers rudely ransacked his one carpet-bag. Both of these passengers were penniless but distinguished exiles, personally unknown to the people of Southampton. But one of them was known as Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian Patriot; the other was Costa Cabral, the Count de Thomar, and Prime Minister of Portugal. The one had attempted to uphold the privileges of a nation—the other, it was believed, had attempted to destroy them.

Two flags flying at the pier-head denote an ocean steamer in sight and making its way up the Southampton waters. The news spreads through as much of the neighbourhood as feels any interest in the matter. Bay-windows are flung up, telescopes protruded, and many are the guesses as to whether it is the Magdalena or the Crœsus,—whether it brings dollars or nuggets. Many a bet is laid, and many an anxious knot of people hastens to the docks to have the question settled. A Jersey packet, laden with troops for the army of the East, is at the moment being hauled alongside the wharf, the military band playing, The Girl I Left Behind Me. But, for once, soldiers and deserted damsels pass unheeded;—the war in the East is forgotten in the interest excited by the steamer from the West.

Far out upon the waters a puff of smoke and a black hull of a ship are perceptible, and we are told the ship is the Magdalena from the West Indies and the Pacific. In an incredibly short space of time the gigantic Magdalena has swept up to the dock-heads, and is making her stately entrance within the pool. She floats past the spot where Canute is said to have once seated himself; and, sending forth volumes of steam and gigantic puffs and groans about the paddle-wheels, enters the docks. A score or two of shoremen holloa to a score or two of sailors; and, after a great deal of hard swearing, coaxing, and struggling, they have lassoed the ocean monster by the means of hempen ropes, then they pass heavier cables round the capstans and the ship is made a prisoner.

I have come down to the Dock with the expectation perhaps of getting on board and witnessing a scene of the wildest confusion and disorder. I find nothing of the kind. I step upon the Magdalena's clean white deck, and may suppose, if I like, that I am on board the vessel outward bound, ready cleaned for her voyage to St. Thomas's. But, looking towards the saloon, I perceive groups of sun-burnt passengers lounging as only Indian residents know how to lounge on couches and settees. Few of them appear to be at all anxious about landing, and the ladies, at any rate, seem to be more intent upon their shawls and fans than on the prospect of British ground so near them. Among the more languid groups are some huge bearded men who may have been spending a dozen years amongst the Mexican wars, or at the Californian gold-fields, or in the Peruvian silver mines, they look so savage and so reckless of appearance. Meanwhile the necessary work is being done quickly, though quietly, on deck. Fifteen minutes after the mooring of the vessel, there remains scarcely one of

her crew and officers on board. The fires are out, and the engine-room looks as snug and empty as though there had been no work doing in it for a week. The steward's department is in perfect order, every plate and decanter in its place, and left in charge of a cuddy servant. Not a loose rope lies about the deck, which, forwards, is as clean and still as a churchyard. Here and there a sailor or stoker may be seen in clean attire shouldering a bundle of pine-apples or a few cocoa-nuts, and making quietly for shore. The passengers have glided on shore with little bustle, in most cases, and those who have been met by friends are stirred out of their listlessness. I take another stroll up the saloon—there is still a deputy stewardess with a cuddy servant or two hanging about the tables and the lamps. The stewardess standing near one of the cabin-doors, and looking in, as I pass her; I also peep through the half-open door.

On the floor of the cabin sits a pale, melancholy man holding in his arms a young child who seems nearly ready for the shroud. The cabin is bestrewn with valuables of all kinds, and fitted with every comfort and elegance, yet the father's thoughts are evidently far from the scene that I had been previously watching. His boxes of silver ingots from Peru have been taken ashore unwatched, unnoticed, by him. Fanning his little patient with a plume of feathers, he sits on the cabin-floor to await the arrival of the surgeon, who has gone in search of an invalid-carriage with easy springs. The fruit of a life-time, the amassed treasures of the southern miners, cannot claim a thought from him while his helpless daughter is there needing all his care. These are the last passengers who quit the Magdalena.

Two more flags run up the mast on the pier, indicating the approach of another of the large sea-going steamers. This time it is a vessel belonging to the General Screw Steam Shipping Company — the Crœsus — a noble steam-ship on the auxiliary screw principle, and bound from the Australian colonies. No sooner had she been caught in the huge rope nooses flung over her sides, quarters, and bows, and coaxed alongside the quay, than I am on board. Here, also, all is fresh, clean, and orderly; but in no time there is also bustle and activity enough. Nobody had two seconds to spare. How different the aspect of the saloon! It is astir with restless energy. Shaggy-headed, long-bearded fellows, with hands hardened by use of pan, cradle, and pick, look as frank, and free, and honest as the weather-beaten but more reasonably-clad and smoothly shorn Australian farmers near them. Many are the questions asked of the shore-folk about the war, and about the price of wool. Many an anxious gladdened look is cast on the town and the townspeople crowding to the dock to welcome the Australian diggers. Energetic are their recognitions of their friends, sturdy the handshakings, hearty the kisses.

The next steamer in is a paddle-ship, from the Brazils. The most interesting group on board this ship is a party of liberated Africans —slaves freed by the instrumentality of our cruizers, who have come to this country for information and enlightenment. As black as midnight, with brilliant skins, white teeth, and curly hair, this dusky party is grouped near the paddle-boxes, full of curiosity. Accustomed to see only blacks engaged in labour, they are not a little amazed to see so many white men shouldering huge boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus, and running with them over the ship's side to the quay. At length their own time for moving arrives, and catching up their small bundles of worldly goods they follow their guide to the shore, and thence to the railway station, as mechanically as though moved by the action of a spell.

The day is so far spent when the next steamer is signalled that she has to be brought up at the buoy on the river, where she lies all night. This vessel—the Ripon—brings an Indian prince and an Egyptian hippopotamus. I therefore accept the offer of the superintendent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, who is on the point of going on board, and take a seat in his boat. The night is pitchy dark. As we approach the steamer the distant glimmer of the many flickering lights takes a brighter and distincter shape. Dark forms can be seen passing before the lights. A strain of wild music breaks upon our ears as we ascend the ship's side and tread her deck. It comes from below, and is mingled with the sound of strange voices singing in some unknown tongue an oriental chant. For in the saloon a stately company is assembled listening to the strange oriental music and eastern ditty of some of the Rajah's people—he himself sitting apart on half-a-dozen feather-beds, and screened off from the herd with fifty yards of silken curtain. Bengal indigo planters, Bombay merchants, Madras civilians, and military officers from the north-west provinces, are reclining in all sorts of attitudes, while the little Hindoo band sends forth its wild air from a lute and an instrument partly guitar and partly Jew's-harp.

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THE RAMPSHIRE MILITIA.

Westerleigh, Jan. 3, 1853.

DEAR DICK,—If you are crowing over us because you are seeing fine sights in London every day, you may leave off. We may have our sights too, for anything you know; such a sight as you never saw here; such a sight as you certainly will not see in London. We are going to have such soldiering as never was seen since the last war, my father says. We are going to have a militia training at Elwich. All the Rampshire militia—they say nearly a thousand men; and not one of them, except the poachers, ever handled a gun. It will be rare fun—won't it! Even the gentlemen don't choose to be worse soldiers, they say, than the clodhoppers. So they are going to form themselves into a volunteer rifle company; my father and all. He says the high sheriff of the county ought to set the example; so there he will be, in a day or two, learning his drill like the rest. It is very provoking that, as I have grown so fast, I have not grown just two inches more; for then I might have got in among the rifles. However, half a dozen of us hereabouts mean to make ourselves into a junior corps; although they *do* threaten to call us the "short sixes."

The most provoking fellow amongst us is our parson. He dined here after service yesterday, and told my father that he was very willing to preach that men must defend their country and their homes; but that he thought they could do that without all this business of training. He struck his breast, and said his power, and the strength of his arm, lay there: and that he and his neighbours would undertake to stop any invading army when their wives and children were in question. I saw my mother could hardly help laughing. She was thinking of him, in such a case, leading out all the farm people who never were shoulder to shoulder in their lives. He said he would pit Ned Barry against any Russian that will ever come this way: but my father said that you would not find a hundred men in England of Ned Barry's size and strength; yet even he might be made worth twice as much after a good drilling.

But about the officers. We all wanted the colonel of the forty-second Fencibles, who comes over from the garrison at Rampling for the duty, to come and stay here; and the major, and the three captains too. We still think the high sheriff's the proper quarters for them; but the colonel—Sir Henry Arundel—thinks he ought not to be even six miles from the county town. So we are not to have the fun; at least, only a dinner or two, and a ball. The officers are actually going to the Warner Arms for the whole time. They say their work will be very hard, and they shall be done up too much to be good company; and besides, they choose to be near at hand in the evenings, in case of anything going wrong; and that they may see that the men go to school properly. Those bumpkins are actually to go to evening school—that is, if they will; but it is my belief they won't, and nobody can force them. You should have heard how some of the people were talking in the churchyard. Ned Barry, for one, did not know who the enemy were, though he felt sure there was one coming—Rooshan or French, or somebody—to take Westerleigh, and burn down our house. Then, there were several who fancied the new militia were to be sent to Waterloo again to fight; and poor old Goody Brice fell into such a tremble, they took her home instead of into the church. She thought the press-gang had come. All night, she kept calling out that the press-gang was at the door. A fine compliment to Sir Henry Arundel!

Your affectionate brother,

W. WARNER.

January 5.

DEAR DICK,—He is here—Sir Henry Arundel. He wanted some information from my father, so he was persuaded to give us one day and night. He is a confoundedly fine fellow, I think; and so does mamma: but my father laughs, and only says he should not wonder if he is; only he might be a little less saucy. We went to meet him—my father and I—at the Hillside Junction, two stages farther than where we left the carriage. He did not appear, and we were thinking about dinner, what a mess it would be if he did not come; when, after the train had begun to move, up he came riding as if there was no hurry, and his servant with two other horses, just as cool. He actually stopped the train, by sheer impudence.

There was a fellow in the second class—a demagogue my father thinks—who declared that Prince Albert himself should not do such a thing. The man preached and stormed out of the window, and shook his cotton umbrella at Sir Henry, and shouted to the guard and the station-master, and insisted upon going on. And there sat Sir Henry on his horse, with his moustaches all so dandified, and as fine a looking fellow as ever you saw—six feet high, and a soldier every inch of him. He seemed neither to hear nor see the man shaking his umbrella; and in we all got. He did not carry his point about his horses, however. The train could not wait for them. But what a fellow to train our bumpkins! If his major and his captains are like him, we shall have the oddest regiment on the common that ever was seen.

This morning early, we three gentlemen rode round the neighbourhood to see what the militia material is like. We spoke to almost every man we met, and Sir Henry talked capitally to them! I can't describe it; but they seemed to understand him, which you know is a rare thing with strangers, and even with us. They all understand that everybody that has a mind to be in it, is to meet on Elwich common to-morrow morning at nine, whatever the weather may be. When one man pulled his forelock, and supposed the gentleman would not stand out in the rain, Sir Henry showed his white teeth under his moustache in a smile, and told the man that old soldiers like himself, who had served in snow and ice one season, and in a place as hot as an oven the next, did not think much of the rain on Elwich Common. He should be there all day for three weeks, if it rained thunderclaps; and there his men would be also. He marked out Ned Barry at once, as we said beforehand that he would. He said he was a man for the Guards—six feet four, and no less. My father beckoned to Ned; and we thought that when Sir Henry saw his round, red, good-tempered face and how he flung his feet before him when he walked, as if he wanted to kick them off, we should hear no more of Ned being fit for a Guardsman. However, we were mistaken. Sir Henry told us that he was sure the man's muscles were like whipcord, and that he had the soldier in him. He only wanted to be taught to stand and walk, he said. Yet, was there ever such a big baby as Ned? Sir Henry went on to say that that was, in his opinion, the case with our people generally. He knew that some of his brother officers, whom we should meet to-morrow were of a different opinion; believing that nothing could make us a military nation. He did not suppose the last test of national peril would ever be applied; but, if it should be, he believed the English would turn out to be quite as military as any other nation, under the same expenditure of trouble and money. I was so pleased to hear this, that I pushed on my pony, and came up beside Sir Henry and told him I was sure I could be a soldier, for one. Unluckily, I got a little too close, and my pony made a plunge, and splashed Sir Henry: and O dear! the look he gave me! He swerved a little out of my way, and glanced down upon me as from a hill top, without saying a word. It was just like the way we step aside from a snail. It made my blood tingle, I can tell you. There's the dinner bell; and Sir Henry leaves us before night. I will keep this open, to tell you to-morrow how the first drill goes off.

January 6.

As for how the first day went off one hardly knows what to say. It was not the least like what I thought; and yet we have had some fun too. There's my father sound asleep after dinner, and I am rather drowsy myself. Mamma says it shows what the fatigue must have been. And there was the cold too; and I never was more famished in my life. It was very good fun, after all. We got our breakfast and were off before it was quite daylight. It was a bitter morning. The officers were on the common, all ready when we left our horses at the inn. It was something like market day at Elwich, only that the farmers were not there; but their labourers instead. In they came, by all the streets, shambling along, some in thick hob-nailed shoes, and some with their feet tied up for want of shoes. Some had their smock-frocks clean and tidy; but many had old coats full of holes; and several came in their waistcoats, without any coat at all. I overheard Captain Helsham say to the Major that it was absurd to set nine hundred such fellows before them, and expect officers to make soldiers of such clodpoles. However, they must do their duty, with whatever disgust. So, to work they went.

There were six sergeants; and enough they had to do with that helpless crowd, who only pulled their forelocks, and could not understand anybody who spoke quickly and sharply, nor answer a question directly, nor hold up their heads, nor stand in a line, nor do anything they were bid. Our "short sixes" did not cut quite such a figure as that, luckily. I was glad to see our parson there; and I could not help asking him whether he really would undertake to stop an invasion with this sort of army. Of course, he laid his hand on his breast, and said there was inspiration there, and so on. Stuff and nonsense!

Well, I stayed to see how they went to work before I collected our junior corps. The people were divided among the sergeants, and set in a line, and made to hold up their heads and straighten their arms by their sides, and practise the goose step. And mightily like geese some of them looked. It was the oddest sight to see Ned Barry—the tallest and biggest man on the

common—working away at the goose step: —no, not quite the oddest; for there was my father, in another part of the common, with all the country gentlemen for miles round, and the cream of the Elwich young men, all volunteers for the Rifle Company, goose-stepping away, just like the bumpkins.

Talking of devoting one's self for one's country's good — nobody has such fine things to say as Johnny List the little tailor. As all these nine hundred men have to be clothed as soldiers, you may suppose Johnny is busy. He has got together a lot of old uniforms, which will do to begin with; and he and the other tailors promise that every man shall have a coat on his back in ten days or a fortnight. They say little Johnny looked up at Ned in despair; but the idea struck him that it was a case for making two coats into one; and he boasts that he will sit up all night, and so shall his apprentice, for their country's good. The other tailors in the town say the same thing; only, Johnny is the man for making a fuss. I hope the shoemakers are as patriotic, for their work is wanted as much as any.

There's my father waking up, and here comes tea—so good-bye; for I shall not be able to keep awake after tea. And I don't promise to write so soon again. Mamma's love, and papa's and mine.

Your affectionate brother,
WILLIE WARNER.

Westerleigh, January 25th.

DEAR DICK,—I am afraid you are in a horrible passion with me that I have written you no more accounts of our drill: but I should like to see whether you could have done it—that's all. I never was so busy in my life; and you may ask my father whether I was not dog-tired (and he too) every night but Sundays. And on Sundays, you know, it was only proper to go in in the evenings and help the officers with the men's reading and singing, and all that. You would never believe how the fellows got on in school—just in these three weeks. Some of them who could only scrawl before, have been writing letters to their friends, and most of them can read their Testament and the newspaper; and those who cannot have yet made a beginning, so as to be ready to get on when they come again in April. The Elwich people not only invited the officers to the reading-room, but all the men—the whole nine hundred — to the Mechanics' Institute. And there we had lectures in the great room and the newspaper read aloud; and two or three times some popular stories, for the sake of those who could not read for themselves. Then, they were all treated to the theatre one night. That was after they had all got their red coats; and the pit looked as it never looked before. A good deal of all this was planned by the townspeople, who had been in a panic about the disorder they were told there would be, when nearly a thousand fellows were brought in, to tipple together as soon as they were off the common. And how many cases of drunkenness do you suppose there were in the whole three weeks? Why, two. No more, I assure you. No wonder the general said this morning—— O I forgot, you don't know about him yet. Well, as to the Sundays. I rode in to spend them at Elwich, as a good many other people did. It was such a fine sight to see the militia come into the great church, looking more like soldiers each time, and, at the last, able to sing the Hundredth Psalm exceedingly well. Only think! it was barely three weeks since they had huddled together on the common, like a flock of wet sheep; without a red coat, or a flag, or a drum, or anything soldierly about them. And now their band is really worth hearing, and the ladies of the county have presented them with colours, and they march into church like a regular regiment. The old high roof echoes again with their tread. It is a fine sight, I can tell you.

But you don't believe it, perhaps. "Not a bit," you say. Well: General Pelter (in command at the garrison, you know) did not know, any more than you, what to make of what he heard. He was too much of a gentleman, of course, to say he did not believe his own officers; so he declared he should come to see with his own eyes, what Sir Henry and his officers had really done in creating the Rampshire militia. He came—he saw—and *they* conquered,—and I question whether such a speech was ever spoken as he made this morning.

The general would not let us have a dinner here for him, though he slept here. He wanted to see the men in the evening; so he went round and talked with them, and looked at their copy-books, and conversed with the most intelligent of them about the county. He told us when we were on the way home that the thing that surprised him was the soldierly bearing of the men, in so very short a time. There was nothing of that silly puzzled stare that one sees in rustics when a stranger speaks to them; they spring to attention, as he says; and they really scarcely drawl at all in their answers. If they rigmarole, you can stop it at once, and get an answer. The Major and Captain Helsham came here with him; and we heard them tell all about it;—that is, as well as they could speak; for they are both as hoarse as the wind on the common which made them so,—and horribly tired, too. The general says it is time they were going back to their wives to get nursed. You know what the weather has been. It has been blowing and snowing, or sleeting, or raining almost every day; but on they went —officers and men, from daylight till dark, with very little rest between. I must tell you though, that some help came after the first week. Twenty-four men from the forty-second Fencibles pushed on the business famously.

Still, with all that, the general said he was full of curiosity to see what had really been done in three weeks. When I looked out at daybreak this morning it was snowing. I never hated snow so much before; for I knew that a multitude of people meant to go to the parade; — mothers, and wives, and sisters, partly to see the sight, and partly to get the men home with their pay in their pockets, instead of its being wasted at the public-house.

And there they were, though the snow was two inches deep on the common, and of course, much deeper in the lanes. Our parson was there, ready to make us admire his prophecies, when we should see the fellows staggering drunk, and all that. It was the best fun in the world to see him. You know, he likes to show his height and so moves about slowly, like a battering-tower on wheels. Several times to-day he got entangled among the companies, and was driven this way and that. He got confused, and could not make up his mind what to do, and what call to attend to. You may be sure we quizzed him. My father asked what he thought now of training and discipline, in case of invasion; because it seemed that if each of us went on his own hook before the enemy, we might trip one another up, and lay ourselves low rather than the foe. The Doctor acknowledged that training gives readiness and a certain sort of power: but he shook his head about the scenes we were to see to-night.

By this time the fellows were at their manual exercise. How delighted the children were, to be sure! — and the women, too! The babies did not like it, though— poor little red-nosed things! They did not know their fathers in their red coats, and would not go to them afterwards. Even the elder children stared as if their daddies had grown taller, or become gentlemen. Ned Barry's face will always be the same; but you should see him walk now. He was the largest man on the common to-day; and it was the drollest thing to see the little tailor follow him about, wanting to stitch up a hole —of all things to do at a review! The fact is, Ned has grown stout under good rations, and what is to him moderate exercise; and the coat which was made out of two is already too small.

The marching in quick time was very good; and they deployed and formed square, and seemed, to say the truth, so like real soldiers, that some people I know would not see the difference. And real soldiers they may be, one of these days. You need not laugh, for the General himself said so. At the end, he made them form square, and addressed them. It was a grand speech, as I told you. You will see it in the newspapers; so I need only say that he declared he could not have believed on any testimony but his own eyes, that such things could have been done in the time; that he should report personally to the Secretary of State the wonderful efficiency already of the Rampshire militia; and that he only hoped he might see the regiment one day under his command. There's for you! You might have heard the cheering miles off, for the men have learned to cheer too. Captain Helsham told the General — I heard him myself — that he had learned a lesson. He little thought ever to see nine hundred bumpkins pass three weeks in hard fag and school instruction, without breaking off into vice or disorder—ready to learn obedience, and everything else, and capable of being brightened up as these men were. He was now convinced that we were a military nation, if we only desired it. And then the General complimented my father and his volunteers for their zeal; for their company will turn out an uncommonly fine one. Then we came home. The Doctor would not come with us, thinking it his duty to stay at Elwich to discountenance the vice that was sure to follow the breaking up. However, he came in before we had done our soup. The men had all gone home, and he did not see any more vice than usual; so he wisely came to us for the advantage of the General's conversation.

How tired I am! I may say so; for all these officers said they were. And now, we have only to wait, as well as we can, till April; and then, at it again! Hurra! for the Rampshire Militia!

Your affectionate brother,

W. Warner.

P.S.—You will be asking about the short . so I had better tell you that decided to put off the scheme. We could not get on very well without officers to drill us; and Bob Vickers and Harry would not obey me, for anything I could say; and it was bitterly cold that first day.

EDWARD BARRY TO NANCY JESSOP.

Elwich, July 10th.

My dear Nan,—I don't know what you will say to seeing this letter, instead of your Ned himself: but none of us know what is in store for us; and I little thought, when you kindly walked part of the way with me this day month, that I should have to go so much further before we met again. Now don't let that dear heart of yours flutter, in any fear that Ned is going to desert you. No such thing. Only, I must not desert my service—my duty to my queen and country. I must, for a time, go further from you, but only to be yours more than ever when I come again—yours as fast locked as the parson can make us. And now I mus tell you how this came about. First, however, you need not think that anybody knows now what I write to yon. That used to be the drawback, you said; and sorry and ashamed I was to be behind you in the arts of reading and writing, and afraid

of being parted because I could say but little to you without my penman knowing all I said. But I have attended school as regularly as drill; and if you can read what I say, my love, it will be a great recompense to me; and what the pleasure is to me to be conversing with you now, it would take more than this sheet would hold to tell.

You know we have now had two periods of drill, of twenty-eight days each, since the first which gained us so much credit to begin with. That credit was mainly owing to the officers, we all know; but the effect was astonishing—not only as to the number of recruits, but as to their endeavours. In [illegible] there were no less than eleven hundred and sixty-six under arms; and the new fellows worked and worked, and tried and tried, till, at the end of the time, there was really scarcely any difference between the new levy and the first. I told you that no men could fag harder than we d[illegible] in thos[illegible] winter three weeks; and when sai[illegible] it I thought it: but April I saw ourselves outdone. This last time, it has been finer than ever; and the Commander himself said that the best of us were nearly fit for the line. Don't be afraid Nanny. We are not in the line yet; and you know I volunteered to the militia, and I must go through with it; and the militia can't go out of the country. Well, this morning there was news for us. There was to be a selection made of six hundred and fifty of the best of us to be embodied for lasting service—in England, of course: and do you know, Nan, they pic[illegible] me out the very first; on account of my size, no doubt. In the morning we are off to Rampling, for garrison duty, I will let you know when I know myself; and meantime I will just tell you what happened to-day.

I wonder whether my face looked as blank as some I saw on the common. I don't deny that it came like a weight upon my heart, my going so far from you; and I have a fear that this letter may have the same effect upon you. But consider, my dear, how poor our fortunes must have been if I had continued always a mere labourer at Westerleigh, with such wages as they give in our county. I can but come back to that, if nothing better offers; but now I have two trades instead of one, with the chance of distinguishing myself; and when I think of you at home, I feel as if I should be able to do so. Seeing some of my comrades look blank, our Commander desired us to form in square, each company, and hear what our captains had to say. Our captain, Helsham, said to my company. "My good lads," says he, "We are all in for it now, and wherever you go, I'll go; but I don't know where that will be, and it is no use caring. You won't make your fortunes," says he, "for a soldier's pay is small enough. I wish it was more, but they won't alter it by what I wish. If you fancy I like to leave my home, and take my family the Lord knows where, you are much mistaken; but if I am ordered to go, go I will and so will you, whether you like it or not. (By this we suppose there is something in the wind, for a further movement by and by; but at present it is to Rampling.) I am ordered to keep you in a good state of discipline; and you may take your oaths I'll do it, fair or foul; but never foul if I can do it by fair. Mind, I shall often blow you up, skyhigh. You often see me well blown up when I have not deserved it; and you'll often see it again; and when you see me give an answer, then I'll give you leave to do the same to me,—and not till then," says he. "Now, we've all stuck together like bricks and mortar," says he; "and you have earned an honourable name for good conduct. Just take an old soldier's advice. You can't be rich do-nothing fellows; but if you march off this ground to-morrow, determined to do your best and be obedient, you may be a jolly, united, soldier-like set of Rampshire lads, sure of a good bed, a good dinner, and clothing; and now and hereafter your officers will do their best to reward your conduct. If any of you prefer being miserable," says he, "you can be so, by taking the trouble to kick out viciously; and you will have the satisfaction of making me," says he, "the most miserable dog among you. But I know you too well, and I like you too well," says he, "to think such a thing possible. So, three cheers for the Queen and the Royal Rampshire!" Such was what our captain said, my Nan; and you may be sure we all cheered, from the bottom of our hearts.

The high sheriff and his lady, and the young gentlemen, were on the common to-day. I am sure they will bear witness, or tell you anything I may have left out. I am certain Mrs. Warner will not object to satisfy you, under the circumstances. Till we meet, my own Nan, I am your faithful

NED BARRY.

August 14th.

MY OWN NAN,—You could not think I had forgotten to write—I trust you for that. You will see how it is if I begin where I left off in my last letter. I did not sleep very well that night after finishing my letter—it was such a thought that I was going to march further away from you next morning. And when we were to start, it was such weather—hot, and foggy, and raining—that not many of the Elwich people came out to bid us good-bye. Four-and-twenty miles had we to trudge in that weather, and not a man straggled. If you call that a good beginning, I'll tell you how it partly was. Our officers are trumps, and not least the colonel, Sir Henry Arundel. He said at night he hoped to meet us all refreshed and stout in the morning. And so he did—not a man missing. If there had been any desertion

it would have been that night: but I hope Englishmen know their duty and their minds too well to offer for the militia and then run off when they are really wanted. We went on the railway that day, and in the afternoon arrived—not at the garrison, as we supposed, for we had not learned the duty, but at the barracks on the other side the harbour. It is partly the barracks that have made us so busy. We had none of us lived anywhere but in our own poor places at home, except at Elwich, where everything was done for us, in the way of our meals and the like. We all had to learn how to live in barracks. And, to be sure, the neatness required would please you, Nan, if ever you should be a soldier's wife, allowed to be with your husband there. Then, besides all the fuss about our ways, all day long, there is the parade, of course, and a very fine one; for, do you know, our companies have already been brigaded with the liners. We hold up our heads, I assure you; and no shambling fellow is allowed to get off with "O, we're only militia." We put him down with saying that whatever the Guards do we'll do. There will be no mistake about that. Of course, we are practising firing, and that takes a great deal of time, all the more because Sir Henry Arundel has offered two silver medals for prizes for the two best shots; and we are all as eager as can be about that, as is natural. Then, much of the duty is new—sentry and garrison duty; for we are to guard the dockyards and fortifications. I hope my writing will show you that we are not going back in our schooling. Our colonel looks to that matter, too. We have a capital schoolmaster. He gets us on, and is a fair-minded man, too; and he is to report by-and-by, and point out his three best scholars for prizes. The prizes offered by Sir Henry are a silver watch and two writing-desks. It would be a mistake to suppose him over-indulgent. There is never an oath to be heard among officers or men; because it is well known that he would not put up with it, any more than with any other real sin. Some faults the young and giddy commit, and the culprits are made to remember them: but there is no vice in the regiment, as far as I know; and long may it be so! Well, is not this enough to fill up our time? I should think so; and so would you, if you saw how earnest we are to get into a fit state for garrison duty.

What will you say when I tell you that that time has come? It has indeed; and that time was to-day. I kept this till the last, as my best piece of news; and I delayed writing, knowing that I should have it to tell. It was enough to make a man's heart beat to march as we did this day into Rampling with our drums beating and colours flying, and to be put on garrison duty immediately. Within an hour after we entered the gates, my captain marched one hundred and thirty-six of us to relieve the Fencibles of the whole garrison duties of the town and dockyard. We *may* say now, "Whatever the regulars do we will do." There is a rumour that Prince Albert is to review us. And here I must stop for this time. I believe I shall have more time for the pen now; and if so, you will soon find it out, for to write to you is the best pleasure of your faithful NED BARRY.

P.S.—If Goody Brice still worries about the press-gang, you may tell her I understand the press-gang has gone over to the enemy.

N. B.

The Mars War-steamer, Rampling Harbour, April 23rd, 1854.

MY BELOVED NAN,—I am afraid I am but a faint-hearted fellow, after all. Mind, nobody says so but I myself; and what I mean is this: that I am uneasy about how you may take the news I have now to send. Yet this is making you faint-hearted, which you never were before, and so I hope you will not be now, when I have to tell you that I am going a long way off and into the dangers of battle. Now, when I told you in the autumn that I was going to be soldier for good, you took the news just as I would wish. I knew very well in October, on that day when our commander told us that one hundred and fifty volunteers were wanted for the regulars, that if you had been there, and had seen how hundreds stepped out to offer themselves, you would not have had me, the strongest man on the ground, hold back from the service of my country. And you honourably said just that in your reply; and it is a comfort to me now that you did. I would not tell anybody but you; but you will not think me conceited about the strength which is no merit of my own. My late captain says that a bullet may lay one low as well as another—the giant as well as the woman or child; but that if a set of Russians get about Ned Barry, they are likely to repent it; for the game will be like Billy among the rats. You must know I am stouter than ever. Johnny List will wonder what I am ever to do in the East, if my clothes burst out as he saw them begin to do. The buttons do come off very often; and Captain Helsham says, if we don't invest the enemy's towns better than our tailor invests me, we sha'n't have much to boast of. However, I have learned to sew on my buttons; and Johnny will be glad to hear it, as he and his needle will be so far away. Talking of Johnny, he and others may be wanting to know what will become of the Rampshire as a regiment. I don't know; and it's my belief that the officers know no more than I do. Perhaps there may be drafts from it, from time to time, for the line; and there is some talk of leave being got from parliament to let them go abroad (those that wish it, but none by force), to garrison some of our places abroad, so that the regulars

may go from those places to the seat of war Some think that if the war lasts long, the Rampshire may even see fighting. Please tell Master W. Warner this.

My dear, I keep putting off saying the good-bye, that I have to say. Two days since the order came for us to march down to Rampling and embark at once. Not one half-hour had I to write to you till now, on board the Mars. There never was anything like the kindness with which we were hailed, all the way along; and particularly this morning, when we were coming on board. When the band played the Girl I Left Behind Me, you may guess who I thought of, and how my heart swelled to the music. What do you think I have left for you with your cousin Bob, in the regiment? You would never guess. Why, a cat. Some boys were worrying a kitten, and half-drowning it, before I entered the Guards, and I took it from them, and brought it up, thinking to see it by our fireside, and I hope you will think it pretty, and that you will like it, on account of my saving its life.

Now, no more,—only this. It is a true story, Sir Henry Arundel declared, when he told it us, on the march; and it made that impression on me that I shall never forget it. Many years ago, there was a regiment of ours in India, where the climate is not pleasant to the English soldier, and all have much to bear with, besides the great distance from home (much further than I am going now). That regiment had been out many many years, and had gone through much sickness and hardship, and fought well, and gained a good reputation. When the time drew near for going home, the men found the months and weeks grow very long,—so much, they wished themselves back in their own country and their old homes,—with all the honour upon them that they had gained. But their feelings were not known, or not considered (our colonel himself said that) at head-quarters, and, almost at the last minute, the order came for the regiment to be broken up, and the men drafted off,—some to the bad climate of the West Indies, and some to the cold parts of Canada, and some to remain where they were. These fellow-soldiers were to be parted in this way, and the very name of the regiment lost! Well, this seemed to be more than the men could bear; and if men could ever be forgiven for mutinying, it would have been then; and it was a very near thing indeed, their not doing so. But their commander was a good soldier,—luckily for them. After morning parade, he formed them, and read the order, and heard the beginning of a growl before he had done: and what did he do? He said, "My lads, I am as sorry for this order as you can be. But we know our duty, and we'll do it. Now, my lads—not a word!" and he signed to the band which struck up—before any one could speak—

"The King commands, and we'll obey;
Over the hills and far away."

Now, my girl,—the Queen (God bless her! she would lead us out to the war—if she could—as she led out the fleet last month)—the Queen has put no hardship of the sort on us; so we may be willing to go. Therefore, love,—not a word!

"The Queen commands, and we'll obey;
Over the hills and far away."

Yours till death,

NED BARRY.

SECOND-HAND SOVEREIGNS.

HAS ever any one, or is any one supposed ever to have gone over the whole of the museums of the Louvre? I know there are people who will tell me that they have done it. The sort of tourists who "do" the Rubens's at Antwerp in half a day; who scamper through the Vatican as though they were running a race; who dot down the castles on either side of the Rhine in their note-books, like dry-goods' clerks checking off entries of pepper and raisins; who work through the sights of Paris, in Galignani's Guide, as the Englishman did through the dishes in the carte at the restaurant, beginning with the soups and ending with the cheeses and salads: these are the sort of people who will confidently assert that they have inspected the Louvre in its entirety. Go to, I say. Nobody can have accomplished the feat. M. de Nieuwerkerque, the Director-General of the Louvre, may know something of the museums, but he is not omniscient. The guardians in the cocked hats who sell the catalogues, and who yawn piteously during the long hours—as well they may; for Salvator Rosa becomes a drug in the mental market at last; Raffaelle a bore; Gerard Dow intrusive, and the treasures of art toujours perdrix—know little or nothing beyond the departments immediately confided to their care. As to the flying tourists: they may say that they have been here, there, and every where, and that they have seen—the whole concern; but I don't believe them. I know how Mrs. Cruggs from Manchester goes up the wrong staircase and loses her way; how Splattertrees the great connoisseur gets jammed up in a dark corner, among the artists' easels and platforms; how Pry wanders into a guard-room by mistake, and is dreadfully afraid of being bayonetted for his intrusion; and how Miss Cleverboots is continually making short cuts, and as continually coming back to the room she started from, until at last she sits down on a crimson velvet ottoman in the salon carré, and cries. As for the valets de place and cicerones from the hotels, they are all humbugs; from Paris to Peru, from Venice to the Valhalla, they are

equally unworthy of confidence, and tell you that you have seen everything, when in reality you have seen comparatively nothing.

Yesterday I found myself in a museum which, although you may or may not have seen it twenty times, I succeeded in persuading myself was entirely novel, and might have been specially added to the Louvre as a testimonial of gratitude for my visit to Paris at this inclement season of the year. This was the Musée des Souverains, the Museum of the Paraphernalia of the Kings and Emperors of France; and, forgive me if I am irreverent, a palatial Monmouth Street or Holywell Street for the display of second-hand sovereigns.

Kings are but men, I know. The sword, the sceptre and the sway—the crown, the chrysm and the orb, will not save them from headaches if they drink too much wine; from corns, if they persist in wearing tight boots; from death, when their time comes. Yet a king, be he a mere drivelling idiot, passing his leisure in making pasteboard coaches; a mischievous lunatic, or a tipsy beer and tobacco reveller; fills, under any circumstance, so conspicuous a place on the world's stage—is, right or wrong, so talked about, written about, sung about, painted about, during his lifetime—that some degree of interest attaches itself at last, perforce, even to the clothes he wore, the knives he ate with, and the chairs he sate upon. Respect for the individual is not indispensable for the entertainment of curiosity respecting him. A king is but a man; but, the old clothes of a king are surely more interesting than those of a cadger; and this is why the museum of secondhand sovereigns in the Louvre is full of interest and instruction for me, and why I have chosen it as a text for this paper.

Here is a room of noble proportions. The floors of polished oak, the walls of crimson damask, thickly sewn with golden bees; the ceiling sumptuously carved and gilded, and rainbow-tinted with paintings by the first artists in France. Lofty glass-cases with curtains of crimson silk line this room. These cases hold the old clothes of Napoleon the Great.

See, here is the famous redingote gris—the gray great coat, made familiar to us by a thousand pictures and a thousand songs. I don't think, intrinsically, it would fetch more than half a dozen shillings. I am afraid Mr. Moses Hart of Holywell Street would not be disposed to give even that amount for it; yet here it is beyond price and purchase. It has held the body of the man whose name is blazoned on the ceiling; whose initial, pregnant with will and power, N, is on wall and escutcheon, on casque and morion, on vase and cup, on keystone and pediment, on coin and ring, on spoon and fork, on the step of the altar, the judge's bench, the footstool of the throne, everywhere in this land. This common coat of coarse gray duffel hangs in the midst of velvet and silk, gold and silver embroidery, stern, calm and impassible, and throws all their theatrical glories into shadow; even as the man who wore the coat, made all the kings and emperors and princes that were his tools, his slaves, or his victims, look like common people beside him, as he sat in his box at the theatre at Erfurt throning it over a pitful of kings, or causing the blood of a chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire to run cold within him by beginning a story with "When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of Lafère."

I would the Emperor's boots were here,—those notable jack-boots which Raffet and Charlet knew so well how to draw; the boots which, muddy, dusty, worn, ruined, anxious, frown at you, moody and despairing, in Paul Delaroche's picture of Napoleon at Fontainbleau. People talk of the Emperor's cocked hat; but, the boots are far more characteristic of the Man. Curiously they are associated with him in some of the most momentous phases of his career. The boot was pierced by a bullet at Bellinzona, and there Napoleon received his almost only wound. For the want of boots—for, he had no money to buy them—Napoleon Buonaparte could not go the Indies. If those boots could have then been obtained—bought, borrowed from Talma, wheedled from an unsuspecting tradesman—there would probably have been no Eighteenth Brumaire, no empire of France, no kingdom of Italy, no Russian campaign, no Austrian marriage, no Spanish ulcer, no Moscow, no Waterloo, no St. Helena. But, not even with St. Helena ended the boots of Buonaparte. Twenty years after his death, when his grave under the willows was opened, and his coffin unscrewed that his person might be verified by the King of France's son who was come to take it home, the most noteworthy appearances in the bier (after the features of that face which the fingers of death had not been able entirely to efface, nor the grave to vanquish) were the boots. The Museum of Secondhand Sovereigns is incomplete without the encasements of those feet of Hercules.

The boots indeed are wanting, but the secondhand clothes of Napoleon are here,—ranged all of a row, more like Monmouth Street, or the theatrical warehouse in Vinegar Yard, than ever are some half-dozen pairs of white satin shoes, profusely embroidered with gold, crumpled, creased, and (to tell the truth) remarkably grubby, not to say dirty. The Colossus had small feet, and the shoes might belong to a woman. And could he, the iron man, have worn these gewgaws, that might have danced upon a rope, or pirouetted on the opera boards, or patted over the polished flooring of the Petites Maisons, but hardly could have belonged to him who crossed the Bridge of Lodi, and trod down empires and trampled

upon dynasties? He could, he did wear them. These were his coronation shoes,—the shoes of the Concordat, the Champ de Mai, the night divorce from Josephine, and the marriage with Maria Louisa! He wore those gloves, too, that hang above. They are of white leather, embroidered, but large and clumsy-looking; for, the Colossus had large hands (though soft, white, and dimpled, like those of a girl), as became the grasper of thrones, the seizer of Italy, who put the Iron Crown on his own head, crying "Guai a chi la tocca!"—Woe to him who touches it. He wore those dainty pink silk stockings with the golden clocks; he wore that 'broidered white satin tunic, that would so admirably become Madame Vestris in one of Mr. Planché's burlesques; he wore that voluminous crimson velvet mantle which is pinned out in a circle against the wall; and—laugh not, sneer not, but wonder!—he wore those half-dozen court coats and continuations in velvet and satin, with big cuffs, straight collars, and square skirts. The conqueror of Europe, in the spangled court suit of the Marquis de Carabas! Yea, and with a gilt sword, like a dancing-master's,—yea, and with a brocaded waistcoat, with low flaps and peaked pockets! If the old clothes were not there to bear me out, you would think that I lied.

This was his, too,—a very different coat; a sombre, faded, long-tailed, double-breasted, high-collared, purple-blue coat, embroidered on collar and cuff and down the seams with olive leaves in dead gold. That is the coat of a general of the Republic. It is the coat of Marengo.

Black, rusted, devoid of splendour, ludicrous almost, there are three secondhand sovereignties here, perhaps the most interesting and significant in the Museum. These are three hats. Two of them are of the species known as cocked, and were worn by the Emperor in his campaigns; but they are singularly unlike the petit chapeau.* These two hats are cumbrous, top-heavy, lopsided, exaggerated monstrosities. The resemblance between one, and that affected by the British beadle is painfully exact; the other might have been worn by glorious John Reeve as Marmaduke Magog in the Wreck Ashore, or by the ghost of a fiddler in that famous old Vauxhall orchestra that had (has it still?) a sounding-board like a cockle-shell. Yet these were hats of power; hats that defined against the white smoke of the battle, gave hope to the faltering, encouragement to the brave; one sight of which, one approving nod, made the mutilated grenadier forget his wounds—took half the sting away from death. Each was a guiding-star to glory, plunder, victory; and—ah me!—how many hundred times was each cocked hat an ignis fatuus, decoying men to a bloody, unremembered grave!

Hat number three, is of a different order altogether. It is not cocked, three-cornered, flapped, slouched, peaked, or broad-brimmed. It is not a fantail hat, a coach-wheel hat, a wide-awake, a Jim Crow, a brigand, a William Tell, a Hecker, a Tom and Jerry, a waggoner's, a Tom Tug, a sou-wester, a four-and-ninepenny gossamer, a Paris velvet-nap, a shovel hat, a sombrero, a straw hat, or an ordinary chimney-pot "tile." It is simply a "shocking bad hat,"—the shockingest perhaps that ever was seen by human eyes or worn by human head; a round hat with a short crown and a narrow brim, made perhaps of felt, perhaps of rabbit's-skin,—certainly of a greasy, mangy, rusty material, utterly seedy, poverty-stricken, and woebegone in appearance. Napoleon the Great—he of the white satin shoes and velvet robe—wore this miserable old hat; this shameful tatterdemalion fragment, that no Jew would touch with a pair of tongs; that would dishonour, by companionship, even a spoutless kettle in a kennel, or a dead cat on a dustheap. He wore it, where? At Longwood, St. Helena.

If any comment were valuable (and no comment *is*) on the futility of human ambition, the rottenness of human grandeur, it might surely be found in this old hat. It is the hat of a bankrupt. Not that the man was penniless. He had enough money, even in his stern captivity, to have purchased a score of hats, with lace and ribbons enough on them to serve my lord the sweep on May-day; but, it is the moral, not the material ruin that stares you in the face in this shabby head-covering. The hat says, "Broke."

Underneath this hat, is a little yellow iron-moulded cambric pocket-handkerchief, that was taken off Napoleon's bed after his death. The relic should soften us. It is all over now. Outlaw, emperor, adventurer, general, prisoner—they exist no more! They are all blended into the handful of ashes in the Invalides, "on the banks of the Seine, among the French people, whom he loved so well."

The sceptre, sword-belt, coronation-sword, and sash of Napoleon; a chess-board and chess-men presented to him by his sister, Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples; several sets of saddles, bridles, and housings, of Oriental workmanship, blazing with gold and embroidery, presented to him during the campaign of Egypt; a crown of olives, modelled in pure gold, placed on his coffin as an offering from some city, whose name I forget, on the occasion of his second funeral; a splendidly-bound copy of Ossian's Poems, illustrated with original drawings by Isabey, after Giraud; a copy of the Code Napoleon, engrossed on vellum; a manuscript record of the coronation, with costly coloured drawings; these are yet among the relics of the Empire, exhibited in these glass cases. Within a railing in a corner, is the Emperor's camp-bed. Emperor's camp-beds do not interest me

* The veritable "petit chapeau" is among the relics in the Emperor's tomb at the Invalides.

much. There is something "Bullfroggish" in that imitative austerity which the great ones of the earth affect in their sleeping accommodation. The hard pallet of Charles the Fifth at Yuste; the divided bed of Louis Philippe, one half of which was a knotty palliasse, and the other half, in delicate attention to his queen, a feather bed; this severe, uncompromising bed of the French Cæsar; even our own Great Duke's spare mattrass and simple iron bedstead; are not to my mind any very convincing proofs of their owners' abstemiousness and hardihood. Hard beds are not conducive to early rising; nor are they necessarily productive of self-denial. One of the laziest men I ever knew, used an iron bedstead fit for a Trappist, where he lay on straw, like Margery Daw. Napoleon could have slept anywhere. In a chair, as at Austerlitz; in his bath, as at St. Helena; on horseback; in his box at the opera; in his carriage; standing, even. He wanted sleep so little, and used a bed so seldom, that he might as well have had no bed. Still, if a bed were necessary to his camp equipage, and as part of his state and appanage, he might surely have had a bedstead with a little carving and gilding, with some velvet and golden bees, some eagles and N's about it; however hard the mattrass or low the pillow might have been. I may be wrong, but there is affectation and sham humility about this shabby camp-bed. It seems to say, boastingly, "See what a philosopher I am; see how I despise the pomps and vanities of the world. Not only will I have a portable bed (which simply would be reasonable), but it shall be of the ugliest form and the clumsiest material. I am a grander monarque than Louis Quatorze; yet see how I can dispense with that solemn old mountebank's gigantic four-poster, with its daïs of three stages, its carvings and gildings, its plumed capitals and silken cords. Yet I am as grand upon this workhouse-looking pallet, as though I slept in the Great Bed of Ware."

But, what could the contemner of the fripperies of luxury, want with silver-gilt boothooks and a golden stewpan? For, here, proudly displayed upon a field of crimson velvet, are all the articles forming the Emperor's necessaire de voyage. Besides the boothook and the saucepan we have here knives, forks, plates, tea and coffee-pots, corkscrews, penknives, scissors, spoons, bodkins and toothpicks—all in the precious metals. Here is the necessaire de toilette, too: razors, lathering brushes, shaving pots, and *scent-bottles*:—ay, my lord, scent-bottles—one, religiously preserved by General Bertrand (I think), has some of the scent used by the Emperor yet remaining in it. Napoleon scented! The conqueror of Europe perfumed like a milliner, or that certain lord that Harry Hotspur saw! Cæsar with a golden stewpan!

The writing-table or secretaire of the Man, which stands hard by, with a worn leathern arm-chair, looks far more businesslike and consistent. It is as plain as plain can be—indeed I have the very counterpart of it—up, goodness and the waiter only know how many pair of stairs, in the Quartier Latin in the City of Paris. But, it is only in form that the two articles of furniture resemble one another. For the Emperor's writing-table bears, oh! such unmistakeable signs of hard work, indomitable perseverance, and iron will! It is splashed in innumerable places with ink; it has been punched with penknives and scorched with hot sealing-wax. The leathern covering of the top is frayed with the contact of papers and elbows; it has been worn into holes by the drumming of anxious fingers. Perhaps this table is the most suggestively eloquent of all the relics in this strange room. Truly, the hat covered the head, the sword begirt the side; on that bed Napoleon slept, on that saddle sat, with that diadem crowned, with that scent perfumed, himself. But, on that table lay, hundreds of times, the paper on to which flowed by the duct of the pen the mighty current of the Emperor's thoughts. He must have sat at this table crowning and uncrowning kings in his mind, crushing up dynasties with a phrase, devoting thousands of men to death by a word. This table with the leathern top was an unconscious Atlas, and held up a world of thought. What may not have been written there! The draught of the Milan decree, the virtual death-warrant of the Duke d'Enghien; suggestions pregnant with sense and will, to the subtle lawyers who were drawing up the Code; bulletins of victory and defeat, proclamations, short notes of playful affection in the early days to Josephine — later, to another bride. At this table may have been signed the decree for the fundamental reorganisation of the Théâtre Français, which decree—vanity!—emanated from the Kremlin at Moscow. At this table may have been signed the last abdication, which—vanity of vanities!—was done in an hotel in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. Were not the table dumb, it could tell how often Napoleon had sat at it, radiant with joy, trembling with anxiety, frowning with anger, white with despair. How the imprecation was muttered, the air hummed between the teeth, the pen anxiously gnawed, the devil's tattoo beaten with the fingers, the vain word or meaningless caricature scrawled on the blotting paper; how the sigh stole forth, or the brow contracted, or the smile lighted up sheet and table like a sun, as the phrase was weighed, the word sought for, the thought summoned. Only this table could tell us whether the uncouth, misshapen, almost illegible scrawl, which Napoleon wrote, was really his natural handwriting: or whether, as some, and not of his enemies, assert, it was designedly simulated in order to conceal the faultiness of his orthography.

One other little bed invites us. It is very small, very delicate, very daintily festooned with lace, and glows with gilding and shines with green satin. It is the first bed of a very little child, born to greatness — the cradle of the King of Rome. The poor baby did not need it long. He did not die, but lived his evanescent kingdom out, and sank into that little white cloth jacket and pantaloons with sugar-loaf buttons (painfully like the uniform of my friend Mrs. Biffins's footpage, Chawks), of the Austrian Duke de Reichstadt. Done up in that mournful flannel-like little skeleton suit, he played about the dreary rooms of Schönbrunn, to be taught to be called Herzog von Reichstadt, and to forget that his name was Napoleon; to think of his father as something very like an ogre; and to believe perforce that Grandpapa Francis, the little weazen old man in the white coat and pigtail, was the incarnation of all that was good and wise and powerful in the world. It must have been cruelly hard upon the little Herzog. I don't think he could have succeeded in forgetting or believing it all. He must have looked now and then upon the House of Hapsburg as a mouldy, tumble-down old mansion, haunted by ghosts in white flannel. Ah! how shudderingly his thoughts must have reverted sometimes from the solemn ladies of honour, and pudding-headed chamberlains of Schönbrunn, with their guttural talk, to that gay palace far away, where there were so many mirrors and golden eagles — to mamma, who had such fair hair, such blue eyes, so many diamonds — to papa, who walked about the room so much, with hands behind his back, and talked in such a loud voice to the gentleman who sat at the table writing; who would take the little boy up and dandle him, and gaze at him with so much pride and joy from those wondrous eyes. Ah! A dreary little second-hand sovereign was the king-duke, done up in white flannel to forget that he was himself. The very cradle in which the child slept was destined to have a second-hand fate. It was used in eighteen hundred and twenty-two for the posthumous son of the Duke de Berri, the Duke de Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord, Henry the Fifth—what you will: a lamentable instance of second-hand sovereignty again.

Going round and round about this room of relics, as I do, speculating—"mooning" would perhaps be the proper word—upon all the precious relics exposed in the glass cases, I become so imbued with the idées Napoleoniennes—so saturated with notions of the Empire—that I have a difficulty in persuading myself that I live in the year 'fifty-five, and not in the year 'ten. I fancy myself in the lumber-room of the palace; and when I hear a pair of boots creaking in an adjoining apartment, can hardly help expecting the advent of Duroc, or Bertrand, or Rapp, asking me que diable I am doing there? And when from the lofty windows I look into the courtyard below, the delusion of the Empire still clings to me; for, there I see on parade the Imperial Guard—yes, bearskins, gaiters, eagles on the cartouch-boxes, crossbelts, long moustaches, and all. They are on guard; they are alive; they walk and talk and smoke in the guard-room; I see them with my corporeal eyes. With these below, with those around, with the Tuileries dome surmounted by the tricolor in the distance, there wants to complete the picture but this—a roll of the drums, a sharp rattle as arms are presented, and then, cantering into the square upon a white horse, a little man with a cocked hat and a grey great coat.

There are many more chambers in this Museum, devoted to other second-hand sovereigns—the legitimate sovereigns, indeed, of France. Here, in a room, decorated, in contradistinction to the Napoleon Museum—all in blue, sewn with golden lilies—are the paraphernalia used at the coronations of Louis the Sixteenth, and Charles the Tenth; the crown of the Duke d'Angoulême, as Dauphin (wonderfully like the tinselled diadem with which, in our school-days, we were wont to decorate the effigy, penny plain and two-pence coloured, of Mr. Denvil as the Fire King); the sword, sceptre, and hand of justice of Charlemagne; the sedan chair of King Artaxomenes—I beg pardon, of King Louis the Fifteenth, otherwise called the Well-beloved, otherwise known as the proprietor of the Parc aux Cerfs: that admirable educational institution, supported by the involuntary contributions of the French people; a little black kid shoe worn by Marie Antoinette (poor thing!), so tiny, so frêle, so delicate; a little cannon, with ivory horses, presented to Louis the Sixteenth as a child; an arbaleste, or cross-bow, of Marie de Medicis; and an exquisitely-beautiful mirror of Venice glass, with a framework of mosaic in precious stones, presented to the same royal lady by the Venetian Republic; Bibles, missals, and books of hours, belonging to various sovereigns; swords, cross-bows, maces, habergeons, and pistols; and numerous suits of splendidly-wrought armour, among which is one suit of immense size and height, reputed to have belonged to, and to have been worn by, that king whose portrait by Titian is in the Grand Gallery of this same Louvre,—the king who loved so well to "amuse" himself, and was so delighted at having saved his "honour" at the battle of Pavia, but who was not quite so careful of the honour of the female subjects whom he betrayed,—the king who, first the rival, was afterwards so great a friend (until he fell out with him again) of our Henry the Eighth, and had that famous junketting with him upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold—King Francis the First. He might have been able to wear this suit of armour (which would about fit Mr. Hales, the Norfolk giant), but he was assuredly a consummate

rascal. Of course, being so, he is one of the most popular of the French second-hand sovereigns,—almost as popular as our merry scoundrel, Second of that line, and our bluff bigamist, Eighth of that ilk, are with us. It is astonishing what a good fellow a ruffian with a crown on is—especially if he be second-hand.

These, and many more shreds and patches of second-hand royalty, are to be found in that Musée des Souverains of the Louvre which the reader may or may not have seen. In either case, I would advise said reader to visit it whenever he or she comes to Paris. It may be somewhat consoling to a man whose state is low, to find that even sovereigns—even the Holy Alliance—even the allied potentates—are subject to the indignity of having their old clothes hung up to show; and that the coronation mantle dangles from a peg, in the long run, even as the masquerade domino, the cast-off uniform, or the threadbare great-coat. Mr. Carlyle might come hither, and find—not a new philosophy, but fresh materials for its application. And I think some sovereigns—yea, even some of the potentates whose august names are to be found in the Almanach de Gotha of this present year—might come here too, and, going, might leave behind them some second-hand ideas, some second-hand prejudices, some second-hand rascalities, some second-hand tomfooleries, which might be advantageously hung on pegs beside the second-hand sovereignties of a few centuries back.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

Last night, when weary silence fell on all,
And starless skies arose so dim and vast,
I heard the Spirit of the Present call
Upon the sleeping Spirit of the Past.
Far off and near, I saw their radiance shine,
And listened while they spoke of deeds divine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

My deeds are writ in iron;
My glory stands alone;
A veil of shadowy honour
Upon my tombs is thrown;
The great names of my heroes
Like gems in history lie:
To live they deemed ignoble,
Had they the chance to die!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

My children, too, are honoured,
Dear shall their memory be
To the proud lands that own them;
Dearer than thine to thee
For, though they hold that sacred
Is God's great gift of life,
At the first call of duty
They rush into the strife!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Then, with all valiant precepts
Woman's soft heart was fraught;
"Death, not dishonour," echoed
The war-cry she had taught.
Fearless and glad, those mothers,
At bloody deaths elate,
Cried out they bore their children
Only for such a fate!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

Though such stern laws of honour
Are faded now away,
Yet many a mourning mother,
With nobler grief than they,
Bows down in sad submission:
The heroes of the fight
Learnt at her knee the lesson
"For God and for the Right!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

No voice there spake of sorrow:
They saw their noblest fall
With no repining murmur;
Stern Fate was lord of all!
And when the loved ones perished,
One cry alone arose,
Waking the startled echoes,
"Vengeance upon our foes!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

Grief dwells in France and England
For many a noble son;
Yet louder than the sorrow,
"Thy will, O God, be done!"
From desolate homes is rising
One prayer, "Let carnage cease!
On friends and foes have mercy,
O Lord, and give us peace!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Then, every hearth was honoured
That sent its children forth,
To spread their country's glory,
And gain her south or north.
Then, little recked they numbers,
No band would ever fly,
But stern and resolute they stood
To conquer or to die.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

And now from France and England
Their dearest and their best
Go forth to succour freedom
To help the much oppressed;
Now, let the far-off Future
And Past bow down to-day,
Before the few young hearts that hold
Whole armaments at bay.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Then, each one strove for honour,
Each for a deathless name;
Love, home, rest, joy, were offered
As sacrifice to Fame.
They longed that in far ages
Their deeds might still be told,
And distant times and nations
Their names in honour hold.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

Though nursed by such old legends,
Our heroes of to-day
Go cheerfully to battle
As children go to play;

They gaze with awe and wonder
On your great names of pride,
Unconscious that their own will shine
In glory side by side!

Day dawned; and as the Spirits passed away,
Methought I saw in the dim morning grey,
The Past's bright diadem had paled before
The starry crown the glorious Present wore.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

MARGARET had not expected much pleasure to herself from Mr. Bell's visit—she had only looked forward to it on her father's account, but when her godfather came, she at once fell into the most natural position of friendship in the world. He said she had no merit in being what she was, a girl so entirely after his own heart; it was an hereditary power which she had, to walk in and take possession of his regard; while she, in reply, gave him much credit for being so fresh and young under his Fellow's cap and gown.

"Fresh and young in warmth and kindness, I mean. I'm afraid I must own that I think your opinions are the oldest and mustiest I have met with this long time."

"Hear this daughter of yours, Hale! Her residence in Milton has quite corrupted her. She's a democrat, a red republican, a member of the Peace Society, a socialist—"

"Papa, it's all because I'm standing up for the progress of commerce. Mr. Bell would have had it keep still at exchanging wild-beast skins for acorns."

"No, no. I'd dig the ground and grow potatoes. And I'd shave the wild beast skins and make the wool into broadcloth. Don't exaggerate, missy. But I am tired of this bustle. Everybody rushing over everybody, in their hurry to get rich."

"It is not every one who can sit comfortably in a set of college rooms, and let his riches grow without any exertion of his own. No doubt there is many a man here who would be thankful if his property would increase as yours has done, without his taking any trouble about it," said Mr. Hale.

"I don't believe they would. It's the bustle and the struggle they like. As for sitting still, and learning from the past, or shaping out the future by faithful work done in a prophetic spirit—Why! Pooh! I don't believe there's a man in Milton who knows how to sit still; and it is a great art."

"Milton people, I suspect, think Oxford men don't know how to move. It would be a very good thing if they mixed a little more."

"It might be good for the Miltoners. Many things might be good for them which would be very disagreeable for other people."

"Are you not a Milton man yourself?" asked Margaret. "I should have thought you would have been proud of your town."

"I confess I don't see what there is to be proud of. If you'll only come to Oxford, Margaret, I will show you a place to glory in."

"Well!" said Mr. Hale, "Mr. Thornton is coming to drink tea with us to-night, and he is as proud of Milton as you of Oxford. You two must try and make each other a little more liberal-minded."

"I don't want to be more liberal-minded, thank you," said Mr. Bell.

"Is Mr. Thornton coming to tea, papa?" asked Margaret in a low voice.

"Either to tea or soon after. He could not tell. He told us not to wait."

Mr. Thornton had determined that he would make no inquiry of his mother as to how far she had put her project into execution of speaking to Margaret about the impropriety of her conduct. He felt pretty sure that, if this interview took place, his mother's account of what passed at it would only annoy and chagrin him, though he would all the time be aware of the colouring which it received by passing through her mind. He shrank from hearing Margaret's very name mentioned; he, while he blamed her—while he was jealous of her—while he renounced her—he loved her sorely, in spite of himself. He dreamt of her; he dreamt she came dancing towards him with outspread arms, and with a lightness and gaiety which made him loathe her, even while it allured him. But the impression of this figure of Margaret—with all Margaret's character taken out of it, as completely as if some evil spirit had got possession of her form—was so deeply stamped upon his imagination, that when he wakened he felt hardly able to separate the Una from the Duessa; and the dislike he had to the latter seemed to envelope and disfigure the former. Yet he was too proud to acknowledge his weakness by avoiding the sight of her. He would neither seek an opportunity of being in her company, nor avoid it. To convince himself of his power of self-control, he lingered over every piece of business this afternoon; he forced every movement into unnatural slowness and deliberation; and it was consequently past eight o'clock before he reached Mr. Hale's. Then there were business arrangements to be transacted in the study with Mr. Bell; and the latter kept on, sitting over the fire, and talking wearily, long after all business was transacted, and when they might just as well have gone upstairs. But Mr. Thornton would not say a word about moving their quarters; he chafed and chafed, and thought Mr. Bell a most prosy companion; while Mr. Bell returned the compliment in secret, by considering Mr. Thornton about as brusque and curt a fellow as he had ever met with, and terribly gone off both in intelligence and manner. At last, some slight noise in the room above suggested

the desirableness of moving there. They found Margaret with a letter open before her, eagerly discussing its contents with her father. On the entrance of the gentlemen, it was immediately put aside; but Mr. Thornton's eager senses caught some few words o Mr. Hale's to Mr. Bell.

"A letter from Henry Lennox. It makes Margaret very hopeful."

Mr. Bell nodded. Margaret was red as a rose when Mr. Thornton looked a her. He had the greatest mind in the world to get up and go out of the room that very instant, and never set foot in the house again.

"We were thinking," said Mr. Hale, "that you and Mr. Thornton had taken Margaret's advice, and were each trying to convert the other, you were so long in the study."

"And you thought there would be nothing left of us but an opinion, like the Kilkenny cat's tail. Pray whose opinion did you think would have the most obstinate vitality?"

Mr. Thornton had not a notion what they were talking about, and disdained to inquire. Mr. Hale politely enlightened him.

"Mr. Thornton, we were accusing Mr. Bell this morning of a kind of Oxonian mediæval bigotry against his native town; and we—Margaret I believe—suggested that it would do him good to associate a little with Milton manufacturers."

"I beg your pardon. Margaret thought it would do the Milton manufacturers good to associate a little more with Oxford men. Now was'nt it so, Margaret?"

"I believe, I thought it would do both good to see a little more of the other,—I did not know it was my idea any more than papa's."

"And so you see, Mr. Thornton, we ought to have been improving each other downstairs, instead of talking over vanished families of Smiths and Harrisons. However, I am willing to do my part now. I wonder when you Milton men intend to live. All your lives seem to be spent in gathering together the materials for life."

"By living, I suppose you mean enjoyment."

"Yes, enjoyment,—I don't specify of what, because I trust we should both consider mere pleasure as very poor enjoyment."

"I would rather have the nature of the enjoyment defined."

"Well! enjoyment of leisure—enjoyment of the power and influence which money gives. You are all striving for money. What do you want it for?"

Mr. Thornton was silent. Then he said, "I really don't know. But money is not what *I* strive for."

"What then?"

"It is a home question. I shall have to lay myself open to such a catechist, and I am not sure that I am prepared to do it."

"No!" said Mr. Hale; "don't let us be personal in our catechism. You are neither of you representative men; you are each of you too individual for that."

"I am not sure whether to consider that as a compliment or not. I should like to be the representative of Oxford, with its beauty and its learning, and its proud old history. What do you say, Margaret; ought I to be flattered?"

"I don't know Oxford. But there is a difference between being the representative of a city and the representative man of its inhabitants."

"Very true, Miss Margaret. Now I remember, you were against me this morning, and were quite Miltonian and manufacturing in your preferences." Margaret saw the quick glance of surprise that Mr. Thornton gave her, and she was annoyed at the construction which he might put on this speech of Mr. Bell's. Mr. Bell went on—

"Ah! I wish I could show you our High Street—our Radcliffe Square. I am leaving out our colleges, just as I give Mr. Thornton leave to omit his factories in speaking of the charms of Milton. I have a right to abuse my birth-place. Remember I am a Milton man."

Mr. Thornton was annoyed more than he ought to have been at all that Mr. Bell was saying. He was not in a mood for joking. At another time, he could have enjoyed Mr. Bell's half testy condemnation of a town where the life was so at variance with every habit he had formed; but now he was galled enough to attempt to defend what was never meant to be seriously attacked.

I don't set up Milton as a model of a town."

"Not in architecture?" slily asked Mr. Bell.

"No! We've been too busy to attend to mere outward appearances."

"Don't say *mere* outward appearances," said Mr. Hale, gently. "They impress us all, from childhood upward—every day of one's life."

"Wait a little while," said Mr. Thornton. "Remember, we are of a different race from the Greeks, to whom beauty was everything, and to whom Mr. Bell might speak of a life of leisure and serene enjoyment, much of which entered in through their outward senses. I don't mean to despise them, any more than I would ape them. But I belong to Teutonic blood; it is little mingled in this part of England to what it is in others; we retain much of their language; we retain more of their spirit; we do not look upon life as a time for enjoyment, but as a time for action and exertion. Our glory and our beauty arises out of our inward strength, which makes us victorious over material resistance, and over greater difficulties still. We are Teutonic up here in Darkshire in another way. We hate to have laws made for us at a distance. We wish people would allow us to right ourselves, instead of

continually meddling, with their imperfect legislation. We stand up for self-government, and oppose centralisation."

"In short, you would like the Heptarchy back again. Well, at any rate, I revoke what I said this morning—that you Milton people did not reverence the past. You are regular worshippers of Thor."

"If we do not reverence the past as you do in Oxford, it is because we want something which can apply to the present more directly. It is fine when the study of the past leads to a prophecy of the future. But to men groping in new circumstances, it would be finer if the words of experience could direct us how to act in what concerns us most intimately and immediately; which is full of difficulties that must be encountered; and upon the mode in which they are met and conquered—not merely pushed aside for the time—depends our future. Out of the wisdom of the past, help us over the present. But no! People can speak of Utopia much more easily than of the next day's duty; and yet when that duty is all done by others, who so ready to cry, 'Fie, for shame!'"

"And all this time I don't see what you are talking about. Would you Milton men condescend to send up your to-day's difficulty to Oxford? You have not tried us yet."

Mr. Thornton laughed outright at this. "I believe, I was talking with reference to a good deal that has been troubling us of late; I was thinking of the strikes we have gone through, which are troublesome and injurious things enough, as I am finding to my cost. And yet this last strike under which I am smarting has been respectable."

"A respectable strike!" said Mr. Bell. "That sounds as if you were far gone in the worship of Thor."

Margaret felt, rather than saw, that Mr. Thornton was chagrined by the repeated turning into jest of what he was feeling as very serious. She tried to change the conversation from a subject about which one party cared little, while to the other it was deeply, because personally, interesting. She forced herself to say something.

"Edith says she finds the printed calicoes in Corfu better and cheaper than in London."

"Does she?" said her father. "I think that must be one of Edith's exaggerations. Are you sure of it, Margaret?"

"I am sure she says so, papa."

"Then I am sure of the fact," said Mr. Bell. "Margaret, I go so far in my idea of your truthfulness, that it shall cover your cousin's character. I don't believe a cousin of yours could exaggerate."

"Is Miss Hale so remarkable for truth?" said Mr. Thornton, bitterly. The moment he had done so, he could have bitten his tongue out. What was he? And why should he stab her with her shame in this way? How evil he was to-night; possessed by ill-humour at being detained so long from her; irritated by the mention of some name, because he thought it belonged to a more successful lover; now ill-tempered because he had been unable to cope, with a light heart, against one who was trying, by gay and careless speeches, to make the evening pass pleasantly away,—the kind old friend to all parties, whose manner by this time might be well known to Mr. Thornton, who had been acquainted with him for many years. And then to speak to Margaret as he had done! She did not get up and leave the room as she had done in former days, when his abruptness or his temper had annoyed her. She sat quite still, after the first momentary glance of grieved surprise, that made her eyes look like some child's who has met with an unexpected rebuff; they slowly dilated into mournful, reproachful sadness; and then they fell, and she bent over her work, and did not speak again. But he could not help looking at her; and he saw a sigh tremble over her body, as if she quivered in some unwonted chill. He felt as the mother would have done, in the midst of "her rocking it, and rating it," had she been called away before her slow confiding smile implying perfect trust in mother's love had proved the renewing of its love. He gave short sharp answers; he was uneasy and cross, unable to discern between jest and earnest; anxious only for a look, a word of hers, before which to prostrate himself in penitent humility. But she neither looked nor spoke. Her round taper fingers flew in and out of her sewing, as steadily and swiftly as if that were the business of her life. She could not care for him, he thought, or else the passionate fervour of his wish would have forced her to raise those eyes, if but for an instant, to read the late repentance in his. He could have struck her before he left, in order that by some strange overt act of rudeness, he might earn the privilege of telling her the remorse that gnawed at his heart. It was well that the long walk in the open air wound up this evening for him. It sobered him back into grave resolution, that henceforth he would see as little of her as possible—since the very sight of that face and form, the very sounds of that voice (like the soft winds of pure melody) had such power to move him from his balance. Well! He had known what love was—a sharp pang, a fierce experience, in the midst of whose flames he was struggling! but, through that furnace he would fight his way out into the serenity of middle age,—all the richer and more human for having known this great passion.

When he had somewhat abruptly left the room, Margaret rose from her seat, and began silently to fold up her work. The long seams were heavy, and had an unusual weight for her languid arms. The round lines in her face took a lengthened straighter form, and her whole appearance was that of one who had gone through a day of great fatigue. As

the three prepared for bed; Mr. Bell muttered forth a little condemnation of Mr. Thornton.

"I never saw a fellow so spoiled by success. He can't bear a word; a jest of any kind. Everything seems to touch on the soreness of his high dignity. Formerly, he was as simple and noble as the open day; you could not offend him, because he had no vanity."

"He is not vain now," said Margaret, turning round from the table, and speaking with quiet distinctness. "To-night he has not been like himself. Something must have annoyed him before he came here."

Mr. Bell gave her one of his sharp glances from above his spectacles. She stood it quite calmly; but after she had left the room he suddenly asked,—

"Hale! did it ever strike you that Thornton and your daughter have what the French call a tendresse for each other?"

"Never!" said Mr. Hale, first startled, and then flurried by the new idea. "No, I am sure you are wrong. I am almost certain you are mistaken. If there is anything, it is all on Mr. Thornton's side. Poor fellow! I hope and trust he is not thinking of her, for I am sure she would not have him."

"Well! I'm a bachelor, and have steered clear of love affairs all my life; so perhaps my opinion is not worth having. Or else I should say there were very pretty symptoms about her!"

"Then I am sure you are wrong," said Mr. Hale. "He may care for her, though she really has been almost rude to him at times. But she!—why, Margaret would never think of him, I'm sure! Such a thing has never entered her head."

"Entering her heart would do. But I merely threw out a suggestion of what might be. I dare say I was wrong. And whether I was wrong or right, I'm very sleepy; so, having disturbed your night's rest (as I can see) with my untimely fancies, I'll betake myself with an easy mind to my own."

But Mr. Hale resolved that he would not be disturbed by any such nonsensical idea; so he lay awake, determining not to think about it.

Mr. Bell took his leave the next day, bidding Margaret look to him as one who had a right to help and protect her in all her troubles, of whatever nature they might be. To Mr. Hale he said,—

"That Margaret of yours has gone deep into my heart. Take care of her, for she is a very precious creature,—a great deal too good for Milton,—only fit for Oxford, in fact. The town, I mean; not the men. I can't match her yet. When I can, I shall bring my young man to stand side by side with your young woman, just as the genie in the Arabian nights brought Prince Caralmazan to match with the fairy's Princess Badoura."

"I beg you 'll do no such thing. Remember the misfortunes that ensued; and besides, I can't spare Margaret."

"No; on second thoughts we'll have her to nurse us ten years hence, when we shall be two cross old invalids. Seriously, Hale! I wish you 'd leave Milton; which is a most unsuitable place for you, though it was my recommendation in the first instance. If you would, I 'd swallow my shadows of doubts, and take a college living; and you and Margaret should come and live at the parsonage—you to be a sort of lay curate, and take the unwashed off my hands; and she to be our housekeeper—the village Lady Bountiful—by day; and read us to sleep in the evenings. I could be very happy in such a life. What do you think of it?"

"Never!" said Mr. Hale, decidedly. "My one great change has been made and my price of suffering paid. Here I stay out my life; and here will I be buried, and lost in the crowd."

"I don't give up my plan yet. Only I won't bait you with it any more just now. Where's the Pearl? Come, Margaret, give me a farewell kiss; and remember, my dear, where you may find a true friend, as far as his capability goes. You are my child, Margaret. Remember that, and God bless you!"

So they fell back into the monotony of the quiet life they would henceforth lead. There was no invalid to hope and fear about; even the Higginses—so long a vivid interest—seemed to have receded from any need of immediate thought. The Boucher children, left motherless orphans, claimed what of Margaret's care she could bestow; and she went pretty often to see Mary Higgins, who had the charge of them. The two families were living in one house: the elder children were at humble schools, the younger ones were tended, in Mary's absence at her work, by the kind neighbour whose good sense had struck Margaret at the time of Boucher's death. Of course she was paid for her trouble; and indeed, in all his little plans and arrangements for these orphan children, Nicholas showed a sober judgment, and regulated method of thinking, which were at variance with his former more eccentric jerks of action. He was so steady at his work, that Margaret did not often see him during these winter months; but when she did, she saw that he winced away from any reference to the father of those children, whom he had so fully and heartily taken under his care. He did not speak easily of Mr. Thornton.

"To tell the truth," said he, "he fairly bamboozles me. He is two chaps. One chap I knowed of old as were measter all o'er. T' other chap has n't an ounce of measter's flesh about him. How them two chaps is bound up in one body is a craddy for me to find out. I'll not be beat by it, though. Meanwhile he comes here pretty often; that's how I know the chap that's a man, not a

measter. And I reckon he's taken aback by me pretty much as I am by him; for he sits and listens and stares as if I were some strange beast newly caught in some of the zones. But I'm none daunted. It would take a deal to daunt me in my own house, as he sees. And I tell him some of my mind that I reckon he'd ha' been the better of hearing when he were a younger man."

'And does he not answer you?" asked Mr. Hale.

"Well! I'll not say th' advantage is all on his side, for all I take credit for improving him above a bit. Sometimes he says a rough thing or two, which is not agreeable to look at at first, but has a queer smack o' truth in it when yo come to chew it. He'll be coming to-night, I reckon, about them childer's schooling. He's not satisfied wi' the make of it, and wants for t' examine 'em."

"What are they"—began Mr. Hale; but Margaret, touching his arm, showed him her watch.

"It is nearly seven," she said. "The evenings are getting longer now. Come, papa." She did not breathe freely till they were some distance from the house. Then, as she became more calm, she wished that she had not been in so great a hurry; for somehow they saw Mr. Thornton but very seldom now; and he might have come to see Higgins, and for the old friendship's sake she should like to have seen him to-night.

Yes! he came very seldom, even for the dull cold purpose of lessons. Mr. Hale was disappointed in his pupil's lukewarmness about Greek literature, which had but a short time ago so great an interest for him. And now it often happened that a hurried note from Mr. Thornton would arrive, just at the last moment, saying that he was so much engaged that he could not come to read with Mr. Hale that evening. And though other pupils had taken more than his place as to time, no one was like his first scholar in Mr. Hale's heart. He was depressed and sad at this partial cessation of an intercourse which had become dear to him; and he used to sit pondering over the reason that could have occasioned this change.

He startled Margaret one evening as she sate at her work, by suddenly asking:

"Margaret! had you ever any reason for thinking that Mr. Thornton cared for you?"

He almost blushed as he put this question; but Mr. Bell's scouted idea recurred to him, and the words were out of his mouth before he well knew what he was about.

Margaret did not answer immediately; but by the bent drooping of her head, he guessed what her reply would be.

"Yes; I believe—oh papa, I should have told you." And she dropped her work, and hid her face in her hands.

"No, dear; don't think that I am impertinently curious. I am sure you would have told me if you had felt that you could return his regard. Did he speak to you about it?"

No answer at first; but by-and-by a little gentle reluctant "Yes."

"And you refused him?"

A long sigh; a more helpless nerveless attitude, and another "Yes." But before her father could speak, Margaret lifted up her face, rosy with some beautiful shame, and, fixing her eyes upon him, said:

"Now, papa, I have told you this, and I cannot tell you more; and then the whole thing is so painful to me; every word and action connected with it is so unspeakably bitter, that I cannot bear to think of it. Oh, papa, I am sorry to have lost you this friend, but I could not help it—but oh! I am very sorry." She sate down on the ground, and laid her head on his knees.

"I too, am sorry, my dear. Mr. Bell quite startled me when he said, some idea of the kind—"

"Mr. Bell! Oh did Mr. Bell see it?"

"A little; but he took it into his head that you—how shall I say it?—that you were not ungraciously disposed towards Mr. Thornton. I knew that could never be. I hoped the whole thing was but an imagination; but I knew too well what your real feelings were to suppose that you could ever like Mr. Thornton in that way. But I am very sorry."

They were very quiet and still for some minutes. But, on stroking her cheek in a caressing way soon after, he was almost shocked to find her face wet with tears. As he touched her, she sprang up, and smiling with forced brightness, began to talk of the Lennoxes with such a vehement desire to turn the conversation, that Mr. Hale was too tender-hearted to try to force it back into the old channel.

"To-morrow—yes, to-morrow they will be back in Harley Street. Oh, how strange it will be! I wonder what room they will make into the nursery? Aunt Shaw will be happy with the baby. Fancy Edith a mamma! And Captain Lennox—I wonder what he will do with himself now he has sold out!"

"I'll tell you what," said her father, anxious to indulge her in this fresh subject of interest, "I think I must spare you for a fortnight just to run up to town and see the travellers. You could learn more, by half an hour's conversation with Mr. Henry Lennox, about Frederick's chances, than in a dozen of these letters of his; so it would, in fact, be uniting business with pleasure."

"No, papa, you cannot spare me, and what's more, I wont be spared." Then after a pause, she added: "I am losing hope sadly about Frederick; he is letting us down gently, but I can see that Mr. Lennox himself has no hope of hunting up the witnesses under years and years of time. No," said she, "that bubble was very pretty, and very dear

to our hearts; but it has burst like many another; and we must console ourselves with being glad that Frederick is so happy, and with being a great deal to each other. So don't offend me by talking of being able to spare me, papa, for I assure you you can't."

But the idea of a change took root and germinated in Margaret's heart, although not in the way in which her father proposed it at first. She began to consider how desirable something of the kind would be to her father, whose spirits, always feeble, now became too frequently depressed, and whose health, though he never complained, had been seriously affected by his wife's illness and death. There were the regular hours of reading with his pupils, but that all giving and no receiving could no longer be called companionship, as in the old days when Mr. Thornton came to study under him. Margaret was conscious of the want under which he was suffering, unknown to himself; the want of a man's intercourse with men. At Helstone there had been perpetual occasion for an interchange of visits with neighbouring clergymen; and the poor labourers in the fields, or leisurely tramping home at eve, or tending their cattle in the forest, were always at liberty to speak or be spoken to. But in Milton every one was too busy for quiet speech, or any ripened intercourse of thought; what they said was about business, very present and actual; and when the tension of mind relating to their daily affairs was over, they sunk into fallow rest until next morning. The workman was not to be found after the day's work was done; he had gone away to some lecture, or some club, or some beer-shop, according to his degree of character. Mr. Hale thought of trying to deliver a course of lectures at some of the institutions, but he contemplated doing this so much as an effort of duty, and with so little of the genial impulse of love towards his work and its end, that Margaret was sure that it would not be well done until he could look upon it with some kind of zest.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

So the winter was getting on, and the days were beginning to lengthen, without bringing with them any of the brightness of hope which usually accompanies the rays of a February sun. Mrs. Thornton had of course entirely ceased to come to the house. Mr. Thornton came occasionally, but his visits were addressed to her father, and were confined to the study. Mr. Hale spoke of him as always the same; indeed, the very rarity of their intercourse seemed to make Mr. Hale set only the higher value on it. And from what Margaret could gather of what Mr. Thornton had said, there was nothing in the cessation of his visits which could arise from any umbrage or vexation. His business affairs had become complicated during the strike, and required closer attention than he had given to them last winter. Nay, Margaret could even discover that he spoke from time to time of her, and always, as far as she could learn, in the same calm friendly way, never avoiding and never seeking any mention of her name.

She was not in spirits to raise her father's tone of mind. The dreary peacefulness of the present time had been preceded by so long a period of anxiety and care—even intermixed with storms—that her mind had lost its elasticity. She tried to find herself occupation in teaching the two younger Boucher children, and worked hard at goodness; hard, I say most truly, for her heart seemed dead to the end of all her efforts; and though she made them punctually and painfully, yet she stood as far off as ever from any cheerfulness; her life seemed still bleak and dreary. The only thing she did well, was what she did out of unconscious piety, the silent comforting and consoling of her father. Not a mood of his but what found a ready sympathiser in Margaret; not a wish of his that she did not strive to forecast, and to fulfil. They were quiet wishes to be sure, and hardly named without hesitation and apology. All the more complete and beautiful was her meek spirit of obedience. March brought the news of Frederick's marriage. He and Dolores wrote; she in Spanish-English, as was but natural, and he with little turns and inversions of words which proved how far the idioms of his bride's country were infecting him.

On the receipt of Henry Lennox's letter, announcing how little hope there was of his ever clearing himself at a court-martial, in the absence of the missing witnesses, Frederick had written to Margaret a pretty vehement letter, containing his renunciation of England as his country; he wished he could unnative himself, and declared that he would not take his pardon if it were offered him, nor live in the country if he had permission to do so. All of which made Margaret cry sorely, so unnatural did it seem to her at the first opening; but on consideration, she saw rather in such expressions the poignancy of the disappointment which had thus crushed his hopes; and she felt that there was nothing for it but patience. In the next letter, Frederick spoke so joyfully of the future that he had no thought for the past; and Margaret found a use in herself for the patience she had been craving for him. She would have to be patient. But the pretty, timid, girlish letters of Dolores were beginning to have a charm for both Margaret and her father. The young Spaniard was so evidently anxious to make a favourable impression upon her lover's English relations, that her feminine care peeped out at every erasure; and the letters announcing the marriage, were accompanied by a splendid black lace mantilla, chosen by Dolores herself for her unseen sister-in-law, whom Frederick had represented as a

paragon of beauty, wisdom and virtue. Frederick's worldly position was raised by this marriage on to as high a level as they could desire. Barbour and Co. was one of the most extensive Spanish houses, and into it he was received as a junior partner. Margaret smiled a little, and then sighed as she remembered afresh her old tirades against trade. Here was her preux chevalier of a brother turned merchant, trader! But then she rebelled against herself, and protested silently against the confusion implied between a Spanish merchant and a Milton mill-owner. Well! trade or no trade, Frederick was very, very happy. Dolores must be charming, and the mantilla was exquisite! And then she returned to the present life.

Her father had occasionally experienced a difficulty in breathing this spring, which had for the time distressed him exceedingly. Margaret was less alarmed, as this difficulty went off completely in the intervals; but she still was so desirous of his shaking off the liability altogether, as to make her very urgent that he should accept Mr. Bell's invitation to visit him at Oxford this April. Mr. Bell's invitation included Margaret. Nay more, he wrote a special letter commanding her to come; but she felt as if it would be a greater relief to her to remain quietly at home, entirely free from any responsibility whatever, and so to rest her mind and heart in a manner which she had not been able to do for more than two years past.

When her father had driven off on his way to the railroad, Margaret felt how great and long had been the pressure on her time and her spirits. It was astonishing, almost stunning, to feel herself so much at liberty; no one depending on her for cheering care, if not for positive happiness; no invalid to plan and think for; she might be idle, and silent, and forgetful,—and what seemed worth more than all the other privileges—she might be unhappy if she liked. For months past, all her own personal care and troubles had had to be stuffed away into a dark cupboard; but now she had leisure to take them out, and mourn over them, and study their nature, and seek the true method of subduing them into the elements of peace. All these weeks she had been conscious of their existence in a dull kind of way, though they were hidden out of sight. Now, once for all she would consider them, and appoint to each of them its right work in her life. So she sat almost motionless for hours in the drawing-room, going over the bitterness of every remembrance with an unwincing resolution. Only once she cried aloud, at the stinging thought of the faithlessness that gave birth to that abasing falsehood.

She would not now even acknowledge the force of the temptation; her plans for Frederick had all failed, and the temptation lay there a dead mockery,—a mockery which had never had life in it; the lie had been so despicably foolish, seen by the light of the ensuing events, and faith in the power of truth so infinitely the greater wisdom!

In her nervous agitation, she unconsciously opened a book of her father's that lay upon the table,—the words that caught her eye in it seemed almost made for her present state of acute self-abasement:—

"Je ne voudrois pas reprendre mon cœur en ceste sorte: meurs de honte, aveugle, impudent, traistre et desloyal à ton Dieu, et semblables choses; mais je voudrois le corriger par voye de compassion. Or sus, mon pauvre cœur, nous voilà tombez dans la fosse, laquelle nous avions tant resolu d' eschapper. Ah! relevons-nous, et quittons-la pour jamais, reclamons la misericorde de Dieu, et esperons en elle qu'elle nous assistera pour desormais estre plus fermes; et remettons-nous au chemin de l'humilité. Courage, soyons mes-huy sur nos gardes, Dieu nous aydera."

"The way of humility. Ah," thought Margaret, "that is what I have missed! But courage, little heart. We will turn back, and by God's help we may find the lost path."

So she rose up, and determined at once to set to on some work which should take her out of herself. To begin with, she called Martha, as she passed the drawing-room door in going up-stairs, and tried to find out what was below the grave, respectful, servant-like manner, which crusted over her individual character with an obedience that was almost mechanical. She found it difficult to induce Martha to speak of any of her personal interests; but at last she touched the right chord in naming Mrs. Thornton. Martha's whole face brightened, and, on a little encouragement, out came a long story, of how her father had been in early life connected with Mrs. Thornton's husband—nay, had even been in a position to show him some kindness; what, Martha hardly knew, for it had happened when she was quite a little child; and circumstances had intervened to separate the two families until Martha was nearly grown up when, her father having sunk lower and lower from his original occupation as clerk in a warehouse, and her mother being dead, she and her sister, to use Martha's own expression, would have been "lost" but for Mrs. Thornton; who sought them out, and thought for them, and cared for them.

"I had had the fever, and was but delicate; and Mrs. Thornton, and Mr. Thornton too, they never rested till they had nursed me up in their own house, and sent me to the sea and all. The doctors said the fever was catching, but they cared none for that—only Miss Fanny, and she went a-visiting these folk that she is going to marry into. So, though she was afraid at the time, it has all ended well."

"Miss Fanny going to be married!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Yes; and to a rich gentleman, too, only he's a deal older than she is. His name

is Mather; and his mills are somewhere out beyond Haylegh; it's a very good marriage, for all he's got such gray hair."

At this piece of information, Margaret was silent long enough for Martha to recover her propriety, and, with it, her habitual shortness of answer. She swept up the hearth, asked at what time she should prepare tea, and quitted the room with the same wooden face with which she had entered it. Margaret had to pull herself up from indulging a bad trick which she had lately fallen into, of trying to imagine how every event that she heard of in relation to Mr. Thornton would affect him: whether he would like it or dislike it.

The next day she had the little Boucher children for their lessons, and took a long walk, and ended by a visit to Mary Higgins. Somewhat to Margaret's surprise, she found Nicholas already come home from his work; the lengthening light had deceived her as to the lateness of the evening. He too seemed, by his manners, to have entered a little more on the way of humility; he was quieter, and less self-asserting.

"So th' oud gentleman 's away on his travels, is he?" said he. "Little 'uns telled me so. Eh! but they're sharp 'uns, they are; I a'most think they beat my own wenches for sharpness, though mappen it's wrong to say so, and one on 'em in her grave. There's summut in th' weather, I reckon, as sets folk a-wandering. My measter, him at th' shop yonder, is spinning about th' world somewhere."

"Is that the reason you're so soon at home to-night?" asked Margaret innocently.

"Thou know'st nought about it, that's all," said he, contemptuously. "I'm not one wi' two faces—one for my measter, and t'other for his back. I counted a' th' clocks in the town striking afore I'd leave my work. No! yon Thornton's good enough for to fight wi', but too good for to be cheated. It were you as getten me the place, and I thank yo for it. Thornton's is not a bad mill, as times go. Stand down, lad, and say yo'r pretty hymn to Miss Marget. That's right; steady on thy legs, and right arm out as straight as a skewer. One to stop, two to stay, three mak' ready, and four away!"

The little fellow repeated a Methodist hymn, far above his comprehension in point of language, but of which the swinging rhythm had caught his ear, and which he repeated with all the developed cadence of a member of parliament. When Margaret had duly applauded, Nicholas called for another, and yet another, much to her surprise, as she found him thus oddly and unconsciously led to take an interest in the sacred things which he had formerly scouted.

It was past the usual tea-time when she reached home; but she had the comfort of feeling that no one had been kept waiting for her; and of thinking her own thoughts while she rested, instead of anxiously watching another person to learn whether to be grave or gay. After tea she resolved to examine a large packet of letters, and pick out those that were to be destroyed.

Among them she came to four or five of Mr. Henry Lennox's, relating to Frederick's affairs; and she carefully read them over again, with the sole intention, when she began, to ascertain exactly on how fine a chance the justification of her brother hung. But when she had finished the last, and weighed the pros and cons, the little personal revelation of character contained in them forced itself on her notice. It was evident enough, from the stiffness of the wording, that Mr. Lennox had never forgotten his relation to her in any interest he might feel in the subject of the correspondence. They were clever letters; Margaret saw that in a twinkling; but she missed out of them all hearty and genial atmosphere. They were to be preserved, however, as valuable; so she laid them carefully on one side. When this little piece of business was ended, she fell into a reverie; and the thought of her absent father ran strangely in Margaret's head this night. She almost blamed herself for having felt her solitude (and consequently his absence) as a relief; but these two days had set her up afresh, with new strength and brighter hope. Plans which had lately appeared to her in the guise of tasks, now appeared like pleasures. The morbid scales had fallen from her eyes, and she saw her position and her work more truly. If only Mr. Thornton would restore her the lost friendship,—nay, if he would only come from time to time to cheer her father as in former days,—though she should never see him, she felt as if the course of her future life, though not brilliant in prospect, might lie clear and even before her. She sighed as she rose up to go to bed. In spite of the "One step's enough for me,"—in spite of the one plain duty of devotion to her father,—there lay at her heart an anxiety and a pang of sorrow.

And Mr. Hale thought of Margaret, that April evening, just as strangely and as persistently as she was thinking of him. He had been fatigued by going about among his old friends and old familiar places. He had had exaggerated ideas of the change which his altered opinions might make in his friends' reception of him; but although some of them might have felt shocked or grieved, or indignant at his falling off in the abstract, as soon as they saw the face of the man whom they had once loved, they forgot his opinions in himself; or only remembered them enough to give an additional tender gravity to their manner. For Mr. Hale had not been known to many; he had belonged to one of the smaller colleges, and had always been shy and reserved; but those who in youth had cared to penetrate to the delicacy of thought and feeling that lay below his

silence and indecision, took him to their hearts, with something of the protecting kindness which they would have shown to a woman. And the renewal of this kindliness, after the lapse of years, and an interval of so much change, overpowered him more than any roughness or expression of disapproval could have done.

"I'm afraid we've done too much," said Mr. Bell. "You're suffering now from having lived so long in that Milton air."

"I am tired," said Mr. Hale. "But it is not Milton air. I'm fifty-five years of age, and that little fact of itself accounts for any loss of strength."

"Nonsense! I'm upwards of sixty, and feel no loss of strength, either bodily or mental. Don't let me hear you talking so. Fifty-five! why, you're quite a young man."

Mr. Hale shook his head. "These last few years!" said he. But after a minute's pause, he raised himself from his half recumbent position, in one of Mr. Bell's luxurious easy-chairs, and said with a kind of trembling earnestness:

"Bell! you're not to think, that if I could have foreseen all that would come of my change of opinion, and my resignation of my living [illegible]! not even if I could known how *she* would have suffered,—that I would undo it—the act of open acknowledgment that I no longer held the same faith as the church in which I was a priest. As I think now, even if I could have foreseen that cruellest martyrdom of suffering, through the sufferings of one whom I loved, I would have done just the same as far as that step of openly leaving the church went. I might have done differently, and acted more wisely, in all that I subsequently did for my family. But I don't think God endued me with over-much wisdom or strength," he added, falling back into his old position.

Mr. Bell blew his nose ostentatiously before answering. Then he said:

"He gave you strength to do what your conscience told you was right; and I don't see that we need any higher or holier strength than that; or wisdom either. I know I have not that much; and yet men set me down in their fool's books as a wise man; an independent character; strong-minded, and all that cant. The veriest idiot who obeys his own simple law of right, if it be but in wiping his shoes on a door-mat, is wiser and stronger than I. But what gulls men are!"

There was a pause. Mr. Hale spoke first, in continuation of his thought:

"About Margaret."

"Well! about Margaret. What then?"

"If I die——"

"Nonsense!"

"What will become of her—I often think? I suppose the Lennoxes will ask her to live with them. I try to think they will. Her aunt Shaw loved her well in her own quiet way; but she forgets to love the absent."

"A very common fault. What sort of people are the Lennoxes?"

"He, handsome fluent and agreeable. Edith, a sweet little spoiled beauty. Margaret loves her with all her heart, and Edith with as much of her heart as she can spare."

"Now, Hale; you know that girl of yours has got pretty nearly all my heart. I told you that before. Of course, as your daughter, as my god-daughter, I took great interest in her before I saw her the last time. But this visit that I paid to you at Milton made me her slave. I went, a willing old victim, following the car of the conqueror. For, indeed, she looks as grand and serene as one who has struggled, and may be struggling, and yet has the victory secure in sight. Yes, in spite of all her present anxieties, that was the look on her face. And so, all I have is at her service, if she needs it; and will be her's, whether she will or no, when I die. Moreover, I myself, will be her preux chevalier, sixty and gouty though I be. Seriously, old friend, your daughter shall be my principal charge in life, and all the help that either my wit or my wisdom or my willing heart can give shall be her's. I don't choose her out as a subject for fretting. Something, I know of old, you must have to worry yourself about, or you wouldn't be happy. But you're going to outlive me by many a long year. You spare, thin men are always tempting and always cheating Death! It's the stout, florid fellows like me, that always go off first."

If Mr. Bell had had a prophetic eye he might have seen the torch all but inverted, and the angel with the grave and composed face standing very nigh, beckoning to his friend. That night Mr. Hale laid his head down on the pillow on which it never more should stir with life. The servant who entered his room in the morning, received no answer to his speech, [illegible] calm, beautiful face lying white and cold under the ineffaceable seal of death. The attitude was exquisitely easy; there had been no pain—no struggle. The action of the heart must have ceased as he lay down.

Mr. Bell was stunned by the shock; and only recovered when the time came for being angry at every suggestion of his man's.

"A coroner's inquest? Pooh. You don't think I poisoned him! Dr. Forbes says it is just the natural end of a heart complaint. Poor old Hale! You wore out that tender heart of yours before its time. Poor old friend! how he talked of his—— Wallis, pack up a carpet-bag for me in five minutes. Here have I been talking. Pack it up I say. I must go to Milton by the next train."

The bag was packed, the cab ordered, the railway reached, in twenty minutes from the moment of this decision. The London train whizzed by, drew back some yards, and in Mr. Bell was hurried by the impatient guard.

He threw himself back in his seat, to try with closed eyes to understand how one in life yesterday could be dead to-day; and shortly tears stole out between his grizzled eyelashes, at the feeling of which he opened his keen eyes, and looked as severely cheerful as his set determination could make him. He was not going to blubber before a set of strangers. Not he!

There was no set of strangers, only one sitting far from him on the same side. By and bye Mr. Bell peered at him, to discover what manner of man it was that might have been observing his emotion; and behind the great sheet of the outspread Times, he recognised Mr. Thornton.

"Why, Thornton! is that you?" said he, removing hastily to a closer proximity. He shook Mr. Thornton vehemently by the hand, until the gripe ended in a sudden relaxation, for the hand was wanted to wipe away tears. He had last seen Mr. Thornton in his friend Hale's company.

"I'm going to Milton, bound on a melancholy errand. Going to break to Hale's daughter the news of his sudden death!"

'Death! Mr. Hale dead!"

"Ay; I keep saying it to myself, 'Hale is dead!' but it does not make it any the more real. Hale is dead for all that. He went to bed well, to all appearance, last night, and was quite cold this morning when my servant went to call him."

"Where? I don't understand!"

"At Oxford. He came to stay with me; hadn't been in Oxford this seventeen years—and this is the end of it."

Not one word was spoken for above a quarter of an hour. Then Mr. Thornton said:

"And she!" and stopped full short.

"Margaret you mean. Yes! I am going to tell her. Poor fellow! how full his thoughts were of her all last night! Good God! Last night only. And how immeasurably distant he is now! But I take Margaret as my child for his sake. I said last night I would take her for her own sake. Well, I take her for both."

Mr. Thornton made one or two fruitless attempts to speak, before he could get out the words:

"What will become of her!"

"I rather fancy there will be two people waiting for her: myself for one. I would take a live dragon into my house to live, if, by hiring such a chaperon, and setting up an establishment of my own, I could make my old age happy with having Margaret for a daughter. But there are those Lennoxes!"

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Thornton with trembling interest.

"Oh, smart London people, who very likely will think they've the best right to her. Captain Lennox married her cousin—the girl she was brought up with. Good enough people, I dare say. And there's her aunt, Mrs. Shaw. There might be a way open, perhaps, by my offering to marry that worthy lady! but that would be quite a pis aller. And then there's that brother!"

"What brother? A brother of her aunt's?"

"No, no; a clever Lennox (the captain's a fool, you must understand); a young barrister, who will be setting his cap at Margaret. I know he has had her in his mind this five years or more; one of his chums told me as much; and he was only kept back by her want of fortune. Now that will be done away with."

"How?" asked Mr. Thornton, too earnestly curious to be aware of the impertinence of his question.

"Why, she'll have my money at my death. And if this Henry Lennox is half good enough for her, and she likes him—well! I might find another way of getting a home through a marriage. I'm dreadfully afraid of being tempted, at an unguarded moment, by the aunt."

Neither Mr. Bell nor Mr. Thornton were in a laughing humour; so the oddity of any of the speeches which the former made was unnoticed by them. Mr. Bell whistled, without emitting any sound beyond a long hissing breath; changed his seat, without finding comfort or rest; while Mr. Thornton sate immoveably still, his eyes fixed on one spot in the newspaper, which he had taken up in order to give himself leisure to think.

"Where have you been?" asked Mr. Bell, at length.

"To Havre. Trying to detect the secret of the great rise in the price of cotton."

"Ugh! Cotton, and speculations, and smoke, well-cleansed and well cared-for machinery, and unwashed and neglected hands. Poor old Hale! Poor old Hale! If you could have known the change which it was to him from Helstone. Do you know the New Forest at all?"

"Yes." (Very shortly).

"Then you can fancy the difference between it and Milton. What part were you in? Were you ever at Helstone? a little picturesque village, like some in the Odenwald? You know Helstone?"

"I have seen it. It was a great change to leave it and come to Milton."

He took up his newspaper with a determined air, as if resolved to avoid further conversation; and Mr. Bell was fain to resort to his former occupation of trying to find out how he could best break the news to Margaret.

She was at an upstairs window; she saw him alight; she guessed the truth with an instinctive flash. She stood in the middle of the drawing-room, as if arrested in her first impulse to rush down stairs, and as if by the same restraining thought she had been turned to stone; so white and immoveable was she.

"Oh! don't tell me! I know it from your

face! You would have sent—you would not have left him—if he were alive! Oh papa, papa!"

THE MAN OF ROSS.

"THE Man of Ross each lisping babe replies." Not a bit of it—when I was at Ross last summer (a pleasant place pleasantly dedicated to English honeymoons), I was curious about John Kyrle the far-famed Man of Ross; but, so far from finding a lisping babe to tell me the brief story of his career, I could not even find a servant girl to tell me anything. I confess to feeling great disappointment; but, when I reflected that the greatest benefactors are often least remembered near the spot where they have accomplished the most good, and that many a Christ's Hospital boy would never have discovered that King Edward the Sixth was the founder of his school but for the metal buttons which he bore upon his coat, I was content to think that Kyrle was in his way quite as well known as King Edward; and even better known than the founder of Guy's hospital; which is more frequently assigned to Guy Earl of Warwick or Guy Faux, than to the wealthy dealer in books and seamen's tickets, good, generous-hearted Thomas Guy.

I mentioned my disappointment to an elderly clergyman who sat by my side on the coach which conveyed us from Ross to Hereford, and added, what indeed is true, that the very sexton of the heaven-directed spire has but a sorry story to relate of the Man of Ross. My companion observed that he knew the story of the Man of Ross very well, and that he would tell me what he knew. "I know this county well," he began, "I come from Gutheridge;" Goodrich, I gathered, recollecting some of Pope's roguery about Swift, and also that Sir Samuel Meyrick has brought together in that place, the rich assemblage of armour and antiquities so familiar to the student of mediæval history.

"Well, sir, Pope derived the whole of his knowledge of the Man of Ross from old Jacob Tonson the bookseller, who lived at Ledbury, some twelve miles from this, on the road to Malvern and Worcester. He may have heard of him through some of Swift's friends—perhaps from Swift himself, whose grandfather, as perhaps you will remember, died vicar of Gutheridge, some two miles to our left, and was buried there. Or he may have heard of him through his friends the Scudamores, who had a seat at Home Lacy, in this county; or the Harleys of Wigmore in Herefordshire; or through Lord Bathurst, whose fine seat was in the adjoining county of Gloucester. But I must on with my story. Pope *had* heard of him, and when he was engaged on that exquisite epistle of his—Of the Use of Riches—he wrote to the old bookseller for information about Kyrle. Now John Kyrle had been dead when Pope inquired about him at least eight years. What Tonson wrote to Pope I cannot tell; but Pope's acknowledgment of his communication on the subject has recently come to light, and will of course be included in Mr. Croker's long-promised edition of Pope. The old bookseller, it is clear, sent many particulars, which Pope used up with, as he admits, 'a small exaggeration allowable to poets.' He was determined, he says, that his groundwork should be truth, and the facts which Tonson sent him were more than sufficient for his purpose. He admits that many of the particulars were not overwell adapted to shine in verse; but, that he selected the most affecting, added two or three which he had learned from other hands, and relied on what painters call place and contrast for any beauty which his verses would possess. Indeed the little nightingale was right. Nor was he wrong in his motive, if I remember his words correctly. 'My motive,' he says, 'for singling out this man was twofold: first to distinguish real and solid worth from showish or plausible expense, and virtue from vanity; and secondly, to humble the pride of greater men by an opposition of one so obscure and so distant from the sphere of public glory in a city so proud as London.'"

On my observing that the letter containing these curious particulars was altogether new to me, he replied, "Yes!—new, I have no doubt, to a great number." . . . The story of the Man of Ross, I went on to remark, deserves to be fully known; for if any man shall ever happen to emulate his many virtues, no manner of harm has been done if the poet has made him think that Mr. Kyrle was something more charitable and beneficent than he really was. We seldom approach what we desire to imitate: and he who would copy the example of the Man of Ross will make no worse use of his riches by the heightning which the poet has given to his picture.

My friend was evidently struck with my observation, but he was not convinced. "No, sir," he replied, "narratives of romantic and impracticable virtue are only read with wonder; that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shown to be possible."

As I was not in the humour for moralising, and was rather in quest of facts, from which I could make my own deductions at leisure, I nodded a kind of assent, and asked my friend if the account in Pope, of the Man of Ross, was not too long and pompous an enumeration of public works and private charities, for an income, as the poet asserts (clear of debts, and taxes, wife, and children) of only five hundred pounds a-year. And I added a doubt if this really useful man had, from his own small estate, actually performed all the good works attributed to him in the poet's exemplary picture. "No doubt of it," was the reply.

"The truth is that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose assiduity and interest the wealthy were persuaded to contribute to his schemes. This influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and he was thus able to give more than he actually had. The man who has reduced his own wants to very few, and who lives for others rather than for himself, will find many to assist him in his fervid and active benevolence. He may do much even when unassisted, but he will accomplish more when he adds to his own example the necessary offices of intervention and solicitation."

"When Pope," my coach-companion continued, 'published his verses Mr. Kyrle's grave in the chancel of the church at Ross was then unmarked. He has mentioned the circumstance."—Yes, I remember, I replied,—

> "And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
> His race, his form, his name almost unknown."

True," said my companion, "and let me add a further particular from the same letter.—'I was not sorry,' writes Pope, to the old bookseller, 'that he had no monument, and will put that circumstance into a note, perhaps into the body of the poem itself,—unless (mark the ingenuity of Pope) you intreat the contrary in your own favour by your zeal to erect one.' But Tonson had not the zeal: yet he was very rich."

"I am unwilling," I observed with a smile, —my mind running on some anecdotes of Tonson's parsimony—"to diminish the interest that must always be felt in the name of Kyrle —my only wish is to arrive at the truth. Pope's commentators have been very unjust to his memory. Warton calls him the Howard of his time, and Bowles the modern Chandos. Now Kyrle's exertions were confined to a petty village, while Howard's extended from London, into the heart of Russia; and as for ostentation—the ruling passion of the Duke of Chandos—there seems to have been no spark of that evil nature in the whole of Kyrle's composition."

At this period of our conversation our coachman joined in with, "You are talking about the Man of Ross, ai'nt you? . . . Well, I can tell you something about him, which people don't generally know, and when they do know, don't generally believe. The Man of Ross, sir,—was taken up as a highwayman."—"Quite true, coachman," my clerical friend observed. "The fact is first told by Stephen Duck the thresher-poet. Pope's friend, Spence, was curious about Kyrle, and made some enquiries of the thresher, whose letter in reply, states that Kyrle was a tall, thin man, and went so plain in his dress that when he worked in the fields with his own labourers, (which he frequently did), he was not distinguished from them by anything more than a certain dignity in his air and countenance. He kept two public days in a week—the market-day and Sunday. On the former the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers dined with him; and, if they had any differences or disputes, instead of going to law, they appealed to the Man of Ross. His decision was generally final. At these entertainments he did not treat them with wines, but with cider and good strong beer. On other occasions he lived frugally. The circumstances under which he was taken as a highwayman are now, as far as I have inquired, wholly unknown. Three persons went, it is said, each in a coach and six to bail him. Such," continued my acquaintance, "was the Man of Ross,—

> "His virtues walked their narrow round,
> Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
> And sure the Eternal Master found
> The single talent well employed."

"But I am near my journey's end. I live under the shade of that spire (pointing to an Early English spire embosomed in trees)—that is my church—and, if you like a pleasant country, a cheerful cider-cup, a well-aired bed, and a game at backgammon, I shall be glad to see you." With that he said good-bye, slipped a shilling into the coachman's hand, and disappeared, surrounded as he went by the pleasant faces of many of his parishioners.

The coachman told me, when he was still in sight, that if I had a spare day or two on my hands, I should do well to accept the vicar's invitation. "He lives very comfortably, has a kind-hearted wife, is liked by all around, and has an extra horse in the stable for a friend. I'd as soon go," was his summary observation, "to his vicarage as to any house in the whole of Herefordshire."

I have not as yet been able to make good my intention of visiting the worthy vicar; but shall certainly do so before another year is over. I have heard from him with other particulars about the Man of Ross, and with a pressing invitation to accompany him in a day's ramble to search for all that remains of Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire,—the original scene of Milton's Comus. "We dine," he says, "every week-day at two,—that is the hour at which the Man of Ross dined,—and my Sunday dinner is very often, too, like his, a rump of beef, with vegetables from my own garden."

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DOORS.

AN ingenious writer or talker, I am not certain which, once proposed to trace the progress of human civilisation by the number of prongs in the fork with which we eat our food. The imperfectly civilised man, he showed, ate with a skewer or a fish-bone; our middle-age ancestors were content with a dagger or a hunting-knife to sever their victual and convey it to their mouths; then came the fork with two prongs, which is yet used by the peasant in some remote parts of England. Advancing civilisation brought with it the three-pronged fork—of fiddle, king, or prince's pattern; and now that we are in the apogee of our refinement, the gourmand demands, obtains, and uses the fork of four prongs. Each succeeding age may add another prong to the fork, until the number amount to ten; then perhaps extremes will meet, and we shall revert to the simple austerity of savages, and eat with our ten fingers.

I scarcely know why I should have noticed this ingenious theory, for I am not at all inclined to agree with it, and do not, myself, see any special analogy between civilisation and forks. For the most civilised nations and renowned epicures of antiquity used not any forks—save to make furcifers, as a mark of ignominy for criminals; and the most ancient people and most elaborate professors of social etiquette in the world—the Chinese—have no forks to this day, and have no better conductors to their mouths for their stewed dog and edible bird's-nests than chopsticks. I take Sir John Bowring to witness. However, just as that valiant Field Marshal Thomas, alias Thumb, was accused of making his giants before he slew them, and as an advertising tradesman mentions his rival's wares in order to decry them and puff his own, it may be that I have touched upon the theory of civilisation and forks to enable me with a better grace to introduce my own theory of civilisation and doors.

The savage has no door to his dwelling. Even when he has ceased burrowing in the ground like a rabbit or a wild dog, and has advanced to the dignity of a hut, or kraal, a hunting-lodge, a canoe turned keel upwards, or any one of those edifices in resemblance between a wasp's-nest and a dirt-pie, in which it is the delight of the chief and warrior to dwell, to dance, to howl, to paint himself and to eat his foes, he never rises to the possession of a door. The early Greeks and Romans had doorways, but no doors. Noah's ark—the ridiculous toy-shop figment notwithstanding, could not have had a door. Mordecai sat in the gate, but Haman's door is nowhere mentioned. The old painters who represent Dives take care to show you an opening into the street, but no door; and through the entrance you see Lazarus lying, and the dogs licking his sores. The mouths of caves and sepulchres in oriental countries where the dead were buried were closed with huge stones; it was reserved for our age of funeral furnishers and cemetery companies to build a mausoleum over our dear brother departed with a door with panels, and knobs, and nails, and carvings, wanting only a brass knocker to have everything in common with the door of a desirable family mansion. The Parthenon had no door: go and look at its modelled counterfeit in the British Museum; through the lofty portal you see the wilderness of columns and the gigantic statue of the goddess. The great temples of Nineveh and Babylon, of Ephesus and Egypt, had no doors. Skins and linen veils, tapestries and curtains of silk, were hung across doorways then—as, in the East, they are now—to ensure privacy to those within; Gaza had gates, and so had Somnauth; but the door, the door-knocker, the brass-plate, the bells that flank it for visitors and servants, the *iron* chain, the latch-key, the top and bottom bolts—these are all the inventions of modern times, and the offshoots of modern civilisation. Wherever there is most luxury, you will find most doors. Poverty, dirt, barbarism, have little or no doors yet. Again, where manners are rude and unpolished, a post, a pit, a cellar, a cage, suffice for the confinement of a criminal; but where men congregate thickly—where art, learning, and commerce flourish, where riches multiply, and splendour prevails—men must have prisons with many doors: ten, twenty, thirty, one inside the other, like carvings in a Chinese concentric ball.

Doors have as many aspects as men. Every trade and calling, every sect and creed, every

division and subdivision of the body social, have their several characteristic doors. As in the curious old toy-clocks made at Nuremburg, the apostles came out at one door; an angel at another; the cock that, crowing, confounded Peter, at another; while Judas Iscariot had a peculiar low-browed door to himself, from which he popped when the hour struck; so now-a-days, in our clock of life, every grade has its special doors of ingress and egress. Royalty rattles through the big door of Buckingham Palace; while Lieut.-Colonel Phipps modestly slips in by the side-postern, hard by the guard-house, and the grooms and scullions, the footmen and turnspits, the cooks and bottle-washers, modester still, steal round the corner into Pimlico, and are admitted by a back door opposite the Gun tavern. So the Duke of Mesopotamia's guests to ball or supper are ushered up the lofty flight of steps, and in at the great hall-door; while Molly the housemaid's friend creeps down the area steps, and taps at the door opposite the coal-cellar. So the theatre has its doors—box, pit, and gallery—with one private, sacred portal for the Queen Bee when she condescends to patronise the drama; a door leading into a narrow, inconvenient, little passage generally, with a flight of stairs seemingly designed for the express purpose of breaking the neck of the stage-manager, who walks in crab-like fashion, before Majesty, backwards, in an absurd court-suit, and holding two lighted tapers in battered old stage candlesticks, hot drops of wax from which fall in a bounteous shower upon his black silk smalls. Just contrast this multitude of doors with the simple arrangements of the Roman amphitheatres. Apertures there were in plenty to allow the audience departure, but they were common to all; and the patrician and his client, the plebeian and the freedman, struggled out of the Coliseum by the same vomitories. There was but one special door in the whole circus; and that was one entrance through which was envied by nobody, for it was of iron, and barred, and on the inside thereof was a den where the lions that ate the gladiators lay.

The church has many doors. One for the worshippers who are lessees of pews, or are willing to pay one shilling a-head for doctrine; one leading to the ricketty gallery where the charity children sit; one which the parson and clerk more especially affect, for it leads to the vestry; and one—a dark, dank, frowning door—in a sort of shed in the churchyard; this last is the door of which the sexton has the key—the door of the bare room with the whitewashed walls, the brick floor, and the tressels standing in the midst—the door of the house of death.

Then there is the great door of justice in the hall where that glorious commodity is so liberally dispensed to all who seek it; though, to be sure, the dispensation is not in bright, sterling, current coin, but is ordinarily given in kind: horsehair, sheepskin, pounce (some while called devil's dust) words, stale jokes, wigs, and lies being (per force) taken in lieu of cash—as poisonous, sloe-juice port wine and worthless pictures are from a Jew bill-discounter. This is the great door that must never be closed against suitors; and never is closed—oh, dear no!—any more than the front door of the mansion inhabited by my friend Mr. Webspinner the Spider, who keeps open house continually, and—hospitable creature!—defies malevolence to prove that he ever closed his door against a fly. Justice has more doors. There is the private door leading to the judges' robing-room; the door for the criminals, and the door for the magistrate in the police-court. There is the great spiked door through which the committed for trial enter into Newgate; and there is the small, black, iron-gnarled door above the level of the street—the debtors' door, where the last debt is to be paid, and whence come in the raw morning the clergyman reading of the resurrection and the life, and after him the pallid man with his arms tied with ropes, who is to be hanged by the neck until he be dead. After this, there is but one more door that will concern him—the door that must concern us all some day—the door covered with cloth, neatly panelled with tin-tacks or gilt nails, according to our condition; with an engraved plate, moreover, bearing our name and age: the door that opens not with a handle, or closes with a lock, or has hinges, but is unpretendingly fastened to its house by screws—the door that has no knocker, for the sleeper behind it must be wakened with a trumpet, and not a rat-tat.

Bid me discourse (but you won't, I am afraid), and I could be eloquent upon the doors of prisons. How many times have I stopped in the thronged, muddy Old Bailey (it is muddy even on the sunniest, dustiest of August days) and gazed long and wistfully, albeit the quarter chimes of St. Sepulchre (they seem to succeed each other more rapidly than any other chimes) bade me move on, at the dreadful doors of Newgate. Ugh! the great door. I remember as a boy wondering if any famous criminal—Turpin, Duval or Sheppard—had ever worn the ponderous irons suspended in grisly festoons over the gateway: likewise, if the statues in the niches flanking it were effigies of men and women that had been hanged. To this day, I cannot make up my mind as to whether those festooned fetters are real or sham—whether they ever encircled human ancles or not. I am afraid, in any case, that they have more of reality in them than the famous highwaymen whom I once supposed them to have held in durance. The laced coats, the plumed hats, silver-hilted swords, blood-horses, under-ground stables, Pollies and Lucies, titles of captain, and connections

among the aristocracy of those worthies, have long since turned out notable shams. There is no reality to me now in the gallant highwayman 'in woodcuts and penny numbers (with number one of which was given away part the first of "Ralph Rullocks the Reckless, or the Poetical Pirate") careering about Hounslow Heath, with a chivalrous, madcap whim of robbing their uncle the earl in his travelling carriage. I have found out the highwayman by this time as a coarse, depraved, strong-water-drinking ruffian, who had merely the advantage over the ordinary larcener in being a horsepad in lieu of a footpad.

The subject of fetters (this is but a random gossip on a doorstep after all, or I would not digress) brings to my mind an appalling day-vision I once had of a man in fetters—a vision slight, every day, common place it may be, but one which I shall never forget, living. I lived, when I saw the thing, in one of the crowded streets of London—a main thoroughfare to everything metropolitan—and in a front room. Moreover next door there was a large public-house, with a huge gas-lamp in front that glared into my room at night like a fiery dragon. The situation was rather noisy at first, the stream of vehicles being interminable, and the neighbourhood given to drink; but I soon grew accustomed to the rattle of the carts, omnibuses, and cabs, and the shrieks of the revellers given to drink as they rushed into the Coach and Horses; or when the drink being in them they were violently ejected therefrom. I was supposed to be at work close to the window; and while the supposition was in force was in the habit of taking a snatch of street life, just as a man might gulp a mouthful of fresh air, raising my eyes to the mad panorama of carriages and people in the street beneath—the panting multitude always running after something, or away from somebody, but none of them able to run as fast as the lean old man with the scythe and the hour-glass, who outstripped them all, and hit them when they were down. One day—the turmoil was at its height—a hack cab cut cleverly from the opposite side of the way, through the line of vehicles, neatly shaving a hearse and a bishop's carriage (at least it had a mitre on the panels, footmen in purple liveries, and a rosy man in an apron inside) and drew up at the door of the Coach and Horses. What was there extraordinary in this, you will ask. There were two men inside the cab, and one got out. Nothing extraordinary yet. But the man who was left inside the cab was tall in stature and stalwart in build. He had a brown handsome face, and dark curling hair and beard. He had a fur cap on and a loose sort of pelisse great coat covered with frogs and embroidery. He might have had all these, and the sea-bronze (as if he had come from afar) on his face and the travel-stains on his dress; have been a Polish Count, a Hungarian General, or a Spanish Legionary, and have driven away again as fast as he liked without my special notice, but for his fetters. He was literally covered with manacles. On legs and arms, wrists and ancles, bright, shining, new-looking, dreadfully heavy-looking chains. If he had been the man with the Iron Mask come to life again and from the citadel of Pignerolles, he could not have interested me as much as he did in these bonds. He who had got out, and who had entered the Coach and Horses came out again almost immediately, bearing a pot of beer, of which he gave the fettered man to drink. He lifted the vessel to his lips with his gyved hands so painfully, so slowly, and yet Heavens! with such longing eagerness in his black eyes, and drank until, to use an excessively familiar, but popular expression, he must have seen 'Guinness' Card" quite distinctly. Then his companion, keeper, gaoler, kidnapper, abductor—whatever he may have been besides—stout, florid, common looking, with a fluffy hat, thick boots, and a red woollen comforter tied round his neck, took the empty measure back (he had had something short and comfortable himself at the bar, evidently), returned to the cab, entered it, gave the driver a direction, and drove off with the brown faced man in chains. And this was all. What more should there be? Anything or nothing: but my work became even less than a supposition for the rest of that day. It faded into a pure nonentity. I began to wonder, and have been wondering ever since about the man in chains. Who, what was he? Where did he come from, where was he going? Like the grim piratical mariner in Washington Irving's story of Wolfert Webber—the mysterious man with the sea chest, who came in a storm and went away in a storm, all that I was ever able to ascertain about the man in manacles was that he came in a cab, and that he went away in a cab. What was his crime? Murder, felony, high treason, return from transportation without leave! Had he come from beyond sea, from the hulks—was he going to the Tower, Newgate, Milbank, Horsemonger Lane? Where did they put the irons upon him, and why, and how? A fur cap and fetters; a frogged coat and fetters; mystery! Who was the man with him. A detective policeman, the governor of a county gaol, a dockyard warder, a beefeater disguised in a fluffy hat and a comforter, with red legs and slashed shoes, with roses perhaps concealed beneath his pepper and salt trousers and thick shoes? Who is to tell? The man is hanged, perhaps, by this time. Very probably he was but a vulgar housebreaker, or an escaped convict; but he will be a mystery to me, and I shall think of him whenever I see the fetters hanging over the grimy door of Newgate, as long as there are any miserable little mysteries in this lower life to interest, or perplex.

I must still linger a moment by the door in

the Old Bailey; for underneath the fetters there are many other suggestive things. That half door—the barrier between liberty and freedom, surmounted by spikes, curled cork-screw-wise, like the snakes in the furies' love-locks. The gloomy, roomy, dusky lodge where there are more fetters I know, and bluff turnkeys with huge bunches of keys, and many many more doors leading into stone corridors and grim paved yards, at the end of which are other doors. That tremendous black board in the lodge covered with the tedious inscription in white paint. Do the turnkeys ever read it, I wonder? Do the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs? Does the ordinary? Did ever a criminal brought from the dark van into the darker prison read that inscription through, I should like to know? I opine that what is written upon it must be something about prison rules, acts of parliament, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with a possible allusion to the Common Council and the Court of Lieutenancy, but I can fancy, with a shudder, how it must read, if read at all, to the handcuffed man who stands in the entrance lodge of Newgate, fully committed. Did you ever read a writ, and see Victoria by the Grace of God dancing about the paper with Lord John Campbell at Westminster, until there seemed to be fifty sovereign ladies and fifty chief justices conglomerated into the narrow strip? Did you ever read a letter in which it was told you that a dear friend was dead; and though the manner of his death was therein set down at length, see nothing but dead! forty times in every line of forty! Did you ever receive a ten-pound note when you were desperately poor, and at bay with hunger, and find nothing but tens all over the note—ten Mr. Mathew Marshals, ten Britannias, ten times ten promises to pay ten pounds? Some such optical reiteration must there appear to the prisoner who gazes on the sad black board, I should think. Or, his thoughts full of fear and horror must fly to the board, and fixing themselves there, multiply themselves horribly in a medley of despair. Fully committed, fully committed. To the place from whence you came. From whence you came. For the term of your natural life. Your natural life. Your life. By the neck until you be dead. Be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul. Your soul.

The pot-boy who carries beer into the lodge of Newgate; the unshaven man from the coffee-shop opposite, who brings hot coffee and thick wedges of bread and butter; the waiter from the eating-house do not trouble themselves much about the philosophy of prison-doors, I dare say. Nor does the Lord Mayor himself condescend, I should think, to hang about the door of Newgate and descant in a rambling, vagabond fashion on it. By the way, I could pass a pleasantly profitable hour by his lordship's own door in Charlotte Row, Mansion House. I could say something neat, had I time, about the tremendous flunkies—the absurd people with bald heads and wig-bags (what on earth can a bald wigless man want with a wig-bag sewn on to the collar of his coat?) and court dresses, who drive up in tinsel chariots to the door of the civic king. Also about the smell of hot meats that comes gushing from the door from above and below it on the night that the Lord Mayor has "spreads." The Lord Mayor's door would fill some pages of instructive reading, and I will book it. But what should "Moon—Mayor"—care about the door of Newgate? What should the turnkeys care about it, save to see that it is properly bolted and barred every night? What should the policemen, those unconcerned stoics, to whom all the world are but so many million men, women, and children—so many of whom have been or have not been in custody—but probably will be, some day? But to the prisoner the gaol-door must be awfully suggestive—full of dreadful memories—for ever and ever.

The prison-door is the gate of horn that *will* substitute itself for the gate of ivory, in his dreams of pleasant crime. At the door he leaves the world,—wife, children, friends;—exchanges the apparel of his station, be it satin or serge, for one uniform livery of degradation—leaves behind his very name, and becomes number ninety-six. On one side of the door—love, friendship, wealth, wine, tobacco, music—all; on the other side a cell, gruel, spiked-walls, silence, solitude, coarse rugs, keys, a man in a gray jacket and trousers marked with a number, and doors. Doors open and shut to let him pass to chapel, exercise, dinner, punishment, execution. The last thing he hears at night is the echoing clang of the door as the turnkey shuts him in his lonely cell. The first thing he watches for in the morning is the noise of the key turning in the lock of the door. That door may creakingly turn upon its hinges soon, and bring the governor with a discharge. It may bring the chaplain with the last fatal tidings. At the gaol door money and victuals, and letters, when the prisoner is allowed to receive them, are left. Nor farther than the door can the wife and children—who love him in spite of all his crimes, all his brutality, all his madness,—come; save at rare intervals; when they can see and speak to him through more doors—double doors of iron bars—with a turnkey sitting in the space between. At the door waits for him, when the term of his imprisonment has expired, the haggard woman with bruises scarcely yet healed, for outraging whom the prison door was closed on him six months since. She waits for him in love and patience and long-suffering; or now it is the mother, whose heart he has broken, and whose gray hairs he is bringing with sorrow to the grave, who, forlorn, trusting old woman waits to give him money and clothes, and hales him into a cook-shop, that he may eat a hearty meal of

victuals, which he *must* want, she thinks, after all these months; and, while he eats and drinks, sobs on his shoulder and cries over his potatoes, praying God to bless and mend him, and crying that she will do anything—anything for him, if he will only be good. And, at the prison door, alas! wait often the companions of the cursed old days. Tom, with the red neckhandkerchief; Ned, with the curl on his cheek and the coat with pearl buttons; old Verdygreens, the white-headed dwarf, who buys old iron and lead piping; bouncing Sal, that Amazon of Westminster Broadway, who muzzled the bull-necked Bobby, single-handed. They all throng round him at the door and clap him on the back, and cry shame on the authorities for his loss of weight in flesh. Then off they go to the other well-known door — that of the public-house, to drink,—cards, dominoes, raffles, robbery, plots, and, in due course of time, to the old door again of Newgate, Millbank, Tothill or Cold Bath Fields. Inveni Portam!

In the vast freestone desert of Newgate there is one bright little oasis of a door that I cannot forbear mentioning. It is reached by a flight of trim, neatly hearth-stoned steps. It is a pleasant, cheerful, bright-coloured coquettish-looking door, with a brass knocker, and on its resplendent doorplate are engraven in the handsomest Roman capitals, you would desire to see, the words, W. W. Cope. It does me good to see this door; for, on each side of it are windows with cheerful coloured curtains, and in one window there is a bird-cage, and through the little polished panes I did, one day, descry the features of a pretty housemaid. This door is the jewel in the head of the Great Toad-like prison. Yet, I grow nervous about it occasionally, thinking what an awkward thing it would be if some Jack Sheppard of modern times, who had forced through the inner windows of the gaol, were to pop out of W. W. Cope's dandified door some day, and dance a hornpipe, in fetters, upon the snowy doorstep.

But I must close the Door, for this time, at least. I cast one hasty glance at the mysterious door in the shed in the Sessions House yard, in which—as legends of my youth used to run — the gallows and the posts of scaffolds were kept. It is a door I would not see opened, willingly; so I leave Newgate, that vast congeries of doors, and which, in good sooth, was one Great Door itself before it was a prison.

AT HOME WITH THE RUSSIANS.

An English lady who, for ten years, was domesticated among the Russians, and did not quit their country until some time after the commencement of the present war, has just published—under the title of An English-woman in Russia—three hundred and fifty pages of information upon the actual state of society in that empire. The book confirms ideas familiar to many people; but, inasmuch as it does this in the most satisfactory way, wholly by illustrations drawn from personal experience or information of a trust-worthy kind, its value is equal to its interest. Having read it we lay it down, and here make note of some of the impressions it has left upon us.

Unless, from one who has been for a long time an English resident, and who can speak without passion, it is not easy to get clear views of the internal state of Russia. Despotism has established there so strict a censorship, that even the Russian scholar only learns as much of his own country as the emperor shall please, and a learned traveller assured our countrywoman that, of an account written by him of his journeys in the north of Asia, only those parts were allowed to be published wherein nothing was said tending to expose the desolation of the land. The regions of the barren north were no more to be confessed than a defeat in arms. The great historian of Russia—Karamsin—was obliged to read his pages to the emperor before he was allowed to publish them. Not only a certain class of facts, but also a certain class of thoughts, are rigidly kept from the public mind.

One of the best living Russian authors complained to the Englishwoman that all those parts of his works that he valued most had been cut out by the censor. He wrote a play containing, as he thought, some admirable speeches; it came back to him from the censor's office with every one of them erased, and only the light conversation left as fit for the amusement of the public. Shakespeare is honoured greatly by the trading class, and translations of King Lear and Hamlet are frequently performed; but all those of Shakespeare's plays which contain sentiments of liberty, such as Julius Cæsar, are excluded by the censor. A Russian writer wished to produce a play, on some subject in English history; upon which he consulted with our countrywoman. Every topic was found dangerous. The story of Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, was suggested. The Russian shook his head. It would not be allowed. "Why not? It is a legend of a thousand years ago."—"Why, they would never let Elfrida's husband cheat the king."—"But he was not a Czar."—"No matter. The act is the same, and the possibility of a crowned head's being deceived would never be admitted by the Czar."

The Czar of Russia practically stands before the greater number of his subjects as a little more than God. "The Czar is near,—God is far off," is a common Russian saying. "God and the Czar know it," is the Russian for our "Heaven knows!" A gentleman describing one evening the emperor's reception on the route to Moscow, said, "I assure

You, it was gratifying in the extreme; for the peasants knelt as he passed, just as if it were the Almighty himself." And who shall contradict this deity? Our countrywoman was once at the opera when the emperor was graciously disposed to applaud Madame Castellan by the clapping of his hands. Immediately some one hissed. He repeated his applause;—the hiss was repeated. His majesty stood up—looked round the house with dignity—and, for the third time, solemnly clapped his hands. The hiss followed again. Then a tremendous scuffle over-head. The police had caught the impious offender.—An example of another kind was made by a young lady whose brother was killed at Kalafat, and who, on receiving news of his death, smiled, and said, "She was rejoiced to hear it, as he had died for the emperor." Imperial munificence rewarded her with a splendid dowry, and the assurance that her future fortune should be cared for.

There is need now to encourage a show of patriotism. The Englishwoman who, on her return, found London streets as full of peace as when she quitted them;—had left St. Petersburgh wearing a far different aspect. Long lines of cannon and ammunition-waggons drawn up here and there; parks of artillery continually dragged about; outworks being constructed; regiments marching in and out; whole armies submitting to inspection and departing on their mission, told of the deadly struggle to which the Czar's ambition had committed him. There was no hour in which wretched recruits might not be seen tramping in wearily, by hundreds and by thousands, to receive the emperor's approval. It is hard for us in this country to conceive the misery attending the terrible conscriptions which plague the subjects of the Russian empire. Except recruits, hardly a young man is to be seen in any of the villages; the post roads are being all mended by women and girls. Men taken from their homes and families leave behind, among the women, broken ties and the foundation of a dreadful mass of vice and immorality. It is fearful enough under ordinary circumstances. "True communism," said a Russian noble, "is to be found only in Russia."

One morning a poor woman went crying bitterly to the Englishwoman, saying that her two nephews had just been just forced from her house to go into the army. "I tried"—we leave the relator of these things to speak in her own impressive words—"I tried to console her, saying that they would return when the war was over; but this only made her more distressed. 'No, no!' exclaimed she, in the deepest sorrow, 'they will never come back any more; the Russians are beaten in every place.' Until lately the lower classes were always convinced that the emperor's troops were invincible; but it seems, by what she said, that even *they* have got to know something of the truth. A foreigner in St. Petersburgh informed me that he had 'gone to see the recruits that morning, but there did not seem to be much patriotism among them: there was nothing but sobs and tears to be seen among those who were pronounced fit for service, whilst the rejected ones were frantic with delight, and bowed and crossed themselves with the greatest gratitude.'" Reviews were being held almost daily when the Englishwoman left, and she was told that, on one occasion, when reviewing troops destined for the South, the emperor was struck with the forlorn and dejected air of the poor sheep whom he was sending to the slaughter.

'Hold your heads up!' he exclaimed grily. "Why do you look so miserable? There is nothing to cause you to be so?' There is something to cause *him* to be so, we are very much disposed to think.

But we did not mean to tell about the war. The vast empire over which the Czar has rule is in a half civilised—it would be almost more correct to say—in an uncivilised state. Great navigable rivers roll useless through extensive wilds. Except the excellent roads that connect St. Petersburg with Moscow and with Warsaw, and a few fragments of road serving as drives in the immediate vicinity of these towns, there are no roads at all in Russia that are roads in any civilised sense. The post-roads of the empire are clearings through wood, with boughs of trees laid here and there, tracks over steppes and through morasses. There is everywhere the grandeur of nature; but it is the grandeur of its solitudes. A few huts surround government post stations, and small brick houses at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles along the routes are the halting places of gangs destined for Siberia. A few log huts, many of them no better than the wigwams of Red Indians, some of them adorned with elegant wood tracery, a line of such dwellings, and commonly also a row of willows by the wayside, indicate a Russian village. A number of churches and monasteries with domes and cupolas, green, gilt, or dark blue, studded with golden stars, and surmounted each by a cross standing on a crescent; barracks, a government school and a post-office; a few good houses, and a great number of huts—constitute a Russian provincial town, and the surrounding wastes or forests shut it in. The rapid traveller who follows one of the two good lines of road, and sees only the show-places of Russian civilisation, may be very much deceived. Yet even here he is deceived only by a show. The great buildings that appear so massive are of stuccoed brick, and even the massive grandeur of the quays, like that of infinitely greater works, the Pyramids, is allied closely to the barbarous. They were constructed at enormous sacrifice of life. The foundations of St. Petersburg were laid by levies of men

who perished by hundreds of thousands in the work. One hundred thousand died of famine only.

The civilisation of the Russian capital is not more than skin-deep. One may see this any day in the streets. The pavements are abominable. Only two or three streets are lighted with gas; in the rest oil glimmers. The oil lamps are the dimmer for being subject to the peculation of officials. Three wicks are charged for, and two only are burnt: the difference is pocketed by the police. All the best shops are kept by foreigners, the native Russian shops being mostly collected in a central bazaar, Gostinoi Dwor. The shopkeepers appeal to the ignorance of a half-barbarous nation by putting pictures of their trades over their doors; and in his shop a Russian strives to cheat with oriental recklessness. Every shop in St. Petersburg contains a mirror for the use of the customers. "Mirrors," says the Englishwoman, "hold the same position in Russia as clocks do in England. With us time is valuable; with them appearance. They care not though it be mainly false appearance." They even paint their faces. The lower classes of women use a great deal of white paint, and, as it contains mercury, it injures alike health and skin. A young man paying his court to a girl generally presents her with a box of red and white paint to improve her looks; and in the upper classes ladies are often to be seen by one another, as they arrive at a house, openly rouging their faces before entering the drawing-room.

These are small things, indicative of an extensive principle. Peter the Great undertook to civilise Russia by a coup de main. A walk is shown at St. Petersburg along which he made women march unveiled between files of soldiery to accustom them to go unveiled. But civilisation is not to be introduced into a nation by imperial edict, and ever since Peter the Great's time the Russian empire has been labouring to stand for what it is not, namely, the equivalent to nations that have become civilised in the slow lapse of time. It can only support, or attempt to support, this reputation by deceit. It must hide, or attempt to hide—and it has hidden from many eyes with much success its mass of barbarism, while by clever and assiduous imitation, as well as by pretensions cunningly sustained, it must put forward a show of having what it only in some few directions even strives to get.

The elements of civilisation Russia has, in a copious language, soft and beautiful without being effeminate, and a good-hearted people, that would become a noble people under better government. Their character is stained chiefly by ignorance and fear. The best class of Russians—especially those who are not tempted by poverty to the meanness that in Russia is almost the only road to wealth—are boundlessly hospitable, kindly, amiable almost beyond the borders of sincerity, but not with the design of being insincere. They are humane to their serfs; and although this class suffers in Russia troubles that surpass those of the negro slaves, it is not from the proper gentlemen and ladies of the country that this suffering directly comes. When the noble proprietor himself lives in the white house that peeps from among trees, side by side with the gilt dome of its church, the slaves on the estate are reasonably happy. It is not true that a Russian gentleman is frequently intoxicated. A Russian lady never is so. Of the government functionaries, who form a large class of the factitious nobility and gentry of the empire, no good is to be said: they are tempted to pillage and extortion under a system that all radiates from a great centre of deceit. Ostentation is the rule. A post-master, a colonel in rank, receiving forty pounds a year, and without private estate, is to be seen keeping a carriage, four horses, two footmen, and a coachman. His wife goes extravagantly dressed: she has two or three children, a maid and a cook to keep; but she can afford to pay a costly visit every season to the capital. This system of false pretension ruins the character of thousands upon thousands. It makes of Russia what it is,—a land eaten up with fraud and lying. Living near such a colonel-postmaster, the Englishwoman could observe his mode of operation. He was about to pay a visit to St. Petersburg, but wanted money. His expedient was to send an enormous order for iron, for the use of government, to a rich iron-master in the town. The iron-master knew that gold, not iron, was the metal wanted; and as he dared not expose himself to the anger of a government official, he was glad to compromise the matter by the payment of a round sum of silver roubles as a fine for default in execution of the order. The habit of ostentation—barbarous in itself, which destroys the usefulness and credit of the employés of government—tempts the poor nobles also to a forfeiture of their own honour and self-respect.

It runs into everything. Even in the most cultivated classes, few Russians who have not gone out of Russia for their knowledge are really well-informed. They have learnt two or three modern languages, and little else. Yet they cultivate a tact in conversing with an air of wisdom upon topics about which they are almost wholly uninformed, and after an hour's sustainment of a false assumption, show perhaps, by some senseless question, that they cannot have understood properly a syllable upon the points under discussion. Their emptiness of mind is a political institution. "If three Russians talk together, one is a spy," stands with them as a social proverb. They are forbidden to express their own opinions upon great movements in the

world; their censorship excludes from them the noblest literature; they have no common ground of conversation left but the merits of actors and actresses, the jests of the last farce or trashy comedy, or the state of the opera, —in which place, by-the-by, such operas as William Tell and Massaniello are performed with new libretti, from which all taint of a love of liberty has been expunged. Feeling the weakness of all this, and in a great many cases secretly resenting it, the men shrug their shoulders and say, "What would you have? We must play cards and talk of the odd trick." While our countrywoman was staying with a friendly Russian lady, an old gentleman called to borrow a few roubles, got them, and departed. "Ah, poor man," said the lady, when he was gone, "think how unfortunate he has been. He once possessed fourteen thousand slaves, and he has lost them all at cards." The English visitor expressed regret that a man of his years should be the prey of such a vice. "How old do you think him?" was then asked. "Oh, sixty at the least." "Sixty! He is past eighty, only he wears a wig, paints his eyebrows, and rouges to make himself look younger."

The Russian ladies have little to do but read dissolute French novels (which the censorship does *not* exclude), dress and undress, talk slander, and criticise the dresses of themselves and one another. Their slaves do all that might usefully occupy their hands, and they are left to idleness; which results in a horrible amount of immorality. The trading classes and officials talk almost exclusively of money. The enslaved peasants, bound to the soil, content when they are not much beaten, sing over the whole country their plaintive songs (they are all set in the minor key), and each carries an axe in his girdle; for which the day may come when he finds terrible use.

At present, that day seems to be very distant. The ignorant house slaves, like the negroes holding the same rank elsewhere, are treated as children. A new footman, in a household which the Englishwoman visited—a man six feet two out of his shoes—was found to have an aptitude for breakage. He was told one day that when next he let anything fall he would be punished. On the day following he dropped the fish-ladle in handing fish at the beginning of dinner. He looked dolefully at his master, expecting that blows would be ordered. His mistress—put him in the corner! Their ignorance is lamentable. A Russian gentleman returned from abroad, where he had seen better things, determined to devote his life and fortune to the enlightenment of his peasantry. Their priest taught them that he was destroying ancient customs, and that his design was to subvert the religion of their forefathers. "The consequence was that the slaves formed a conspiracy against him, and shot him one evening as he was reading a book in his own sitting-room."

Sometimes they take vengeance upon an oppressor; and terrible incidents of this kind came within the experience of our countrywoman. The heads of cruel masters are sometimes cleft with the hatchet of the serf. They are capable at the same time of strong feudal attachments. It should be understood that all the slaves in Russia are not poor. Some of the wealthiest traders in St. Petersburg are slaves to nobles who will not suffer them to buy their freedom, but enjoy the pride of owning men who themselves own in some cases hundreds of thousands of pounds capital. The inheritor of an estate in which there were many well-to-do serfs arrived at it for the first time one evening, and in the morning found his house, as he thought, besieged. His people had heard that he was in debt; and their pride being hurt at servitude to an embarrassed master, they brought with them a gift of money raised among themselves, not less than five-and-forty thousand pounds, their free-will offering, to make a man of him again. He did not need this help, but the illustration still remains of the great generosity of feeling possible among this class of Russians.

The slaves detached from their lords, and living in a comparatively independent state, acknowledge their subjection to the soil by payment of a poll-tax. Oppressive owners often use this claim of poll-tax as a means of devouring all the earnings of a struggling slave. Our Englishwoman met with a poor cook, who had served a seven years' apprenticeship in a French house, and earned high wages in a family, besides being allowed to earn many fees by superintending public suppers and private parties. There was an upper servant under the same roof with him whom this poor fellow strove to marry; but much as he earned, he strove in vain to save. Year by year the abrock or poll-tax was raised in proportion to the progress that he made; and the last time the English lady saw him, he was sobbing bitterly over an open letter—a demand from his proprietor for more abrock, and an answer to a request from Madame with whom he served that she might buy his freedom, naming an impossible sum that doomed him to continued slavery.

There was a poor man in Twer, a slave, born with a genius for painting that in any civilised country would have procured for him fame and fortune. His master, finding how he was gifted, doomed him to study under a common portrait-painter, and obliged him then to pay a poll-tax, which he could only raise from year to year by painting a great number of cheap portraits—he who had genius for higher and better things. "When we last saw him," writes our countrywoman, "he had pined into a decline; and doubtless ere this the village grave has closed over his

griefs and sorrows, and buried his genius in the shades of its eternal oblivion."

The Englishwoman was present once when a bargain was struck for a dressmaker. A gentleman had dropped in to dine; the host mentioned that his wife wanted a good dressing-maid. The guest recommended one, skilful in dressmaking, with whom he thought his wife would part. "Well," the other said, "her price?" "Two hundred and fifty silver roubles." That was more than could be given; but the bargain finally was struck for a hundred roubles and an old piano.

Such a servant must be content to submit to much oppression. The mistress who parts from you in the drawing-room with a smile, may be met ten minutes afterwards in the garden, her face inflamed with rage, beating a man before her, one of the serfs employed upon the grounds. A lady who lost much money at the gambling-table, being pressed to pay a debt of honour, remembered that she had not a few female servants who possessed beautiful hair. She ordered them all to be cropped and their hair sold for her benefit, regardless of the fact that together with their hair she robbed them of their reputations; cropped hair being one of the marks set on a criminal.

The boxing of the ears of maids is not below the dignity of any lady; but when the maid is not a Russian, there may be some danger in the practice. A princess whose hair was being dressed by a French waiting-maid, receiving some accidental scratch, turned round and slapped the face of her attendant. The Frenchwoman had the lady's back hair in her hands at the time, and grasping it firmly, held her head fast, while she administered a sound correction on the cheeks and ears of her highness with the back of her hairbrush. It was an insult that could not be resented publicly. A lady of her highness's blood could not let it be said that a servant had given her a beating, and she therefore bribed the Frenchwoman by money and kind treatment to hold her tongue.

Yet blows do not count for much in Russia; from the highest to the lowest, all are liable to suffer them. A lady of the highest rank, using the lady's privilege of chattering in the ear of the Emperor at a masked ball, let fall some indiscreet suggestions. She was followed home by a spy; summoned next day to Count Orloff's office; pointed to a chair; amicably interrogated; presently let quietly down into a cellar, where she was birched by some person unseen. This lady, whose story we have heard before, the Englishwoman often met; her sister she knew well; and she had the anecdote from an intimate friend of the family.

The knout, the emblem of Russian barbarism, falls not only on the slave or the criminal. A poor student of more than ordinary talents had, by great perseverance, twice merited a prize; but he was regarded with jealous hostility by a certain professor, whom he was too poor to bribe. Twice cheated, the poor fellow made a third effort, though barely able to sustain himself in his humble lodging until the period of examination came. His future hung upon the result; for, upon his passing the ordeal with credit, depended his access to employment that would get him bread. He strained every nerve, and succeeded well. All the professors testified their approbation except one, whose voice was necessary to complete the votes. He rose, and withheld his suffrage upon false grounds, that cast dishonour on the young man's character. It was his old enemy; and the poor boy—a widow's son—with starvation before him, and his hopes all cast to the winds, rushed forward by a sudden impulse of despair, and struck his persecutor. He was arrested, tried, and condemned, by the Emperor himself, to receive a thousand lashes with the knout. All the students and professors were ordered to be present at the execution of the sentence. Long before it was complete, of course, the youth was dead; but the full number was completed. Many students who were made spectators of the scene lay on the ground in swoon. From another eye-witness, the Englishwoman heard of the presence of a line of carriages, filled with Russian ladies, at a similar scene, the victims being slaves who had rebelled because a master introduced upon his ground a box in which to thrash them by machinery, and had seized him and given him a taste of his own instrument of torture. Need we say more to prove that the true Russian civilisation is a thing to come?

Our countrywoman, visiting a monastery, was invited to eat ices in the garden. She saw how the spoons were cleaned behind the bushes—licked and wiped. Such ice-eating, with the spoon-licking in the back-ground, is typical of the sort of elegance and polish Russia has.

One day the Englishwoman saw an officer boldly pocket some of his neighbour's money while playing at cards. Another slipped up his sleeve some concert tickets belonging to her friend. She and her friend both saw him do it. One day a young officer called while they were at dinner; was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, and departed with a lady's watch. Nothing was said to the police, out of respect to his uncle, who is of rank. Ladies going to a party will sometimes steal the papers of kid gloves and the hair-pins left on the toilet tables to supply those who happen to come unprovided. Our countrywoman went to visit an old lady; and, as all the drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of visitors, thought it no sin to walk from one room to another for the

purpose of examining some pictures. The old lady rose and followed her, watching her movements so closely that she returned to her seat greatly amazed. "You must not be surprised at it, my dear," said a friend, after she got home again; "for really you do not know how many things are lost in such parties from the too great admiration of the visitors."

The officers just mentioned were men holding employments under government. So much has been made notorious during the present war of the extent to which the Russian government suffers from the peculation and falsehood of officials in all grades that one illustration in this place will be sufficient, and we will choose one that illustrates at the same time another topic. The railway to Warsaw is dropped, because the money needed for it is absorbed by war; the only Russian railway line is that between the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow. When it was nearly finished, the Czar ordered it to be ready for his own use on a certain day. It was not really finished; but over several miles of the road, since the Czar must be obeyed, rails were laid upon whatever contrivance could be patched up for the occasion. The Imperial neck was risked by the Russian system. While this railway was in course of construction, the fortunes made by engineers and government officials on the line of road was quite astonishing: men of straw rapidly acquired estates. Government suffered and—the serfs. Our countrywoman living once in a province through which the railway runs, went by train to a pic-nic. At the station, four hundred workmen were assembled, who asked eagerly whether the governor was of the party. No, they were told, but his wife was. Her, then, they begged to see. To her they pleaded with their miserable tale for interference in their behalf. For six weeks they had been paid no wages, their rations were bad, and a fever like a plague had broken out among them, of which their companions perished by scores, to be buried, like so many dogs, in morasses along the line. Their looks confirmed their tale. The criminal employers were upon the spot, and acted ignorance and sympathy, making at the same time humane speeches and promises, which the poor men received by exchanging looks of profound despair with each other.

Then there is the system of espial. In addition to the secret police—the accredited spies—there is said to be a staff of eighty thousand paid agents, persons moving in society; generals, tradesmen, dressmakers, people of all ranks; who are secretly engaged in watching and betraying those with whom they live. The consequence is, that nobody dares speak his earnest thoughts, even to his familiar friend. Men say what they do not think, affect credit of government reports which they know to be audacious lies, and take pains to exhibit themselves as obedient subjects. When the Englishwoman lived at Archangel, a deaf and dumb gentleman arrived, with letters of introduction to the leading people, and was received with cordiality and sympathy; he was a clever man, read several languages, and displayed pretty drawings of his own execution. He was made everywhere welcome. More than once our quick-eyed countrywoman fancied that he looked over-attentive to words spoken behind his back. It soon afterwards was made only too certain that this man was a government spy, playing a difficult part for a base purpose.

Of the Greek form of religion we say nothing. Let the Russians bow before the pictures of their saints. We will quote only an anecdote told in this book, of a poor wandering Samoyede, a fish-eating savage from the borders of the Arctic Ocean. He asked whether his visitor was Russian, and being answered No, lifted up some skins in his tent which covered pictures of saints, and pointing to them with disdain, said,—"See! there are Russian gods, but ours," raising his hand heavenwards, "is greater. He lives—up there!"

CHIP.

TEASLE.

As a tall, stout weed, producing prickly thistle heads, teasle is well known to everyone familiar with English hedge-rows. It is almost as generally known that teasle-heads are used for producing the nap on broadcloth, and that it is also called for that reason Fuller's-herb. Of course, the teasle used for such a purpose must be cultivated for the market: and we doubt whether teasle growing, as a branch of agriculture, is familiar to many English readers. It is curious enough to be worth a short description.

Common and hardy as this sort of thistle seems to be, there are not many more capricious plants in nature. The cultivation of it is a speculation. The produce of a hop field is not more uncertain than the produce of a field of teasle. For this reason farmers commonly decline having their tempers or their purses tried with such a plant; and teasle-growing has been left to men of capital who could afford to take excessive profit in one year as a set-off for total failure in another. Yet we are assured by the most practical man in the district where teasles are most grown that care in the choice of seed, and in the management of the ground, very much lessons the chance of misadventure.

Teasle is grown extensively in Yorkshire and in some western counties, chiefly Somersetshire and Gloucestershire; a little is grown also in Wilts. The crop is important enough to deserve greater attention than the farmers of England hitherto have cared to

pay to it. It is necessary to select the seed, only from well-formed teasles; but it has been the habit to gather up such seed as falls out of the ripe heads in the course of packing for the market. This is done to the great damage of the crop.

The change of a high import duty to a charge of only threepence on a thousand has encouraged manufacturers to import teasles freely from the south of France, which produces the best in the world, on account of the fine climate usual there at the season of ripening, when settled hot weather is required.

Now, however, our own farmers are paying more than usual attention to this crop. In several instances we have observed of late that seed has been imported from France and America, and that greatly improved crops have been the consequence of this proceeding. The seed once chosen must be submitted to the gentlest nurture. The soil must be well manured; and, as the plant is a biennial—occupies two years in coming to maturity—it demands many months of care. The ground for it should be ploughed early; if before winter all the better. Farmers fancy it to be an exhaustive crop; but we think they are wrong upon that point. The spade is in frequent use between the plants during their growth; and certainly we have seen excellent crops of wheat following teasle upon well dressed land. The seed is usually sown broadcast, but sometimes is drilled. The drills are about twelve inches apart; and, when the plants appear they are thinned out to about the same distance from each other. To gather in the teasle, harvest labourers wearing leather gloves go into the fields each with a short sharp knife. As soon as the petals fall, a teasle head is fit for cutting, and there must be several cuttings of the crop at intervals of a week or a fortnight; because the heads are not all ripe at the same time. With each head there is cut about nine inches of stalk.

Weather permitting, the cut teasles are strewed upon the ground to dry; but, if there be any chance of damp, they must be housed immediately, or the whole crop may be spoiled. When they are quite dry they are sorted according to their quality; which depends on their size, and tied up into bundles. The different sizes are known by the names of kings, queens, middlings, and scrubs. It is the object of the grower, let him be never so much of a democrat, to produce as many kings and queens as possible. Sometimes he is rewarded with a crop exceeding in value the price of the land on which it grew. Sometimes there is not a single king in the whole field. From three to six packs of good kings, or twenty thousand of the middle classes, to the acre, is a paying crop; but as many as ten or twelve packs have come up in extraordinary seasons. There have been curious fluctuations in the history of the teasle trade. The plant has stood for the past two or three years at nearly twice the price it would fetch five or six years ago. The value now of the best English teasles is about six pounds per pack. On one occasion, some time ago, when it was thought that the use of them was on the point of being superseded, their price fell considerably; for, indeed, at the lowest prices they could hardly find a purchaser. A lot was at that time sold for five pounds to a gentleman who died soon afterward. The proposed substitute for teasle-heads having turned out a complete failure, the price of the depreciated crop instantly rose. There was a serious scarcity of teasles; for the growth of them had been neglected. The executors of the gentleman just mentioned, ignorant of this fact, sent his five pounds' worth to market, and were astonished to find that they cleared by it three thousand per cent.

The use made of teasles by our manufacturers is so well known that it will suffice to speak of that in half-a-dozen sentences. A great manufacturer of broadcloth stores them by hundreds of thousands. Young people dexterously set them in frames with wooden mallets, so that their heads setting closely together form a vegetable brush or curry-comb, and of such frames ready-prepared vast numbers are kept on vertical racks in a wooden building, open to the free passage of air, like the louvre-boarded building of a currier. When in use, the teasle-frame is fixed on the circumference of a machine called a gig-mile, and the newly-manufactured woollen cloth is exposed to the combing of the crooked awns upon the teasle-heads. These elastic little hooks are precisely strong enough to insinuate themselves into the web of the cloth and draw out some fine fibres of the wool, but they are not strong enough to tear the web of the cloth; before they can do injury to that they break. No contrivance of elastic wire or any other thing has yet been found to do the work so perfectly. The cloth is wetted as it slowly moves under the teasles, and the teasles in the frames require frequent picking by children, as well as occasional drying when they become softened by moisture. Fresh frames are of course put from time to time into use, the claws of the teasle-heads not being very durable. The nap raised in this way upon cloth is a long nap, of which the ends are not all equal in length. The cloth has afterwards to pass under the blade of a shearing machine, from which it comes with the smooth short nap which every man is anxious to retain upon his coat and trowsers.

The cost of teasle to the millowner is of course a variable item in the year's expenditure, yield and consumption affecting so much the price of the commodity that in one factory known to us the account for teasles

has been sometimes as low as seven hundred, and at other times as high as three thousand pounds a-year.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

THE shock had been great. Margaret fell into a state of prostration, which did not show itself in sobs and tears, or even find the relief of words. She lay on the sofa, with her eyes shut, never speaking but when spoken to, and then replying in whispers. Mr. Bell was perplexed. He dared not leave her; he dared not ask her to accompany him back to Oxford, which had been one of the plans he had formed on the journey to Milton, her physical exhaustion was evidently too complete for her to undertake any such fatigue—putting the sight that she would have to encounter out of the question. Mr. Bell sate over the fire, considering what he had better do. Margaret lay motionless, and almost breathless, by him. He would not leave her even for the dinner, which Dixon had prepared for him down stairs, and, with sobbing hospitality, would fain have tempted him to eat. He had a plateful of something brought up to him. In general, he was particular and dainty enough, and knew well each shade of flavour in his food, but now the devilled chicken tasted like saw-dust. He minced up some of the fowl for Margaret, and peppered and salted it well; but when Dixon, following his directions, tried to feed her, the languid shake of head proved that, in such a state as Margaret was in, food would only choke, not nourish her.

Mr. Bell gave a great sigh; lifted up his stout old limbs (stiff with travelling) from their easy position, and followed Dixon out of the room.

"I can't leave her. I must write to them at Oxford, to see that the preparations are made: they can be getting on with these till I arrive. Can't Mrs. Lennox come to her? I'll write and tell her she must. The girl must have some woman-friend about her? if only to talk her into a good fit of crying."

Dixon was crying—enough for two; but, after wiping her eyes and steadying her voice, she managed to tell Mr. Bell, that Mrs. Lennox was too near her confinement to be able to undertake any journey at present.

"Well! I suppose we must have Ms. Shaw; she's come back to England, is'nt she?"

"Yes, sir, she's come back; but I don't think she will like to leave Mrs. Lennox at such an interesting time," said Dixon, who did not much approve of a stranger entering the household to share with her in her ruling care of Margaret.

"Interesting time be—" Mr. Bell restricted himself to coughing over the end of his sentence, "She could be content to be at Venice, or Naples, or some of those Popish places, at the last 'interesting time,' which took place in Corfu, I think. And what does that little prosperous woman's 'interesting time' signify, in comparison with that poor creature there, — that helpless, homeless, friendless, Margaret—lying as still on that sofa as if it were an altar-tomb, and she the stone statue on it. I tell you Mrs. Shaw shall come. See that a room, or whatever she wants, is got ready for her by to-morrow night. I'll take care she comes."

Accordingly Mr. Bell wrote a letter, which Mrs. Shaw declared, with many tears, to be so like one of the dear general's when he was going to have a fit of the gout, that she should always value and preserve it. If he had given her the option, by requesting or urging her, as if a refusal were possible, she might not have come—true and sincere as was her sympathy with Margaret. It needed the sharp uncourteous command to make her conquer her vis inertiæ, and allow herself to be packed by her maid, after the latter had completed the boxes. Edith, all cap, shawls, and tears, came out to the top of the stairs, as Captain Lennox was taking her mother down to the carriage:

"Don't forget, mamma; Margaret must come and live with us. Sholto will go to Oxford on Wednesday, and you must send word by Mr. Bell to him when we're to expect you. And if you want Sholto, he can go on from Oxford to Milton. Don't forget, mamma; you are to bring back Margaret."

Edith re-entered the drawing-room. Mr. Henry Lennox was there, cutting open the pages of a new review. Without lifting his head, he said, "If you don't like Sholto to be so long absent from you, Edith, I hope you will let me go down to Milton, and give what assistance I can.

"Oh, thank you," said Edith, "I dare say old Mr. Bell will do everything he can, and more help may not be needed. Only one does not look for much savoir-faire from a resident Fellow. Dear, darling Margaret! won't it be nice to have her here, again? You were both great allies years ago."

"Were we?" asked he indifferently, with an appearance of being interested in a passage in the review.

"Well, perhaps not—I forget. I was so full of Sholto. But doesn't it fall out well, that if my uncle was to die, it should be just now, when we are come home, and settled in the old house, and quite ready to receive Margaret? Poor thing! what a change it will be to her from Milton! I'll have new chintz for her bedroom, and make it look new and bright, and cheer her up a little."

In the same spirit of kindness, Mrs. Shaw journeyed to Milton, occasionally dreading the first meeting, and wondering how it

would be got over; but more frequently planning how soon she could get Margaret away from "that horrid place," and back into the pleasant comforts of Harley Street.

"Oh dear!" said she to her maid; "look at those chimneys! My poor sister Hale! I don't think I could have rested at Naples, if I had known what it was! I must have come and fetched her and Margaret away." And to herself she acknowledged that she had always thought her brother-in-law rather a weak man, but never so weak as now, when she saw for what a place he had exchanged the lovely Helstone home.

Margaret had remained in the same state; white, motionless, speechless, tearless. They had told her that her aunt Shaw was coming; but she had not expressed either surprise, or pleasure, or dislike to the idea. Mr. Bell, whose appetite had returned, and who appreciated Dixon's endeavours to gratify it, in vain urged upon her to taste some sweetbreads stewed with oysters; she shook her head with the same quiet obstinacy as on the previous day; and he was obliged to console himself for her rejection by eating them all himself. But Margaret was the first to hear the stopping of the cab that brought her aunt from the railway station. Her eyelids quivered, her lips coloured and trembled. Mr. Bell went down to meet Mrs. Shaw; and when they came up, Margaret was standing, trying to steady her dizzy self; and when she saw her aunt, she went forward to the arms open to receive her, and first found the passionate relief of tears on her aunt's shoulder. All thoughts of quiet habitual love, of tenderness for years, of relationship to the dead,—all that inexplicable likeness in look, tone and gesture, that seem to belong to one family, and which reminded Margaret so forcibly at this moment of her mother,—came in to melt and soften her numbed heart into the overflow of warm tears.

Mr. Bell stole out of the room, and went down into the study, where he ordered a fire, and tried to divert his thoughts by taking down and examining the different books. Each volume brought a remembrance or a suggestion of his dead friend. It might be a change of employment from his two days' work of watching Margaret, but it was no change of thought. He was glad to catch the sound of Mr. Thornton's voice, making enquiry at the door. Dixon was rather cavalierly dismissing him; for with the appearance of Mrs. Shaw's maid, came visions of former grandeur, of the Beresford blood, of the "station" (so she was pleased to term it) from which her young lady had been ousted, and to which she was now, please God to be restored. These visions, which she had been dwelling on with complacency in her conversation with Mrs. Shaw's maid (skilfully eliciting meanwhile all the circumstances of state and consequence connected with the Harley Street establishment, for the edification of the listening Martha), made Dixon rather inclined to be supercilious in her treatment of any inhabitant of Milton; so, though she always stood rather in awe of Mr. Thornton, she was as curt as she durst be in telling him that he could see none of the inmates of that house that night. It was rather uncomfortable to be contradicted in her statement by Mr. Bell's opening the study-door, and calling out:

"Thornton! is that you? Come in for a minute or two; I want to speak to you." So Mr. Thornton went into the study, and Dixon had to retreat into the kitchen, and reinstate herself in her own esteem by a prodigious story of Sir John Beresford's coach and six, when he was high sheriff.

"I don't know what I wanted to say to you, after all. Only it's dull enough to sit in a room where everything speaks to you of a dead friend. Yet Margaret and her aunt must have the drawing-room to themselves!"

"Is Mrs.—is her aunt come?" asked Mr. Thornton.

"Come? Yes! maid and all. One might have thought she could have come by herself at such a time! And now I shall have to turn out and find my way to the Clarendon."

"You must not go to the Clarendon. We have five or six empty bed-rooms at home."

"Well aired?"

"I think you may trust my mother."

"Then I'll only run up-stairs and wish that wan girl good-night, and make my bow to her aunt, and go off with you straight."

Mr. Bell was some time up-stairs. Mr. Thornton began to think it long, for he was full of business, and had hardly been able to spare the time for running up to Crampton, and enquiring how Miss Hale was.

When they had set out upon their walk, Mr. Bell said:

"I was kept by those women in the drawing-room. Mrs. Shaw is anxious to get home—on account of her daughter, she says—and wants Margaret to go off with her at once. Now she is no more fit for travelling than I am for flying. Besides, she says, and very justly, that she has friends she must see—that she must wish good-bye to several people; and then her aunt worried her about old claims, and was she forgetful of old friends? And she said, with a great burst of crying, she should be glad enough to go from a place where she had suffered so much. Now I must return to Oxford to-morrow, and I don't know on which side of the scale to throw in my voice."

He paused, as if asking a question; but he received no answer from his companion, the echo of whose thoughts kept repeating—

"Where she had suffered so much." Alas! and that was the way in which this eighteen months in Milton—to him so unspeakably precious, down to its very bitterness, which was worth all the rest of life's sweetness—would be remembered. Neither loss of father,

nor loss of mother, dear as she was to Mr. Thornton, could have poisoned the remembrance of the weeks, the days, the hours, when a walk of two miles, every step of which was pleasant, as it brought him nearer and nearer to her, took him to her sweet presence—every step of which was rich, as each recurring moment that bore him away from her, made him recal some fresh grace in her demeanour, or pleasant pungency in her character. Yes! whatever had happened to him, external to his relation to her, he could never have spoken of that time, when he could have seen her every day—when he had her within his grasp, as it were—as a time of suffering. It had been a royal time of luxury to him, with all its stings and contumelies, compared to the poverty that crept round and clipped the anticipation of the future down to sordid fact, and life without an atmosphere of either hope or fear.

Mrs. Thornton and Fanny were in the dining-room; the latter in a flutter of small exultation, as the maid held up one glossy material after another, to try the effect of the wedding-dresses by candlelight. Her mother really tried to sympathise with her, but could not. Neither taste nor dress were in her line of subjects, and she heartily wished that Fanny had accepted her brother's offer of having the wedding clothes provided by some first-rate London dressmaker, without the endless troublesome discussions, and unsettled wavering, that arose out of Fanny's desire to choose and superintend everything herself. Mr. Thornton was only too glad to mark his grateful approbation of any sensible man, who could be captivated by Fanny's second-rate airs and graces, by giving her ample means for providing herself with the finery, which certainly rivalled, if it did not exceed the lover, in her estimation. When her brother and Mr. Bell came in, Fanny blushed, and simpered, and fluttered over the signs of her employment, in a way which could not fail to draw attention from any one else but Mr. Bell. If he thought about her and her silks and satins at all, it was to compare her and them with the pale sorrow he had left behind him, sitting motionless with bent head and folded hands in a room where the stillness was so great that you might almost fancy the rush in your straining ears was occasioned by the spirits of the dead, yet hovering round their beloved. For, when Mr. Bell had first gone up-stairs, Mrs. Shaw lay asleep on the sofa; and no sound broke the silence.

Mrs. Thornton gave Mr. Bell her formal, hospitable welcome. She was never so gracious as when receiving her son's friends in her son's house; and the more unexpected they were, the more honour to her admirable housekeeping preparations for comfort.

"How is Miss Hale?" she asked.

"About as broken down by this last stroke as she can be."

"I am sure it is very well for her that she has such a friend as you."

"I wish I were her only friend, madam. I daresay it sounds very brutal; but here have I been displaced, and turned out of my post of comforter and adviser by a fine lady aunt; and there are cousins and what not claiming her in London, as if she were a lap-dog belonging to them. And she is too weak and miserable to have a will of her own."

"She must indeed be weak," said Mrs. Thornton, with an implied meaning which her son understood well. "But where," continued Mrs. Thornton, "have these relations been all this time that Miss Hale has appeared almost friendless, and has certainly had a good deal of anxiety to bear?" But she did not feel interest enough in the answer to her question to wait for it. She left the room to make her household arrangements.

"They have been living abroad. They have some kind of claim upon her. I will do them that justice. The aunt brought her up, and she and the cousin have been like sisters. The thing vexing me, you see, is that I wanted to take her for a child of my own; and I am jealous of these people, who don't seem to value the privilege of their right. Now it would be different if Frederick claimed her."

"Frederick!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, "Who is he? What right—?" He stopped short in his vehement question.

"Frederick," said Mr. Bell, in surprise. "Why don't you know? He is her brother. Have you not heard—"

"I never heard his name before. Where is he? Who is he?"

"Surely I told you about him when the family first came to Milton—the son who was concerned in that mutiny."

"I never heard of him till this moment. Where does he live?"

"In Spain. He is liable to be arrested the moment he sets foot on English ground. Poor fellow! he will grieve at not being able to attend his father's funeral. We must be content with Captain Lennox; for I don't know of any other relation to summon."

"I hope I may be allowed to go?"

"Certainly; thankfully. You are a good fellow, after all, Thornton. Hale liked you. He spoke to me only the other day about you at Oxford. He regretted he had seen so little of you lately. I am obliged to you for wishing to show him respect."

"But about Frederick. Does he never come to England?"

"Never."

"He was not over here about the time of Mrs. Hale's death?"

"No. Why, I was here then. I hadn't seen Hale for years and years: and, if you remember, I came— No, it was some time after that that I came. But poor Frederick Hale was not here then. What made you think he was?"

"I saw a young man walking with Miss

Hale one day," replied Mr. Thornton, "and I think it was about that time."

"Oh, that would be this young Lennox, the Captain's brother. He's a lawyer, and they were in pretty constant correspondence with him; and I remember Mr. Hale told me he thought he would come down. Do you know," said Mr. Bell, wheeling round, and shutting one eye, the better to bring the forces of the other to bear with keen scrutiny on Mr. Thornton's face, "that I once fancied you had a little tenderness for Margaret."

No answer. No change of countenance.

"And so did poor Hale. Not at first, and not till I had put it into his head."

"I admired Miss Hale. Every one must do so. She is a beautiful creature," said Mr. Thornton, driven to bay by Mr. Bell's pertinacious questioning.

"Is that all! You can speak of her in that measured way as simply a 'beautiful creature'—only something to catch the eye. I did hope you had had nobleness enough in you to make you pay her the homage of the heart. Though I believe—in fact I know, she would have rejected you, still to have loved her without return would have lifted you higher than all those, be they who they may, that have never known her to love. 'Beautiful creature' indeed! Do you speak of her as you would of a horse or a dog!"

Mr. Thornton's eyes glowed like red embers.

"Mr. Bell," said he, "before you speak so, you should remember that all men are not as free to express what they feel as you are. Let us talk of something else." For though his heart leaped up, as at a trumpet-call, to every word that Mr. Bell had said, and though he knew that what he had said would henceforward bind the thought of the old Oxford Fellow closely up with the most precious things of his heart, yet he would not be forced into any expression of what he felt towards Margaret. He was no mocking-bird of praise, to try because another extolled what he reverenced and passionately loved, to outdo him in laudation. So he turned to some of the dry matters of business that lay between Mr. Bell and him as landlord and tenant.

"What is that heap of brick and mortar we came against in the yard? Any repairs wanted?"

"No, none, thank you."

"Are you building on your own account? If you are, I'm very much obliged to you."

"I'm building a dining-room—for the men I mean—the hands."

"I thought you were hard to please, if this room was not good enough to satisfy you, a bachelor."

"I've got acquainted with a strange kind of chap, and I put one or two children in whom he is interested to school. So, as I happened to be passing near his house one day, I just went there about some trifling payment to be made; and I saw such a miserable black frizzle of a dinner—a greasy cinder of meat, as first set me a-thinking. But it was not till provisions grew so high this winter that I bethought me how, by buying things wholesale, and cooking a good quantity of provisions together, much money might be saved, and much comfort gained. So I spoke to my friend—or my enemy—the man I told you of—and he found fault with every detail of my plan; and in consequence I laid it aside, both as impracticable and also because if I forced it into operation I should be interfering with the independence of my men; when suddenly this Higgins came to me and graciously signified his approval of a scheme so nearly the same as mine, that I might fairly have claimed it; and, moreover, the approval of several of his fellow-workmen, to whom he had spoken. I was a little 'riled,' I confess, by his manner, and thought of throwing the whole thing overboard to sink or swim. But it seemed childish to relinquish a plan which I had once thought wise and well-laid, just because I myself did not receive all the honour and consequence due to the originator. So I coolly took the part assigned to me, which is something like that of steward to a club. I buy in the provisions wholesale, and provide a fitting matron or cook."

"I hope you give satisfaction in your new capacity. Are you a good judge of potatoes and onions? But I suppose Mrs. Thornton assists you in your marketing."

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Thornton. "She disapproves of the whole plan, and now we never mention it to each other. But I manage pretty well, getting in great stocks from Liverpool, and being served in butcher's meat by our own family butcher. I can assure you, the hot dinners the matron turns out are by no means to be despised."

"Do you taste each dish as it goes in, in virtue of your office? I hope you have a white wand."

"I was very scrupulous, at first, in confining myself to the mere purchasing part, and even in that I rather obeyed the men's orders, conveyed through the housekeeper, than went by my own judgment. At one time, the beef was too large, at another the mutton was not fat enough. I think they saw how careful I was to leave them free, and not to intrude my own ideas upon them; so, one day, two or three of the men—my friend Higgins among them—asked me if I would not come in and take a snack. It was a very busy day, but I saw that the men would be hurt if, after making the advance, I didn't meet them half-way, so I went in, and I never made a better dinner in my life. I told them (my next neighbours I mean, for I'm no speech-maker) how much I'd enjoyed it; and for some time, whenever that especial dinner recurred in their dietary, I was sure to be met by these men, with a 'Master, there's hot-pot for dinner to-day, win yo' come?'

It they had not asked me, I would no more have intruded on them than I'd have gone to the mess at the barracks without invitation."

"I should think you were rather a restraint on your hosts' conversation. They can't abuse the masters while you're there. I suspect they take it out on non-hot-pot days."

"Well! hitherto we've steered clear of all vexed questions. But if any of the old disputes came up again, I would certainly speak out my mind next hot-pot day. But you are hardly acquainted with our Darkshire fellows, for all you're a Darkshire man yourself. They have such a sense of humour, and such a racy mode of expression! I am getting really to know some of them now, and they talk pretty freely before me."

"Nothing like the act of eating for equalising men. Dying is nothing to it. The philosopher dies sententiously—the pharisee ostentatiously—the simple-hearted humbly—the poor idiot blindly as the sparrow falls to the ground; but philosopher and idiot, publican and pharisee, all eat after the same fashion—given an equally good digestion. There's theory for theory for you!"

"Indeed I have no theory; I hate theories."

"I beg your pardon. To show my penitence, will you accept a ten pound note towards your marketing, and give the poor fellows a feast?"

"Thank you; but I'd rather not. They pay me rent for the oven and cooking-places at the back of the mill: and will have to pay more for the new dining-room. I don't want it to fall into a charity. I don't want donations. Once let in the principle, and I should have people going, and talking, and spoiling the simplicity of the whole thing."

"People will talk about any new plan. You can't help that."

"My enemies, if I have any, may make a philanthropic fuss about this dinner-scheme; but you are a friend, and I expect you will pay my experiment the respect of silence. It is but a new broom at present, and sweeps clean enough. But by-and-by we shall meet with plenty of stumbling-blocks, no doubt."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

Mrs. Shaw took as vehement a dislike as it was possible for one of her gentle nature to do, against Milton. It was noisy, and smoky, and the poor people whom she saw in the streets were dirty, and the rich ladies overdressed, and not a man that she saw, high or low, had his clothes made to fit him. She was sure Margaret would never regain her lost strength while she stayed in Milton; and she herself was afraid of one of her old attacks of the nerves. Margaret must return with her, and that quickly. This, if not the exact force of her words, was at any rate the spirit of what she urged on Margaret, till the latter, weak, weary, and broken-spirited, yielded a reluctant promise that, as soon as Wednesday was over, she would prepare to accompany her aunt back to town, leaving Dixon in charge of all the arrangements for paying bills, disposing of furniture, and shutting up the house. Before that Wednesday—that mournful Wednesday, when Mr. Hale was to be interred, far away from either of the homes he had known in life, and far away from the wife who lay lonely among strangers (and this last was Margaret's great trouble, for she thought that if she had not given way to that overwhelming stupor during the first sad days, she could have arranged things otherwise)—before that Wednesday, Margaret received a letter from Mr. Bell.

"My Dear Margaret:—I did mean to have returned to Milton on Thursday, but unluckily it turns out to be one of the rare occasions when we, Fellows of Radcliffe, are called upon to perform any kind of duty, and I must not be absent from my post. Captain Lennox and Mr. Thornton are here. The former seems a smart, well-meaning man; and has proposed to go over to Milton, and assist you in any search for the will; of course there is none, or you would have found it by this time, if you followed my directions. Then the Captain declares he must take you and his mother-in-law home; and, in his wife's present state, I don't see how you can expect him to remain away longer than Friday. However, that Dixon of yours is trusty; and can hold her, or your own, till I come. I take upon myself to administer, if there is no will; for I doubt this smart captain is no great man of business. Nevertheless, his moustachios are splendid. There will have to be a sale; so select what things you wish reserved. Or you can send a list afterwards. Now two things more, and I have done. You know, or if you don't, your poor father did, that you are to have my money and goods when I die. Not that I mean to die yet; but I name this just to explain what is coming. These Lennoxes seem very fond of you now; and perhaps may continue to be; perhaps not. So it is best to start with a formal agreement; namely, that you are to pay them two hundred and fifty pounds a year, as long as you and they find it pleasant to live together. (This, of course, includes Dixon; mind you don't be cajoled into paying any more for her.) Then you won't be thrown adrift if some day the captain wishes to have his house to himself, but you can carry yourself and your two hundred and fifty pounds off somewhere else; if, indeed, I have not claimed you to come and keep house for me first. Then as to dress, and Dixon, and personal expenses, and confectionery (all young ladies eat confectionery till wisdom comes by age), I shall consult some lady of my acquaintance, and see how much you will have from your father, before fixing this. Now, Margaret, have you flown out before you have read this far, and wondered what right the old man has to settle your affairs for you so cavalierly? I make no doubt you have. Yet the old man has a right. He has loved your father for five and thirty years; he stood beside him on his wedding-day; he closed his eyes in death. Moreover, he is your godfather: and as he cannot do you much good spiritually, having a hidden consciousness of your superiority in such things, he would fain do you the poor good of endowing you materially. And the old man has not a known relation on earth; 'who is there to mourn for Abraham Bell?' and his whole heart is set and bent upon this one thing, and Margaret Hale is not the girl to say him nay. Write by return, if only two lines, to tell me your answer. But *no thanks*."

Margaret took up a pen and scrawled with

trembling hand, "Margaret Hale is not the girl to say him nay." In her weak state she could not think of any other words, and yet she was vexed to use these. But she was so much fatigued even by this slight exertion, that if she could have thought of another form of acceptance, she could not have sate up to write a syllable of it. She was obliged to lie down again, and try not to think.

'My dearest child! Has that letter vexed or troubled you?"

"No!" said Margaret feebly. "I shall be better when to-morrow is over."

"I feel sure, darling, you won't be better till I get you out of this horrid air. How you can have borne it this two years I can't imagine."

"Where could I go to? I could not leave papa and mamma."

"Well! don't distress yourself, my dear. I dare say it was all for the best, only I had no conception of how you were living. Our butler's wife lives in a better house than this."

"It is sometimes very pretty—in summer; you can't judge by what it is now. I have been very happy here," and Margaret closed her eyes by way of stopping the conversation.

The house teemed with comfort now, compared to what it had done. The evenings were chilly, and by Mrs. Shaw's directions fires were lighted in every bedroom. She petted Margaret in every possible way, and bought every delicacy, or soft luxury in which she herself would have burrowed and sought comfort. But Margaret was indifferent to all these things; or, if they forced themselves upon her attention, it was simply as causes for gratitude to her aunt, who was putting herself so much out of her way to think of her. She was restless, though so weak. All the day long she kept herself from thinking of the ceremony which was going on at Oxford, by wandering from room to room, and languidly setting aside such articles as she wished to retain. Dixon followed her by Mrs. Shaw's desire, ostensibly to receive instructions, but with a private injunction to soothe her into repose as soon as might be.

'These books, Dixon, I will keep. All the rest will you send to Mr. Bell? They are of a kind that he will value for themselves, as well as for papa's sake. This——I should like you to take this to Mr. Thornton, after I am gone. Stay; I will write a note with it." And she sate down hastily, as if afraid of thinking, and wrote:

"Dear Sir,—The accompanying book I am sure will be valued by you, for the sake of my father, to whom it belonged.

"Yours sincerely,

"Margaret Hale."

She set out again upon her travels through the house, turning over articles, known to her from her childhood, with a sort of caressing reluctance to leave them—old-fashioned, worn and shabby, as they might be. But she hardly spoke again; and Dixon's report to Mrs. Shaw was, that "she doubted whether Miss Hale heard a word of what she said, though she talked the whole time, in order to divert her intention." The consequence of being on her feet all day was excessive bodily weariness in the evening, and a better night's rest than she had had since she had heard of Mr. Hale's death.

At breakfast time the next day, she expressed her wish to go and bid one or two friends good-bye. Mrs. Shaw objected:

"I am sure, my dear, you can have no friends here with whom you are sufficiently intimate to justify you in calling upon them so soon; before you have been at church."

"But to-day is my only day; if Captain Lennox comes this afternoon, and if we must—if I must really go to-morrow——"

"Oh, yes; we shall go to-morrow. I am more and more convinced that this air is bad for you, and makes you look so pale and ill; besides, Edith expects us; and she may be waiting me; and you cannot be left alone, my dear, at your age. No; if you must pay these calls, I will go with you. Dixon can get us a coach, I suppose?"

So Mrs. Shaw went to take care of Margaret, and took her maid with her to take care of the shawls and air-cushions. Margaret's face was too sad to lighten up into a smile at all this preparation for paying two visits, that she had often made by herself at all hours of the day. She was half afraid of owning that one place to which she was going was Nicholas Higgins'; all she could do was to hope her aunt would be indisposed to get out of the coach, and walk up the court, and at every breath of wind have her face slapped by wet clothes, hanging out to dry on ropes stretched from house to house.

There was a little battle in Mrs. Shaw's mind between ease and a sense of matronly propriety; but the former gained the day; and with many an injunction to Margaret to be careful of herself, and not to catch any fever, such as was always lurking in such places, her aunt permitted her to go where she had often been before without taking any precaution or requiring any permission.

Nicholas was out; only Mary and one or two of the Boucher children at home. Margaret was vexed with herself for not having timed her visit better. Mary had a very blunt intellect, although her feelings were warm and kind; and the instant she understood what Margaret's purpose was in coming to see them, she began to cry and sob with so little restraint that Margaret found it useless to say any of the thousand little things which had suggested themselves to her as she was coming along in the coach. She could only try to comfort her a little by suggesting the vague chance of their meeting again, at some possible time, in some possible place, and bid her tell her father how much she wished, if he could manage it, that he should come to see her when he had done his work in the evening.

As she was leaving the place, she stopped and looked round; then hesitated a little before she said:

"I should like to have some little thing to remind me of Bessy."

Instantly Mary's generosity was keenly alive. What could they give? And on Margaret's singling out a little common drinking-cup, which she remembered as the one always standing by Bessy's side with drink for her feverish lips, Mary said:

"Oh, take summut better; that only cost fourpence!"

"That will do, thank you," said Margaret; and she went quickly away, while the light caused by the pleasure of having something to give yet lingered on Mary's face.

'Now to Mrs. Thornton's," thought she to herself. "It must be done." But she looked rather rigid and pale at the thoughts of it, and had hard work to find the exact words in which to explain to her aunt who Mrs. Thornton was, and why she should go to bid her farewell.

They (for Mrs. Shaw alighted here) were shown into the drawing-room, in which a fire had only just been kindled. Mrs. Shaw huddled herself up in her shawl, and shivered.

"What an icy room!" she said.

They had to wait for some time before Mrs. Thornton entered. There was some softening in her heart towards Margaret now she was going away out of her sight. She remembered her spirit, as shown at various times and places, even more than the patience with which she had endured long and wearing cares. Her countenance was blander than usual, as she greeted her; there was even a shade of tenderness in her manner, as she noticed the white, tear-swollen face, and the quiver in the voice which Margaret tried to make so steady.

"Allow me to introduce my aunt, Mrs. Shaw. I am going away from Milton to-morrow; I do not know if you are aware of it; but I wanted to see you once again, Mrs. Thornton, to—to apologise for my manner the last time I saw you; and to say that I am sure you meant kindly—however much we may have misunderstood each other."

Mrs. Shaw looked extremely perplexed by what Margaret had said. Thanks for kindness! and apologies for failure in good manners! But Mrs. Thornton replied:

"Miss Hale, I am glad you do me justice. I did no more than I believed to be my duty in remonstrating with you as I did. I have always desired to act the part of a friend to you. I am glad you do me justice."

"And," said Margaret, blushing excessively as she spoke, "will you do me justice, and believe that, though I cannot—I do not choose—to give explanations of my conduct, I have not acted in the unbecoming way you apprehended?"

Margaret's voice was so soft, and her eyes so pleading, that Mrs. Thornton was for once affected by the charm of manner to which she had hitherto proved herself invulnerable.

"Yes, I do believe you. Let us say no more about it. Where are you going to reside, Miss Hale? I understood from Mr. Bell that you were going to leave Milton. You never liked Milton, you know," said Mrs. Thornton, with a sort of grim smile; "but, for all that, you must not expect me to congratulate you on quitting it. Where shall you live?"

"With my aunt," replied Margaret, turning towards Mrs. Shaw.

"My niece will reside with me in Harley Street. She is almost like a daughter to me," said Mrs. Shaw, looking fondly at Margaret; "and I am glad to acknowledge my own obligation for any kindness that has been shown to her. If you and your husband ever come to town, my son and daughter, Captain and Mrs. Lennox, will, I am sure, join with me in wishing to do anything in our power to show you attention."

Mrs. Thornton thought in her own mind, that Margaret had not taken much care to enlighten her aunt as to the relations between the Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, towards whom the fine-lady aunt was extending her soft patronage; so she answered shortly,

"My husband is dead. Mr. Thornton is my son. I never go to London; so I am not likely to be able to avail myself of your polite offers."

At this instant Mr. Thornton entered the room; he had only just returned from Oxford. His mourning suit spoke of the reason that had called him there.

"John," said his mother, "this lady is Mrs. Shaw, Miss Hale's aunt. I am sorry to say, that Miss Hale's call is to wish us good-bye."

"You are going, then!" said he, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Margaret. "We leave to-morrow."

"My son-in-law comes this evening to escort us," said Mrs. Shaw.

Mr. Thornton turned away. He had not sat down, and now he seemed to be examining something on the table, almost as if he had discovered an unopened letter, which had made him forget the present company. He did not even seem to be aware when they got up to take leave. He started forwards, however, to hand Mrs. Shaw down to the carriage. As it drove up, he and Margaret stood close together on the door-step, and it was impossible but that the recollection of the day of the riot should force itself into both their minds. Into his it came associated with the speeches of the following day; her passionate declaration that there was not a man in all that violent and desperate crowd, for whom she did not care as much as for him. And at the remembrance of her taunting words, his brow grew stern, though his heart beat thick with longing

love. "No!" said he, "I put it to the touch once, and I lost it all. Let her go,—with her stony heart, and her beauty;—how set and terrible her look is now, for all her loveliness of feature! She is afraid I shall speak what will require some stern repression. Let her go. Beauty and heiress as she may be, she will find it hard to meet with a truer heart than mine. Let her go!"

And there was no tone of regret, or emotion of any kind in the voice with which he said good-bye; and the offered hand was taken with a resolute calmness, and dropped as carelessly as if it had been a dead and withered flower. But none in his household saw Mr. Thornton again that day. He was busily engaged; or so he said.

Margaret's strength was so utterly exhausted by these visits, that she had to submit to much watching and petting, and sighing "I-told-you-so's," from her aunt. Dixon said she was quite as bad as she had been on the first day she heard of her father's death; and she and Mrs. Shaw consulted as to the desirableness of delaying the morrow's journey. But when her aunt reluctantly proposed a few days delay to Margaret, the latter writhed her body as if in acute suffering, and said:

"Oh! let us go. I cannot be patient here. I shall not get well here. I want to forget."

So the arrangements went on; and Captain Lennox came, and with him news of Edith and the little boy; and Margaret found that the indifferent, careless conversation of one who, however kind, was not too warm and anxious a sympathiser, did her good. She roused up; and by the time that she knew she might expect Higgins, she was able to leave the room quietly, and await in her own chamber the expected summons.

"Eh!" said he, as she came in, "to think of th' oud gentleman dropping off as he did! Yo might ha' knocked me down wi' a straw when they telled me. 'Mr. Hale?' said I; 'him as was th' parson?' 'Ay,' said they. 'Then,' said I, 'there's as good a man gone as ever lived on this earth, let who will be t' other!' And I came to see yo, and tell yo how grieved I were, but them women in th' kitchen wouldn't tell yo I were there. They said yo were ill, and butter me, but yo dunnot look like th' same wench. And yo're going to be a grand lady up i' London, aren't yo?"

"Not a grand lady," said Margaret, half smiling.

"Well! Thornton said—says he, a day or two ago, 'Higgins, have yo seen Miss Hale?' 'No,' says I; 'there's a pack o' women who won't let me at her. But I can bide my time, if she's ill. She and I knows each other pretty well; and hoo'l not go doubting that I'm main sorry for th' oud gentleman's death, jest because I can't get at her and tell her so.' And says he, 'Yo'll not have much time for to try and see her, my fine chap. She's not for staying with us a day longer nor she can help. She's got grand relations, and they're carrying her off; and we sha'n't see her no more.' 'Measter,' said I, 'if I dunnot see her afore hoo goes, I'll strive to get up to Lunnun next Whissuntide, that I will. I'll not be baulked of saying her good-bye by any relations whatsomdever.' But, bless yo, I knowed yo'd come. It were only for to humour the measter, I let on as if I thought yo'd mappen leave Milton without seeing me."

"You're quite right," said Margaret. "You only do me justice. And you'll not forget me, I'm sure. If no one else in Milton remembers me, I'm certain you will; and papa too. You know how good and how tender he was. Look, Higgins! here is his bible. I have kept it for you. I can ill spare it; but I know he would have liked you to have it. I'm sure you'll care for it, and study what is in it, for his sake."

"Yo may say that. If it were the deuce's own scribble, and yo axed me to read in it for yo'r sake, and th' oud gentleman's, I'd do it. Whatten's this, wench? I'm not going for to take yo'r brass, so dunnot think it. We've been great friends, 'bout the sound o' money passing between us."

"For the children—for Boucher's children," said Margaret, hurriedly. "They may need it. You've no right to refuse it for them. I would not give you a penny," she said, smiling; "don't think there's any of it for you."

"Well, wench! I can nobbut say, Bless yo! and bless yo!—and amen."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

It was very well for Margaret that the extreme quiet of the Harley Street house, during Edith's recovery from her confinement, gave her the natural rest which she needed. It gave her time to comprehend the sudden change which had taken place in her circumstances within the last two months. She found herself at once an inmate of a luxurious house, where the bare knowledge of the existence of every trouble or care seemed scarcely to have penetrated. The wheels of the machinery of daily life were well oiled, and went along with delicious smoothness. Mrs. Shaw and Edith could hardly make enough of Margaret, on her return to what they persisted in calling her home. And she felt that it was almost ungrateful in her to have a secret feeling that the Helstone vicarage—nay, even the poor little house at Milton, with her anxious father and her invalid mother, and all the small household cares of comparative poverty, composed her idea of home. Edith was impatient to get well, in order to fill Margaret's bed-room with all the soft comforts, and pretty nick-knacks, with which her own abounded. Mrs. Shaw and her maid found plenty of occupation in restoring Margaret's wardrobe to a state of elegant variety. Captain Lennox was easy, kind, and gentlemanly; sate with his wife in her dressing-room an hour or two every day;

played with his little boy for another hour, and lounged away the rest of his time at his club, when he was not engaged out to dinner. Just before Margaret had recovered from her necessity for quiet and repose—before she had begun to feel her life wanting and dull — Edith came down-stairs and resumed her usual part in the household; and Margaret fell into the old habit of watching, and admiring, and ministering to her cousin. She gladly took all charge of the semblances of duties off Edith's hands; answered notes, reminded her of engagements, tended her when no gaiety was in prospect, and she was consequently rather inclined to fancy herself ill. But all the rest of the family were in the full business of the London season, and Margaret was often left alone. Then her thoughts went back to Milton, with a strange sense of the contrast between the life there, and here. She was getting surfeited of the eventless ease in which no struggle or endeavour was required. She was afraid lest she should even become sleepily deadened into forgetfulness of anything beyond the life which was lapping her round with luxury. There might be toilers and moilers there in London, but she never saw them; the very servants lived in an underground world of their own, of which she knew neither the hopes nor the fears; they only seemed to start into existence when some want or whim of their master and mistress needed them. There was a strange unsatisfied vacuum in Margaret's heart and mode of life; and, once when she had dimly hinted this to Edith, the latter, wearied with dancing the night before, languidly stroked Margaret's cheek as she sat by her in the old attitude,—she on a footstool by the sofa where Edith lay.

"Poor child!" said Edith. "It is a little sad for you to be left, night after night, just at this time when all the world is so gay! But we shall be having our dinner-parties soon—as soon as Henry comes back from circuit—and then there will be a little pleasant variety for you. No wonder it is moped, poor darling!"

Margaret did not feel as if the dinner-parties would be a panacea. She looked forward with more interest to the homely object of Dixon's return from Milton; where, until now, the old servant had been busily engaged in winding up all the affairs of the Hale family, under Mr. Bell's direction. He had been once up to London to see Margaret, and consult her about several of the arrangements, as well as on law business connected with his administration of her father's effects. It was at this particular time that Margaret had been thrown with Mr. Henry Lennox, enough to wear off, in a great measure, the shyness on her side, and the symptoms of mortified pride and vanity on his. They could now meet, as Margaret believed, very comfortably as friends; though they had drifted strangely apart from their former anchorage, side by side, in many of their opinions, and all their tastes. One of the great pleasures of Margaret's life, at this time, was in Edith's boy. He was the pride and plaything of both father and mother, as long as he was good; but he had a strong will of his own, and as soon as he burst out into one of his stormy passions, Edith would throw herself back in despair and fatigue, and sigh out, "Oh dear! what shall I do with him! Do, Margaret, please ring the nursery bell for Hanley."

But Margaret almost liked him better in these manifestations of character than in his good, blue-sashed moods. She would carry him off into a room, where they two alone battled it out; she, with a firm power which subdued him into peace, while every sudden charm and wile she possessed was exerted on the side of right, until he would rub his little hot and tear-smeared face all over hers, kissing and caressing, till he often fell asleep in her arms, or on her shoulder. Those were Margaret's sweetest moments. They gave her a taste of the feeling that she believed would be denied to her for ever.

At length Dixon came to assume her post as Margaret's maid; and the dinner-parties began. Both were pleasant events; but neither of them sufficient to still Margaret's craving for something different. Dixon brought endless pieces of Milton gossip:—How Martha had gone to live with Miss Thornton on the latter's marriage; with an account of the bridesmaids, dresses, and breakfast at that interesting ceremony;—how people thought that Mr. Thornton had made too grand a wedding of it, considering he had lost a deal by the strike; and had had to pay so much for the failure of his contracts;—how little money articles of furniture, cherished by Dixon, fetched; which was a shame, considering how rich folks were at Milton;—how Mrs. Thornton had come, one day, and got two or three good bargains, and Mr. Thornton had come the next, and, in his desire to obtain one or two things, had bid against himself, much to the by-standers' enjoyment; so that, as Dixon observed, made things even; if Mrs. Thornton paid too little, Mr. Thornton paid too much. Mr. Bell had been for ever backwards and forwards about the books; he had asked Dixon if she would go with him and Miss Hale, when they went to Spain in the autumn, to see Master Frederick and his wife; and Dixon took great credit to herself for the answer she had made,—namely, that her soul was dearer to her than even Master Frederick's own self; and that she would never trust herself in a Papish country. But she seemed a little to regret this reply, which Mr. Bell had understood so literally as never to renew his application to her; and now Dixon asked Margaret whether, if she took care never to see a priest, or enter into one of their churches,

there would be so very much danger of her being converted? Master Frederick had gone over unaccountable."

"I fancy it was love that first predisposed him to conversion," said Margaret, sighing.

"Indeed, miss," said Dixon. "Well, I can preserve myself from priests and from churches; but love steals in unawares! I think it's as well I refused to go."

Dixon had not so much to tell about the Higginses. Her memory had an aristocratic bias, and was very treacherous whenever she tried to recall any circumstance connected with those below her in life. Nicholas was very well, she believed. He had been several times at the house, asking for news of Miss Margaret—the only person who ever did ask. And Mary? Oh, of course was very well—a great, stout, slatternly thing! She did hear, or perhaps it was only a dream of hers, though it would be strange if she had dreamt of such people as the Higginses—that Mary had gone to work at Mr. Thornton's mill, because her father wished her to learn how to cook; but what nonsense that could mean she did not know. Margaret rather agreed with her that the story was incoherent enough to be only a dream.

Still it was pleasant to have some one now with whom she could talk of Milton and Milton people. Dixon was not over fond of the subject, rather wishing to leave that part of her life in shadow. She liked much more to dwell upon speeches of Mr. Bell's, which had suggested an idea to her of what was really his intention—of making Margaret his heiress. But her young lady gave her no encouragement, nor in any way gratify Dixon's insinuating inquiries, however disguised in the form of suppositions and assertions.

Margaret had not heard any hint of this Spanish plan until Dixon named it; and now she was afraid of letting her mind run too much upon it. It seemed an outlet from the monotony of her present life, which was growing to pall upon her. Mr. Bell would be in town on law business at the time of some of Edith's parties. She should see a good deal of him then: doubtless he would tell her if he had any such idea.

The course of Margaret's day was this: a quiet hour or two before a late breakfast; an endless discussion of plans at which, although they none of them concerned her, she was expected to be present, to give her sympathy, if she could not assist with her advice; an endless number of notes to write, which Edith invariably left to her with many caressing compliments as to the éloquence du billet; a little play with Sholto, as he returned from his walk; lunch; the care of the children during the servants' dinner; a drive or callers; and some dinner or evening engagement for her aunt and cousins, which left Margaret free, it is true, but rather wearied with the inanity of the day, coming on depressed spirits, and delicate health.

Edith piqued herself on her dinner parties; "So different," as she said, "from the old heavy dowager dinners under mamma's régime;" and Mrs. Shaw seemed to take exactly the same kind of torpid pleasure in the very different arrangements and circle of acquaintance which were to Captain and Mrs. Lennox's taste, as she did in the more formal and ponderous entertainments which she herself used to give. Captain Lennox was always extremely kind and brotherly to Margaret. She was really very fond of him; excepting when he was anxiously attentive to Edith's dress and appearance, with a view to her beauty making a sufficient impression in the world. Then all the latent Vashti in Margaret was roused, and she could hardly keep herself from expressing her feelings.

Mr. Henry Lennox returned from circuit; and his frequent presence at his brother's house, added a new element, not disagreeable to Margaret. He appeared colder and more brilliant than formerly; but there were strong intellectual tastes, and much and varied knowledge, which gave flavour to the hitherto rather insipid conversation. Margaret saw glimpses of a slight contempt for both his brother and his sister-in-law, and for their mode of life, which he seemed to consider as frivolous and purposeless. He once or twice spoke to his brother in Margaret's presence, in a pretty sharp tone of enquiry, as to whether he meant entirely to relinquish his profession; and on Captain Lennox's reply that he had quite enough to live upon, she had seen Mr. Lennox's curl of the lip as he said, "And is that all you live for?" But the brothers were much attached to each other, in the way that any two persons are where the one is cleverer and always leads the other, and this last is patiently content to be led. Mr. Lennox was pushing on in his profession; cultivating with profound purpose all those connections that might eventually be of service to him; keen-sighted, far-seeing, intelligent, sarcastic, and proud. Margaret had had one long conversation with him, in Mr. Bell's presence, about Frederick's case; and it was then that Mr. Bell learnt, for the first time, from Margaret of her brother's stolen visit to England; and not even to him did she tell the full details, which she had never breathed to any one. Excepting that once, she had had no settled conversation with Mr. Lennox. She thought that he rather avoided being left alone with her; she fancied she saw traces of the feeling best described by the expression of "owing her a grudge." And yet when he had spoken unusually well, or with remarkable epigrammatic point, she felt that his eye sought the expression of her countenance first of all, if but for an instant; and that, in the family intercourse which constantly threw them together, her opinion was the one to which he listened with a deference

the more complete because it was reluctantly paid, and concealed as much as possible.

With regard to the dinner parties—Edith's friends contributed the beauty, Captain Lennox's the easy knowledge of the subjects of the day; and Mr. Henry Lennox, and the sprinkling of rising men, whom he brought about the house, as privileged brother-in-law, contributed the wit, the cleverness, the keen and extensive knowledge; of which they knew well how to avail themselves when occasion required without seeming pedants, or burdening the rapid flow of conversation. These dinners were delightful; but even here Margaret's dissatisfaction found her out. Every talent, every feeling, every acquirement—nay, every tendency towards virtue, was used up as materials for fire-works. One day, after the gentlemen had come up into the drawing-room, Mr. Lennox drew near Margaret, and addressed her in almost the first voluntary words he had spoken to her since she had returned to live in Harley Street.

"You did not look pleased at what Shirley was saying at dinner."

"Didn't I? My face must be very expressive," replied Margaret.

"It always was. It has not lost the trick of being eloquent."

"I did not like," said Margaret, hastily, "his way of advocating what he knew to be wrong—so glaringly wrong—even in jest."

"But it was very clever. How every word told! Do you remember the happy epithets?"

"Yes!"

"And despise them, you would like to add. Pray, don't scruple, though he is my friend."

"There! that is the exact tone in you that —." She stopped short. He listened for a moment to see if she would finish her sentence; but she only reddened, and turned away; before she did so, she heard him say, in a very low clear voice:—

"If my tones or modes of thought are what you dislike, will you do me the justice to tell me so, and give me the chance of learning to please you?"

Mr. Bell did not come up when Margaret expected him. He missed all the dinner-parties; which Edith regretted continually, declaring she was so worn out by the heat that she did not think she had strength enough left in her to give another. This, she said, with a little air of apology to Margaret, as if she would have wished to pay every attention to her friend; and Margaret could hardly succeed in assuring her that Mr. Bell was the last man in the world to consider himself neglected by any such omission. "Only let him come here in a free way whenever he likes, and you cannot please him more. I want him to see you, Edith; you know you were ill all the time he was here in May."

"And I am in shocking looks now," said the beauty, glancing at herself complacently in the glass.

"Oh, it is not at all for your beauty: it's because I love you so much, you naughty Edith, that I want him to see you!"

"And do you really still think of Spain in this weather?"

"It will be cooler before September. Oh, yes! I think of going to Cadiz terribly much—just in that absorbing, wilful way which is sure to be disappointed—or else gratified to the letter, while in the spirit it gives no pleasure."

"But that's superstitious, I'm sure, Margaret."

"No; I don't think it is. Only it ought to warn me, and check me from forming such passionate wishes. It is a sort of 'Give me children, or I die!' I'm afraid my cry is, 'Let me go to Cadiz, or else I die.'"

"My dear Margaret! You'll be persuaded to stay there; and then what shall I do? Oh, I wish I could find somebody for you to marry here, that I could be sure of you!"

"I shall never marry."

"Nonsense, and double nonsense! Why, as Sholto says, you're such an attraction to the house, that next year he knows ever so many men who will be glad to come."

Margaret drew herself up haughtily. "Do you know, Edith, I sometimes think your Corfu life has taught you——"

"Well!"

"Just a shade or two of coarseness?"

Edith began to sob so bitterly, and to declare so vehemently that Margaret had lost all love for her, and no longer looked upon her as a friend, that Margaret came to think she had expressed too harsh an opinion, for the relief of her own wounded pride, and ended by being Edith's slave for the rest of the day; while that little lady, overcome by wounded feeling, lay like a victim on the sofa, heaving occasionally a profound sigh.

Mr. Bell did not make his appearance even on the day to which he had for a second time deferred his visit. The next morning there came a letter from Wallis, stating that his master had not been feeling well for some time, which had been the true reason of his putting off his journey, and that at the very time when he should have set out for London, he had been seized with an apoplectic fit; it was, indeed, Wallis added, the opinion of the medical men that he could not survive the night; and more than probable that by the time Miss Hale received this letter, his poor master would be no more. Edith cried terribly at this shock, perhaps the nearest way in which she had ever been brought into contact with death. Here was a man who was to have dined with them to-day, lying dead or dying instead. Margaret's quiet tears fell unnoticed. How fatal this year had been to her! No sooner was she fully aware of one loss, but another came—not to supersede her grief for the one before, but to reopen wounds and feelings scarcely healed. At last Edith started up with, "I

can't wait till to-morrow. I will ask Sholto to go to Oxford; he can be back to dinner. I do so hate suspense!"

Margaret wished for a long time in silence that she might accompany him; but the first faint mention of this idea worried her aunt so much that she nearly gave it up; and then the thought of her father's friend, her own friend, lying at the point of death, came upon her with such vividness that she surprised even herself by asserting something of her right to independence of action; and almost before she thought that they had consented, she found herself in the railway carriage with Captain Lennox.

It was always a comfort to her to think that she had gone; though it was only to hear that he had died in the night. She saw the rooms that he had occupied, and associated them ever after most fondly in her memory with the idea of her father and his one cherished and faithful friend. They had promised Edith before starting, that if all had ended, as they feared, they would return to dinner; so that long lingering look around the room in which her father had died, had to be interrupted, and a quiet farewell taken of the kind old face that had so often come out with pleasant words, and merry quips and cranks. Captain Lennox fell asleep on their journey home, and Margaret could cry at leisure; till at the sound of cheerful voices, merry little Sholto's glee, and at the sight of well-lighted rooms, and Edith pretty even in her paleness and her eager, sorrowful interest, Margaret roused herself from her heavy trance of almost superstitious hopelessness and began to feel that even around her, joy and gladness might gather. She had Edith's place on the sofa; Sholto was taught to carry aunt Margaret's cup of tea very carefully to her; and by the time she went up to dress, she could thank God for having spared her dear old friend a long or a painful illness.

THE FATE OF A TOAST.

No one would speak nowadays of a great drinker as a knight of the toast, or of a celebrated beauty as a reigning toast. Yet in the days of Queen Anne, no better description could be given of a beau, or a more complimentary name to the loveliest belle. "Go where you will," says surly John Dennis, describing London in seventeen hundred and four,—"among wits and courtiers, among men of sense or blockheads, the conversation rolls most upon two points —news and toasting." Londoners are still eager for news; but no one would now ask for the name of the reigning toast at Almack's or Saint James's. Lady Gertrude Chamley may be the admired beauty at court and opera — but nobody toasts her. No Vanessa would now describe a Stella:

> She's fair and clean, and that's the most,
> But why proclaim her for a toast?

nor would any gentleman be so insane as to burn his wig (if he wore one) when proposing the health of the loveliest woman in London.

Who the first toast was no one has told us. She was probably a Bath lady, if the story in the Tatler of the origin of the name is to be relied on. About this grave doubts exist with the gravest antiquaries. Pope records that Stanton Harcourt was shown where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged "the bottles of tent for toasts in a morning." Wycherley claimed the invention for a mere mortal:

> Whatever gifts the gods may boast,
> They found out wine and men the toast.

But who has found out the history of Miss Maria Jane Calcott, whose death in seventeen hundred and thirty-five is recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine of that year, and herself described as "a great beauty and the toast of the beau monde in Soho?"

The great toasters were the Whigs composing the celebrated Kit-Kat Club. They had toasting glasses, with suitable inscriptions. Some glistened with verses by poets of reputation. Thus, the glass from which the first Duchess of St. Albans was toasted, displayed the following couplets by the Earl of Halifax:

> The line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
> Concludes with lustre in St. Albans charms;
> Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,
> They rose in Valour and in Beauty set.

The Duchess of Richmond's glass bore this inscription from the same pen:

> Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
> Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast;
> Th' adorers' offerings prove who's most divine,
> They sacrificed in water, we in wine.

Lady Wharton's toast-glass bore a stanza by Sir Samuel Garth:

> When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
> And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
> With more than nectar he the banquet bless'd,
> For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

As the rules of the Kit-Kat club have not come down to us, we have no means of describing what the honours were that accompanied a toast. We may, however, infer that a mad practice, which prevailed till late in the last century, was observed in it. It was the custom with every toast of importance, "to eat the wine-glass." This was done by biting a piece out, grinding it with the teeth, and actually swallowing the fragments. The enjoyment lay, in seeing an aspirant to distinction cut his mouth in the insane undertaking. The feat was actually performed by Mortimer, the painter, who is said never to have recovered from the consequences.

One of the celebrated toasts of the Kit-Kat Club was Miss Ann Long, whose sad fate has given occasion to this article. She was the sister of Sir James Long, of Draycot, in Wiltshire; was a great beauty, and had a small independence. She led a thoughtless life, but retained her virtue amid many

trials. She was known to Dean Swift; corresponded with him; and, the letter which Swift wrote upon her death is one of the most affecting passages in all his works. They quarrelled, it appears—not seriously, however—and Swift on the renewal of their acquaintance, made a formal treaty between them. It was drawn up by Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the mother of Vanessa, and its preservation is due to the industry of Carll, who printed it in seventeen hundred and eighteen in a scandalous and, happily, rare volume of miscellanies. In this treaty, her claim is admitted to certain privileges and exceptions as "a lady of the toast," and to giving herself the reputation of being one of the Dean's acquaintances.

When this treaty was made, Miss Long lived in Albemarle Street. She was soon however to break up house, and fly for debt from London to Lynn, in Norfolk. "Bailiffs were in her house," writes Swift to Stella; "and she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul." The letter has not been preserved, but Swift heard from her in reply. "I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long," he writes to Stella, "giving me an account of her life; obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature!" A second letter, he says, has quite turned his stomach against her; "no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town with vile conversation." Sir Walter Scott is mistaken in thinking that the letter is in print. It has luckily not been preserved. But her last letter to Swift, with Swift's endorsement—"Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died,"—was found among the Dean's papers. She was then (November, seventeen hundred and eleven) living near Saint Nicholas's church at Lynn as Mrs. Smyth. "I pretend to no more," she says, "than being of George Smyth's family, of Nitly, but do not talk much for fear of betraying myself. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune by catching up some of their young fellows; but having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of... I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, sir, and can handle a needle very prettily."

The Lady of the Toast and Treaty was not long for this world. "Poor Mrs. Long," Swift writes to Stella, "died at Lynn, in Norfolk, on Saturday last, at four in the morning. She was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy. I never was more afflicted at any death. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of a hundred a year, and Newburg House, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother lived so long, forced her to retire,—for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death; yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her, else she might have paid her debts and continued here and lived still. I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her, which is all I can do to serve her memory. One reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for."

We have looked in vain for the paragraph in the Post-Boy; but there are other and finer proofs of the affectionate interest which Swift took in the unhappy fate of this once celebrated Toast. He wrote a manly and touching letter to Lynn about her; gave full praise to her many excellencies, and requested that she might be buried in some part of the church of St. Nicholas, near a wall, where a plain marble stone could be fixed "as a poor monument for one who deserved so well, and which, if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it." Her name survives through Swift; not by the verses which the Marquis of Wharton inscribed round one of the toasting-glasses of the Kit-Kat Club;—

Fill the glass; let the hautboys sound,
Whilst bright Longy's health goes round:
With eternal beauty blest,
Ever blooming, still the best;
Drink your glass, and think the rest.

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ROBERTSON, ARTIST IN GHOSTS.

MONSIEUR ROBERTSON is not one of those mermen in nomenclature whose proper name unites one kind of head to another kind of body. He does indeed (or did in his practising days) belong to the upper class of the profession which includes more of such odd fish than any other,—Professors, Herrs, Mynheers, Senors, Signors, and Monsieurs Wilkinsch, Van der Smit, Jonez, Pattersono, and De Wiggins: but his name of Robertson is not an English name; his title of Monsieur was fairly come by. He was born at Liège, ninety-one years ago. His father was a M. Robert; and in accordance with the Flemish custom and language, while the father lived as senior, the son wrote himself junior, and did that by adding to his name the word "son," which is spelt in Flemish as in English. Before the father died, the son was famous as a prince of conjurors, and he retained, therefore, to the last the name that was associated with the triumph of his charms.

He was a charmer who charmed wisely,—who was a born conjurer, inasmuch as he was gifted with a predominant taste for experiments in natural science,—and he was useful man enough in an age of superstition to get up fashionable entertainments at which spectres were to appear and horrify the public, without trading on the public ignorance by any false pretence. When he was an old man, four and twenty years ago, he wrote the history of his life, explained the philosophy of all his hocus-pocus, and made up the complement of pages in his two volumes of recollections, with many anecdotes derived from his experience in many countries. It is the story of an honourable and well-educated showman, which offers pleasant contrast with the autobiography of a showman of another stamp, just now before the public, and supposed—inconceivably despicable as it is—to be so well adapted to the public taste, that the right of publishing it is said (we know not with what truth) to have been sold by auction for fifteen thousand pounds. As for Monsieur Robertson, who was a gentleman, it is very probable that he lost money by publishing in Paris, on his own account, the Memoirs Recreative, Scientific, and Anecdotical,—upon which we draw for all that is contained in the succeeding bit of gossip.

Monsieur Robert, sire of Monsieur Robertson, was a rich merchant. A taste for sedentary life was forced upon the son, when but a boy of seven, by a fall upon the ice which caused the breaking of his leg. Many years afterwards, he was tripped up by a couple of dogs, and suffered dislocation of the thigh. "I have made fifty-nine balloon ascents," he says, "and otherwise often risked, my life; who could have foreseen that these would be the sort of accidents attending such a life as mine." As a boy, Monsieur Robertson acquired from a priest much taste for the study of optics. Then he was sent, like other young people of his class, to follow a course of philosophy in Louvain, and after that, returning to Liège, formed an intimate acquaintance with a M. Villette, optical instrument maker, whose father had constructed a famous concave mirror of unusual size and power.

M. Villette used often to talk about his father's mirror, which was described fully in the Journal des Savans for the year sixteen hundred and seventy-nine. He made four of the kind. The first was bought for presentation to the King of Persia; the second was sold to the King of Denmark; the third was presented to the King of France; and the fourth was that which brought its maker into trouble. These mirrors, of which the last was forty-three inches in diameter, concentrated the sun's rays into so powerful a focus that they vitrified bricks and flints, consumed instantly the greenest wood, and melted iron. They had also, of course, their optical effects. The figure reflected from any concave mirror apparently stands out from its surface, just as the figure reflected from a convex mirror seems to be contained within it. When one of these instruments was presented to the King of France—Louis Quatorze—his majesty was requested to draw his sword and thrust towards the burnished surface. He did so; and because, at the same instant, his image appeared to leap forward and direct a thrust at his own face, the great monarch recoiled in alarm, and was so much ashamed of himself directly afterwards that he would see no more of the mirror for that day.

Now, it happened that while the last of M. Villette's mirrors was in his house at Liège, the autumn set in very rainy, and there was great difficulty about getting in the harvest, so that bread — the supply of which, in the good old improvident times, always became scanty as the season for a new harvest drew near—bread became very dear. The populace was soon convinced that M. Villette's mirror caused the rain which spoilt the harvest. It was said in M.Villette's family that certain Jesuits suggested this idea. At any rate, there soon were riots on the subject, and M. Villette's house was surrounded by an angry mob, determined upon cheap bread and no optics. They proposed lowering the price of corn by breaking up the handiwork of the optician. A sensible prelate governed Liège, who put down the rioters by force of arms, and afterwards, as neither the rain, nor the superstition as to the cause of it, showed signs of abatement, issued this proclamation :—

"Joseph Clement, by the grace of God Archbishop of Cologne, Prince-Elector of the holy Roman Empire, Arch-Chancellor for Italy and Legate of the Holy Apostolic Chair, Bishop and Prince of Liège, of Ratisbon, and of Hildesheim, Administrator of Bergtesgade; Duke of the two Bavarias, of the Upper Palatinate, Westphalia, Enguien and Bouillon, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Landgrave of Leuchtenberg, Marquis of Fanchimont, Count of Looz, Horne, &c.

"To all who see these presents, greeting.

"A most humble remonstrance having been made to us whereupon we learn that a rumour has spread over our town of Liège and its environs, to the effect that Nicholas François Villette, resident for the last fifteen or eighteen years in our said town, has attracted by his burning mirror the rains with which not only these lands, but the lands of our surrounding neighbours, are chastised for their iniquities, we consider ourselves obliged by the care we should have of our flock to declare, as hereby we declare, that this is an error sown by ignorant or evil-disposed people, or even by the spirit of evil, which by diverting in this wise our people from the idea and the assurance that it is for its sins that it is chastened, causes it to attribute to a mirror that which comes from God.

"We declare, therefore, that this mirror produces, and can produce, only effects purely natural and very curious, and that to believe that it can attract or beget the rains, and so to attribute to it the power of opening or shutting heaven, which can belong only to God, would be a very blameable superstition. And we command the curates and the preachers in all parts of our diocese into which such an error may have crept, that they use what power lies in them for its removal.

"Given in our consistory of Liège, under the signature of the administrator of our Vicariat-General *in spiritualibus*, and under our accustomed seal, this twenty-second of August, seventeen hundred and thirteen.

"L. F.,

"Bishop of Thermopylæ, Administrator of the Vicariat-General of Liège.

J. F. Choriste, pro P. Rollin."

Ignorant as we are, we surely have improved a little on the good old times! Yet we have no great reason for boasting. Foolish thought as it was to take a mirror for the source of some of nature's grandest operations, it is a good deal more foolish to take nature for a mirror, and some are to be found even in these days who

> Do yet prize
> This soul, and the transcendent universe,
> No more than as a mirror that reflects
> To proud self-love her own intelligence.

Let us go back to Monsieur Robertson. One of the first results of his youthful taste for experiments in science was the setting up of an electrical machine. With this he produced well-known effects, that soon procured for him a little notoriety in his town; for even the first magistrates—two burgomasters in their robes—condescended to come and be witnesses of his performance. The young man, who also bred insects, and among others silkworms, in his chamber, kept an exact record of their metamorphose; and ignorant of scientific names or any other facts than those he noticed, called his animals by names of his own—the carrot butterfly, the potato butterfly, the poplar beetle, &c. He had decided talent as a painter, and made drawings of his insects in each stage of life. When, shortly afterwards, he went to Paris he took with him these drawings, for, in his ignorance, he believed that they recorded observations which would probably be new to naturalists in the capital. Of course he was soon aroused out of this dream.

It was by painting that M. Robertson proposed to get a living. His father's fortune had been compromised by a too onerous coal-mining speculation; he himself had received from the school of painting in his native town a gold medal for the best picture of Apollo killing the Python. This had been delivered to him in the presence of his fellow-townsmen by the Prince of Welbruck. His ambition, therefore, was to flourish as a painter. His parents had other views. Among their family possessions was the presentation to a benefice; and they held that for the security of his future it was most convenient that he should become a priest. The youth abided by his own opinions. There was a famous teacher of physics in the College of France, named Monsieur Brisson, and a certain Monsieur Charles was at that time illustrious among Parisians for his lectures upon natural science, embellished by experiments of the most striking kind. M. Villette the younger therefore advised M. Robertson to go to Paris, where he could maintain himself by painting while he amused himself by prosecuting scientific studies. Robertson adopted the idea and set out, provided by his friend with a letter of introduction to Monsieur Pascal-Tasquin, harpsichord maker to the king.

Diseases of the lungs were at that time very common in Liège, and there was a

doctor there, Dr. Demestre, who used to prescribe in all such cases inhalation of the vapour of brimstone, by which means he killed a great number of patients. Young Robertson was frightfully thin ; it was supposed that he would not survive his twenty-fifth year ; his thinness being ascribed by the faculty to his electrical machine—to the "electrical atmosphere" in which he lived. Stirring abroad and horse-exercise were urged on him as remedies, and therefore when he set out alone for Paris it was on horseback that he made the journey.

Among the various things noted by M. Robertson upon the way, we shall observe only the device of a village conjuror inhabiting a boggy district not very far from Notre Dame de Liesse. He would cause, he said, the spirit of any dead person to appear at night out in the open country. Whoever desired to call a friend back from the spirit world had only to meet the conjuror at night upon the moor with staff and lantern. The staff was to be stuck into the ground and the lantern set down beside it : while he who would see the ghost knelt with his back to them and said a paternoster. Then he turned round, took up his staff again, and out of the hole which it had made in the ground the spirit arose, clothed in fire—that is to say, a little stream of inflammable gas rose, which was instantly ignited by the lantern.

Such a conjuror upon a large scale, but without the fraud, was Monsieur Robertson to be. That was the fate to which he rode in Paris.

The Paris that he entered differed largely from the Paris of to-day. The bustle and rumble of a great town is indeed always much the same ; but the Paris of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine was inhabited by a white-headed race of people. He had seen in a long life, said M. Robertson, no change so striking as that made in the aspect of the streets of Paris by the abolition of hair-powder, the conversion of white into black, as regards one of the main features of town scenery, the heads of the people. M. Robertson saw many changes, too. He saw the luxuries enjoyed at Lucienne by the Countess Dubarry. He saw trains of domestics carrying rich viands on gold and silver plate to her garden pavilion, when he was one day permitted to walk among the flowers. Time passed, and he saw a screaming, despairing woman dragged upon a car through the Rue St. Honoré, unpitied by the crowd, her agony mocked by epithets that are cast only at the basest of her sex. That was Madame Dubarry, passing to the scaffold.

The act of history to which such scenes belonged had not commenced when Monsieur Robertson arrived in Paris. Louis the Sixteenth was in the full glitter of his royal state, and M. Pascal-Tasquin was the maker of his harpsichords. M. Pascal was a shrewd and kindly gentleman, devoted to his own art, who received the young adventurer, at M. Villette's recommendation, with much cordiality. He illustrated all subjects with figures drawn from his own trade. Life, he would say, is a harpsichord on which you must take care to play in tune, and mind where you put your finger. There are some people who run through the whole gamut of fortune and are none the happier ; others find contentment at the second octave. One should not take alarm at a false note, if one has any ear ; with courage, tact, and a little talent, anything may be got into the right tune. Keep out of bad company—it breaks into the harmony of good intentions, between scamps and honest people unisons are quite out of the question. This good old gentleman promised to watch over the stranger's interests, and undertook that there should be no discord between promise and performance.

Neither was there any. While awaiting other means of earning a subsistence, Robertson painted cameos for a fat, bachelor tradesman of the Palais-Royal, Monsieur Cabasson, and was glorified by seeing one of his designs bordered with diamonds, and mounted on a costly box. He attended the lectures of Monsieur Brisson, but as he could not afford to pay four louis for the course, he postponed the happiness of attending also at the lectures and experiments of Monsieur Charles. During these days good M. Pascal was suggesting various plans on young Robertson's behalf, and if they proved impracticable, comforted him with, "Never mind, if we can't do it in sol, we shall do it in ut," and at last sent for him to tell him that his affairs were at last put into perfect tune, he had only to sit down and play away. He had in fact obtained for him the very eligible post of tutor to the son of that Monsieur Bénézech, who afterwards was minister of the interior under the Directory, and who died in the expedition to Saint Domingo, under General Leclerc. M. Bénézech had married the Baroness de Boyle, who brought with her a property worth, it was said, two hundred thousand francs—between eight and nine thousand pounds a year. A brother of M. Bénézech, skilled in mathematics, taught much of that science to the new tutor, who, having been duly installed with his patrons, had the most courteous and friendly treatment, elegant lodgings, the use of a carriage whenever he desired it, the enjoyment of a table delicately served—at which Mirabeau was a frequent guest—and eighteen hundred francs—seventy-five pounds a year, as salary. At this house, Monsieur Robertson made the acquaintance of Monsieur de Sauvebœuf, the author of a book of Turkish and Persian Travel, and by that gentleman he was introduced at the end of a year, when he was quitting the Bénézechs, to Madame Chevalier, whose husband, the last French Governor in India, had amassed a fortune so colossal, as to leave at the disposal of his

family twenty-five thousand pounds after the loss of twenty ships, and property worth several millions of francs taken from him by the English. It was in the house of Madame Chevalier, charged with the education of her son, that Monsieur Robertson lived during the first wild days of the French revolution.

The fee of four louis for attendance at the lectures of Monsieur Charles, had of course been compassed. The fame of Monsieur Charles, because he wrote nothing, and perhaps was not remarkable for originality, scarcely survives in the world, but he was famous in his day. He startled the public by the scale on which he performed the experiments connected with his lectures. If he lectured on the microscope he displayed extravagant enlargements, if his subject was electricity he fulminated death upon some animal. It was Monsieur Charles who first introduced the use of hydrogen gas for the inflation of balloons and superseded the Montgolfiers, of which the dilatation was contrived by fire. M. Charles, however, was content to make in his own person but one balloon ascent, and wondered much at the temerity of æronauts.

The adventures of Monsieur Robertson and the Chevalier family during the Reign of Terror are recounted in his book, and some of them would be worth telling if we could afford them space. But it is another reign of terror with which Robertson's life has most connection—the terror of the ignorant at shadows and hobgoblins. We must hurry on to that. After six or seven years spent in Paris, when he had completed the education of M. Chevalier's son, and also increased largely his own knowledge of physics, the old state of health by which he had been vexed at Liège returned, and Robertson was advised to try Spa-waters, and residence for some months in his native air. He therefore spent a month at Spa and then returned to Liège, no longer an independent capital, as it was when he had left it, but transformed into the character of chief town of the department of the Ourthe.

He had then for some time been engaged in an endeavour to reconstruct the mirror with which Archimedes when at Syracuse had burnt the ships of the besiegers. This he thought could be done by concentrating upon one point the focuses of a great number of mirrors. Father Kirker had suggested this idea, and twenty-eight years afterwards, that is to say in seventeen hundred and forty-seven, Buffon had based some experiments upon it, which were made in the month of April in the Jardin des Plantes. In the course of the same year too, Buffon had publicly burnt a combustible on one side of the Seine, by his system of a hundred and sixty-eight reflectors, arranged on the other bank. Each of the reflectors used by Buffon was held by a soldier, and the hundred and sixty-eight soldiers, manœuvred among themselves to procure a common focus. The ambition of Monsieur Robertson was to produce a machine fitted with reflectors, capable of prompt and simultaneous mechanical adjustment, so that the sun's rays might be fired against the enemy—into a powder magazine, or upon the cordage of a ship, with perfect ease. Such an invention M. Robertson believed during his visit to Liège, that he had at last perfected, and having constructed it in model, he desired from the departmental administration of the Ourthe an official examination of it. Two gentlemen were accordingly appointed to report on the machine, and declared it to be most simple, able to vary its focus within exceedingly wide limits with the rapidity of speech, to chase with it an object shifting its position, to adapt itself to the course of the sun, and to do all in obedience to touches so light and simple, that a child after one lesson might undertake its management. The report also pointed out the use of such a machine not only in any time of war, but also for the furtherance of many arts and manufactures in which fire is employed. Whoever desires to know how M. Robertson contrived all this, may refer to his book, in which he explains and illustrates by diagrams every part of his method. He there also gives a picture of his engine of war, as he proposed to construct it, and to mount it for the use of armies. There may be some sense in the notion, or there may be none, but certainly it is too far from the line of tradition in this country, for whatever sense may lurk in it, to meet with anything, but a pooh pooh from the authorities. It will be time enough to inquire into the matter when our ordnance department shall have condescended to acknowledge the use of so obvious and powerful a weapon as the great steam-gun. We can discuss the discharge of focuses against the foe when we have nothing more to say concerning shot.

The invention of M. Robertson having been hailed with enthusiasm by the authorities in his department, he was sent with a special passport and some hearty notes of introduction from the departmental government to Paris, with orders to submit his invention to the notice of the Directory. It so happened that his old friend, M. Bénézech, was then in office, and the inventor had a favourable hearing. He was respectfully referred to the National Institute, and that body appointed MM. Monge, Guiton de Morvau, and Lefebvre Gineau, to report upon his proposition. For a long time these gentlemen neglected him, he says; then at last they called upon him one day towards noon, when Gineau talked a great deal very slightingly; Guiton de Morvau seemed to be lost in meditation; and Monge was, for the whole time, in a fidget about the signification of some distant drums. After their departure, he awaited daily a report that did not make its appearance. In the meantime, having farther simplified his plan, M. Robertson one evening took his model to the

Institute, exhibited the precision of its working to the members, excited their surprise, obtained their felicitations, and retired, thinking his business done. And there, indeed, it ended. He presented his model to the cabinet of M. Charles, and gave himself no more trouble in the matter.

For a new thought had presented itself, and he was pursuing it with vigour to some practical results. The mechanism of his phantasmagoria had first occurred to his mind during the holiday at Liège. He betook himself to books on natural magic, and converted his dwelling into a pandemonium by the multitude of fiends and ghosts that he employed himself in painting. He was bent upon reproducing some of the miracles worked by the priests of old. It was very easy to excite the wonder of the town, even without any great dexterity or conjuror's tools of a refined description. Crowds were flocking daily to the gardens of the Palais Royal to gape at the shadow of a chimney, which, at a certain hour of the day, resembled the figure of Louis the Sixteenth. Thousands believed that the shadow of the king upon whom they had trampled haunted the Parisians by appearing daily in his garden. A commissary of police, by the help of a few masons, at last caused the demolition of the august shade in the presence of a concourse of astonished people. It does not take much to produce a ghost. M. Robertson proposed, however, to give himself no little trouble for the purpose, and to introduce his friends to such a world of spectres as only Virgil, or Scarron, his parodist, had ever before pictured. Scarron was the man to show you spectres :—

> Next, O shades, by the ghost of a rock, his doom
> I saw being endured by the ghost of a groom,
> Who with ghostly mop dipped in the ghost of a tub,
> Gave the ghost of a carriage a ghost of a rub.

To such shadowy company M. Robertson was after a short time inviting Paris. He had perfected Kirker's magic lantern in such a way, that he could give to his shadows motions resembling those of life. One of his friends in Paris was the Abbé Chappe, who made known to the French government the old system of telegraphic lines. This gentleman urged him to give public séances, and he did so, attracting at first scientific men, or amateurs in physics; very soon also the fashionable mob. He issued a philosophical prospectus, and made it a great point in his scheme that his entertainments were to show how easily superstition could be worked upon—what dire visions could from very simple causes spring—how groundless, in fine, was the common dread of apparitions.

He took pains, however, to make his own ghosts dreadful. His darkened exhibition room was made grim with skulls and bones, and with the representation of a tomb out of which skeletons and other horrors seemed to rise. When, after a time, his audiences became very large, and a new theatre was necessary, he obtained the use of a deserted and ruined chapel that had belonged to a convent of the Capuchins; and there he made ghosts seem to move over the actual tombs of many dead. He worked upon the minds of the visitors before whom he caused spectres to start into life, with the plaintive and low notes of a harmonicon. He imitated dreadful cries, as he made caverns seem to yawn and render up their dead. He appealed, in fact, to a coarse taste; established a reign of terror; produced every supernatural horror that a man can fear; and said, Why do you fear? There is nothing here but a certain amount of mechanical contrivance, and the application of a few principles of science. He caused his spectres to play upon smoke, and upon thin veils spread imperceptibly in certain parts of the room.

Here let us not omit to record that he included galvanism among the wonders upon which he discoursed, as soon as the discoveries of Volta—which were not instantly received in France—had got abroad. Volta himself, when he had come to Paris to explain his views, honoured M. Robertson by being present at one of his entertainments; and when the lecturer expressed some doubts upon the subject of the relations between electricity and galvanism, Volta offered publicly to set his doubts at rest. Volta gratified M. Robertson with friendship, admired the beauty of his instruments; and after his return to Italy, wrote for some like them. Robertson, the conjuror, was the only man whom Volta found in Paris not entirely ignorant of his discoveries. The great Monsieur Charles, when Robertson called to introduce to him the Italian philosopher, stammered, regretted a pressing engagement, promised to be back soon, and in the meantime left them absolute masters of his cabinet. He went out and watched at an adjacent bookseller's for the departure of his guests. He had not chosen to confess his ignorance, and took that method of escaping from an awkward conversation.

When Volta explained his ideas to the Institute, he requested Robertson to go with him and perform the requisite experiments. Detained by his own evening performance, Robertson went late; found his way impeded, and the Institute surrounded by soldiery. Wondering what that meant, he looked curiously around him when he entered. The members, standing and uncovered, were listening attentively to M. Volta, who stood in the midst of them. When he cited, as proof of the identity of electricity and galvanism, the combustion of hydrogen gas by the galvanic spark, the Italian courteously said that M. Robertson had first made that experiment, and begged him to repeat it. The gas was procured from the neighbouring cabinet of M. Charles. The detonation that announced

the success of the experiment seemed to arouse a member placed at the other extremity of the hall, apparently inattentive. He appeared to emerge suddenly from a state of profound preoccupation, fixed with his eye M. Robertson, who had produced the explosion, and then turning to a member near him, said: "Fourcroy, this concerns chemistry more than physics; you should take care to master it." The drawer of that just distinction was the first consul, Bonaparte.

One or two sketches from the portfolio opened by M. Robertson at his public entertainments, will show not only how well he practised his art, but with what horrors he strove to satisfy the taste of a town familiar with ghastly scenes of blood.—The death of Lord Littelton: Littelton is at table between two persons. A phantom; clock strikes seven; a voice is heard crying, "At midnight thou shalt die!" Littelton falls back in his chair, and the phantom vanishes.—Torments of Littelton: Scene changes to a bed—Wills o' the Wisp dance about—the phantom, or Death, lifts the latch of the door, enters, floats upward and lifts the bed-curtains. A cry is heard, "Littelton, awake." Littelton rises; the clock strikes. The same voice: "It is the hour!" At the last stroke of the clock thunder peals, fire rains, Littelton falls, and all vanishes.

Another sketch is the change of the three Graces into skeletons. Another is the head of Medusa, "as terrible as it was formerly." Another represents a digger with a lantern, seeking for a treasure in a ruined church. He opens a tomb, finds a skeleton, of which the hand still wears a jewel. As he is about to seize it, the skeleton stirs and opens its mouth. The digger falls dead in an agony of terror. A rat, which had caused the movement, runs out of the skull.

Some of the subjects are, however, meant to be agreeable and sentimental. The Birth of Rustic Love, for example, was presented in this manner. A young village girl plants a rose-tree; Nature suns it with her torch, and brings with her a shepherd by whom it is watered. The rose-tree grows; it becomes a home for turtle-doves. Love is born out of a rose, and in his gratitude unites the rustic lovers. Many of the subjects show a love of English themes; one certainly is odd: The soul of Nelson brought in Charon's bark to the Elysian Fields.

The exhibitions of M. Robertson, artist in ghosts, puzzled the wits and the philosophers of Paris. But a time came when his success tempted two persons in his employment to secede from him, take the rooms he had first occupied, and commence an imitation of his entertainment. Robertson patented his methods. They infringed his patent. Lawsuits arose, and the minutest secrets of the Hall of Spectres had to be explained and discussed in open court. Mirrors and magic lanterns had to be produced; all Paris was amused at the disclosures. Phantasmagorias of every degree then sprang up in the town. Robertson would have fallen into neglect if he had not stumbled at that time upon one Fitzjames, who was a first-rate ventriloquist; who could represent to perfection the dentist who pulled out all a patient's teeth except the bad one, and congratulated him upon having made a clean mouth of it. This man could mimic every word and scroop and shout that might be supposed proper to such a scene. In his representation called The Convent, he could in the most surprising manner imitate the tolling of the bells for service, the sound of the organ, the chant of the choristers, etc. Fitzjames was killed in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen by Cossacks, who were then in Paris.

As for Monsieur Robertson, he lived to see and to do a great many more strange things, visiting many parts of the world, and wherever he went working wonders. He lived also to make fifty-nine ascents into the sky.

WHEN LONDON WAS LITTLE.

Londoners of to-day, and more than Londoners, are easily amused by recollections of the Town as it was once. In the time of the Black Prince, for example, when its west end was formed by Holborn Bars and the Temple gate. That gate was not the Temple Bar as we now see it; but consisted of two rough pillars of stone supporting iron chains, which at sunset were stretched across the roadway to keep out intruders. The Strand on one side of the City, and Whitechapel on the other, were country highroads, with pretty hedgerows, and trees. London Bridge was thickly studded with wooden tenements on either side, beetling over the coping and peeping into the dark muddy stream below. The Lord Mayor lived in the middle house upon the bridge; and, a terrible gate at the Southwark end, bristled with iron spikes intended for the accommodation of the heads of traitors.

It certainly is not easy to imagine city boys going out birdnesting between Temple Bar and Charing Cross—a country village then, halfway to the remote hamlet of Westminster; nor can one readily picture London damsels gathering primroses or violets on the rising ground about the office of Household Words, or hunting for blackberries on the site of Exeter Hall, or sitting to rest on the green sward where Drury Lane Theatre now stands. Marylebone was then a famous hunting-ground, whither ambassadors and foreigners of distinction were taken to enjoy the finest sport that Middlesex afforded. In those days a few noblemen's mansions alone stood in solitary grandeur westward of Temple Bar, dotted along the banks of the Thames. The City was the whole of London.

It seems strange in these later days to read with how much magnificence a Spanish ambassador dwelt in a fine mansion in Petticoat Lane; but Petticoat Lane had sweeter environs at that time than it has now.

When, shortly after the battle of Poitiers great festivities took place within the City; amongst other brave doings, was the entertainment given by one Picard a wealthy citizen, to four monarchs, the kings of England, Cyprus, France, and Scotland; the two latter being prisoners. The dinner hour of the nobility was then nine in the morning; supper being served at five, and the bedtime not later than nine or ten. The captive monarchs had not a great distance to journey to that City feast; only from the Savoy Palace, formerly the residence of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," to Cheapside; whilst the British sovereign sojourning within the Tower, had a still shorter ride. The royal wardrobe was then kept in a house from which the present Wardrobe Street derived its name, and the Exchequer was situated at the west end of the Poultry.

The inhabitants of London did not amount to a hundred thousand at the time of the Reformation, and there was neither any necessity nor desire to pass beyond the City limits, until the reign of Elizabeth. Of the domestic architecture previous to that time there is scarcely any specimen existing now in London. Bricks were introduced in the middle of the fifteenth century; but it was not until after the great fire that the use of them became general. The nobility and gentry were content to dwell in houses of the rudest form, and the commonest materials, and trod earthen floors scattered over with green rushes. Queen Elizabeth herself dwelt in a house of timber, lath, and plaster. Yet monarchs and citizens enjoyed themselves after their own way. We read of rare festivities, for example, at the castle or palace of the Earl of Warwick the king-maker, now covered by Warwick Lane, that adjoins Newgate Market. Baynard's Castle too, was the scene of not a little gaiety; and, if all be true that we find told in musty chronicles, its regal and ducal tenants were not always in bed by nine. This once royal residence stood where one now finds the City Flour Mills at the base of Dowgate Hill. Tradition speaks of subterranean passages between the castle and a spacious and noble dwelling adjoining Doctors' Commons, in which for some time dwelt the Fair Rosamond, whom King Henry visited through those passages.

The first great causes of the westward growth of the metropolis, which began in Elizabeth's time, were the increasing population, and the growing value of ground within the City walls. Noblemen not only found themselves being built in by warehouses and shops, but perceived that the spacious grounds by which their mansions were surrounded, would fetch high prices if sold in building lots. Fine sites for new dwellings were to be had westward of Temple Bar. The city palaces, therefore, being made over to wealthy citizens, the aristocracy began to move in the direction of the Strand, Lincoln's Inn Fields, then Whetstone Park, Westminster, and St. Martin's. Sir Francis Walsingham and the Earl of Essex bade adieu to their lordly mansions in Seething Lane, Tower Street; the Earl of Essex going to the Strand. From princely dwellings on the site of the present East India House in Leadenhall Street, a whole covey of the nobility had taken flight towards the western suburbs. Amongst them were the Cravens, the Nevills, the Burleighs, the Zouches, and other aristocratic families of note. His grace of Suffolk became sick of the city during the reign of Edward the Sixth, and bade adieu for ever to his palace in the Minories. This neighbourhood, however, boasted of some noble denizens even as late as in the reign of Charles the First, when we find Earl Rivers resident in Savage Gardens, bringing the fashionable world to his stately saloons east of Gracechurch Street.

In Elizabeth's reign the migration to the suburbs began, as we have already said, but her majesty and her ministers, when they beheld mansions and shops rising in rapid succession to the westward of Temple Bar, feared it would not only be difficult to govern and preserve order in so large a metropolis as they seemed likely to have, but actually impossible to provide all the inhabitants with a sufficiency of food and fuel! Accordingly a proclamation was issued, prohibiting any further extension of the City, under pain of imprisonment for two years. This edict was null. The growth was natural, and was not to be stopped. King James in like manner, would have stopped the progress of house-building; but he found himself unable to do more than issue useless proclamations.

The first house erected in Piccadilly was the mansion built by Lord Burlington, then in the midst of fields and lanes. It is said that when the king asked the owner why he preferred living so far from London, he replied that he wished for solitude and repose, and felt certain that he had found a place where no one could build near him. But if the aristocracy and some tradespeople showed so strong a desire to quit the City, too much of the outward pressure must not be ascribed to the want of building space within the City walls; for we know that, not long before the time when Burlington House was built, there were gardens and fields between Shoe Lane and Chancery Lane. One objection made against the City was the smoke. Both before and after the time of the Commonwealth, there were many and loud complaints against the intolerable smoke of the City, which is described by the writers of the day as driving out the aristocracy. What our forefathers would have thought of the cloud under which we now are living,

may be judged from the fact that at the time when "the sulphury fumes of the new fuel called coal," first aroused their fears for their own health, London contained no more than a hundred and thirty thousand people.

By the end of the reign of Charles the Second, nearly all the nobility had left the City, and had taken up their abode along the banks of the Thames, between Temple Bar and Westminster, in the then rising neighbourhood of St. James's, or in some of the new and fashionable squares of Lincoln's Inn, Covent Garden, Leicester, or Soho. The first square known in this country was that of Covent Garden, built by Inigo Jones; a church and two piazzas forming three sides, whilst the fourth was the wall of the Duke of Bedford's garden, situated between Covent Garden and the Strand. One or two others followed; and after many years, Bloomsbury Square was visited by strangers, as one of the wonders of the day.

Before the Fire of London, Paternoster Row, instead of being a great publishers' mart, was the Regent Street of the fashionable world; there the most costly embroidery, the most delicate lace-work and the richest silks were to be purchased; and so thronged was this favoured spot with the carriages and chairs of the nobility, that it was often found a difficult matter to force a way through the gay crowd. The tradesmen of course followed the nobility in their migration westward; and we find the great silkmen, mercers, and lacemen of the day, soon afterwards established in Ludgate Street, and in Henrietta Street, and Bedford Street adjoining Covent Garden.

After the aristocracy of rank was gone westward, there was an aristocracy of wealth which still clung to the City. The bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the east had it all to themselves within the City walls, and how they were lodged, and how they fared, may be gathered by a peep at the stately red brick edifices, with massive fronts, and capacious warm interiors which still abound within the city. One has but to look into one or two of these noble dwellings long since converted to commercial uses, to understand how grandly our City ancestors of the eighteenth century maintained their state whilst yet Clapham and Tulse Hill were not; when Regent's Park existed but as an extensive dairy farm, and Tyburn was a village known best as Jack Ketch's place of business.

The reign of George the Third, extended over half a century, may be named as a distinct era in the great movement westward. Oppressed by the growing population of the City many of the upper rank of merchants betook themselves to the spots chosen by the aristocracy. The noblemen of Soho Square or Bloomsbury—finding themselves cheek by jowl with bankers, brewers, and African merchants—took alarm, and began to move still farther westward.

Then arose Portland Place, and Portland Square, and indeed most of the streets and places to the westward of Hanover Square, as far as Hyde Park. The nobles of the City rapidly filled up the vacant ground in Russell and Bloomsbury Squares, and similar localities. At this period the custom began of affixing name-plates to house-doors, and the names of streets to corners. These were improvements; but streets were wretchedly paved, with footways scarcely above the road: the lighting was very bad; and, in some of the best squares, which now are adorned with gardens, there stood heaps of filth and rubbish. The connections between the heart of London and the suburbs were of the worst kind, and the roads to Hoxton, Clerkenwell, and the Foundling Hospital, were impassable after dusk—dangerous even in the daytime—on account of the highwaymen by which they were infested.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than live to want, to sin, to struggle
Vainly still, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace were flown,
Ere thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all opprest,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his Heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary
God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint, that late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear,

Close beside us,—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, like God's bright Angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace!
Listen, nearer while she sings
Sounds the fluttering of wings!

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

"Is not Margaret the heiress?" whispered Edith to her husband, as they were in their room alone at night after the sad journey to Oxford. She had pulled his tall head down, and stood upon tiptoe, and implored him not to be shocked, before she had ventured to ask this question. Captain Lennox was, however, quite in the dark; if he had ever heard, he had forgotten: it could not be much that a Fellow of a small college had to leave; but he had never wanted her to pay for her board; and two hundred and fifty pounds a year was something ridiculous, considering that she did not take wine. Edith came down upon her feet a little bit sadder; with a romance blown to pieces.

A week afterwards, she came prancing towards her husband, and made him a low curtsey:

"I am right, and you are wrong, most noble Captain. Margaret has had a lawyer's letter, and she is residuary legatee—the legacies being about two thousand pounds, and the remainder about forty thousand, at the present value of property in Milton."

"Indeed! and how does she take her good fortune?"

"Oh, it seems she knew she was to have it all along; only she had no idea it was so much. She looks very white and pale, and says she's afraid of it; but that's nonsense, you know, and will soon go off. I left mamma pouring congratulations down her throat, and stole away to tell you."

It seemed to be supposed, by general consent, that the most natural thing was to consider Mr. Lennox henceforward as Margaret's legal adviser. She was so entirely ignorant of all forms of business that in nearly everything she had to refer to him. He chose out her attorney; he came to her with papers to be signed. He was never so happy as when teaching her of what all these mysteries of the law were the signs and types.

"Henry," said Edith, one day, archly; "do you know what I hope and expect all these long conversations with Margaret will end in?"

"No, I don't," said he, reddening. "And I desire you not to tell me."

"Oh, very well; then I need not tell Sholto not to ask Mr. Montagu so often to the house."

"Just as you choose," said he with forced coolness. "What you are thinking of, may or may not happen; but this time, before I commit myself, I will see my ground clear. Ask whom you choose. It may not be very civil, Edith, but if you meddle in it you will mar it. She has been very farouche with me for a long time; and is only just beginning to thaw a little from her Zenobia ways. She has the making of a Cleopatra in her, if only she were a little more pagan."

"For my part," said Edith, a little maliciously, "I'm very glad she is a Christian. I know so very few!"

There was no Spain for Margaret that autumn; although to the last she hoped that some fortunate occasion would call Frederick to Paris, whither she could easily have met with a convoy. Instead of Cadiz, she had to content herself with Cromer. To that place her aunt Shaw and the Lennoxes were bound. They had all along wished her to accompany them, and, consequently, with their characters, they made but lazy efforts to forward her own separate wish. Perhaps Cromer was, in one sense of the expression, the best for her. She needed bodily strengthening and bracing as well as rest.

She used to sit long hours upon the beach, gazing intently on the waves as they chafed with perpetual motion against the pebbly shore,—or she looked out upon the more distant heave and sparkle against the sky, and heard, without being conscious of hearing, the eternal psalm, which went up continually. She was soothed without knowing how or why. Listlessly she sat there, on the ground, her hands clasped round her knees, while her Aunt Shaw did small shoppings, and Edith and Captain Lennox rode far and wide on shore and inland. The nurses, sauntering on with their charges, would pass and repass her, and wonder in whispers what she could find to look at so long, day after day. And when the family gathered at dinner-time, Margaret was so silent and absorbed that Edith voted her moped, and hailed a proposal of her husband's with great satisfaction, that Mr. Henry Lennox should be asked to take Cromer for a week, on his return from Scotland in October.

But all this time for thought enabled Margaret to put events in their right places, as to origin and significance, both as regarded her past life and her future. Those hours by the sea-side were not lost, as any one might have seen who had had the perception to read, or the care to understand, the look that Margaret's face was gradually acquiring. Mr. Henry Lennox was excessively struck by the change.

"The sea has done Miss Hale an immense deal of good, I should fancy," said he, when she first left the room after his arrival in their family circle. "She looks ten years younger than she did in Harley Street."

"That's the bonnet I got her!" said

Edith, triumphantly. "I knew it would suit her the moment I saw it."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Lennox, in the half-contemptuous, half-indulgent tone he generally used to Edith. "But I believe I know the difference between the charms of a dress and the charms of a woman. No mere bonnet would have made Miss Hale's eyes so lustrous and yet so soft, or her lips so ripe and red—and her face altogether so full of peace and light.—She is like, and yet more," —he dropped his voice,—"like the Margaret Hale of Helstone."

From this time the clever and ambitious man bent all his powers to gaining Margaret. He loved her sweet beauty. He saw the latent sweep of her mind, which could easily (he thought) be led to embrace all the objects on which he had set his heart. He looked upon her fortune only as a part of the complete and superb character of herself and her position: yet he was fully aware of the rise which it would immediately enable him, the poor barrister, to take. Eventually he would earn such success, and such honours, as would enable him to pay her back, with interest, that first advance in wealth which he should owe to her. He had been to Milton on business connected with her property, on his return from Scotland; and with the quick eye of a skilled lawyer, ready ever to take in and weigh contingencies, he had seen that much additional value was yearly accruing to the lands and tenements which she owned in that prosperous and increasing town. He was glad to find that the present relationship between Margaret and himself, of client and legal adviser, was gradually superseding the recollection of that unlucky, mismanaged day at Helstone. He had thus unusual opportunities of intimate intercourse with her, besides those that arose from the connection between the families.

Margaret was only too willing to listen as long as he talked of Milton, though he had seen none of the people whom she more especially knew. It had been the tone with her aunt and cousin to speak of Milton with dislike and contempt; just such feelings as Margaret was ashamed to remember she had expressed and felt on first going to live there. But Mr. Lennox almost exceeded Margaret in his appreciation of the character of Milton and its inhabitants. Their energy, their power, their indomitable courage in struggling and fighting; their lurid vividness of existence, captivated and arrested his attention. He was never tired of talking about them; and had never perceived how selfish and material were too many of the ends they proposed to themselves as the result of all their mighty, untiring endeavour, till Margaret, even in the midst of her gratification, had the candour to point this out, as the tainting sin in so much that was noble, and to be admired. Still, when other subjects palled upon her, and she gave but short answers to many questions, Henry Lennox found out that an enquiry as to some Darkshire peculiarity of character, called back the light into her eye, the glow into her cheek.

When they returned to town, Margaret fulfilled one of her sea-side resolves, and took her life into her own hands. Before they went to Cromer, she had been as docile to her aunt's laws as if she were still the scared little stranger who cried herself to sleep that first night in the Harley Street nursery. But she had learnt, in those solemn hours of thought that she herself must one day answer for her own life, and what she had done with it; and she tried to settle that most difficult problem for women, how much was to be utterly merged in obedience to authority, and how much might be set apart for freedom in working. Mrs. Shaw was as good-tempered as could be; and Edith had inherited this charming domestic quality; Margaret herself had probably the worst temper of the three, for her quick perceptions, and overlively imagination made her hasty, and her early isolation from sympathy had made her proud; but she had an indescribable child-like sweetness of heart, which made her manners, even in her rarely wilful moods, irresistible of old; and now, chastened even by what the world called her good fortune, she charmed her reluctant aunt into acquiescence with her will. So Margaret gained the acknowledgment of her right to follow her own ideas of duty.

"Only don't be strong-minded," pleaded Edith. "Mamma wants you to have a footman of your own; and I'm sure you're very welcome, for they're great plagues. Only to please me, darling, don't go and have a strong mind; it's the only thing I ask. Footman or no footman, don't be strong-minded."

"Don't be afraid, Edith. I'll faint on your hands at the servant's dinner-time, the very first opportunity; and then, what with Sholto playing with the fire, and the baby crying, you'll begin to wish for a strong-minded woman, equal to any emergency."

"And you'll not grow too good to joke and be merry?"

"Not I. I shall be merrier than I have ever been, now I have got my own way."

"And you'll not go a figure, but let me buy your dresses for you?"

"Indeed I mean to buy them for myself. You shall come with me if you like; but no one can please me but myself."

"Oh! I was afraid you'd dress in brown and dust-coloured, not to show the dirt you'll pick up in all those places. I'm glad you're going to keep one or two vanities, just by way of specimens of the old Adam."

"I'm going to be just the same, Edith, if you and my aunt could but fancy so. Only as I have neither husband nor child to give me natural duties, I must make myself some, in addition to ordering my gowns."

In the family conclave, which was made up

of Edith, her mother, and her husband, it was decided that perhaps all these plans of hers would only secure her the more for Henry Lennox. They kept her out of the way of other friends who might have eligible sons or brothers; and it was also agreed that she never seemed to take much pleasure in the society of any one but Henry, out of their own family. The other admirers, attracted by her appearance or the reputation of her fortune, were swept away by her unconscious smiling disdain into the paths frequented by other beauties less fastidious, or other heiresses with a larger amount of gold. Henry and she grew slowly into closer intimacy; but neither he nor she were people to brook the slightest notice of their proceedings.

Meanwhile, at Milton the chimneys smoked, the ceaseless roar and mighty beat, and dizzying whirl of machinery, struggled and strove perpetually. Senseless and purposeless were wood and iron and steam in their endless labours; but the persistence of their monotonous work was rivalled in tireless endurance by the strong crowds, who, with sense and with purpose, were busy and restless in seeking after—What? In the streets there were few loiterers,—none walking for mere pleasure; every man's face was set in lines of eagerness or anxiety; news was sought for with fierce avidity; and men jostled each other aside in the Mart and in the Exchange, as they did in life, in the deep selfishness of competition. There was gloom over the town. Few came to buy, and those who did were looked at suspiciously by the sellers; for credit was insecure, and the most stable might have their fortunes affected by the sweep in the great neighbouring port among the shipping houses. Hitherto there had been no failures in Milton; but, from the immense speculations that had come to light in making a bad end in America, and yet nearer home, it was known that some Milton houses of business must suffer so severely that every day men's faces asked, if their tongues did not, "What news? Who is gone? How will it affect me?" And if two or three spoke together, they dwelt rather on the names of those who were safe than dared to hint at those likely, in their opinion, to go; for idle breath may, at such times, cause the downfall of some who might otherwise weather the storm; and one going down drags many after. "Thornton is safe," say they. "His business is large—extending every year; but such a head as he has, and so prudent with all his daring!" Then one man draws another aside, and walks a little apart, and, with head inclined into his neighbour's ear, he says, "Thornton's business is large; but he has spent his profits in extending it; he has no capital laid by; his machinery is new within these two years, and has cost him—we won't say what!—a word to the wise!" But that Mr. Harrison was a croaker,—a man who had succeeded to his father's trade-made fortune, which he feared to lose by altering his mode of business to any having a larger scope; yet he grudged every penny made by others more daring and far-sighted.

But the truth was, Mr. Thornton was hard pressed. He felt it acutely in his vulnerable point—his pride in the commercial character which he had established for himself. Architect of his own fortunes, he attributed this to no especial merit or qualities of his own, but to the power which he believed that commerce gave to every brave, honest, and persevering man to raise himself to a level from which he might see and read the great game of worldly success, and honestly, by such far-sightedness, command more power and influence than in any other mode of life. Far away, in the East and in the West, where his person would never be known, his name was to be regarded, and his wishes to be fulfilled, and his word pass like gold. That was the idea of merchant-life with which Mr. Thornton had started. "Her merchants be like princes," said his mother, reading the text aloud, as if it were a trumpet-call to invite her boy to the struggle. He was but like many others—men, women, and children—alive to distant, and dead to near things. He sought to possess the influence of a name in foreign countries and far-away seas,—to become the head of a firm that should be known for generations; and it had taken him long silent years to come even to a glimmering of what he might be now, to-day, here in his own town, his own factory, among his own people. He and they had led parallel lives—very close, but never touching—till the accident (or so it seemed) of his acquaintance with Higgins. Once brought face to face, man to man, with an individual of the masses around him, and (take notice) *out* of the character of master and workman, in the first instance, they had each begun to recognise that "we have all of us one human heart." It was the fine point of the wedge; and until now, when the apprehension of losing his connection with two or three of the workmen whom he had so lately begun to know as men,—of having a plan or two, which were experiments lying very close to his heart, roughly nipped off without trial,—gave a new poignancy to the subtle fear that came over him from time to time; until now, he had never recognised how much and how deep was the interest he had grown of late to feel in his position as manufacturer, simply because it led him into such close contact, and gave him the opportunity of so much power, among a race of people strange, shrewd, ignorant; but, above all, full of character and strong human feeling.

He reviewed his position as a Milton manufacturer. The strike a year and a half ago,—or more, for it was now untimely wintry weather, in a late spring,—that strike, when he was young, and he now was old—had prevented his completing some of the large

orders he had then on hand. He had locked up a good deal of his capital in new and expensive machinery, and he had also bought cotton largely, for the fulfilment of these orders, taken under contract. That he had not been able to complete them, was owing in some degree to the utter want of skill on the part of the Irish hands whom he had imported; much of their work was damaged and unfit to be sent forth by a house which prided itself on turning out nothing but first-rate articles. For many months, the embarrassment caused by the strike had been an obstacle in Mr. Thornton's way; and often, when his eye fell on Higgins, he could have spoken angrily to him without any present cause, just from feeling how serious was the injury that had arisen from this affair in which he was implicated. But when he became conscious of this sudden, quick resentment, he resolved to curb it. It would not satisfy him to avoid Higgins; he must convince himself that he was master over his own anger, by being particularly careful to allow Higgins access to him, whenever the strict rules of business, or Mr. Thornton's leisure permitted. And by-and-bye, he lost all sense of resentment in wonder how it was, or could be, that two men like himself and Higgins, living by the same trade, working in their different ways at the same object, could look upon each other's position and duties in so strangely different a way. And thence arose that intercourse, which though it might not have the effect of preventing all future clash of opinion and action, when the occasion arose, would, at any rate, enable both master and man to look upon each other with far more charity and sympathy, and bear with each other more patiently and kindly. Besides this improvement of feeling, both Mr. Thornton and his workmen found out their ignorance as to positive matters of fact, known heretofore to one side, but not to the other.

But now had come one of those periods of bad trade, when the market falling brought down the value of all large stocks; Mr. Thornton's fell to nearly half. No orders were coming in; so he lost the interest of the capital he had locked up in machinery; indeed, it was difficult to get payment for the orders completed; yet there was the constant drain of expenses for working the business. Then the bills came due for the cotton he had purchased; and money being scarce he could only borrow at exorbitant interest, and yet he could not realise any of his property. But he did not despair; he exerted himself day and night to foresee and to provide for all emergencies; he was as calm and gentle to the women in his home as ever; to the workmen in his mill he spoke not many words, but they knew him by this time; and many a curt, decided answer was received by them rather with sympathy for the care they saw pressing upon him, than with the suppressed antagonism which had formerly been smouldering, and ready for hard words and hard judgments on all occasions. "Th' measter's a deal to potter him," said Higgins, one day, as he heard Mr. Thornton's short, sharp inquiry, why such a command had not been obeyed; and caught the sound of the suppressed sigh which he heard in going past the room where some of the men were working. Higgins and another man stopped over-hours that night, unknown to any one, to get the neglected piece of work done; and Mr. Thornton never knew but that the overlooker, to whom he had given the command in the first instance, had done it himself.

"Eh! I reckon I know who'd ha' been sorry for to see our measter sitting so like a piece o' grey calico! Th' ou'd parson would ha' fretted his woman's heart out, if he'd seen the woeful looks I have seen on our measter's face," thought Higgins, one day, as he was approaching Mr. Thornton in Marlborough Street.

"Measter," said he, stopping his employer in his quick resolved walk, and causing that gentleman to look up with a sudden annoyed start, as if his thoughts had been far away.

"Have yo' heerd aught of Miss Marget lately?"

"Miss—who?" replied Mr. Thornton.

"Miss Marget—Miss Hale—th' ould parson's daughter—yo' known who I mean well enough, if yo'll only think a bit—" (there was nothing disrespectful in the tone in which this was said).

"Oh yes!" and suddenly, the wintry frost-bound look of care had left Mr. Thornton's face, as if some soft summer gale had blown all anxiety away from his mind; and though his mouth was as much compressed as before, his eyes smiled out benignly on his questioner.

"She's my landlord now, you know, Higgins. I hear of her through her agent here every now and then. She's well and among friends—thank you, Higgins." That "thank you" that lingered after the other words, and yet came with so much warmth of feeling, let in a new light to the acute Higgins. It might be but a will o' th' wisp, but he thought he would follow it and ascertain whither it would lead him.

"And she's not getten married, measter?"

"Not yet." The face was cloudy once more. "There is some talk of it, as I understand, with a connection of the family."

"Then she'll not be for coming to Milton again, I reckon."

"No!"

"Stop a minute, measter." Then going up confidentially close, he said. "Is th' young gentleman cleared?" He enforced the depth of his intelligence by a wink of the eye, which only made things more mysterious to Mr. Thornton.

"Th' young gentleman, I mean—Master Frederick, they ca'ed him—her brother as was over here, yo' known."

"Over here."

"Ay, to be sure, at th' missus's death. Yo need na be feared of my telling; for Mary and me, we knowed it all along, only we held our peace, for we got it through Mary working in th' house."

"And he was over. It was her brother!"

"Sure enough, and I reckoned you knowed it, or I'd never ha' let on. Yo knowed she had a brother?"

"Yes, I know all about him. And he was over at Mrs. Hale's death?"

"Nay! I'm not going for to tell more. I've maybe getten them into mischief already, for they kept it very close. I nobbut wanted to know if they'd getten him cleared?"

"Not that I know of. I know nothing. I only hear of Miss Hale, now, as my landlord, and through her lawyer."

He broke off from Higgins, to follow the business on which he had been bent when the latter first accosted him; leaving Higgins baffled in his endeavour.

"It was her brother," said Mr. Thornton to himself. "I am glad. I may never see her again; but it is a comfort—a relief—to know that much. I knew she could not be unmaidenly; and yet I yearned for conviction. Now I am glad!"

It was a little golden thread running through the dark web of his present fortunes: which were growing ever gloomier and more gloomy. His agent had largely trusted a house in the American trade, which went down, along with several others, just at this time, like a pack of cards, the fall of one compelling other failures. What were Mr. Thornton's engagements? Could he stand?

Night after night he took books and papers into his own private room, and sate up there long after the family were gone to bed. He thought that no one knew of this occupation of the hours he should have spent in sleep. One morning, when daylight was stealing in through the crevices of his shutters, and he had never been in bed, and in hopeless indifference of mind was thinking that he could do without the hour or two of rest that he should be able to take before the stir of daily labour began again, the door of this room opened, and his mother stood there, dressed as she had been the day before. She had never laid herself down to slumber more than he. Their eyes met. Their faces were cold and rigid, and wan, from long watching.

"Mother! why are not you in bed?"

"Son John," said she, "do you think I can sleep with an easy mind, while you keep awake full of care? You have not told me what your trouble is; but sore trouble you have had these many days past."

"Trade is bad."

"And you dread—"

"I dread nothing," replied he, drawing up his head, and holding it erect. "I know now that no man will suffer by me. That was my anxiety."

"But how do you stand? Shall you—will it be a failure?" her steady voice trembling in an unwonted manner.

"Not a failure. I must give up business, but I pay all men. I might redeem myself—I am sorely tempted—"

"How? Oh, John! keep up your name—try all risks for that. How redeem it?"

"By a speculation offered to me, full of risk; but, if successful, placing me high above water-mark, so that no one need ever know the strait I am in. Still, if it fails—"

"And if it fails," said she, advancing, and laying her hand on his arm, her eyes full of eager light. She held her breath to hear the end of his speech.

"Honest men are ruined by a rogue," said he gloomily. "As I stand now, my creditors' money is safe—every farthing of it; but I don't know where to find my own—it may be all gone, and I penniless at this moment. Therefore, it is my creditors' money that I should risk."

"But if it succeeded, they need never know. Is it so desperate a speculation? I am sure it is not, or you would never have thought of it. If it succeeded—"

"I should be a rich man, and my peace of conscience would be gone!"

"Why! You would have injured no one."

"No! but I should have run the risk of ruining many for my own paltry aggrandisement. Mother, I have decided! You won't much grieve over our leaving this house, shall you, dear mother?"

"No! but to have you other than what you are will break my heart. What can you do?"

"Be always the same John Thornton in whatever circumstances; endeavouring to do right, and making great blunders; and then trying to be brave in setting-to afresh. But it is hard, mother. I have so worked and planned. I have discovered new powers in my situation too late—and now all is over. I am too old to begin again with the same heart. It is hard, mother."

He turned away from her, and covered his face with his hands.

"I can't think," said she, with gloomy defiance in her tone, "how it comes about. Here is my boy—good son, just man, tender heart—and he fails in all he sets his mind upon: he finds a woman to love, and she cares no more for his affection than if he had been any common man; he labours and his labour comes to nought. Other people prosper and grow rich, and hold their paltry names high and dry above shame."

"Shame never touched me," said he in a low tone: but she went on.

"I sometimes have wondered where justice was gone to, and now I don't believe there is such a thing in the world,—now you are come to this; you, my own John Thornton, though you and I may be beggars together—my own dear son!"

She fell upon his neck, and kissed him through her tears.

"Mother!" said he, holding her gently in his arms, "Who has sent me my lot in life, both of good and of evil?"

She shook her head. She would have nothing to do with religion just then.

"Mother," he went on, seeing that she would not speak, "I, too, have been rebellious; but I am striving to be so no longer. Help me, as you helped me when I was a child. Then you said many good words—when my father died, and we were sometimes sorely short of comforts—which we shall never be now; you said brave, noble, trustful words then, mother, which I have never forgotten, though they may have lain dormant. Speak to me again in the old way, mother. Do not let us have to think that the world has too much hardened our hearts If you would say the old good words, it would make me feel something of the pious simplicity of my childhood. I say them to myself, but they would come differently from you, remembering all the cares and trials you have had to bear."

"I have had a many," said she, sobbing, "but none so sore as this. To see you cast down from your rightful place! I could say it for myself, John, but not for you. Not for you! God has seen fit to be very hard on you, very."

She shook with the sobs that come so convulsively when an old person weeps. The silence around her struck her at last; and she quieted herself to listen. No sound. She looked. Her son sate by the table, his arms thrown half across it, his head bent face downwards.

"Oh, John!" she said, and she lifted his face up. Such a strange, pallid look of gloom was on it. For a moment it struck her that this look was the forerunner of death; but, as the rigidity melted out of the countenance and the natural colour returned, and she saw that he was himself once again, all worldly mortification sank to nothing before the consciousness of the great blessing that he himself by his simple existence was to her. She thanked God for this, and this alone, with a fervour that swept away all rebellious feelings from her mind.

He did not speak readily; but he went and opened the shutters, and let the ruddy light of dawn flood the room. But the wind was in the east; the weather was piercing cold, as it had been for weeks; there would be no demand for light summer goods this year. That hope for the revival of trade must utterly be given up.

It was a great comfort to have had this conversation with his mother; and to feel sure that, however they might henceforward keep silence on all these anxieties, they yet understood each other's feelings, and were, if not in harmony, not at least in discord with each other, in their way of viewing them. Fanny's husband was vexed at Thornton's refusal to take any share in the speculation which he had offered to him, and withdrew from any possibility of being supposed able to assist him with the ready money which indeed the speculator needed for his own venture.

There was nothing for it at last but that which Mr. Thornton had dreaded for many weeks; he had to give up the business in which he had been so long engaged with so much honour and success; and look out for a subordinate situation. Marlborough Mills and the adjacent dwelling were held under a long lease; they must, if possible, be relet. There was an immediate choice of situations offered to Mr. Thornton. Mr. Hamper would have been only too glad to have secured him as a steady and experienced partner for his son, whom he was setting up with a large capital in a neighbouring town; but the young man was half-educated as regarded information, and wholly uneducated as regarded any other responsibilities than that of getting money, and brutalised both as to his pleasures and his pains. Mr. Thornton declined having any share in a partnership, which would frustrate what few plans he had that survived the wreck of his fortunes. He would sooner consent to be only a manager, where he could have a certain degree of power beyond the mere money-getting fact than have to fall in with the tyrannical humours of a moneyed partner with whom he felt sure that he should quarrel in a few months. So he waited, and stood on one side with profound humility, as the news swept through the Exchange, of the enormous fortune which his brother-in-law had made by his daring speculation. It was a nine days' wonder. Success brought with it its worldly consequence of extreme admiration. No one was considered so wise and far-seeing as Mr. Watson.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

It was a hot summer's evening. Edith came into Margaret's bedroom the first time in her habit, the second ready dressed for dinner. No one was there at first; the next time Edith found Dixon laying out Margaret's dress on the bed; but no Margaret. Edith remained to fidget about.

"Oh, Dixon! not those horrid blue flowers to that dead gold-coloured gown. What taste! Wait a minute, and I will bring you some pomegranate blossoms."

"It's not a dead gold-colour, ma'am. It's a straw-colour. And blue always goes with straw-colour." But Edith had brought the brilliant scarlet flowers before Dixon had got half through her remonstrance.

"Where *is* Miss Hale?" asked Edith, as soon as she had tried the effect of the garniture. "I can't think," she went on, pettishly, "how my aunt allowed her to get into such rambling habits in Milton! I'm sure

I'm always expecting to hear of her having met with something horrible among all those wretched places she pokes herself into. I should never dare to go down some of those streets without a servant. They're not fit for ladies."

Dixon was still huffed about her despised taste; so she replied, rather shortly:

"It's no wonder to my mind, when I hear ladies talk such a deal about being ladies—and when they're such fearful, delicate, dainty ladies too—I say it's no wonder to me that there are no longer any saints on earth——"

"Oh Margaret! here you are! I have been so wanting you. But how your cheeks are flushed with the heat, poor child! But only think what that tiresome Henry has done; Really, he exceeds brother-in-law's limits. Just when my party was made up so beautifully—fitted in so precisely for Mr. Colthurst—there has Henry come, with an apology it is true, and making use of your name for an excuse, and asked me if he may bring that Mr. Thornton of Milton—your tenant, you know—who is in London about some law business. It will spoil my number, quite."

"I don't mind dinner. I don't want any," said Margaret, in a low voice. "Dixon can get me a cup of tea here, and I will be in the drawing-room by the time you come up. I shall really be glad to lie down."

"No, no! that will never do. You do look wretchedly white to be sure; but that is just the heat, and we can't do without you possibly. (Those flowers a little lower, Dixon. They look glorious flames in your black hair.) You know we planned you to talk about Milton to Mr. Colthurst. Oh! to be sure! and this man comes from Milton. I believe it will be capital, after all. Mr. Colthurst can pump him well on all the subjects in which he is interested, and it will be great fun to trace out your experiences, and this Mr. Thornton's wisdom, in Mr. Colthurst's next speech in the House. Really, I think it is a happy hit of Henry's. I asked him if he was a man one would be ashamed of; and he replied, 'Not if you've any sense in you, my little sister.' So I suppose he is able to sound his h's, which is not a common Darkshire accomplishment—eh, Margaret?"

"Mr. Lennox did not say why Mr. Thornton was come up to town? Was it law business connected with the property?" asked Margaret, in a constrained voice.

"Oh! he's failed, or something of the kind that Henry told you of that day you had such a headache,—what was it? (There, that's capital, Dixon. Miss Hale does us credit, does she not?) I wish I was as tall as a queen, and as brown as a gipsy, Margaret."

"But about Mr. Thornton?"

"Oh! I really have such a terrible head for law business. Henry will like nothing better than to tell you all about it. I know the impression he made upon me was, that Mr. Thornton is very badly off, and a very respectable man, and that I'm to be very civil to him; and as I did not know how, I came to you to ask you to help me. And now come down with me, and rest on the sofa for a quarter of an hour."

The privileged brother-in-law came early; and Margaret, reddening as she spoke, began to ask him the questions she wanted to hear answered about Mr. Thornton.

"He came up about this sub-letting the property—Marlborough Mills, and the house and premises adjoining, I mean. He is unable to keep it on; and there are deeds and leases to be looked over, and agreements to be drawn up. I hope Edith will receive him properly, but she was rather put out, as I could see, by the liberty I had taken in begging for an invitation for him. But I thought you would like to have some attention shown him; and one would be particularly scrupulous in paying every respect to a man who is going down in the world." He had dropped his voice to speak to Margaret, by whom he was sitting; but as he ended he sprang up, and introduced Mr. Thornton, who had that moment entered, to Edith and Captain Lennox.

Margaret looked with an anxious eye at Mr. Thornton while he was thus occupied. It was considerably more than a year since she had seen him; and events had occurred to change him much in that time. His fine figure yet bore him above the common height of men; and gave him a distinguished appearance from the ease of motion which arose out of it, and was natural to him; but his face looked older and care-worn; yet a noble composure sate upon it, which impressed those who had just been hearing of his changed position, with a sense of inherent dignity and manly strength. He was aware, from the first glance he had given round the room, that Margaret was there; he had seen her intent look of occupation as she listened to Mr. Henry Lennox; and he came up to her with the perfectly regulated manner of an old friend. With his first calm words a vivid colour flashed into her cheeks, which never left them again during the evening. She did not seem to have much to say to him. She disappointed him by the quiet way in which she asked what seemed to him to be the merely necessary questions respecting her old acquaintance in Milton; but others came in—more intimate in the house than he—and he fell into the background, where he and Mr. Lennox talked together from time to time.

"You think Miss Hale looking well," said Mr. Lennox, "don't you? Milton didn't agree with her, I imagine; for when she first came to London, I thought I had never seen any one so much changed. To-night she is looking radiant. But she is much stronger. Last autumn she was fatigued with a walk of a couple of miles. On Friday

evening we walked up to Hampstead and back. Yet on Saturday she looked as well as she does now."

"We!" Who? They two alone?

Mr. Colthurst was a very clever man, and a rising member of parliament. He had a quick eye at discerning character, and was struck by a remark which Mr. Thornton made at dinner-time. He enquired from Edith who that gentleman was; and, rather to her surprise, she found, from the tone of his "Indeed!" that Mr. Thornton of Milton was not such an unknown name to him as she had imagined it would be. Her dinner was going off well. Henry was in good humour, and brought out his dry caustic wit admirably. Mr. Thornton and Mr. Colthurst found one or two mutual subjects of interest, which they could only touch upon then, reserving them for more private after-dinner talk. Margaret looked beautiful in the pomegranate flowers; and if she did lean back in her chair and speak but little, Edith was not annoyed, for the conversation flowed on smoothly without her. Margaret was watching Mr. Thornton's face. He never looked at her; so she might study him unobserved, and note the changes which even this short time had wrought in him. Only at some unexpected mot of Mr. Lennox's his face flashed out into the old look of intense enjoyment; the merry brightness returned to his eyes, the lips just parted to suggest the brilliant smile of former days; and for an instant, his glance instinctively sought hers, as if he wanted her sympathy. But when their eyes met, his whole countenance changed; he was grave and anxious once more; and he resolutely avoided even looking near her again during dinner.

There were only two ladies besides their own party, and as these were occupied in conversation by her aunt and Edith, when they went up into the drawing-room, Margaret languidly employed herself about some work. Presently the gentlemen came up, Mr. Colthurst and Mr. Thornton in close conversation. Mr. Lennox drew near to Margaret, and said in a low voice:

"I really think Edith owes me thanks for my contribution to her party. You've no idea what an agreeable, sensible fellow this tenant of yours is. He has been the very man to give Colthurst all the facts he wanted coaching in. I can't conceive how he contrived to mismanage his affairs."

"With his powers and opportunities you would have succeeded," said Margaret. He did not quite relish the tone in which she spoke, although the words but expressed a thought which had passed through his own mind. As he was silent, they caught a swell in the sound of conversation going on near the fire-place between Mr. Colthurst and Mr. Thornton.

"I assure you, I heard it spoken of with great interest — curiosity as to its result perhaps I should rather say. I heard your name frequently mentioned during my short stay in the neighbourhood." Then they lost some words; and when next they could hear Mr. Thornton was speaking.

"I have not the elements for popularity— if they spoke of me in that way they were mistaken. I fall slowly into new projects; and I find it difficult to let myself be known even by those whom I desire to know, and with whom I would fain have no reserve. Yet, even with all these drawbacks, I felt that I was on the right path, and that, starting from a kind of friendship with one, I was becoming acquainted with many. The advantages were mutual: we were both unconsciously and consciously teaching each other."

"You say 'were.' I trust you are intending to pursue the same course?"

"I must stop Colthurst," said Henry Lennox, hastily. And by an abrupt, yet apropos question, he turned the current of the conversation, so as not to give Mr. Thornton the mortification of acknowledging his want of success and consequent change of position. But as soon as the newly-started subject had come to a close, Mr. Thornton resumed the conversation just where it had been interrupted, and gave Mr. Colthurst the reply to his inquiry.

"I have been unsuccessful in business, and have had to give up my position as a master. I am on the look out for a situation in Milton, where I may meet with employment under some one who will be willing to let me go along in my own way in such matters as these. I can depend upon myself for having no go-ahead theories that I would rashly bring into practice. My only wish is to have the opportunity of cultivating some intercourse with the hands beyond the mere 'cash nexus.' But it might be the point Archimedes sought from which to move the earth, to judge from the importance attached to it by some of our manufacturers, who shake their heads and look grave as soon as I name the one or two experiments that I should like to try."

"You call them 'experiments' I notice," said Mr. Colthurst, with a delicate increase of respect in his manner.

"Because I believe them to be such. I am not sure of the consequences that may result from them. But I am sure they ought to be tried."

"And you think they may prevent the recurrence of strikes?"

"Not at all. My utmost expectation only goes so far as this—that they may render strikes not the bitter, venomous sources of hatred they have hitherto been. A more hopeful man might imagine that a closer and more genial intercourse between classes might do away with strikes. But I am not a hopeful man."

Suddenly, as if a new idea had struck him, he crossed over to where Margaret was sitting,

and began, without preface, as if he knew she had been listening to all that had passed:

"Miss Hale, I had a round-robin from some of my men—I suspect in Higgins' handwriting—stating their wish to work for me, if ever I was in a position to employ men again on my own behalf. That was good, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Just right. I am glad of it," said Margaret, looking up straight into his face with her speaking eyes, and then dropping them under his eloquent glance. He gazed back at her for a minute, as if he did not know exactly what he was about. Then sighed; and saying, "I knew you would like it," he turned away, and never spoke to her again until he bid her a formal "good-night."

As Mr. Lennox took his departure, Margaret said, with a blush that she could not repress, and with some hesitation,

"Can I speak to you to-morrow? I want your help about—something."

"Certainly. I will come at whatever time you name. You cannot give me a greater pleasure than by making me of any use. At eleven? Very well."

His eye brightened with exultation. How she was learning to depend upon him! It seemed as if any day now might give him the certainty, without having which he had determined never to offer to her again.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Edith went about on tip-toe, and checked Sholto in all loud speaking that next morning, as if any sudden noise would interrupt the conference that was taking place in the drawing-room. Two o'clock came; and they still sate there with closed doors. Then there was a man's footstep running down stairs; and Edith peeped out of the drawing-room.

"Well, Henry?" said she, with a look of interrogation.

"Well!" said he, rather shortly.

"Come in to lunch!"

"No, thank you, I can't. I've lost too much time here already."

"Then it's not all settled," said Edith, despondingly.

"No! not at all. It never will be settled, if the 'it' is what I conjecture you mean. That will never be, Edith, so give up thinking about it."

"But it would be so nice for us all," pleaded Edith. "I should always feel comfortable about the children, if I had Margaret settled down near me. As it is, I am always afraid of her going off to Cadiz."

"I will try when I marry to look out for a young lady who has a knowledge of the management of children. That is all I can do. Miss Hale would not have me. And I shall not ask her."

"Then, what have you been talking about?"

"A thousand things you would not understand. Investments, and leases, and value of land."

"Oh, go away if that's all. You and she will be unbearably stupid if you've been talking all this time about such weary things."

"Very well. I'm coming again to-morrow, and bringing Mr. Thornton with me to have some more talk with Miss Hale."

"Mr. Thornton! What has he to do with it?"

"He is Miss Hale's tenant," said Mr. Lennox, turning away. "And he wishes to give up his lease."

"Oh! very well. I can't understand details, so don't give them me."

"The only detail I want you to understand is, to let us have the back drawing-room undisturbed, as it was to-day. In general, the children and servants are so in and out, that I can never get any business satisfactorily explained; and the arrangements we have to make to-morrow are of importance."

No one ever knew why Mr. Lennox did not keep to his appointment on the following day. Mr. Thornton came true to his time; and, after keeping him waiting for nearly an hour, Margaret came in looking very white and anxious.

She began hurriedly:

"I am so sorry Mr. Lennox is not here,—he could have done it so much better than I. He is my adviser in this"——

"I am sorry that I came if it troubles you. Shall I go to Mr. Lennox's chambers and try and find him?"

"No, thank you. I wanted to tell you how grieved I was to find that I am to lose you as a tenant. But, Mr. Lennox says, things are sure to brighten"——

"Mr. Lennox knows little about it," said Mr. Thornton, quietly. "Happy and fortunate in all a man cares for, he does not understand what it is to find oneself no longer young—yet thrown back to the starting-point which requires the hopeful energy of youth—to feel one half of life gone, and nothing done—nothing remaining of wasted opportunity but the bitter recollection that it has been. Miss Hale, I would rather not hear Mr. Lennox's opinion of my affairs. Those who are happy and successful themselves are too apt to make light of the misfortunes of others."

"You are unjust," said Margaret, gently. "Mr. Lennox has only spoken of the great probability which he believes there to be of your redeeming—your more than redeeming what you have lost—don't speak till I have ended—pray don't!" And collecting herself once more, she went on rapidly turning over some law papers, and statements of accounts in a trembling hurried manner. "Oh! here it is! and—he drew me out a proposal—I wish he was here to explain it—showing that if you would take some money of mine, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven pounds, lying just at this moment unused in the bank,

and bringing me in only two and a half per cent.—you could pay me much better interest, and might go on working Marlborough Mills." Her voice had cleared itself and become more steady. Mr. Thornton did not speak, and she went on looking for some paper on which was written down the proposals for security for she was most anxious to have it all looked upon in the light of a mere business arrangement, in which the principal advantage would be on her side. While she sought for this paper, her very heart-pulse was arrested by the tone in which Mr. Thornton spoke. His voice was hoarse and trembling with tender passion as he said:—

"Margaret!"

For an instant she looked up; and then sought to veil her luminous eyes by dropping her forehead on her hands. Again, stepping nearer, he besought her with another tremulous eager call upon her name.

"Margaret!"

Still lower went the head; more closely hidden was the face, almost resting on the table before her. He came close to her. He knelt by her side to bring his face to a level with her ear; and whispered—panted out the words:—

"Take care.—If you do not speak—I shall claim you as my own in some strange presumptuous way.—Send me away at once, if I must go;—Margaret!—"

At that third call, she turned her face, still covered with her small white hands, towards him, and laid it on his shoulder, hiding it even there; and it was too delicious to feel her soft cheek against his, for him to wish to see either deep blushes or loving eyes. He clasped her close. But they both kept silence. At length she murmured in a broken voice:

"Oh, Mr. Thornton, I am not good enough!"

"Not good enough! Don't mock my own deep feeling of unworthiness."

After a minute or two, he gently disengaged her hands from her face, and laid her arms as they had once before been placed to protect him from the rioters.

"Do you remember, love?" he murmured. "And how I requited you with my insolence the next day."

"I remember how wrongly I spoke to you,—that is all."

"Look here! Lift up your head. I have something to show you!" She slowly faced him, glowing with beautiful shame.

"Do you know these roses?" he said, drawing out his pocket-book, in which were treasured up some dead flowers.

"No!" she replied, with innocent curiosity. "Did I give them to you?"

"No! Vanity; you did not. You may have worn sister roses very probably."

She looked at them, wondering for a minute, then she smiled a little as she said—

"They are from Helstone, are they not? I know the deep indentations round the leaves. Oh! have you been there? When were you there?"

"I wanted to see the place where Margaret grew to what she is, even at the worst time of all; when I had no hope of ever calling her mine. I went there on my return from Havre."

"You must give them to me," she said, trying to take them out of his hand with gentle violence.

"Very well. Only you must pay me for them!"

"How shall I ever tell Aunt Shaw?" she whispered, after some time of delicious silence.

"Let me speak to her."

"Oh, no! I owe to her,—but what will she say?"

"I can guess. Her first exclamation will be, 'That man!'"

"Hush!" said Margaret, "or I shall try and show you your mother's indignant tones as she says, 'That woman!'"

THE END.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

AT THE PERA THEATRE.

THERE is a clumping of clogs about the uneven streets, and two or three sedan chairs of very great ladies move dripping along. Invalided officers fresh from the Crimea, and full of bad wine and good spirits, roll along arm in arm, laughing and discoursing wildly, being firmly persuaded of course that not one of those young Perotes who are watching them so eagerly as models of manners can understand a word they utter. Sometimes a deep growl of impatience may be heard from some strapped down and buckled up elderly beau whose eyes are not so good as they were twenty years ago, and who has either stuck in the deep bog of mud which fills the middle of the street, or has tumbled, umbrella and all, in an unsuspected hole. Young ladies who have come out on a matrimonial speculation are anxious about their back hair and garnet brooches, amid all this provoking rain and unmannered hustling. They have, however, an opportunity of displaying some remarkably neat twinkling ankles, which contrast agreeably with the splay feet and awkward waddle of the Greeks, MM. Demetraki and Stavro Somethingopolis—two semi-civilised natives who have been half-educated somewhere in Europe, especially with respect to billiards and ecarté—are raving out atrocious French in frantic accents to attract attention, and laughing at nothing whenever their tongues tire, till the street rings again with discordant echoes. They are dressed within an inch of their lives in the last style of some Smyrna Moses and Son.

But way for a pasha, probably one of the ministers who has been on an embassy to Europe and preserved his taste for evening

entertainments. He comes plashing through the mire at a stately tramp, and mounted on a haughty Arabian horse which tosses its small beautiful head from side to side. He carries an ample umbrella, and his toilette is so elaborately clean and sparkling that he quite glitters under it. He is evidently a man of high rank. Cavasses all blazing with gold precede him, and pipe-bearers hem him round; while some officer of his overgrown household throws the strong light of a many-candled lantern to illuminate his way. He is, in short, the very pink of oriental swellism—a Turkish gentleman of the most polished kind. He little knows, as he puffs out his cheek and goes parading along; what is about to happen to him when he passes that group of wild young officers fresh from dinner. One of them, a rollicking young giant, some seven feet high, looks for a moment at the Pasha's immense lantern. Then there is a daredevil twinkle in his eye which assuredly bodes mischief; and the next moment the Pasha's lantern is pierced through, twirling round aloft on the top of a walking-stick. A storm of astonished laughter from a crowd of admiring witnesses—especially of course from MM. Demetraki and Stavro Somethingopolis, who are quite wild with delight at the freak. Yet I should like to see that young officer obliged to sell out and go home as a dangerous international mischief-maker; for the stately Turk has turned rein, and is riding home, his beard bristling with anger.

It is about seven o'clock in the evening of a pouring December day, and the polite or unpolite world of Pera are going as best they can to the opera. I cannot say that the opera of Pera absolutely claims a visit from the connoisseur. There is an unhealthy smell of dead rats about it; a prevailing dampness and dinginess; a curious fog; a loudness; a dirtiness, which induces me generally to prefer an arm chair and a dictionary — a cup of tea and a fire; but I am going to-night, because my books are all packed, and my servant has gone out for a holiday, to carry small scandals to his acquaintance. I have also been eating a most detestable farewell dinner at a roguish pastrycook's, and my companions have borne me off whether or not.

The howling and steaming of the unwashed crowd at the theatre doors is altogether so powerful that we adjourn to the theatre coffee-house, and discuss a glass of punch and a cigar till it has subsided. Some British sailors and French soldiers are fraternising. They are singing Wapping songs and French chansonettes at the same time. They are happy, noisy, and drunk. A waiter mildly suggests to one of them in Italian that the temple of harmony is next door, and that they are disturbing the rest of the company. He persists in bowing and smiling these objections whilst a discussion is going on under his nose as to the propriety of his being promptly "spificated," or *ecrasé* — and the debaters are men of few words. At last, however, he retires, still smiling, though rather askew and with a sense of failure: for he presently sees the meaning of the flashing eyes of the Frenchman, and the clenched fist of the tar. It is some time before a naval officer and I, who have taken great interest in the proceedings, can so far tranquillise the sailor and soldier as to prevail upon them to resume their strains instead of inflicting summary chastisement on the white-waistcoated official who has indiscreetly meddled with them. I shall not have half so much fun in the theatre, where an English autumnal prima donna is tearing one of Verdi's operas into shreds, and screaming in a manner which is inconceivably ear-piercing. However, I dare-say she will not hurt us much after the first five minutes, and they say she supports an invalid mother and a brother who is a cripple, so that we may pay our money cheerfully, and go in prepared for anything.

We have got a box, but we must nevertheless pay about two shillings entrance money at the door. We pay our money,—after the handful of coin from all quarters of the world, which forms the currency of the East, has been duly deciphered and undervalued — and we pass on; but as we decline to hire opera-glasses at twenty piastres for the evening, the box-keeper on his part declines to pay any further attention to us, and leaves us to find our way as best we can, merely putting a rusty key into our hands and telling us a number. In consequence of this we very naturally get into the wrong box. An extremely loud young Armenian, who is loud even for an Armenian, is seated here with a lady who devotes her intelligent leisure to the sale of walking-sticks and cigars. She is a French lady, and we have seen her in a shop of the Frank Street somewhere. The Armenian suspects us of sinister attentions. He believes us to be Perotes, and charges down upon us vehemently:

"Vat sares here you vant? Vat sares you here vant?"

"No Bono Johnny," replies a Briton of our party, good-humouredly; and we retreat, leaving the Armenian much pacified at having been obviously taken for an Englishman, owing to his perfection in the language.

Exclusive of a couple of ambassadors and the Duke of Cambridge, the audience is not very notable. There are a great many officers lately in the service of the King of Candy, and who have of course broken out in astounding military jackets and caps; but they are fine dashing fellows for all that. These gentlemen are of course chiefly occupied with the Pera belles, on whom however

they are not perhaps making the lively impression that they too fondly believe. For the Pera belle is a strange, odd, angular, unsexed sort of lady, full of Greek sarcasm and politics; who discourses chiefly about the wrongs of the oppressed Christians. They will lead the officers lately in the service of the King of Candy a singular, perhaps a weary dance; but there it will end, much to the bewilderment of those magnificently moustached geniuses.

The audience in the gallery is indecorous, to say the least of it. The sailors and soldiers from the coffeehouse next door have come in, and are giving a private vocal entertainment of their own. The noises heard in the theatres of Portsmouth and Toulon are echoing briskly; and I have twice heard the opening stanzas of Will Watch the bold smuggler. Suppose we retire to the back of the box and sit down, cross-legged—a merry company of smokers. Most of us have a short clay in our pockets, according to the fashion of modern times; and we shall only be doing as folks are doing in the other boxes, whence the frequent crack of lucifer matches comes so refreshingly. Then we shall go behind the scenes — not because there is any pleasure in doing so, but because it is also the fashion, and a very violent fashion in Pera. Highly connected young gentlemen (mostly from the neighbourhood of Sloane Street or Putney) belonging to Her Majesty's Commissariat, here display their acquaintance with the elegant dissipations of London and Paris, and the dainty airs of courtly indifference acquired during a previous life (of course) brimful of the intoxicating sweets of aristocratic pleasure. An improper elderly French banker, who has been admitted to the intimacy of many generations of autumnal Pera primè donnè, and who has been the only fast young man in Pera any time these forty years, finds himself quite cut out on his own ground — routed ignominiously—and he looks at the buttony waistcoats and amazing studs of his rivals with sour and envious glances. As for the ex-officers of the King of Candy, their caps and jackets are hardly noticed, and their conversation with respect to the mysterious wealth of the young gentlemen before mentioned is more pungent and forcible than complimentary: "That young puppy," says General Slasher (Imperial Ottoman service) to Colonel Crasher in the same army—"that young puppy, all studs and buttons, there, is the son of one of my uncle's bagmen; you know Sir Jonn Stuffs and Co. of Manchester. He set up for himself, and failed. Old Stuffs, who has three votes in the House of Commons—I wish I had—got one of the young cubs into the commissariat; and now I find him here, swelling it at the rate of a couple of thousand a year, riding thorough-breds, giving dinners, and coming out strong with theatre people. Put this and that together, and I think you'll agree with me, Crasher, my boy, that the commissariat wants looking after."

There is a row at the doors. Mr. William Sykes, the Adonis of Galata, is threatening to punch the head of a meek gentleman in jean boots, whom he has never seen before; and then bellows out that he has made a mistake, but that he will nevertheless punch the head of some person or persons unknown, who have in some way incurred his displeasure. A disagreeable threat where there is no police.

A crowd of humanity-mongers are talking with their usual authoritative pomp, even here; but startlingly ready to listen to invitations to dinner, nevertheless. Here are adventurers with doubtful commissions from the Foreign Office, who have learned already the bullying of Oriental diplomacy, and are prepared to ride rough-shod over everything and everybody. There stands a man wildly asking people to champagne and truffles—to get contracts for the army, and a very good business too. Near him is a Russian spy, adroitly pumping some man in office; perhaps the butler of the British Embassy.

Let us make a night of it. Let us go to the roguish pastrycook, who has established a sort of English club, which we shall find full of middys, who have just received a "tip" from home, and our golden young friends from the theatre, who belong naturally to all places of Pera revelry. Everybody will be talking together, and there will be an immense consumption of cold game pies, price four shillings each, and bottled beer at a shilling. There will also be some bets about the taking of Sebastopol, and some vainglory. But we need not stop long. We can go plashing with our lantern through the sloppy streets, back to the Palace of Silence, when we will. The stave of the rheumatic watchman will smite the wet dark pavement with a clanking sound, and he will shout his night-cry through a cold hoarsely. But we must not be too hard on him; exactly the same kind of functionary wandered through the streets of London not a generation ago.

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THE FIRST.

STRICTLY speaking, there were only six Poor Travellers; but, being a Traveller myself, though an idle one, and being withal as poor as I hope to be, I brought the number up to seven. This word of explanation is due at once, for what says the inscription over the quaint old door?

RICHARD WATTS, Esq.
by his Will, dated 22 Aug. 1579,
founded this Charity
for Six poor Travellers,
who not being ROGUES, or PROCTORS,
May receive gratis for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Four-pence each.

It was in the ancient little city of Rochester in Kent, of all the good days in the year upon a Christmas Eve, that I stood reading this inscription over the quaint old door in question. I had been wandering about the neighbouring Cathedral, and had seen the tomb of Richard Watts, with the effigy of worthy Master Richard starting out of it like a ship's figure-head; and I had felt that I could do no less, as I gave the Verger his fee, than inquire the way to Watts's Charity. The way being very short and very plain, I had come prosperously to the inscription and the quaint old door.

"Now," said I to myself, as I looked at the knocker, "I know I am not a Proctor; I wonder whether I am a Rogue!"

Upon the whole, though Conscience reproduced two or three pretty faces which might have had smaller attraction for a moral Goliath than they had had for me, who am but a Tom Thumb in that way, I came to the conclusion that I was not a Rogue. So, beginning to regard the establishment as in some sort my property, bequeathed to me and divers co-legatees, share and share alike, by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts, I stepped backward into the road to survey my inheritance.

I found it to be a clean white house, of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door already three times mentioned (an arched door), choice little long low lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High Street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red brick building, as if Time carried on business there, and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester, in the old days of the Romans, and the Saxons, and the Normans, and down to the times of King John, when the rugged castle—I will not undertake to say how many hundreds of years old then—was abandoned to the centuries of weather which have so defaced the dark apertures in its walls, that the ruin looks as if the rooks and daws had picked its eyes out.

I was very well pleased, both with my property and its situation. While I was yet surveying it with growing content, I espied at one of the upper lattices which stood open, a decent body, of a wholesome matronly appearance, whose eyes I caught inquiringly addressed to mine. They said so plainly, "Do you wish to see the house?" that I answered aloud, "Yes, if you please." And within a minute the old door opened, and I bent my head, and went down two steps into the entry.

"This," said the matronly presence, ushering me into a low room on the right, "is where the Travellers sit by the fire, and cook what bits of suppers they buy with their fourpences."

"Oh! Then they have no Entertainment?" said I. For, the inscription over the outer door was still running in my head, and I

was mentally repeating in a kind of tune, "Lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each."

"They have a fire provided for 'em," returned the matron: a mighty civil person, not, as I could make out, overpaid: "and these cooking utensils. And this what's painted on a board, is the rules for their behaviour. They have their fourpences when they get their tickets from the steward over the way—for I don't admit 'em myself, they must get their tickets first—and sometimes one buys a rasher of bacon, and another a herring, and another a pound of potatoes, or what not. Sometimes, two or three of 'em will club their fourpences together, and make a supper that way. But, not much of anything is to be got for fourpence, at present, when provisions is so dear."

"True indeed," I remarked. I had been looking about the room, admiring its snug fireside at the upper end, its glimpse of the street through the low mullioned window, and its beams overhead. "It is very comfortable," said I.

"Ill-convenient," observed the matronly presence.

I liked to hear her say so; for, it showed a commendable anxiety to execute in no niggardly spirit the intentions of Master Richard Watts. But, the room was really so well adapted to its purpose that I protested, quite enthusiastically, against her disparagement.

"Nay, ma'am," said I, "I am sure it is warm in winter and cool in summer. It has a look of homely welcome and soothing rest. It has a remarkably cosey fireside, the very blink of which, gleaming out into the street upon a winter night, is enough to warm all Rochester's heart. And as to the convenience of the six Poor Travellers——"

"I don't mean them," returned the presence. "I speak of its being an ill-convenience to myself and my daughter having no other room to sit in of a night."

This was true enough, but there was another quaint room of corresponding dimensions on the opposite side of the entry: so, I stepped across to it, through the open doors of both rooms, and asked what this chamber was for?

"This," returned the presence, "is the Board Room. Where the gentlemen meet when they come here."

Let me see. I had counted from the street six upper windows besides these on the ground-story. Making a perplexed calculation in my mind, I rejoined, "Then the six Poor Travellers sleep upstairs?"

My new friend shook her head. "They sleep," she answered, "in two little outer galleries at the back, where their beds has always been, ever since the Charity was founded. It being so very ill-convenient to me as things is at present, the gentlemen are going to take off a bit of the back yard and make a slip of a room for 'em there, to sit in before they go to bed."

"And then the six Poor Travellers," said I, "will be entirely out of the house?"

"Entirely out of the house," assented the presence, comfortably smoothing her hands. "Which is considered much better for all parties, and much more convenient."

I had been a little startled, in the cathedral, by the emphasis with which the effigy of Master Richard Watts was bursting out of his tomb; but, I began to think, now, that it might be expected to come across the High Street some stormy night, and make a disturbance here.

Howbeit, I kept my thoughts to myself, and accompanied the presence to the little galleries at the back. I found them, on a tiny scale, like the galleries in old inn yards; and they were very clean. While I was looking at them, the matron gave me to understand that the prescribed number of Poor Travellers were forthcoming every night from year's end to year's end; and that the beds were always occupied. My questions upon this, and her replies, brought us back to the Board Room so essential to the dignity of "the gentlemen," where she showed me the printed accounts of the Charity hanging up by the window. From them, I gathered that the greater part of the property bequeathed by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts for the maintenance of this foundation, was, at the period of his death, mere marsh-land; but that, in course of time, it had been reclaimed and built upon, and was very considerably increased in value. I found, too, that about a thirtieth part of the annual revenue was now expended on the purposes commemorated in the inscription over the door: the rest being handsomely laid out in Chancery, law expenses, collectorship, receivership, poundage, and other appendages of management, highly complimentary to the importance of the six Poor Travellers. In short, I made the not entirely new discovery that it may be said of an establishment like this, in dear Old England, as of the fat oyster in the American story, that it takes a good many men to swallow it whole.

"And pray, ma'am," said I, sensible that the blankness of my face began to brighten as a thought occurred to me, "could one see these Travellers?"

Well! she returned dubiously; no! "Not to-night, for instance?" said I. Well! she returned more positively; no. Nobody ever asked to see them, and nobody ever did see them.

As I am not easily baulked in a design when I am set upon it, I urged to the good lady that this was Christmas Eve; that Christmas comes but once a year—which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round, we shall make this earth a very different place; that

I was possessed by the desire to treat the Travellers to a supper and a temperate glass of hot Wassail; that the voice of Fame had been heard in the land, declaring my ability to make hot Wassail; that if I were permitted to hold the feast, I should be found conformable to reason, sobriety, and good hours; in a word, that I could be merry and wise myself, and had been even known at a pinch to keep others so, although I was decorated with no badge or medal, and was not a Brother, Orator, Apostle, Saint, or Prophet of any denomination whatever. In the end, I prevailed, to my great joy. It was settled that at nine o'clock that night, a Turkey and a piece of Roast Beef should smoke upon the board; and that I, faint and unworthy minister for once of Master Richard Watts, should preside as the Christmas-supper host of the six Poor Travellers.

I went back to my inn, to give the necessary directions for the Turkey and Roast Beef, and, during the remainder of the day, could settle to nothing for thinking of the Poor Travellers. When the wind blew hard against the windows—it was a cold day, with dark gusts of sleet alternating with periods of wild brightness, as if the year were dying fitfully—I pictured them advancing towards their resting-place along various cold roads, and felt delighted to think how little they foresaw the supper that awaited them. I painted their portraits in my mind, and indulged in little heightening touches. I made them footsore; I made them weary; I made them carry packs and bundles; I made them stop by finger-posts and milestones, leaning on their bent sticks and looking wistfully at what was written there; I made them lose their way, and filled their five wits with apprehensions of lying out all night, and being frozen to death. I took up my hat and went out, climbed to the top of the Old Castle, and looked over the windy hills that slope down to the Medway: almost believing that I could descry some of my Travellers in the distance. After it fell dark, and the Cathedral bell was heard in the invisible steeple—quite a bower of frosty rime when I had last seen it—striking five, six, seven; I became so full of my Travellers that I could eat no dinner, and felt constrained to watch them still, in the red coals of my fire. They were all arrived by this time, I thought, had got their tickets, and were gone in.—There, my pleasure was dashed by the reflection that probably some Travellers had come too late and were shut out.

After the Cathedral bell had struck eight, I could smell a delicious savour of Turkey and Roast Beef rising to the window of my adjoining bed-room, which looked down into the inn yard, just where the lights of the kitchen reddened a massive fragment of the Castle Wall. It was high time to make the Wassail now; therefore, I had up the materials (which, together with their proportions and combinations, I must decline to impart, as the only secret of my own I was ever known to keep), and made a glorious jorum. Not in a bowl; for, a bowl anywhere but on a shelf, is a low superstition fraught with cooling and slopping; but, in a brown earthenware pitcher, tenderly suffocated when full, with a coarse cloth. It being now upon the stroke of nine, I set out for Watts's Charity, carrying my brown beauty in my arms. I would trust Ben the waiter with untold gold; but, there are strings in the human heart which must never be sounded by another, and drinks that I make myself are those strings in mine.

The Travellers were all assembled, the cloth was laid, and Ben had brought a great billet of wood, and had laid it artfully on the top of the fire, so that a touch or two of the poker after supper should make a roaring blaze. Having deposited my brown beauty in a red nook of the hearth inside the fender, where she soon began to sing like an ethereal cricket, diffusing at the same time odours as of ripe vineyards, spice forests, and orange groves—I say, having stationed my beauty in a place of security and improvement, I introduced myself to my guests by shaking hands all round, and giving them a hearty welcome.

I found the party to be thus composed. Firstly, myself. Secondly, a very decent man indeed, with his right arm in a sling; who had a certain clean, agreeable smell of wood about him, from which I judged him to have something to do with shipbuilding. Thirdly, a little sailor-boy, a mere child, with a profusion of rich dark brown hair, and deep womanly-looking eyes. Fourthly, a shabby-genteel personage in a threadbare black suit, and apparently in very bad circumstances, with a dry suspicious look; the absent buttons on his waistcoat eked out with red tape; and a bundle of extraordinarily tattered papers sticking out of an inner breast-pocket. Fifthly, a foreigner by birth, but an Englishman in speech, who carried his pipe in the band of his hat, and lost no time in telling me, in an easy, simple, engaging way, that he was a watchmaker from Geneva, and travelled all about the continent, mostly on foot, working as a journeyman, and seeing new countries—possibly (I thought) also smuggling a watch or so, now and then. Sixthly, a little widow, who had been very pretty and was still very young, but whose beauty had been wrecked in some great misfortune, and whose manner was remarkably timid, scared, and solitary. Seventhly and lastly, a Traveller of a kind familiar to my boyhood, but now almost obsolete: a Book-Pedlar: who had a quantity of Pamphlets and Numbers with him, and who presently boasted that he could repeat more verses in an evening, than he could sell in a twelvemonth.

All these I have mentioned, in the order in which they sat at table. I presided, and the matronly presence faced me. We were not

long in taking our places, for the supper had arrived with me, in the following procession.

Myself with the pitcher.
Ben with Beer.
Inattentive Boy with hot plates. Inattentive Boy with hot plates.
THE TURKEY.
Female carrying sauces to be heated on the spot.
THE BEEF.
Man with Tray on his head, containing Vegetables and Sundries.
Volunteer hostler from Hotel, grinning,
And rendering no assistance.

As we passed along the High-street, Comet-like, we left a long tail of fragrance behind us which caused the public to stop, sniffing in wonder. We had previously left at the corner of the inn-yard, a wall-eyed young man connected with the Fly department, and well accustomed to the sound of a railway whistle which Ben always carries in his pocket: whose instructions were, so soon as he should hear the whistle blown, to dash into the kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and mince pies, and speed with them to Watts's Charity: where they would be received (he was further instructed) by the sauce-female, who would be provided with brandy in a blue state of combustion.

All these arrangements were executed in the most exact and punctual manner. I never saw a finer turkey, finer beef, or greater prodigality of sauce and gravy; and my Travellers did wonderful justice to everything set before them. It made my heart rejoice, to observe how their wind-and-frost hardened faces, softened in the clatter of plates and knives and forks, and mellowed in the fire and supper heat. While their hats and caps, and wrappers, hanging up; a few small bundles on the ground in a corner; and, in another corner, three or four old walking sticks, worn down at the end to mere fringe; linked this snug interior with the bleak outside in a golden chain.

When supper was done, and my brown beauty had been elevated on the table, there was a general requisition to me, to "take the corner;" which suggested to me, comfortably enough, how much my friends here made of a fire—for when had *I* ever thought so highly of the corner, since the days when I connected it with Jack Horner? However, as I declined, Ben, whose touch on all convivial instruments is perfect, drew the table apart, and instructing my Travellers to open right and left on either side of me, and form round the fire, closed up the centre with myself and my chair, and preserved the order we had kept at table. He had already, in a tranquil manner, boxed the ears of the inattentive boys until they had been by imperceptible degrees boxed out of the room; and he now rapidly skirmished the sauce-female into the High Street, disappeared, and softly closed the door.

This was the time for bringing the poker to bear on the billet of wood. I tapped it three times, like an enchanted talisman, and a brilliant host of merrymakers burst out of it, and sported off by the chimney—rushing up the middle in a fiery country dance, and never coming down again. Meanwhile, by their sparkling light which threw our lamp into the shade, I filled the glasses, and gave my Travellers, CHRISTMAS!—CHRISTMAS EVE, my friends, when the Shepherds, who were Poor Travellers too in their way, heard the Angels sing, "On earth, peace. Goodwill towards men!"

I don't know who was the first among us to think that we ought to take hands as we sat, in deference to the toast, or whether any one of us anticipated the others, but at any rate we all did it. We then drank to the memory of the good Master Richard Watts. And I wish his Ghost may never have had worse usage under that roof, than it had from us!

It was the witching time for Story-telling. "Our whole life, Travellers," said I, "is a story more or less intelligible—generally less; but, we shall read it by a clearer light when it is ended. I for one, am so divided this night between fact and fiction, that I scarce know which is which. Shall we beguile the time by telling stories, in our order as we sit here?"

They all answered, Yes, provided I would begin. I had little to tell them, but I was bound by my own proposal. Therefore, after looking for a while at the spiral column of smoke wreathing up from my brown beauty, through which I could have almost sworn I saw the effigy of Master Richard Watts less startled than usual; I fired away.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveller, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

My relative came down to Chatham, to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was, to get shot; but, he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age

twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but, in an evil hour, he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips;" her name was Mary Marshall; "never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks, that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now, the Captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but, they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street, like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but, he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were: twisting and breaking in his hands as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black hole.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "Do you know where you are going to?"

"To the Devil, sir?" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but, I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

You are a man," returned the Captain with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider: knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment, and the world together, will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish

she had lived, to say with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir;" said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not—— Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend——" began the captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged, a little longer, and you know what must happen. *I* know even better than you can imagine, that after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears, could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare, that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathising witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Buonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton with the dark bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colours of his regiment which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colours he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men—for, the fame of following the old colours, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valour; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton with the dark bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five and thirty—whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright dark eyes—so very, very dark

now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick, that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life; one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the Battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home, appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At Midsummer time in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven and thirty years of age, came home to England, invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen, since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but, the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind to-night, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it as I have heard him tell. He heard the words; "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door, quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O God, for ever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, O, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never, from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant, breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear, except his reclaimer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be, to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offences; to let it be revealed when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him—well, it would be time enough—time enough!

But, that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him, as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her, as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking was this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face towards the old colours, with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together—to Quatre Bras, and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But, it swept on to avenge him, and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness, as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy waggons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognisable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive; the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England

rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There, it was tenderly laid down in hospital: and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again, the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again, the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day, the bells rang; so many times, the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn-evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely, that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you, many weeks. You were moved here, long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak: too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But, as it went, and the sun—O the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep: she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time, he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but, making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then, he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "it comforts her."

One day, he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But, the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name——"

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

'Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honoured and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew

no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me Wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night——"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see Home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when those three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But, even then, it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So, she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighbourhood of Aix: and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began, in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child: a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad, under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, enclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighbourhood, the honour of the company of cet homme si justement célèbre, Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick; now a hardy handsome man in the full vigour of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before; dispatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Travelling through all that extent of country after three years of Peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron-railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a Southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still, no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer: the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could

respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him!"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife: an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children-visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of Peace which had soothed the captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks, and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider, What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary? "His mother above all," the Captain thought. "How shall I tell *her?*"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If He had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee, these better thoughts are rising in my mind! Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time! Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand! Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me, here on earth—and that he did no more!"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

Here, I ended my story as the first Poor Traveller. But, if I had told it now, I could have added that the time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick, and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause: with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

THE SECOND POOR TRAVELLER.

I AM, by trade (said the man with his arm in a sling), a shipwright. I am recovering from an unlucky chop that one of my mates gave me with an adze. When I am all right again, I shall get taken on in Chatham Yard. I have nothing else in particular to tell of myself, so I'll tell a bit of a story of a sea-port town.

Acon-Virlaz the jeweller sat in his shop on the Common Hard of Belleriport smoking his evening pipe. Business was tolerably brisk in Belleriport just then. The great three-decker the Blunderbore (Admiral Pumpkinseed's flag-ship) had just come in from the southern seas with the rest of the squadron, and had been paid off. The big screw line-of-battle ship Fantail, Captain Sir Heaver Cole, K.C.B., had got her blue-peter up for Kamschatka, and her crew had been paid advance wages. The Dundrum war-steamer was fresh coppering in the graving dock, and her men were enjoying a three weeks' run ashore. The Barracouta, the Calabash, the Skullsmasher, and the Nose-ring had returned from the African station with lots of prize money from captured slavers. The Jollyport division of Royal Marines—who had plenty of money to

spend, and spent it, too, — occupied the Marine barracks. The Ninety-eighth Plungers, together with the depot companies of the Fourteenth Royal Screamers, had marched in to relieve the Seventy-third Wrestlers. There was some thought of embodying, for garrison duty, in Belleriport the Seventh or West Swampshire Drabs regiment of Militia. Belleriport was full of sailors, soldiers, and marines. Seven gold-laced cocked hats could be observed on the door steps of the George Hotel at one time. Almost every lady's bonnet in the High Street had a military or naval officer's head looking under it. You could scarcely get into Miss Pyebord the pastrycook's shop for midshipmen. There were so many soldiers in the streets, that you were inclined to take the whole of the population of Belleriport for lobsters, and to imagine that half of them were boiled and the other half waiting to be. The Common Hard was as soft as a feather-bed with sailors. Lieutenant Hook at the Rendezvous was busy all day enrolling A B's, ordinaries, and stout lads. The Royal Grubbington victualling yard was turning out thousands of barrels of salt beef and pork and sea biscuits per diem. Huge guns were being hoisted on board ship; seaman-riggers, caulkers, carpenters, and ship-wrights, were all some hundreds of degrees busier than bees; and sundry gentlemen in the dockyard, habited in simple suits of drab, marked with the broad arrow—with striped stockings and glazed hats, and after whose personal safety sentinels with fixed bayonets and warders in oilskin coats affectionately looked — were busy too, in their way: dragging about chain-cables, blocks and spars, and loads of timber, steadily but sulkily; and, in their close-shaven, beetle-browed countenances, evincing a silent but profound disgust.

Acon-Virlaz had not done so badly during Belleriport's recent briskness. He was a jeweller; and sold watches, rings, chains, bracelets, snuff-boxes, brooches, shirt-studs, sleeve-buttons, pencil-cases, and true lovers' knots. But, his trade in jewels did not interfere with his also vending hammocks, telescopes, sou'-wester hats, lime-juice, maps, charts and log-books, Guernsey shirts, clasp knives, pea-coats, preserved meats, razors, swinging lamps, sea-chests, dancing-pumps, eye-glasses, waterproof overalls, patent blacking, and silk pocket-handkerchiefs emblazoned with the flags of all nations. Nor did his dealings in these articles prevent him from driving a very tidy little business in the purchase of gold dust, elephants' teeth, feathers and bandanas, from home-returned sailors; nor (so the censorious said) from deriving some pretty little profits from the cashing of seamen's advance notes, and the discounting of the acceptances of the officers of her majesty's army and navy; nor (so the downright libellous asserted) from doing a little in the wine line, and a little in the picture line, and a good deal, when occasion required it, in the crimp line.

Acon-Virlaz sat in his shop on the Common Hard of Belleriport smoking his evening pipe. It was in the back shop that Acon-Virlaz sat. Above his head, hung the hammocks, the pilot-trowsers narrow at the knees and wide at the ancles, the swinging lamps, and the waterproof overalls. The front shop loomed dimly through a grove of pea-coats, sou'-wester hats, Guernsey shirts, and cans of preserved meat. One little gas jet in the back-shop — for the front gas was not yet lighted—flickered on the heterogeneous articles hanging and heaped up together all around. The gas just tipped with light the brass knobs of the drawers which ran round all the four sides of the shop, tier above tier, and held Moses knows how many more treasures of watchmaking, tailoring, and outfitting. The gas, just defined by feebly-shining threads, the salient lines and angles of a great iron safe in one corner; and finally the gas just gleamed—twinkled furtively, like a magpie looking into a marrow bone—upon the heap of jewellery collected upon the great slate-covered counter in Acon-Virlaz's back shop.

The counter was covered with slate; for, upon it Acon-Virlaz loved to chalk his calculations. It was ledger, day-book, and journal, all in one. The little curly-headed Jew boy who was clerk, shopman, messenger, and assistant-measurer in the tailoring department of the establishment, would as soon have thought of eating roast sucking-pig beneath Acon-Virlaz's nose, as of wiping, dusting, or, indeed, touching the sacred slate counter without special permission and authority from Acon-Virlaz himself.

By the way, it was not by that name that the jeweller and outfitter was known in Belleriport. He went by a simpler, homelier, shorter appellation: Moses, Levy, Sheeny—what you will; it does not much matter which; for most of the Hebrew nation have an inner name as well as an inner and richer life.

Acon-Virlaz was a little, plump, round, black-eyed, red-lipped, blue-bearded man. Age had begun to discount his head, and had given him sixty per cent of gray hairs. A-top he was bald, and wore a little skull-cap. He had large fat hands, all creased and tumbled, as if his skin were too large for him; and, on one forefinger, he wore a great cornelian signet-ring, about which there were all sorts of legends. Miriam, his daughter, said—— but what have I to do with Miriam, his daughter? She does not enter into this history at all.

The evening pipe that Acon-Virlaz was smoking was very mild and soothing. The blue haze went curling softly upwards, and seemed to describe pleasant figures of £ *s. d.* as it ascended. Through the grove, across the front shop, Acon-Virlaz could see little

specks of gas from the lamps in the street; could hear Barney, his little clerk and shop-boy, softly whistling as he kept watch and ward upon the watches in the front window and the habiliments exposed for sale outside; could hear the sounds of a fiddle from the Admiral Nelson next door, where the men-of-warsmen were dancing; could, by a certain, pleasant, subtle smell from regions yet farther back, divine that Mrs. Virlaz (her father was a Bar-Galli, and worth hills of gold) was cooking something nice for supper.

From the pleasures of his pipe Acon-Virlaz turned to the pleasures of his jewellery. It lay there on the slate-covered counter, rich and rare. Big diamonds, rubies, opals, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, topazes, turquoises, and pearls. By the jewels lay gold. Gold in massy chains, in mourning rings, in massy bracelets, in chased snuff-boxes—in gold snuff too—that is in dingy, dull dust from the Guinea coast; in flakes and mis-shapen lumps from the mine; in toy-watches, in brave chronometers, in lockets, vinaigrettes, brooches, and such woman's gear. The voice of the watches was dumb; the little flasks were scentless; but, how much beauty, life, strength, power, lay in these coloured baubles! Acon-Virlaz sighed.

Here, a little clock in the front shop, which nestled ordinarily in the midst of a wilderness of boots, and thought apparently a great deal more of itself than its size warranted, after a prodigious deal of running down, gasping, and clucking, struck nine. Acon-Virlaz laid down his pipe, and turning the gas a little higher, was about calling out to Mrs. Virlaz, that daughter of Bar-Galli (she was very stout, and fried fish in sky-blue satin), to know what she had got for supper, when a dark body became mistily apparent in the recesses of the grove of Guernsey shirts and sou'-westers, shutting out the view of the distant specks of gas in the street beyond. At the same time, a voice, that seemed to run upon a tramway, so smooth and sliding was it, said, three or four times over, "How is to-night with you, Mr. Virlaz, —how is it with you this beautiful night? Aha!"

The voice and the body belonged to a gentleman of Mr. Virlaz's persuasion, who was stout and large, and very elastic in limb, and very voluble in delivery, in the which there was, I may remark, a tendency to reiteration, and an oily softness (inducing an idea that the tramway I mentioned had been sedulously greased), and a perceptible lisp. Mr. Virlaz's friend rubbed his hands (likewise smooth and well-greased) continually. He was somewhat loosely jointed, which caused him to wag his head from side to side as he talked, after the fashion of an image; and his face would have been a great deal handsomer if his complexion had not been quite so white and pasty, and his eyes not quite so pink, and both together not quite so like a suet pudding with two raisins in it. Mr. Virlaz's friend's name was Mr. Ben-Daoud, and he came from Westhampton, where he discounted bills and sold clocks.

"Take a seat, Ben," said the jeweller, when he had recognised his friend and shaken hands with him; "Mrs. V. will be down directly. All well at home? Take a pipe?"

"I will just sit down a little minute, and thank you, Mr. Virlaz," Ben-Daoud answered volubly; "and all are well but little Zeeky, who has thrushes, and has swoollen, the dear child, much since yesterday; but beg Mrs. Virlaz not to disturb herself for me,—for I am not long here, and will not take a pipe, having a cold, and being about to go a long journey to-morrow. Aha!"

All this, Mr. Ben-Daoud said with the extreme volubility which I have noticed, and in the exact order in which his words are set down, but without any vocal punctuation. There was considerable doubt among the people as to Mr. Ben-Daoud's nationality. Some said that he came from Poland; others, that he hailed from Frankfort-on-the-Maine; some inclined to the belief that Amsterdam, in Holland, was his natal place; some, that Gibraltar had given him birth, or the still more distant land of Tangier. At all events, of whatsoever nation he was, or if not of any, he was for all Jewry, and knew the time of the day remarkably well. He had been in the rabbit-skin line of business before he took to selling clocks, to which he added, when regiments were in garrison, at Westhampton, the art of discounting.

"Going on a journey, eh, Ben?" asked Acon-Virlaz. "Business?"

"Oh, business of course, Mr. Virlaz," his friend replied. "Always business. I have some little moneys to look up, and some little purchases to make, and, indeed, humbly wish to turn a little penny; for, I have very many heavy calls to meet next month,—a little bill or two of mine you hold, by the way, among the rest, Mr. Virlaz."

"True," the jeweller said, rather nervously, and putting his hand on a great leathern portfolio in his breast pocket, in which he kept his acceptances; "and shall you be long gone, Mr. Daoud?"

This "Mr. Daoud," following upon the former familiar "Ben," was said without sternness, but spoke the creditor awakened to his rights. It seemed to say, "Smoke, drink, and be merry till your 'accepted payable at such a date' comes due; but pay then, or I'll sell you up like death."

Mr. Ben-Daoud seemed to have an inkling of this; for, he wagged his head, rubbed his hands, and answered, more volubly than ever, "Oh, as to that, Mr. Virlaz, dear sir, my journey is but of two days lasting. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, and with

something noticeable in the way of diamonds. Aha!"

"Diamonds!" exclaimed Acon-Virlaz, glancing towards the drawer where his jewels were; for you may be sure he had swept them all away into safety before his friend had completed his entrance. "Diamonds! Where are you going for diamonds, Ben?"

"Why, to the great fair that is held to-morrow, Mr. Virlaz, as well you know."

"Fair, Ben? Is there any fair to-morrow near Belleriport?"

"Why, bless my heart, Mr. Virlaz," Ben-Daoud responded, holding up his fat hands; "can it be that you, so respectable and noticeable a man among our people, don't know that to-morrow is the great jewel fair that is held once in every hundred years, at which diamonds, rubies, and all other pretty stones are sold cheap—cheap as dirt, my dear—a hundred thousand guineas-worth for sixpence, one may say. Your grandfather must have been there, and well he made his market, you may be sure. Aha! Good man!"

"I never heard of such a thing," gasped Acon-Virlaz, perfectly amazed and bewildered. "And what do you call this fair?"

"Why, Sky Fair! As well you should know, dear sir."

"Sky Fair?" repeated the jeweller.

"Sky Fair," answered Ben-Daoud.

"But whereabouts is it?"

"Come here," the voluble man said. He took hold of Acon-Virlaz by the wrist, and led him through the grove of pea-coats into the front shop; through the front shop into the open street; and then pointing upwards, he directed the gaze of the Jew to where, in the otherwise unillumined sky, there was shining one solitary star.

"Don't it look pretty?" he asked, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper. "Don't it look like a diamond, and glitter and twinkle as if some of our people the lapidaries in Amsterdam had cut it into faces. That's where Sky Fair is, Mr. Virlaz. Aha!"

"And you are going there to-morrow?" Acon-Virlaz asked, glancing uneasily at his companion.

"Of course I am," Ben-Daoud replied, "with my little bag of money to make my little purchases. And saving your presence, dear sir, I think you will be a great fool if you don't come with me, and make some little purchases too. For, diamonds, Mr. Virlaz, are not so easily come by every day, as in Sky Fair; and a hundred years is a long time to wait before one can make another such bargain."

"I'll come, Ben," the jeweller cried, enthusiastically. "I'll come; and if ever I can do you any little obligation in the way of moneys, I will." And he grasped the hand of Ben-Daoud, who sold clocks and discounted.

"Why, that's right," the other returned. "And I'll come for you at eight o'clock to-morrow, punctually; so get your little bag of money and your nightcap and a comb ready."

"But," the jeweller asked, with one returning tinge of suspicion, "how are we to get there, Ben?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Ben-Daoud, coolly, "we'll have a shay."

Sky Fair!—diamonds!—cheap bargains! Acon Virlaz could think of nothing else all the time of supper; which was something very nice indeed in the fish way, and into the cooking of which oil entered largely. He was so preoccupied, that Mrs. Virlaz, and Miriam his daughter, who had large eyes and a coral necklace (for week-days), were fain to ask him the cause thereof; and he, like a good and tender husband and father as he was (and as most Hebrews, to their credit, are), told them of Ben-Daoud's marvellous story, and of his intended journey.

The next morning, as the clock struck eight, the sound of wheels was heard before Acon-Virlaz's door in the Common Hard of Belleriport, and a handful of gravel was playfully thrown against the first-floor window by the hands of Ben-Daoud of Westhampton.

But it needed no gravel, no noise of wheels, no striking of clocks, to awaken Acon-Virlaz. He had been up and dressed since six o'clock; and, leaving Mrs. Virlaz peacefully and soundly sleeping; and hastily swallowing some hot coffee prepared by Barney the lad (to whom he issued strict injunctions concerning the conduct of the warehouse during the day); he descended into the street, and was affectionately hailed by his fellow voyager to Sky Fair.

The seller of clocks sat in the "shay" of which he had spoken to Acon-Virlaz. It was a dusky little concern, very loose on its springs, and worn and rusty in its gear. As to the animal that drew it, Mr. Ben-Daoud mentioned by the way that it was a discount pony; having been taken as an equivalent for cash in numberless bills negotiated in the Westhampton garrison, and had probably been worth, in his time, considerably more than his weight in gold.

Said pony, if he was a rum 'un to look at—which, indeed, he was, being hairy where he should have been smooth, and having occasional bald places, as though he were in the habit of scratching himself with his hoofs—which hoofs, coupled with his whity-brown ankles, gave him the appearance of having indifferent bluchers and dirty white socks on—was a good 'un to go. So remarkably good was he in going, that he soon left behind, the high street of Belleriport, where the shop-boys were sleepily taking down the shutters; where housemaids were painfully elaborating the doorsteps with hearth-stones, to be soiled by the first visitor's dirty boots (such is the way of the world); where the milkman was making his early morning calls, and the night policemen were going

home from duty; and the third lieutenant of the Blunderbore—who had been ashore on leave, and was a little shaken about the eyes still—was hastening to catch the "beef-boat" to convey him to his ship. Next, the town itself did the pony leave behind: the outskirts, the outlying villages, the ruined stocks and deserted pound, the Port-Admiral's villa: all these he passed, running as fast as a constable, or a bill, until he got at last into a broad white road, which Acon-Virlaz never remembered to have seen before; a road with a high hedge on either side, and to which there seemed to be no end.

Mr. Ben-Daoud drove the pony in first-rate style. His head and the animal's wagged in concert; and the more he flourished his whip, the more the pony went; and both seemed to like it. The great white road sent up no dust. Its stones, if stones it had, never grated nor gave out a sound beneath the wheels of the "shay." It was only very white and broad, and seemed to have no end.

Not always white, however; for, as they progressed, it turned in colour first milky-grey, then what schoolboys call, in connection with the fluid served out to them at breakfast time, sky-blue; then a deep, vivid, celestial blue. And the high hedge on either side melted by degrees into the same hue; and Acon-Virlaz began to feel curiously feathery about the body, and breezy about the lungs. He caught hold of the edge of the "shay," as though he were afraid of falling over. He shut his eyes from time to time, as though he were dizzy. He began to fancy that he was in the sky.

"There is Sky Fair, Mr. Virlaz!" Ben-Daoud suddenly said, pointing a-head with his whip.

At that moment, doubtless through the superior attractions of Sky Fair, the dusky "shay" became of so little account to Acon-Virlaz as to disappear entirely from his sight and mind, though he had left his nightcap and comb (his little bag of money was safe in his side-pocket, trust him), on the cushion. At the same moment it must have occurred to the discount pony to put himself out at living in some very remote corner of creation, for, he vanished altogether too; and Acon-Virlaz almost fancied that he saw the beast's collar fall fifty thousand fathoms five, true as a plumb-line, into space; and the reins, which but a moment before Ben-Daoud had held, flutter loosely away, like feathers.

He found himself treading upon a hard, loose, gritty surface, which, on looking down, appeared like diamond-dust.

"Which it is," Mr. Ben-Daoud explained, when Acon-Virlaz timidly asked him. "Cheap as dirt here! Capital place to bring your cast-iron razors to be sharpened, Mr. Virlaz."

The jeweller felt inclined for the moment, to resent this pleasantry as somewhat personal; for, to say truth, the razors in which he dealt were not of the primest steel.

There was a great light. The brightest sun-light that Acon-Virlaz had ever seen was but a poor farthing candle compared to this re-splendency. There was a great gate through which they had to pass to the fair. The gate seemed to Acon-Virlaz as if all the jewellery and wrought gold in the world had been half-fused, half-welded together, into one monstrous arabesque or trellis-work. There was a little porter's-lodge by the gate, and a cunning-looking little man by it, with a large bunch of keys at his girdle. The thing seemed impossible and ridiculous, yet Acon-Virlaz could not help fancying that he had seen the cunning little porter before, and, of all places in the world, in London, at the lock-up house in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, kept by Mr. Mephibosheth, to whose red-headed little turnkey, Benjy, he bore an extraordinary resemblance.

Who is to tell of the glories of Sky Fair? Who, indeed, unless he had a harp of gold strung with diamonds? Who is to tell of the long lines of dazzlingly white booths, hundreds, if not thousands, if not millions, of miles in extent, where jewels of surpassing size and purest water were sold by the peck, like peas; by the pound, like spice nuts; by the gallon, like table beer? Who is to tell of the swings, the round-abouts, the throwing of sticks, each stick surmounted by a diamond as big as an ostrich egg; the live armadillos with their jewelled scales; the scratchers, corruscating like meteors; the gingerbread kings and queens; the whole fun of the fair, one dazzling, blinding, radiating mass of gold and gems!

It was not Acon Virlaz who could tell much about these wondrous things in after days; for he was too occupied with his little bag of money, and his little fairings. Ben-Daoud had spoken the truth: diamonds were as cheap as dirt in Sky Fair. In an inconceivably short space of time, and by the expenditure of a few halfpence, the jeweller had laid in a stock of precious stones. But, he was not satisfied with pockets-full, bags-full, hats-full, of unset, uncut gems. There were heaps of jewelled trinkets, chains, bracelets, rings, piled up for sale. He hankered after these. He bought heaps of golden rings. He decorated his wrists and ankles with bracelets and bangles enough for a Bayadere. He might have been a dog, for the collars round his neck. He might have been an Ambrose Gwynnett hung in chains, for the profusion of those ornaments in gold, with which he loaded himself. And then he went in for solid services of plate, and might have been a butler or a philanthropist, for the piles of ewers, salvers, candelabra, and goblets which he accumulated in his hands, under his arms, on his head. More gold! more jewels! More—more—

Till a bell began to ring,—a loud, clanging,

voiceful golden bell, carried by a shining bellman, and the clapper of which was one huge diamond. The thousands of people who, a moment before, had been purchasing jewels and gold, no sooner heard the bell than they began to scamper like mad towards the gate; and, at the same time, Acon-Virlaz heard the bellman making proclamation that Sky Fair would close in ten minutes time, and that every man, woman, or child found within the precincts of the fair, were it only for the thousandth part of the tithe of a moment after the clock had struck Twelve, would be turned into stone for a hundred years.

Till the men, women, and children from every nation under the sun (he had not observed them until now, so intent had he been on his purchases), came tearing past him; treading on his toes, bruising his ribs, jostling him, pushing him from side to side, screaming to him with curses to move on quicker, or to get out of the way. But, he could not move on quicker. His gold stuck to him. His jewels weighed him down. Invisible clogs seemed to attach themselves to his feet. He kept dropping his precious wares, and, for the life of him, could not refrain from stopping to pick them up; in doing which he dropped more.

Till Mr. Ben-Daoud passed him with a girdle of big diamonds, tied round his waist in a blue bird's-eye handkerchief, like a professional pedestrian.

Till the great bell from ringing intermittent peals kept up one continuous clang. Till a clock above, like a catherine wheel, which Acon-Virlaz had not before noticed, began to let off rockets of minutes, Roman candles of seconds. Till the bellman's proclamation merged into one sustained roar of Oh yes! Oh yes! Till the red-headed gate-keeper, who was like Mr. Mephibosheth's turnkey, gave himself up to an unceasing scream of "All out! All out!" whirling his keys above his head, so that they scattered sparks and flakes of fire all around.

Till fifty thousand other bells began to clang, and fifty million other voices to scream. Till all at once there was silence, and the clock began to strike slowly, sadly, One, two, three, four—to Twelve.

Acon-Virlaz was within a few feet of the gate when the fatal clock began to strike. By a desperate effort he cast aside the load of plate which impeded his movements. He tore off his diamond-laden coat; he cast his waistcoat to the winds, and plunged madly into the throng that blocked up the entrance.

To find himself too late. The great gates closed with a heavy shock, and Acon-Virlaz reeled away from them in the rebound, bruised, bleeding, and despairing. He was too late. Sky Fair was closed, and he was to be turned into stone for a hundred years.

The red-headed doorkeeper (who by the way squinted abominably) was leaning with his back to the gate, drumming with his keys on the bars.

"It's a beautiful day to be indoors," he said, consolingly. "It's bitter cold outside."

Acon-Virlaz shuddered. He felt his heart turning into stone within him. He fell on his knees before the red-headed doorkeeper; and with tears, sobs, groans, entreated him to open the gate. He offered him riches, he offered him the hand of Miriam his large-eyed daughter: all for one turn of the key in the lock of the gate of Sky Fair.

"Can't be done," the doorkeeper remarked, shaking his head. "Till Sky Fair opens again, you can't be let out."

Again and again did the jeweller entreat, until he at last appeared to make an impression on the red-headed janitor.

"Well, I'll tell you what I can do for you, old gentleman," he said: "I daren't open the gate for my life; but there's a window in my lodge; and if you choose to take your chance of jumping out of it (it is'nt far to fall) you can."

Acon-Virlaz, uttering a confused medley of thanks, was about to rush into the lodge, when the gatekeeper laid his hand upon his arm.

"By the way, mister," he said, "you may as well give me that big signet ring on your finger, as a token to remind you of all the fine things you promised me when I come your way."

The jeweller hastily plucked off the desired trinket, and gave it to his red-headed deliverer. Then, he darted into the narrow, dark porter's lodge, overturned a round table, on which was the doorkeeper's dinner (it smelt very much like liver and bacon), and clambered up to a very tall, narrow window.

He leaned his hands on the sill, and thrusting his head out to see how far he had to jump, descried, immediately, beneath him the dusty shay, the discount pony, and Mr. Ben-Daoud with a lighted cigar in his mouth and the reins in his hand, just ready to start.

"Hold hard!" screamed Acon-Virlaz. "Hold hard! Ben, my dear friend, my old friend: hold hard, and take me in!"

Mr. Ben-Daoud's reply was concise but conclusive:

"Go to Bermondsey," he said, and whipped his pony.

The miserable man groaned aloud in despair; for the voice of the doorkeeper urged him to be quick about it, if he was going to jump; and he felt, not only his heart, but his limbs, becoming cold and stony.

Shutting his eyes and clenching his teeth, he jumped and fell, down, down into space. According to his own calculations, he must have fallen at least sixty thousand miles and for six months in succession; but, according to Mrs. Acon-Virlaz and Miriam his large-eyed daughter, he only fell from his arm-chair

into the fire-place, striking his head against the tongs as he fell; having come home a little while before, with no such thing about him as his beautiful seal-ring; and being slightly the worse for liquor, not to say drunk.

THE THIRD POOR TRAVELLER.

You wait my story, next? Ah, well!
Such marvels as you two have told
You must not think that I can tell;
For I am only twelve years old.
Ere long I hope I shall have been
On my first voyage, and wonders seen.
Some princess I may help to free
From pirates on a far-off sea;
Or, on some desert isle be left,
Of friends and shipmates all bereft.

For the first time I venture forth,
From our blue mountains of the north.
My kinsman kept the lodge that stood
Guarding the entrance near the wood,
By the stone gateway gray and old,
With quaint devices carved about,
And broken shields; while dragons bold
Glared on the common world without;
And the long trembling ivy spray
Half hid the centuries' decay.
In solitude and silence grand
The castle towered above the land:
The castle of the Earl, whose name
(Wrapped in old bloody legends) came
Down through the times when Truth and Right
Bent down to armèd Pride and Might.
He owned the country far and near;
And, for some weeks in every year,
(When the brown leaves were falling fast
And the long, lingering autumn passed),
He would come down to hunt the deer,
With hound and horse in splendid pride.
The story lasts the live-long year,
The peasant's winter evening fills,
When he is gone and they abide
In the lone quiet of their hills.

I longed, too, for the happy night,
When all with torches flaring bright
The crowding villagers would stand,
A patient, eager, waiting band,
Until the signal ran like flame
"They come!" and, slackening speed, they came.
Outriders first, in pomp and state,
Pranced on their horses thro' the gate;
Then the four steeds as black as night,
All decked with trappings blue and white,
Drew thro' the crowd that opened wide,
The Earl and Countess side by side.
The stern grave Earl, with formal smile
And glistening eyes and stately pride,
Could ne'er my childish gaze beguile
From the fair presence by his side.
The lady's soft sad glance, her eyes
(Like stars that shone in summer skies),
Her pure white face so calmly bent,
With gentle greetings round her sent;
Her look, that always seemed to gaze
Where the blue past had closed again
Over some happy shipwrecked days,
With all their freight of love and pain.
She did not even seem to see
The little lord upon her knee.
And yet he was like angel fair,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
That fell on shoulders white as snow.
But the blue eyes that shone below
His clustering rings of auburn curls,
Were not his mother's, but the Earl's.

I feared the Earl, so cold and grim,
I never dared be seen by him.
When thro' our gate he used to ride,
My kinsman Walter bade me hide;
He said he was so stern.
So, when the hunt came past our way,
I always hasten'd to obey,
Until I heard the bugles play
The notes of their return.
But she—my very heart-strings stir
Whene'er I speak or think of her—
The whole wide world could never see
A noble lady such as she,
So full of angel charity.

Strange things of her our neighbours told
In the long winter evenings cold,
Around the fire. They would draw near
And speak half-whispering, as in fear:
As if they thought the Earl could hear
Their treason 'gainst his name.
They thought the story that his pride
Had stooped to wed a low-born bride,
A stain upon his fame.
Some said 'twas false; there could not be
Such blot on his nobility:
But others vowed that they had heard
The actual story word for word,
From one who well my lady knew,
And had declared the story true.

In a far village, little known,
She dwelt—so ran the tale—alone.
A widowed bride, yet, oh! so bright,
Shone through the mist of grief, her charms;
They said it was the loveliest sight,—
She with her baby in her arms.
The Earl, one summer morning, rode
By the sea-shore where she abode;
Again he came,—that vision sweet
Drew him reluctant to her feet.
Fierce must the struggle in his heart
Have been, between his love and pride,
Until he chose that wondrous part,
To ask her to become his bride.
Yet, ere his noble name she bore,
He made her vow that nevermore
She would behold her child again,
But hide his name and hers from men.
The trembling promise duly spoken,
All links of the low past were broken,
And she arose to take her stand
Amid the nobles of the land.

Then all would wonder,—could it be
That one so lowly born as she,
Raised to such height of bliss, should seem
Still living in some weary dream?
'Tis true she bore with calmest grace
The honours of her lofty place,
Yet never smiled, in peace or joy,
Not even to greet her princely boy.
She heard, with face of white despair,
The cannon thunder through the air,
That she had given the Earl an heir.

Nay, even more (they whispered low,
As if they scarce durst fancy so),
That, through her lofty wedded life,
No word, no tone, betrayed the wife.
Her look seemed ever in the past;
Never to him it grew more sweet;
The self-same weary glance she cast
Upon the grey-hound at her feet,
As upon him, who bade her claim
The crowning honour of his name.

This gossip, if old Walter heard,
He checked it with a scornful word:
I never durst such tales repeat;
He was too serious and discreet
To speak of what his lord might do.
Besides, he loved my lady too:
And many a time, I recollect,
They were together in the wood;
He, with an air of grave respect,
And earnest look, uncovered stood.
And though their speech I never heard,
(Save now and then a louder word,)
I saw he spake as none but one
She loved and trusted, durst have done;
For oft I watched them in the shade
That the close forest branches made,
Till slanting golden sunbeams came
And smote the fir-trees into flame,
A radiant glory round her lit,
Then down her white robe seemed to flit,
Gilding the brown leaves on the ground,
And all the feathery ferns around.
While by some gloomy pine she leant
And he in earnest talk would stand,
I saw the tear-drops, as she bent,
Fall on the flowers in her hand.
Strange as it seemed and seems to be,
That one so sad, so cold as she,
Could love a little child like me;
Yet so it was. I never heard
Such tender words as she would say,
Or murmurs, sweeter than a word,
Would breathe upon me as I lay.
While I, in smiling joy, would rest,
For hours, my head upon her breast.
Our neighbours said that none could see
In me the common childish charms,
(So grave and still I used to be,)
And yet she held me in her arms,
In a fond clasp, so close, so tight,—
I often dream of it at night.

She bade me tell her all—no other,
My childish thoughts e're cared to know;
For I—I never knew my mother;
I was an orphan long ago.
And I could all my fancies pour,
That gentle loving face before.
She liked to hear me tell her all;
How that day I had climbed the tree,
To make the largest fir-cones fall;
And how one day I hoped to be
A sailor on the deep blue sea—
She loved to hear it all!

Then wondrous things she used to tell,
Of the strange dreams that she had known.
I used to love to hear them well;
If only for her sweet low tone,
Sometimes so sad, although I knew
That such things never could be true.

One day she told me such a tale
It made me grow all cold and pale,
The fearful thing she told!
Of a poor woman mad and wild
Who coined the life-blood of her child,
Who, tempted by a fiend, had sold
The heart out of her breast for gold.
But, when she saw me frightened seem,
She smiled, and said it was a dream.
How kind, how fair she was; how good
I cannot tell you. If I could
You, too, would love her. The mere thought
Of her great love for me has brought
Tears in my eyes: though far away,
It seems as it were yesterday.
And just as when I look on high
Through the blue silence of the sky,
Fresh stars shine out, and more and more,
Where I could see so few before.
So, the more steadily I gaze
Upon those far-off misty days,
Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh memories start
Before my eyes and in my heart.
I can remember how one day
(Talking in silly childish way)
I said how happy I should be
If I were like her son—as fair,
With just such bright blue eyes as he,
And such long locks of golden hair.
A dark smile on her pale face broke,
And in strange solemn words she spoke:
"My own, my darling one—no, no!
I love you, far, far better so.
I would not change the look you bear,
Or one wave of your dark brown hair.
The mere glance of your sunny eyes,
Deep in my deepest soul I prize
Above that baby fair!
Not one of all the Earl's proud line
In beauty ever matched with thine.
And, 'tis by thy dark locks thou art
Bound even faster round my heart,
And made more wholly mine!"
And then she paused, and weeping said,
"You are like one who now is dead—
Who sleeps in a far distant grave.
O may God grant that you may be
As noble and as good as he,
As gentle and as brave!"
Then in my childish way I cried,
"The one you tell me of who died,
Was he as noble as the Earl?"
I see her red lips scornful curl,
I feel her hold my hand again
So tightly, that I shrank in pain—
I seem to hear her say,
"He whom I tell you of, who died,
He was so noble and so gay,
So generous and so brave,
That the proud Earl by his dear side
Would look a craven slave."
She paused; then, with a quivering sigh,
She laid her hand upon my brow:
"Live like him, darling, and so die.
Remember that he tells you now,
True peace, real honour, and content,
In cheerful pious toil abide;
For gold and splendour are but sent
To curse our vanity and pride."

One day some childish fever pain
Burnt in my veins and fired my brain.

Morning, I turned from side to side ;
And, sobbing in my bed, I cried,
Till night in calm and darkness crept
Around me, and at last I slept.
When suddenly I woke to see
The Lady bending over me.
The drops of cold November rain
Were falling from her long, damp hair ;
Her anxious eyes were dim with pain;
Yet she looked wondrous fair.
Arrayed for some great feast she came,
With stones that shone and burnt like flame
Wound round her neck, like some bright snake,
And set like stars within her hair,
They sparkled so, they seemed to make
A glory everywhere.
I felt her tears upon my face,
Her kisses on my eyes ;
And a strange thought I could not trace
I felt within my heart arise ;
And, half in feverish pain, I said :
"O if my mother were not dead!"
And Walter bade me sleep; but she
Said, "Is it not the same to thee
That *I* watch by thy bed ?"
I answered her, "I love you, too;
But it can never be the same :
She was no Countess like to you,
Nor wore such sparkling stones of flame."
O the wild look of fear and dread!
The cry she gave of bitter woe!
I often wonder what I said
To make her moan and shudder so.

Through the long night she tended me
With such sweet care and charity.
But I should weary you to tell
All that I know and love so well :
Yet one night more stands out alone
With a sad sweetness all its own.

The wind blew loud that dreary night.
Its wailing voice I well remember ;
The stars shone out so large and bright
Upon the frosty fir-boughs white :
That dreary night of cold December.
I saw old Walter silent stand,
Watching the soft last flakes of snow
With looks I could not understand
Of strange perplexity and woe.
At last he turned and took my hand,
And said the Countess just had sent
To bid us come ; for she would fain
See me once more, before she went
Away,—never to come again.
We came in silence thro' the wood
(Our footfall was the only sound),
To where the great white castle stood,
With darkness shadowing it around.
Breathless, we trod with cautious care
Up the great echoing marble stair ;
Trembling, by Walter's hand I held,
Scared by the splendours I beheld :
Now thinking, Should the Earl appear!
Now looking up with giddy fear
To the dim vaulted roof, that spread
Its gloomy arches overhead.
Long corridors we softly past,
(My heart was beating loud and fast)
And reached the Lady's room at last.
A strange faint odour seemed to weigh
Upon the dim and darkened air.
One shaded lamp, with softened ray,
Scarce showed the gloomy splendour there.
The dull red brands were burning low :
And yet a fitful gleam of light,
Would now and then with sudden glow,
Start forth, then sink again in night.
I gazed around, yet half in fear,
Till Walter told me to draw near.
And in the strange and flickering light,
Towards the Lady's bed I crept.
All folded round with snowy white,
She lay (one would have said she slept).
So still the look of that white face,
It seemed as it were carved in stone.
I paused before I dared to place
Within her cold white hand my own.
But, with a smile of sweet surprise,
She turned to me her dreamy eyes ;
And slowly, as if life were pain,
She drew me in her arms to lie :
She strove to speak, and strove in vain ;
Each breath was like a long-drawn sigh,
The throbs that seemed to shake her breast,
The trembling clasp, so loose, and weak,
At last grew calmer, and at rest ;
And then she strove once more to speak :
"My God, I thank thee, that my pain
Of day by day and year by year,
Has not been suffered all in vain,
And I may die while he is near.
I will not fear but that Thy grace
Has swept away my sin and woe,
And sent this little angel face,
In my last hour to tell me so."
(And here her voice grew faint and low)
"My child where'er thy life may go,
To know that thou art brave and true,
Will pierce the highest heavens through,
And even there my soul shall be
More joyful for this thought of thee."
She folded her white hands, and stayed,
All cold and silently she lay :
I knelt beside the bed, and prayed
The prayer she used to make me say.
I said it many times, and then
She did not move, but seemed to be
In a deep sleep, nor stirred again.
No sound stirred in the silent room,
Or broke the dim and solemn gloom,
Save when the brands that burnt so low
With noisy fitful gleam of light,
Would spread around a sudden glow,
Then sink in silence and in night.
How long I stood I do not know :
At last poor Walter came, and said
(So sadly) that we now must go,
And whispered, she we loved was dead.
He bade me kiss her face once more,
Then led me sobbing to the door.
I scarcely knew what dying meant,
Yet a strange grief, before unknown,
Weighed on my spirit as we went
And left her lying all alone.

We went to the far North once more,
To seek the well-remembered home,
Where my poor kinsman dwelt before,
Whence now he was too old to roam ;
And there six happy years we past,
Happy and peaceful till the last ;
When poor old Walter died, and he
Blessed me and said I now might be
A sailor on the deep blue sea.

And so I go; and yet in spite
Of all the joys I long to know;
Though I look onward with delight,
With something of regret I go,
And young or old, on land or sea,
One guiding memory I shall take
Of what She prayed that I might be,
And what I will be for her sake!

THE FOURTH POOR TRAVELLER.

Now, first of all, I should like to know what you mean by a story? You mean what other people do? And pray what is that? You know, but you can't exactly tell. I thought so! In the course of a pretty long legal experience, I have never yet met with a party out of my late profession, who was capable of giving a correct definition of anything.

To judge by your looks, I suspect you are amused at my talking of any such thing ever having belonged to me as a profession. Ha! ha! Here I am, with my toes out of my boots, without a shirt to my back or a rap in my pocket, except the fourpence I get out of this charity (against the present administration of which I protest—but that's not the point), and yet not two years ago I was an attorney in large practice in a bursting big country town. I had a house in the High Street. Such a giant of a house that you had to get up six steps to knock at the front door. I had a footman to drive tramps like me off all or any one of my six hearth-stoned steps, if they dared sit down on all or any one of my six hearth-stoned steps;—a footman who would give me into custody now if I tried to shake hands with him in the streets. I decline to answer your questions if you ask me any. How I got into trouble, and dropped down to where I am now, is my secret.

Now, I absolutely decline to tell you a story. But, though I won't tell a story, I am ready to make a statement. A statement is a matter of fact; therefore the exact opposite of a story, which is a matter of fiction. What I am now going to tell you really happened to me.

I served my time—never mind in whose office; and I started in business for myself, in one of our English country towns—I decline stating which. I hadn't a quarter of the capital I ought to have had to begin with; and my friends in the neighbourhood were poor and useless enough, with one exception. That exception was Mr. Frank Gatliffe, son of Mr. Gatliffe, member for the county, the richest man and the proudest for many a mile round about our parts.—Stop a bit! you man in the corner there; you needn't perk up and look knowing. You won't trace any particulars by the name of Gatliffe. I'm not bound to commit myself or anybody else by mentioning names. I have given you the first that came into my head.

Well! Mr. Frank was a staunch friend of mine, and ready to recommend me whenever he got the chance. I had given him a little timely help—*for a consideration, of course—in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest*: in fact, I had saved him from the Jews. The money was borrowed while Mr. Frank was at college. He came back from college, and stopped at home a little while: and then there got spread about all our neighbourhood, a report that he had fallen in love, as the saying is, with his young sister's governess, and that his mind was made up to marry her. — What! you're at it again, my man in the corner! You want to know her name, don't you? What do you think of Smith?

Speaking as a lawyer, I consider Report, in a general way, to be a fool and a liar. But in this case report turned out to be something very different. Mr. Frank told me he was really in love, and said upon his honour (an absurd expression which young chaps of his age are always using) he was determined to marry Smith the governess—the sweet darling girl, as *he* called her; but I'm not sentimental, and *I* call her Smith the governess (with an eye, of course, to refreshing the memory of my friend in the corner). Mr. Frank's father, being as proud as Lucifer, said "No" as to marrying the governess, when Mr. Frank wanted him to say "Yes." He was a man of business, was old Gatliffe, and he took the proper business course. He sent the governess away with a first-rate character and a spanking present; and then he looked about him to get something for Mr. Frank to do. While he was looking about, Mr. Frank bolted to London after the governess, who had nobody alive belonging to her to go to but an aunt—her father's sister. The aunt refuses to let Mr. Frank in without the squire's permission. Mr. Frank writes to his father, and says he will marry the girl as soon as he is of age, or shoot himself. Up to town comes the squire, and his wife, and his daughter; and a lot of sentimentality, not in the slightest degree material to the present statement, takes place among them; and the upshot of it is that old Gatliffe is forced into withdrawing the word No, and substituting the word Yes.

I don't believe he would ever have done it, though, but for one lucky peculiarity in the case. The governess's father was a man of good family—pretty nigh as good as Gatliffe's own. He had been in the army; had sold out; set up as a wine-merchant—failed—died: ditto his wife, as to the dying part of it. No relation, in fact, left for the squire to make inquiries about but the father's sister; who had behaved, as old Gatliffe said, like a thoroughbred gentlewoman in shutting the door against Mr. Frank in the first instance. So, to cut the matter short, things were at last made up pleasant enough. The time was fixed for the wedding, and an announcement about it—Marriage in High Life and all

that—put into the county paper. There was a regular biography, besides, of the governess's father, so as to stop people from talking; a great flourish about his pedigree, and a long account of his services in the army; but not a word, mind ye, of his having turned wine-merchant afterwards. Oh, no—not a word about that! I knew it, though, for Mr. Frank told me. He hadn't a bit of pride about him. He introduced me to his future wife one day when I met them out walking, and asked me if I did not think he was a lucky fellow. I don't mind admitting that I did, and that I told him so. Ah! but she was one of my sort, was that governess. Stood, to the best of my recollection, five foot four. Good lissome figure, that looked as if it had never been boxed up in a pair of stays. Eyes that made me feel as if I was under a pretty stiff cross-examination the moment she looked at me. Fine red, fresh, kiss-and-come-again sort of lips. Cheeks and complexion—— No, my man in the corner, you wouldn't identify her by her cheeks and complexion, if I drew you a picture of them this very moment. She has had a family of children since the time I'm talking of; and her cheeks are a trifle fatter and her complexion is a shade or two redder now, than when I first met her out walking with Mr. Frank.

The marriage was to take place on a Wednesday. I decline mentioning the year or the month. I had started as an attorney on my own account—say six weeks, more or less, and was sitting alone in my office on the Monday morning before the wedding-day, trying to see my way clear before me and not succeeding particularly well, when Mr. Frank suddenly bursts in, as white as any ghost that ever was painted, and says he's got the most dreadful case for me to advise on, and not an hour to lose in acting on my advice.

"Is this in the way of business, Mr. Frank?" says I, stopping him just as he was beginning to get sentimental. "Yes or no, Mr. Frank?" rapping my new office paper-knife on the table to pull him up short all the sooner.

"My dear fellow"—he was always familiar with me—"it's in the way of business, certainly; but friendship——"

I was obliged to pull him up short again and regularly examine him as if he had been in the witness-box, or he would have kept me talking to no purpose half the day.

"Now, Mr. Frank," said I, "I can't have any sentimentality mixed up with business matters. You please to stop talking, and let me ask questions. Answer in the fewest words you can use. Nod when nodding will do instead of words."

I fixed him with my eye for about three seconds, as he sat groaning and wriggling in his chair. When I'd done fixing him, I gave another rap with my paper-knife on to the table to startle him up a bit. Then I went on.

"From what you have been stating up to the present time," says I, "I gather that you are in a scrape which is likely to interfere seriously with your marriage on Wednesday?" (He nodded, and I cut in again before he could say a word). "The scrape affects the young lady you are about to marry, and goes back to the period of a certain transaction in which her late father was engaged some years ago?" (He nods, and I cut in once more.) "There is a party who turned up after seeing the announcement of your marriage in the paper, who is cognisant of what he oughtn't to know, and who is prepared to use his knowledge of the same, to the prejudice of the young lady and of your marriage, unless he receives a sum of money to quiet him? Very well. Now, first of all, Mr. Frank, state what you have been told by the young lady herself about the transaction of her late father. How did you first come to have any knowledge of it?"

"She was talking to me about her father one day, so tenderly and prettily, that she quite excited my interest about him," begins Mr. Frank; "and I asked her, among other things, what had occasioned his death. She said she believed it was distress of mind in the first instance; and added that this distress was connected with a shocking secret, which she and her mother had kept from everybody, but which she could not keep from me, because she was determined to begin her married life by having no secrets from her husband." Here Mr. Frank began to get sentimental again; and I pulled him up short once more with the paper knife.

"She told me," Mr. Frank went on, "that the great mistake of her father's life was his selling out of the army and taking to the wine trade. He had no talent for business; things went wrong with him from the first. His clerk, it was strongly suspected, cheated him——"

"Stop a bit," says I, "What was that suspected clerk's name?"

"Davager," says he.

"Davager," says I, making a note of it. "Go on, Mr. Frank."

"His affairs got more and more entangled," says Mr. Frank; "he was pressed for money in all directions; bankruptcy, and consequent dishonour (as he considered it) stared him in the face. His mind was so affected by his troubles that both his wife and daughter, towards the last, considered him to be hardly responsible for his own acts. In this state of desperation and misery, he——" Here Mr. Frank began to hesitate.

We have two ways in the law, of drawing evidence off nice and clear from an unwilling client or witness. We give him a fright or we treat him to a joke. I treated Mr. Frank to a joke.

"Ah!" says I. "I know what he did. He

had a signature to write; and, by the most natural mistake in the world, he wrote another gentleman's name instead of his own—eh?"

"It was to a bill," says Mr. Frank, looking very crestfallen, instead of taking the joke. "His principal creditor wouldn't wait till he could raise the money, or the greater part of it. But he was resolved, if he sold off everything, to get the amount and repay——"

"Of course!" says I. "Drop that. The forgery was discovered. When?"

"Before even the first attempt was made to negotiate the bill. He had done the whole thing in the most absurdly and innocently wrong way. The person whose name he had used was a staunch friend of his, and a relation of his wife's: a good man as well as a rich one. He had influence with the chief creditor, and he used it nobly. He had a real affection for the unfortunate man's wife, and he proved it generously."

"Come to the point," says I. "What did he do? In a business way, what did he do?"

"He put the false bill into the fire, drew a bill of his own to replace it, and then—only then—told my dear girl and her mother all that had happened. Can you imagine anything nobler?" asks Mr. Frank.

"Speaking in my professional capacity, I can't imagine anything greener!" says I. "Where was the father? Off, I suppose?"

"Ill in bed," said Mr. Frank, colouring. "But, he mustered strength enough to write a contrite and grateful letter the same day, promising to prove himself worthy of the noble moderation and forgiveness extended to him, by selling off everything he possessed to repay his money debt. He did sell off everything, down to some old family pictures that were heirlooms; down to the little plate he had; down to the very tables and chairs that furnished his drawing room. Every farthing of the debt was paid; and he was left to begin the world again, with the kindest promises of help from the generous man who had forgiven him. It was too late. His crime of one rash moment—atoned for though it had been—preyed upon his mind. He became possessed with the idea that he had lowered himself for ever in the estimation of his wife and daughter, and——"

"He died," I cut in. "Yes, yes, we know that. Let's go back for a minute to the contrite and grateful letter that he wrote. My experience in the law, Mr. Frank, has convinced me that if everybody burnt everybody else's letters, half the Courts of Justice in this country might shut up shop. Do you happen to know whether the letter we are now speaking of contained anything like an avowal or confession of the forgery?"

"Of course it did," says he. "Could the writer express his contrition properly without making some such confession?"

"Quite easy, if he had been a lawyer," saye I. "But never mind that; "I'm going to make a guess,—a desperate guess, mind. Should I be altogether in error," says I, "if I thought that this letter had been stolen; and that the fingers of Mr. *Davager, of suspicious commercial celebrity, might possibly* be the fingers which took it?" says I.

"That is exactly what I tried to make you understand," cried Mr. Frank.

"How did he communicate that interesting fact to you?"

"He has not ventured into my presence. The scoundrel actually had the audacity—"

"Aha!" says I. "The young lady herself! Sharp practitioner, Mr. Davager."

"Early this morning, when she was walking alone in the shrubbery" Mr. Frank goes on, "he had the assurance to approach her, and to say that he had been watching his opportunity of getting a private interview for days past. He then showed her—actually showed her—her unfortunate father's letter; put into her hands another letter directed to me; bowed, and walked off; leaving her half dead with astonishment and terror!"

"It was much better for you that you were not," says I. "Have you got that other letter?"

He handed it to me. It was so extremely humorous and short, that I remember every word of it at this distance of time. It began in this way:

"To Francis Gatliffe, Esq., Jun.—Sir,—I have an extremely curious autograph letter to sell. The price is a Five hundred pound note. The young lady to whom you are to be married on Wednesday will inform you of the nature of the letter, and the genuineness of the autograph. If you refuse to deal, I shall send a copy to the local paper, and shall wait on your highly respected father with the original curiosity, on the afternoon of Tuesday next. Having come down here on family business, I have put up at the family hotel—being to be heard of at the Gatliffe Arms. Your very obedient servant,

"Alfred Davager."

"A clever fellow, that," says I, putting the letter into my private drawer.

"Clever!" cries Mr. Frank, "he ought to be horsewhipped within an inch of his life. I would have done it myself, but she made me promise, before she told me a word of the matter, to come straight to you."

"That was one of the wisest promises you ever made," says I. "We can't afford to bully this fellow, whatever else we may do with him. Don't think I am saying anything libellous against your excellent father's character when I assert that if he saw the letter he would certainly insist on your marriage being put off, at the very least?"

"Feeling as my father does about my marriage, he would insist on its being dropped altogether, if he saw this letter," says Mr. Frank, with a groan. "But even that is not the worst of it. The generous, noble girl herself says, that if the letter appears in the paper, with all the unanswerable comments

this scoundrel would be sure to add to it, she would rather die than hold me to my engagement—even if my father would let me keep it." He was a weak young fellow, and ridiculously fond of her. I brought him back to business with another rap of the paper-knife.

"Hold up, Mr. Frank," says I. "I have a question or two more. Did you think of asking the young lady whether, to the best of her knowledge, this infernal letter was the only written evidence of the forgery now in existence?"

"Yes, I did think directly of asking her that," says he; "and she told me she was quite certain that there was no written evidence of the forgery, except that one letter."

"Will you give Mr. Davager his price for it?" says I.

"Yes," says Mr. Frank, as quick as lightning.

"Mr. Frank," says I, "you came here to get my help and advice in this extremely ticklish business, and you are ready, as I know, without asking, to remunerate me for all and any of my services at the usual professional rate. Now, I've made up my mind to act boldly—desperately, if you like—on the hit or miss—win-all-or-lose-all principle—in dealing with this matter. Here is my proposal. I'm going to try if I can't do Mr. Davager out of his letter. If I don't succeed before to-morrow afternoon, you hand him the money, and I charge you nothing for professional services. If I do succeed, I hand you the letter instead of Mr. Davager; and you give me the money, instead of giving it to him. It's a precious risk for me, but I'm ready to run it. You must pay your five hundred any way. What do you say to my plan? Is it, Yes—Mr. Frank—or, No?"

"Hang your questions!" cries Mr. Frank, jumping up; "you know it's Yes, ten thousand times over. Only you earn the money and——"

"And you will be too glad to give it to me. Very good. Now go home. Comfort the young lady—don't let Mr. Davager so much as set eyes on you—keep quiet—leave everything to me—and feel as certain as you please that all the letters in the world can't stop your being married on Wednesday." With these words I hustled him off out of the office; for I wanted to be left alone to make my mind up about what I should do.

The first thing, of course, was to have a look at the enemy. I wrote to Mr. Davager, telling him that I was privately appointed to arrange the little business-matter between himself and "another party" (no names!) on friendly terms; and begging him to call on me at his earliest convenience. At the very beginning of the case, Mr. Davager bothered me. His answer was that it would not be convenient to him to call till between six and seven in the evening. In this way, you see, he contrived to make me lose several precious hours, at a time when minutes almost were of importance. I had nothing for it, but to be patient, and to give certain instructions, before Mr. Davager came, to my boy Tom.

There was never such a sharp boy of fourteen before, and there never will be again, as my boy, Tom. A spy to look after Mr. Davager was, of course, the first requisite in a case of this kind; and Tom was the smallest, quickest, quietest, sharpest, stealthiest little snake of a chap that ever dogged a gentleman's steps and kept cleverly out of range of a gentleman's eyes. I settled it with the boy that he was not to show at all, when Mr. Davager came; and that he was to wait to hear me ring the bell, when Mr. Davager left. If I rang twice, he was to show the gentleman out. If I rang once, he was to keep out of the way and follow the gentleman wherever he went, till he got back to the inn. Those were the only preparations I could make to begin with; being obliged to wait, and let myself be guided by what turned up.

About a quarter to seven my gentleman came. In the profession of the law we get somehow quite remarkably mixed up with ugly people, blackguard people, and dirty people. But far away the ugliest and dirtiest blackguard I ever saw in my life was Mr. Alfred Davager. He had greasy white hair and a mottled face. He was low in the forehead, fat in the stomach, hoarse in the voice, and weak in the legs. Both his eyes were bloodshot, and one was fixed in his head. He smelt of spirits, and carried a toothpick in his mouth. "How are you? I've just done dinner," says he—and he lights a cigar, sits down with his legs crossed, and winks at me.

I tried at first to take the measure of him in a wheedling, confidential way; but it was no good. I asked him in a facetious smiling manner, how he had got hold of the letter. He only told me in answer that he had been in the confidential employment of the writer of it, and that he had always been famous since infancy, for a sharp eye to his own interests. I paid him some compliments; but he was not to be flattered. I tried to make him lose his temper; but he kept it in spite of me. It ended in his driving me to my last resource—I made an attempt to frighten him.

"Before we say a word about the money," I began, "let me put a case, Mr. Davager. The pull you have on Mr. Francis Gatliffe is, that you can hinder his marriage on Wednesday. Now, suppose I have got a magistrate's warrant to apprehend you in my pocket? Suppose I have a constable to execute it in the next room? Suppose I bring you up to-morrow—the day before the marriage—charge you only generally with an attempt to extort money, and apply for a day's remand to complete the case? Suppose, as a suspicious stranger, you can't get bail in this town? Suppose——"

"Stop a bit," says Mr. Davager; "Suppose I should not be the greenest fool that ever stood in shoes? Suppose I should not carry the letter about me? Suppose I should have given a certain envelope to a certain friend of mine in a certain place in this town? Suppose the letter should be inside that envelope, directed to old Gatliffe, side by side with a copy of the letter, directed to the editor of the local paper? Suppose my friend should be instructed to open the envelope, and take the letters to their right addressed, if I don't appear to claim them from him this evening? In short, my dear sir, suppose you were born yesterday, and suppose I wasn't?"—says Mr. Davager, and winks at me again.

He didn't take me by surprise, for I never expected that he had the letter about him. I made a pretence of being very much taken aback, and of being quite ready to give in. We settled our business about delivering the letter and handing over the money, in no time. I was to draw out a document, which he was to sign. He knew the document was stuff and nonsense just as well as I did; and told me I was only proposing it to swell my client's bill. Sharp as he was, he was wrong there. The document was not to be drawn out to gain money from Mr. Frank, but to gain time from Mr. Davager. It served me as an excuse to put off the payment of the five hundred pounds till three o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon. The Tuesday morning Mr. Davager said he should devote to his amusement, and asked me what sights were to be seen in the neighbourhood of the town. When I had told him, he pitched his toothpick into my grate—yawned—and went out.

I rang the bell once; waited till he had passed the window; and then looked after Tom. There was my jewel of a boy on the opposite side of the street, just setting his top going in the most playful manner possible. Mr. Davager walked away up the street, towards the market-place. Tom whipped his top up the street towards the market-place too.

In a quarter of an hour he came back, with all his evidence collected in a beautifully clear and compact state. Mr. Davager had walked to a public-house, just outside the town, in a lane leading to the high road. On a bench outside the public-house there sat a man smoking. He said "All right?" and gave a letter to Mr. Davager, who answered "All right," and walked back to the inn. In the hall he ordered hot rum and water, cigars, slippers, and a fire to be lit in his room. After that, he went up stairs, and Tom came away.

I now saw my road clear before me—not very far on, but still clear. I had housed the letter, in all probability for that night, at the Gatliffe Arms. After tipping Tom, I gave him directions to play about the door of the inn, and refresh himself, when he was tired, at the tart-shop opposite—eating as much as he pleased, on the understanding that he crammed all the time with his eye on the window. If Mr. Davager went out, or Mr. Davager's friend called on him, Tom was to let me know. He was also to take a little note from me to the head chambermaid—an old friend of mine—asking her to step over to my office, on a private matter of business, as soon as her work was done for that night. After settling these little matters, having half an hour to spare, I turned to and did myself a bloater at the office-fire, and had a drop of gin and water hot, and felt comparatively happy.

When the head chambermaid came, it turned out, as good luck would have it, that Mr. Davager had offended her. I no sooner mentioned him than she flew into a passion; and when I added, by way of clinching the matter, that I was retained to defend the interests of a very beautiful and deserving young lady (name not referred to, of course) against the most cruel underhand treachery on the part of Mr. Davager, the head chambermaid was ready to go any lengths that she could safely to serve my cause. In few words, I discovered that Boots was to call Mr. Davager at eight the next morning, and was to take his clothes downstairs to brush as usual. If Mr. D. had not emptied his own pockets overnight, we arranged that Boots was to forget to empty them for him, and was to bring the clothes downstairs just as he found them. If Mr. D.'s pockets were emptied, then, of course, it would be necessary to transfer the searching process to Mr. D.'s room. Under any circumstances, I was certain of the head chambermaid; and under any circumstances also, the head chambermaid was certain of Boots.

I waited till Tom came home, looking very puffy and bilious about the face; but as to his intellects, if anything, rather sharper than ever. His report was uncommonly short and pleasant. The inn was shutting up; Mr. Davager was going to bed in rather a drunken condition; Mr. Davager's friend had never appeared. I sent Tom (properly instructed about keeping our man in view all the next morning) to his shake-down behind the office desk, where I heard him hiccupping half the night, as boys will, when over-excited and too full of tarts.

At half-past seven next morning, I slipped quietly into Boots's pantry. Down came the clothes. No pockets in trousers. Waistcoat pockets empty. Coat pockets with something in them. First, handkerchief; secondly, bunch of keys; thirdly, cigar-case; fourthly, pocket-book. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect to find the letter there; but I opened the pocket-book with a certain curiosity, notwithstanding.

Nothing in the two pockets of the book but some old advertisements cut out of newspapers, a lock of hair tied round with a dirty

bit of ribbon, a circular letter about a loan society, and some copies of verses not likely to suit any company that was not of an extremely wicked description. On the leaves of the pocket-book, people's addresses scrawled in pencil, and bets jotted down in red ink. On one leaf, by itself, this queer inscription: "MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS." I understood everything but those words and figures; so of course I copied them out into my own book. Then I waited in the pantry, till Boots had brushed the clothes and had taken them upstairs. His report, when he came down was, that Mr. D. had asked if it was a fine morning. Being told that it was, he had ordered breakfast at nine, and a saddle-horse to be at the door at ten, to take him to Grimwith Abbey—one of the sights in our neighbourhood which I had told him of the evening before.

"I'll be here, coming in by the back way at half-past ten," says I to the head chambermaid. "To take the responsibility of making Mr. Davager's bed off your hands for this morning only. I want to hire Sam for the morning. Put it down in the order-book that he's to be brought round to my office at ten."

Sam was a pony, and I'd made up my mind that it would be beneficial to Tom's health, after the tarts, if he took a constitutional airing on a nice hard saddle in the direction of Grimwith Abbey.

"Anything else," says the head chambermaid.

"Only one more favour," says I. "Would my boy Tom be very much in the way if he came, from now till ten, to help with the boots and shoes, and stood at his work close by this window which looks out on the staircase?"

"Not a bit," says the head chambermaid.

"Thank you," says I; and stepped back to my office directly.

When I had sent Tom off to help with the boots and shoes, I reviewed the whole case exactly as it stood at that time. There were three things Mr. Davager might do with the letter. He might give it to his friend again before ten—in which case, Tom would most likely see the said friend on the stairs. He might take it to his friend, or to some other friend, after ten—in which case, Tom was ready to follow him on Sam the pony. And, lastly, he might leave it hidden somewhere in his room at the inn—in which case, I was all ready for him with a search-warrant of my own granting, under favour always of my friend the head chambermaid. So far I had my business arrangements all gathered up nice and compact in my own hands. Only two things bothered me: the terrible shortness of the time at my disposal, in case I failed in my first experiments for getting hold of the letter, and that queer inscription which I had copied out of the pocket-book.

"MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS." It was the measurement, most likely, of something, and he was afraid of forgetting it; therefore, it was something important. Query—something about himself? Say (inches) "along"—he doesn't wear a wig. Say "5" (feet) "along"—it can't be coat, waistcoat, trowsers, or underclothing. Say "5" (yards) "along"—it can't be anything about himself, unless he wears round his body the rope that he's sure to be hanged with one of these days. Then it is *not* something about himself. What do I know of that is important to him besides? I know of nothing but the Letter. Can the memorandum be connected with that? Say, yes. What do "5 along" and "4 across" mean then? The measurement of something he carries about with him?—or the measurement of something in his room? I could get pretty satisfactorily to myself as far as that; but I could get no further.

Tom came back to the office, and reported him mounted for his ride. His friend had never appeared. I sent the boy off, with his proper instructions, on Sam's back—wrote an encouraging letter to Mr. Frank to keep him quiet—then slipped into the inn by the back way a little before half-past ten. The head chambermaid gave me a signal when the landing was clear. I got into his room without a soul but her seeing me, and locked the door immediately. The case was to a certain extent, simplified now. Either Mr. Davager had ridden out with the letter about him, or he had left it in some safe hiding-place in his room. I suspected it to be in his room, for a reason that will a little astonish you—his trunk, his dressing-case, and all the drawers and cupboards were left open. I knew my customer, and I thought this extraordinary carelessness on his part rather suspicious.

Mr. Davager had taken one of the best bedrooms at the Gatliffe Arms. Floor carpeted all over, walls beautifully papered, four-poster, and general furniture first-rate. I searched, to begin with, on the usual plan, examining every thing in every possible way, and taking more than an hour about it. No discovery. Then I pulled out a carpenter's rule which I had brought with me. Was there anything in the room which—either in inches, feet, or yards—answered to "5 along" and "4 across?" Nothing. I put the rule back in my pocket—measurement was no good evidently. Was there anything in the room that would count up to 5 one way and 4 another, seeing that nothing would measure up to it? I had got obstinately persuaded by this time that the letter must be in the room—principally because of the trouble I had had in looking after it. And persuading myself of that, I took it into my head next, just as obstinately, that "5 along" and "4 across" must be the right clue to find the letter by—principally because I hadn't left myself, after all my searching

and thinking, even so much as the vestige of another guide to go by. "5 along"—where could I count five along the room, in any part of it?

Not on the paper. The pattern there was pillars of trellis-work and flowers, enclosing a plain green ground—only four pillars along the wall and only two across. The furniture? There were not five chairs, or five separate pieces of any furniture in the room altogether. The fringes that hung from the cornice of the bed? Plenty of them, at any rate! Up I jumped on the counterpane, with my penknife in my hand. Every way that "5 along" and "4 across" could be reckoned on those unlucky fringes, I reckoned on them—probed with my penknife—scratched with my nails—crunched with my fingers. No use; not a sign of a letter; and the time was getting on—oh, Lord! how the time did get on in Mr. Davager's room that morning.

I jumped down from the bed, so desperate at my ill-luck that I hardly cared whether anybody heard me or not. Quite a little cloud of dust rose at my feet as they thumped on the carpet. "Hallo!" thought I; "my friend the head chambermaid takes it easy here. Nice state for a carpet to be in, in one of the best bedrooms at the Gatliffe Arms." Carpet! I had been jumping up on the bed, and staring up at the walls, but I had never so much as given a glance down at the carpet. Think of me pretending to be a lawyer, and not knowing how to look low enough!

The carpet! It had been a stout article in its time; had evidently begun in a drawing-room; then descended to a coffee-room; then gone upstairs altogether to a bedroom. The ground was brown, and the pattern was bunches of leaves and roses speckled over the ground at regular distances. I reckoned up the bunches. Ten along the room—eight across it. When I had stepped out five one way and four the other, and was down on my knees on the centre bunch, as true as I sit on this bench, I could hear my own heart beating so loud that it quite frightened me.

I looked narrowly all over the bunch, and I felt all over it with the ends of my fingers; and nothing came of that. Then I scraped it over slowly and gently with my nails. My second finger-nail stuck a little at one place. I parted the pile of the carpet over that place, and saw a thin slit, which had been hidden by the pile being smoothed over it—a slit about half an inch long, with a little end of brown thread, exactly the colour of the carpet-ground, sticking out about a quarter of an inch from the middle of it. Just as I laid hold of the thread gently, I heard a footstep outside the door.

It was only the head chambermaid. "Havn't you done yet?" she whispers.

"Give me two minutes," says I; "and don't let anybody come near the door—whatever you do, don't let anybody startle me again by coming near the door."

I took a little pull at the thread, and heard something rustle. I took a longer pull, and out came a piece of paper, rolled up tight like those candle-lighters that the ladies make. I unrolled it—and, by George! gentlemen all, there was the letter!

The original letter!—I knew it by the colour of the ink. The letter that was worth five hundred pound to me! It was all I could do to keep myself at first from throwing my hat into the air, and hooraying like mad. I had to take a chair and sit quiet in it for a minute or two, before I could cool myself down to my proper business level. I knew that I was safely down again when I found myself pondering how to let Mr. Davager know that he had been done by the innocent country attorney, after all.

It was not long before a nice little irritating plan occurred to me. I tore a blank leaf out of my pocket-book, wrote on it with my pencil "Change for a five hundred pound note," folded up the paper, tied the thread to it, poked it back into the hiding-place, smoothed over the pile of the carpet, and—as everybody in this place guesses before I can tell them—bolted off to Mr. Frank. He, in his turn, bolted off to show the letter to the young lady, who first certified to its genuineness, then dropped it into the fire, and then took the initiative for the first time since her marriage engagement, by flinging her arms round his neck, kissing him with all her might, and going into hysterics in his arms. So at least Mr. Frank told me; but that's not evidence. It is evidence, however, that I saw them married with my own eyes on the Wednesday; and that while they went off in a carriage and four to spend the honeymoon, I went off on my own legs to open a credit at the Town and County Bank with a five hundred pound note in my pocket.

As to Mr. Davager, I can tell you nothing about him, except what is derived from hearsay evidence, which is always unsatisfactory evidence, even in a lawyer's mouth.

My boy, Tom, although twice kicked off by Sam the pony, never lost hold of the bridle, and kept his man in sight from first to last. He had nothing particular to report, except that on the way out to the Abbey Mr. Davager had stopped at the public-house, had spoken a word or two to his friend of the night before, and had handed him what looked like a bit of paper. This was no doubt a clue to the thread that held the letter, to be used in case of accidents. In every other respect Mr. D. had ridden out and ridden in like an ordinary sight-seer. Tom reported him to me as having dismounted at the hotel about two. At half-past, I locked my office door, nailed a card under the knocker with "not at home till to-morrow" written on it, and retired to a friend's house a mile or so out of the town for the rest of the day.

Mr. Davager left the Gatliffe Arms that night with his best clothes on his back

and with all the valuable contents of his dressing-case in his pockets. I am not in a condition to state whether he ever went through the form of asking for his bill or not; but I can positively testify that he never paid it, and that the effects left in his bedroom did not pay it either. When I add to these fragments of evidence, that he and I have never met (luckily for me), since I jockeyed him out of his bank note, I have about fulfilled my implied contract as maker of a statement, with the present company as hearers of a statement.

THE FIFTH POOR TRAVELLER.

Do you know — the journeyman watchmaker from Geneva began—do you know those long straight lines of French country, over which I have often walked? Do you know those rivers so long, so uniform in breadth, so dully gray in hue, that in despair at their regularity, you momentarily libel nature as being only a grand canal commissioner after all? Do you know the long funereal rows of poplars, or dreary parallelograms of osiers, that fringe those river banks; the long white roads, hedgeless, but, oh! so dismally ditchful; the long, low stone walls; the long farmhouses, without a spark of the robust, leafy, cheerful life of the English homesteads; the long fields, scarcely evergreen, but of an ashen tone, wearily furrowed, as though the earth had grown old and was beginning to show the crow's feet; the long, interminable gray French landscape? The sky itself seems longer than it ought to be; and the clouds stretch away to goodness knows where in long low banks, as if the heavens had been ruled with a parallel. If a vehicle passes you it is only a wofully long diligence, lengthened yellow ugliness long drawn out, with a seemingly endless team of horses, and a long, stifling cloud of dust behind it: a driver for the wheelers with a whip seven times as long as it ought to be; and a postilion for the leaders with boots long enough for seven-leaguers. His oaths are long; the horses' manes are long; their tails are so long that they are obliged to have them tied up with straw. The stages are long, the journey long, the fares long—the whole longitudinal carriage leaves a long melancholy jingle of bells behind it.

Yes: French scenery is very lengthy; so I settled in my mind at least, as I walked with long strides along the white French road. A longer me—my shadow—walked before me, bending its back and drooping its arms, and angularising its elongated legs like drowsy compasses. The shadow looked tired: I felt so. I had been oppressed by length all day. I had passed a long procession—some hundreds of boys in gray great coats and red trowsers: soldiers. I had found their guns and bayonets too long, their coats disproportionately lengthy; the moustaches of their officers ridiculously elongated. There was no end of them—their rolling drums, baggage waggons, and led horses. I had passed a team of bullocks ploughing: they looked as long as the lane that hath no turning. A long man followed them smoking a long pipe. A wretched pig I saw, too—a long, lean, bristly, lanky-legged monstrosity, without even a curly tail, for his tail was long and pendent; a miserable pig, half-snouted greyhound, half-abashed weazel, whole hog, and an eyesore to me. I was a long way from home. I had the spleen. I wanted something short—not to drink, but a short break in the long landscape, a house, a knoll, a clump of trees—anything to relieve this long purgatory.

Whenever I feel inclined to take a more than ordinarily dismal view of things, I find it expedient to take a pipe of tobacco instead. As I wanted to rest, however, as well as smoke, I had to walk another long mile. When I descried a house, in front thereof was a huge felled tree, and on the tree I sat and lighted my pipe. The day was of no particular character whatever: neither wet nor dry, cold nor hot—neither springy, summery, autumnal, nor wintry.

The house I was sitting opposite to, might have been one of public entertainment (for it was a cabaret) if there had been any public in the neighbourhood to be entertained, which (myself excepted) I considered doubtful. It seemed to me as if Bacchus, roving about on the loose, had dropped a stray tub here on the solitary road, and no longer coming that way, the tub itself had gone to decay—had become unhooped mouldy, leaky. I declare that, saving a certain fanciful resemblance to the barrel on which the god of wine is generally supposed to take horse exercise, the house had no more shape than a lump of cheese that one might dig hap-hazard from a soft, double Gloucester. The windows were patches and the doorway had evidently been made subsequently to the erection of the building, and looked like an excrescence as it was. The top of the house had been pelted with mud, thatch, tiles, and slates, rather than roofed; and a top room jutted out laterally from one of the walls, supported beneath by crazy uprights, like a poor relation clinging to a genteel kinsman nearly as poor. The walls had been plastered once, but the plaster had peeled off in places, and mud and wattles peeped through like a beggar's bare knee through his torn trowsers. An anomalous wooden ruin, that might have been a barrel in the beginning, then a dog-kennel, then a dust-bin, then a hen-coop, seemed fast approximating (eked out by some rotten palings and half a deal box) to a pigstye: perhaps my enemy the long pig with the pendent tail lived there when he was at home. A lively old birch-broom, senile but twiggy, thriving under a kindly manure of broken bottles and

woodashes, was the only apology for trees, hedges, or vegetation generally, visible. If wood was deficient, however, there was plenty of water. Behind the house, where it had been apparently raining for some years, a highly respectable puddle, as far as mud and stagnation went, had formed, and, on the surface of it drifted a solitary, purposeless, soleless old shoe, and one dismal duck which no amount of green peas would have ever persuaded me to eat. There was a chimney to the house, but not in the proper place, of course: it came out of one of the walls, close to the impromptu pigstye, in the shape of a rusty, battered iron funnel. There had never been anything to speak of done in the way of painting to the house; only some erratic journeyman painter passing that way had tried his brushes in red, green, and yellow smudges on the wall; had commenced dead colouring one of the window sills; and had then given it up as a bad job. Some pretentious announcements relative to "Good wines and liquors;" and "Il y a un billard" there had been once above the door, but the rain had washed out some of the letters, and the smoke had obscured others, and the plaster had peeled off from beneath more; and some, perhaps, the writer had never finished; so the inscriptions were a mere wandering piece of idiotcy now. If anything were wanted to complete the general wretchedness of this house of dismal appearances it would have been found in the presence of a ghostly set of ninepins that Rip Van Winkle might have played with.

All these things were not calculated to inspire cheerfulness. I continued smoking, however, and thought that by and by I would enter the cabaret, and see if there were any live people there; which appeared unlikely.

All at once, there came out to me from the house a little man. It is not at all derogating from his manhood to state that he was also a little boy, of perhaps eight years old; but in look, in eye, in weird fur-cap, in peacoat, blue canvas trowsers, and sabots, he was at least thirty-seven years of age. He had a remarkable way, too, of stroking his chin with his hand. He looked at me long and fully, but without the slightest rudeness, or intrusive curiosity; then sitting by my side on the great felled tree he smoked a mental pipe (so it appeared to me) while I smoked a material one. Once, I think, he softly felt the texture of my coat; but I did not turn my head, and pretended not to notice.

We were getting on thus, very sociably together, without saying a word, when, having finished my pipe I replaced it in my pouch, and began to remove a little of the superfluous dust from my boots. My pulverous appearance was the cue for the little man to address himself to speech.

"I see," said he, gravely, "you are one of those poor travellers whom mamma tells us we are to take such care of. Attend, attend, I will do your affair for you in a moment."

He trotted across to the cabaret, and after a lapse of two or three minutes returned with a tremendous hunch of bread, a cube of cheese—which smelt, as the Americans say, rather loud, but was excellently well-tasted—and an anomalous sort of vessel that was neither a jug, a mug, a cup, a glass, nor a pint-pot, but partook of the characteristics of all—full of Macon wine.

"This is Friday," added the little man, "and meagre day, else should you be regaled with sausage—and of Lyons—of which we have as long as that;" saying which he extended his little arms to perhaps half a yard's distance one from the other.

I did not care to inform the little man that I was of a persuasion that did not forbid the eating of sausages on Fridays. I ate the bread and cheese and drank the wine, all of which were very good and very palatable, very contentedly: the little man sitting by, the while, nursing one of his short legs, and talking to himself softly.

When I had finished I lighted another pipe, and went in for conversation with the little man. We soon exhausted the ordinary topics of conversation, such as the weather, the distance from the last town, and the distance to the next. I found that the little man's forte was interrogatory, and let him have his swing that way.

"You come from a long way?" he asked.

"A long way," I answered. "From beyond the Sous-prefecture, beyond Nantes, beyond Brest and L'Orient."

"But from a town, always? You come from a town where there are a great many people, and where they make wheels?"

I answered that I came from a large town, and that I had no doubt, though I had no personal experience in the matter, that wheels were made there.

"And cannot you make wheels?"

I told him I was not a wheelwright; I only made the wheels of watches, which were not the wheels he meant.

"Because," the little man went on to say, softly, and more to himself than to me, "mamma said he liked more to live in towns, where there were many people, and M. le Curé said that wherever wheels were made he could gain his bread."

I could not make much of this statement, so I puffed away at my pipe, and listened.

"By the way," my small but elderly companion remarked, "would you have any objection to my bringing my sister to you?"

The more I saw of so original a family the better, I thought; so I told him I should be delighted to see his sister.

He crossed over to the cabaret again, and almost immediately afterwards returned, leading a little maid.

She seemed about a year younger, or a year older than her brother. I could not

tell which. It did not matter which. She was very fair, and her auburn locks were confined beneath a little prim blue cap. Mittens, a striped woollen shirt, a smart white chemisette, blue hose, and trim little sabots, all these had the little maid. She had a little chain and golden cross; a pair of scissors hanging by a string to her girdle, a black tabinet apron, and a little silver ring on the forefinger of her left hand. Her eyes were very blue, but they could not see my dusty boots, my pipe, and three days' beard. They could not see the great felled tree, her brother in his pea-coat, the sky, the sun going down beyond the long straight banks of trees. They had never seen any of these things. The little maid was blind.

She had known all about me, however, as far as the boots, the pipe, the dust, the bread and cheese, my having come a long way, and not being a wheelwright went, long since. At least, she seemed quite au fait on general topics connected with my social standing, or rather sitting, on the tree: and taking a seat on one side of me: her brother, the little man, on the other, the two little children began to chatter most delightfully.

Mamma worked in the fields. In her own fields. She had three fields. Fields large as that (distance measured by little maid's arms after the manner of her brother in reference to the sausage question). Papa made wheels. They loved him very much, but he beat mamma, and drank wine by cannons. When he was between two wines (that is, drunk), he knocked Lili's head against the wall (Lili was the little man). When M. le Curé tried to bring him to a sense of the moral, he laughed at his nose. He was a farcer was Papa. He made beautiful wheels, and earned money like that (arm measurement again), except when he went weddingising (nocer), when he always came back between two wines, and between the two fell to the ground. Papa went away, a long time, a very long time ago. Before the white calf at the farm was born. Before André drew the bad number in the conscription, and went away to Africa. Before Lili had his grand malady (little man looked a hundred years old with the conscious experience of a grand malady. What was it? Elephantiasis, spasmodic neuralgia? Something wonderful, with a long name, I am sure). Papa sold the brown horse, and the great bed in oak, before he went away. He also briséd Mamma's head with a bottle, previous to his departure. He was coming back some day. He was sure to come back. M. le Curé said no, and that he was a worth nothing, but mamma said, Yes, and cried; "though for *my* part," concluded the little maid, when between herself and brother she had told me all this, "*I* think that poor papa never will come back, but he has gone away among those Bedouin Turks, who are so méchants, and that they have eaten him up."

The little blind fairy made this statement with an air of such positive yet mild conviction, crossing her mites of hands in her lap as she did so, that for the moment I would have no more attempted to question the prevalence of cannibalism in Constantinople than to deny the existence of the setting sun.

While these odd little people were thus entertaining me, Heaven knows where my thoughts were wandering. This strange life they led. The mother away at work; the drunken wheelwright father a fugitive (he must have been an awful ruffian); and, strangest of all strange phases, that these two little ones should be left to keep a public-house! I thought of all these things, and then my thoughts came back to, and centred themselves in the weird little figure of the blind girl beside me. It was but a poor little blind girl in a blue petticoat and sabots; yet so exquisitely regular were the features, so golden the hair, so firm and smooth, and white—not marble, not wax, not ivory, yet partaking of all three the complexion, so symmetrical every line, and so gloriously harmonious the whole combination of lines, that the little maid might have been taken then and there as she sat, popped in a frame, with "Raffaelle pinxit," in the corner, and purchased on the nail for five thousand guineas.

I could not help noticing from time to time, during our conversation, that the little man in the pea-coat turned aside to whisper somewhat mysteriously to his sister, and then looked at me more mysteriously still. He appeared to have something on his mind, and after a nod of apparent acquiescence on the part of the little blind girl, it soon came out what the something was.

"My sister and I," said this small person, "hope that you will not be offended with us, but would you have any objection to show us your tongue?"

This was, emphatically, a startler. Could the little man be a physician as well as a publican? I did as he asked me; though I am afraid I looked very foolish, and shut my eyes as I thrust forth the member he desired to inspect. He appeared highly gratified with the sight of my tongue, communicating the results of his observation thereof to his sister, who clapped her hands, and seemed much pleased. Then he condescended to explain.

"You see," said he, "that you told us you came from a distant country; that is well seen, for though you speak French like a little sheep, you do not speak it with the same tongue that we do."

My experience of the court-martial scene in Black-eyed Susan, had taught me that it was possible to play the fiddle like an angel, but this was the first time I had ever heard of a grown man talking like a little sheep. I took it as a compliment,

however (whether I was right or wrong in doing so is questionable), and waited to hear more.

"And my sister says that the reason why all strangers from far countries cannot speak as we do, is, because they have a dark line right down their tongues. Now you must have a line down your tongue, though I am not tall enough to see it!"

The creed of this valiant little fellow in respect to lines and tongues had evidently been built, long since, upon a rock of ages of loving faith in what his sister had told him. Besides, how do *I* know? *I* never saw my tongue except in a looking-glass, and that may have been false. My tongue may have five hundred lines crossing it at every imaginable angle, for aught I know.

So, we three, oddly assorted trio went chattering on, till the shadows warned me that twilight was fast approaching, and that I had two miles to walk to the town where I had appointed to sleep. Remembering then, that the little man had "done my affair for me," in an early stage of our interview in the way of bread and cheese and wine, and not choosing to be really the poor traveller I seemed, I drew out a five-franc piece, and proffered payment.

Both the children refused the coin; and the little maid said gravely, "Mamma said that we were always to take care of poor travellers. What we have given you is pour l'amour de Dieu,—for God's sake."

I tried to force some trifle on them as a gift, but they would have none of my coin. Seeing then that I looked somewhat disappointed, the little man, like a profound diplomatist as he was, smoothed away the difficulty in a moment.

"If you like to go as far as you can see to the right, towards the town," he said, "you will find a blind old woman, playing upon a flageolet, and sitting at a cakestall by the way side. And if you like to buy us some gingerbread:—for three sous she will give you—oh! like that!" For the last time in this history he extended his arms in sign of measurement.

I went as far as I could see, which was not far, and found the blind old woman playing on a flageolet, and not seeing at all. Of her, did I purchase gingerbread, with brave white almonds in it: following my own notions of measurement, I may hint, in respect to the number of sous-worth.

Bringing it back to the children, I took them up, and kissed them and bade them good-bye. Then I left them to the gingerbread and the desolate cabaret, until mamma should return from the fields, and that famous domestic institution, the "soupe," of which frequent mention had already been made during our intercourse, should be ready.

I have never seen them since; I shall never see them again; but, if it ever be my lot to be no longer solitary, I pray that I may have a boy and girl, as wise, and good, and innocent as I am sure those little children were.

THE SIXTH POOR TRAVELLER.

Was the little widow. She had been sitting by herself in the darkest corner of the room all this time; her pale face often turned anxiously toward the door, and her hollow eyes watching restlessly, as if she expected some one to appear. She was very quiet, very grateful for any little kindness, very meek in the midst of her wildness. There was a strained expression in her eyes, and a certain excited air about her altogether, that was very near insanity; it seemed as if she had once been terrified by some sudden shock, to the verge of madness.

When her turn came to speak, she began in a low voice—her eyes still glancing to the door—and spoke as if to herself rather than to the rest of us; speaking low but rapidly—somewhat like a somnambule repeating a lesson:

They advised me not to marry him (she began). They told me he was wild—unprincipled—bad; but I did not care for what they said. I loved him and I disbelieved them. I never thought about his goodness—I only knew that he was beautiful and gifted beyond all that I had ever met with in our narrow society. I loved him, with no passing school-girl fancy, but with my whole heart—my whole soul. I had no life, no joy, no hope without him, and heaven would have been no heaven to me if he had not been there. I say all this, simply to show what a madness of devotion mine was.

My dear mother was very kind to me throughout. She had loved my father, I believe, almost to the same extent; so that she could sympathise with me even while discouraging. She told me that I was wrong and foolish, and that I should repent: but I kissed away the painful lines between her eyes, and made her smile when I tried to prove to her that love was better than prudence. So we married: not so much without the consent as against the wish of my family; and even that wish withheld in sorrow and in love. I remember all this now, and see the true proportions of everything; then, I was blinded by my [redacted] and understood nothing.

We went away to our pretty, bright home in one of the neighbourhoods of London, near a park. We lived there for many months—I in a state of intoxication rather than of earthly happiness, and he was happy, too, then, for I am sure he was innocent, and I know he loved me. Oh, dreams—dreams!

I did not know my husband's profession. He was always busy and often absent; but he never told me what he did. There had been

no settlements either, when I married. He said he had a conscientious scruple against them; that they were insulting to a man's honour and degrading to any husband. This was one of the reasons why, at home, they did not wish me to marry him. But I was only glad to be able to show him how I trusted him, by meeting his wishes and refusing, on my own account, to accept the legal protection of settlements. It was such a pride to me to sacrifice all to him. Thus I knew nothing of his real life—his pursuits or his fortunes. I never asked him any questions, as much from indifference to everything but his love as from a wifely blindness of trust. When he came home at night, sometimes very gay, singing opera songs, and calling me his little Medora, as he used when in a good humour, I was gay too, and grateful. And when he came home moody and irritable—which he used to do, often, after we had been married about three months, once even threatening to strike me, with that fearful glare in his eyes I remember so well, and used to see so often afterwards—then I was patient and silent, and never attempted even to take his hand or kiss his forehead when he bade me be still and not interrupt him. He was my law, and his approbation the sunshine of my life; so that my very obedience was selfishness; for my only joy was to see him happy, and my only duty to obey him.

My sister came to visit us. My husband had seen very little of her before our marriage; for she had often been from home when he was with us, down at Hurst Farm—that was the name of my dear mother's place—and I had always fancied they had not liked even the little they had seen of each other. Ellen was never loud or importunate in her opposition. I knew that she did not like the marriage, but she did not interfere. I remember quite well the only time she spoke openly to me on the subject how she flung herself at my knees, with a passion very rare in her, beseeching me to pause and reflect, as if I had sold myself to my ruin when I promised to be Harry's wife. How she prayed! Poor Ellen! I can see her now, with her heavy, uncurled hair falling on her neck as she knelt half undressed, her large eyes full of agony and supplication, like a martyred saint praying. Poor Ellen! I thought her prejudiced then; and the unspoken injustice has lain like a heavy crime on my heart ever since: for I know that I judged her wrongfully, and that I was ungrateful for her love.

She came to see us. This was about a year and a half after I married. She was more beautiful than ever, but somewhat sterner, as well as sadder. She was tall, strong in person, and dignified in manner. There was a certain manly character in her beauty, as well as in her mind, that made one respect and fear her too a little. I do not mean that she was masculine, or hard, or coarse: she was a true woman in grace and gentleness; but she was braver than women in general. She had more self-reliance, was more resolute and steadfast, and infinitely less impulsive, and was more active and powerful in body.

My husband was very kind to her. He paid her great attention; and sometimes I half perceived that he liked her almost better than he liked me—he used to look at her so often: but with such a strange expression in his eyes! I never could quite make it out, whether it was love or hate. Certainly, after she came his manner changed towards me. I was not jealous. I did not suspect this change from any small feeling of wounded self-love, or from any envy of my sister; but I saw it—I felt it in my heart—yet without connecting it with Ellen in any way. I knew that he no longer loved me as he used to do, but I did not think he loved her; at least, not with the same kind of love. I used to be surprised at Ellen's conduct to him. She was more than cold; she was passionately rude and unkind; not so much when I was there as when I was away. For I used to hear her voice speaking in those deep indignant tones that are worse to bear than the harshest scream of passion; and sometimes I used to hear hard words — he speaking at the first soft and pleadingly, often to end in a terrible burst of anger and imprecation. I could not understand why they quarrelled. There was a mystery between them that I did not know of; and I did not like to ask them, for I was afraid of them both—as much afraid of Ellen as of my husband — and I felt like a reed between them—as if I should have been crushed beneath any storm I might chance to wake up. So, I was silent—suffering alone, and bearing a cheerful face so far as I could.

Ellen wanted me to return home with her. Soon after she came, and soon after I heard the first dispute between them, she urged me to go back to Hurst Farm; at once, and for a long time. Weak as I am by nature, it has always been a marvel to me since, how strong I was where my love for my husband was concerned. It seemed impossible for me to yield to any pressure against him. I believe now that a very angel could not have turned me from him!

At last she said to me in a low voice: "Mary, this is madness!—it is almost sinful! Can you not see—can you not hear?" And then she stopped and would say no more, though I urged her to tell me what she meant. For this terrible mystery began to weigh on me painfully, and, for all that I trembled so much to fathom it, I had begun to feel that any truth would be better than such a life of dread. I seemed to be living among shadows; my very husband and sister not real, for their real lives were hidden from me. But I was too timid to insist on

an explanation, and so things went on in their old way.

In one respect only, changing still more painfully, still more markedly; in my husband's conduct to me. He was like another creature altogether to me now, he was so altered. He seldom spoke to me at all, and he never spoke kindly. All that I did annoyed him, all that I said irritated him; and once (the little widow covered her face with her hands and shuddered) he spurned me with his foot and cursed me, one night in our own room, when I knelt weeping before him, supplicating him for pity's sake to tell me how I had offended him. But I said to myself that he was tired, annoyed, and that it was irritating to see a loving woman's tears; and so I excused him, as oftentimes before, and went on loving him all the same—God forgive me for my idolatry!

Things had been very bad of late between Ellen and my husband. But the character of their discord was changed. Instead of reproaching, they watched each other incessantly. They put me in mind of fencers—my husband on the defensive.

"Mary," said my sister to me suddenly, coming to the sofa where I was sitting embroidering my poor baby's cap. "What does your Harry do in life? What is his profession?"

She fixed her eyes on me earnestly.

"I do not know, darling," I answered, vaguely. "He has no profession that I know of."

"But what fortune has he, then? Did he not tell you what his income was, and how obtained, when he married? To us, he said only that he had so much a year—a thousand a year; and he would say no more. But, has he not been more explicit with you?"

"No," I answered, considering; for, indeed, I had never thought of this. I had trusted so blindly to him in everything that it would have seemed to me, a profound insult to have even asked of his affairs. "No, he never told me anything about his fortune, Ellen. He gives me money when I want it, and is always generous. He seems to have plenty; whenever it is asked for, he has it by him, and gives me even more than I require."

Still her eyes kept looking at me in that strange manner. "And this is all you know?"

"Yes—all. What more should I wish to know? Is he not the husband, and has he not absolute right over everything! I have no business to interfere." The words sound harsher now than they did then, for I spoke lovingly.

Ellen touched the little cap I held. "Does not this make you anxious?" she said. "Can you not fear as a mother, even while you love as a wife?"

"Fear, darling! Why? What should I fear, or whom? What is there, Ellen, on your heart?" I then added passionately. "Tell me at once; for I know that you have some terrible secret concealed from me; and I would rather know anything—whatever it may be—than live on, longer, in this kind of suspense and anguish! It is too much for me to bear, Ellen."

She took my hands. "Have you strength?" she said, earnestly. "Could you really bear the truth?" Then seeing my distress, for I had fallen into a kind of hysterical fit—I was very delicate then—she shook her head in despair, and, letting my hands fall heavily on my lap, said in an under tone, "No, no! she is too weak—too childish!" Then she went upstairs abruptly; and I heard her walking about her own room for nearly an hour after, in long steady steps.

I have often thought that, had she told me then, and taken me to her heart—her strong, brave, noble heart—I could have derived courage from it, and could have borne the dreadful truth I was forced to know afterwards. But the strong are so impatient with us! They leave us too soon—their own strength revolts at our weakness; so we are often left, broken in this weakness, for want of a little patience and sympathy.

Harry came in, a short time after Ellen had left me. "What has she been saying?" he cried, passionately. His eyes were wild and bloodshot; his beautiful black hair flung all in disorder about his face.

"Dear Harry, she has said nothing about you," I answered, trembling. "She only asked what was your profession, and how much we had a year. That was all."

"Why did she ask this? What business was it of hers?" cried Harry, fiercely. "Tell me;" and he shook me roughly; "what did you answer her, little fool?"

"Oh, nothing;" and I began to cry: it was because he frightened me. "I said, what is true, that I knew nothing of your affairs, as indeed what concern is it of mine? I could say nothing more, Harry."

"Better that than too much," he muttered; and then he flung me harshly back on the sofa, saying, "Tears and folly and weakness! The same round—always the same! Why did I marry a mere pretty doll—a plaything—no wife!"

And then he seemed to think he had said too much: for he came to me and kissed me, and said that he loved me. But, for the first time in our married life his kisses did not soothe me, nor did I believe his assurances.

All that night I heard Ellen walk steadily and unresting through her room. She never slackened her pace, she never stopped, she never hurried; but, the same slow measured tread went on; the firm foot, yet light, falling as if to music, her very step the same mixture of manliness and womanhood as her character.

After this burst of passion Harry's tender-

ness to me became unbounded; as if he wished to make up to me for some wrong. I need not say how soon I forgave him, nor how much I loved him again. All my love came back in one full boundless tide; and the current of my being set towards him again as before. If he had asked me for my life then, as his mere fancy, to destroy, I would have given it him. I would have lain down and died, if he had wished to see the flowers grow over my grave.

My husband and Ellen grew more estranged as his affection seemed to return to me. His manner to her was defying; hers to him contemptuous. I heard her call him villain once, in the garden below the windows; at which he laughed—his wicked laugh, and said "tell her, and see if she will believe you!"

I was sitting in the window, working. It was a cold damp day in the late autumn, when those chill fogs of November are just beginning; those fogs with the frost in them, that steal into one's very heart. It was a day when a visible blight is in the air, when death is abroad everywhere, and suffering and crime. I was alone in the drawing-room. Ellen was upstairs, and my husband, as I believed, in the City. But I have remembered since, that I heard the hall-door softly opened, and a footstep steal quietly by the drawing room up the stairs. The evening was just beginning to close in—dull, gray, and ghostlike; the dying daylight melting into the long shadows that stalked like wandering ghosts about the fresh-made grave nature. I sat working still, at some of those small garments about which I dreamed such fond dreams, and wove such large hopes of happiness; and as I sat, while the evening fell heavy about me, a mysterious shadow of evil passed over me, a dread presentiment, a consciousness of ill, that made me tremble, as if in ague—angry at myself though for my folly. But, it was reality. It was no hysterical sinking of the spirits that I felt; no mere nervousness or cowardice; it was something I had never known before; a knowledge, a presence, a power, a warning word, a spirit's cry, that had swept by me as the fearful evil marched on to its conclusion.

I heard a faint scream up stairs. It was so faint I could scarcely distinguish it from a sudden rush of wind through an opening door, or the chirp of a mouse behind the wainscot. Presently, I heard the same sound again; and then a dull muffled noise overhead, as of some one walking heavily, or dragging a heavy weight across the floor. I sat petrified by fear. A nameless agony was upon me that deprived me of all power of action. I thought of Harry and I thought of Ellen, in an inextricable cypher of misery and agony; but I could not have defined a line in my own mind; I could not have explained what it was I feared. I only knew that it was sorrow that was to come, and sin. I listened, but all was still again; once only, I thought I heard a low moan, and once a muttering voice—which I know now to have been my husband's, speaking passionately to himself.

And then his voice swept stormfully through the house, crying wildly, "Mary, Mary! Quick here! Your sister! Ellen!"

I ran up-stairs. It seems to me now, that I almost flew. I found Ellen lying on the floor of her own room, just inside the door; her feet towards the door of my husband's study, which was immediately opposite her room. She was fainting; at least I thought so then. We raised her up between us; my husband trembling more than I; and I unfastened her gown, and threw water on her face, and pushed back her hair; but she did not revive. I told Harry to go for a doctor. A horrid thought was stealing over me; but he lingered, as I fancied, unaccountably and cruelly, though I twice asked him to. Then, I thought that perhaps he was too much overcome; so I went to him, and kissed him, and said, "She will soon be better, Harry," cheerfully, to cheer him. But I felt in my heart that she was no more.

At last, after many urgent entreaties, and after the servants had come up, clustering in a frightened way round the bed—but he sent them away again immediately—he put on his hat, and went out, soon returning with a strange man; not our own doctor. This man was rude and coarse, and ordered me aside, as I stood bathing my sister's face, and pulled her arm and hand roughly, to see how dead they fell, and stooped down close to her lips—I thought he touched them even—all in a violent and insolent way, that shocked me and bewildered me. My husband stood in the shadow, ghastly pale, but not interfering.

It was too true, what the strange man had said so coarsely. She was dead. Yes; the creature that an hour ago had been so full of life, so beautiful, so resolute, and young, was now a stiffening corpse, inanimate and dead, without life and without hope. Oh! that word had set my brain on fire! Dead! here, in my house, under my roof—dead so mysteriously, so strangely—why? How? It was a fearful dream, it was no truth that lay there. I was in a nightmare; I was not sane; and thinking how ghastly it all was, I fainted softly on the bed, no one knowing, till some time after, that I had fallen, and was not praying. When I recovered I was in my own room, alone. Crawling feebly to my sister's door, I found that she had been washed and dressed, and was now laid out on her bed. It struck me that all had been done in strange haste; Harry telling me the servants had done it while I fainted. I knew afterwards that he had told them it was I, and that I would have no help. The mystery of it all was soon to be unravelled.

One thing I was decided on—to watch by my sister this night. It was in vain that my husband opposed me; in vain that he coaxed me by his caresses, or tried to terrify me with angry threats. Something of my sister's nature seemed to have passed into me; and unless he had positively prevented me by force, no other means would have had any effect. He gave way to me at last—angrily—and the night came on and found me sitting by the bedside watching my dear sister.

How beautiful she looked! Her face, still with the gentle mark of sorrow on it that it had in life, looked so grand! She was so great, so pure; she was like a goddess sleeping; she was not like a mere woman of this earth. She did not seem to be dead; there was life about her yet, for there was still the look of power and of human sympathy that she used to have when alive. The soul was there still, and love, and knowledge.

By degrees a strange feeling of her living presence in the room came over me. Alone in the still midnight, with no sound, no person near me, it seemed as if I had leisure and power to pass into the world beyond the grave. I felt my sister near me; I felt the passing of her life about me, as when one sleeps, but still is conscious that another life is weaving in with ours. It seemed as if her breath fell warm on my face; as if her shadowy arms held me in their clasp; as if her eyes were looking through the darkness at me; as if I held her hands in mine, and her long hair floated round my forehead. And then, to shake off these fancies, and convince myself that she was really dead, I looked again and again at her lying there: a marble corpse, ice-cold with the lips set and rigid, and the death band beneath her chin. There she was, stiff in her white shroud, the snowy linen pressing so lightly on her; no life within, no warmth about her, and all my fancies were vain dreams. Then I buried my face in my hands, and wept as if my heart was breaking. And when I turned away my eyes from her, the presence came around me again. So long as I watched her, it was not there; I saw the corpse only; but when I shut this out from me, then it seemed as if a barrier had been removed, and that my sister floated near me again.

I had been praying, sitting thus in these alternate feelings of her spiritual presence and her bodily death, when, raising my head and looking towards the farther corner of the room, I saw, standing at some little distance, my sister Ellen. I saw her distinctly, as distinctly as you may see that red fire blaze. Sadly and lovingly her dark eyes looked at me, sadly her gentle lips smiled, and by look and gesture too she showed me that she wished to speak to me. Strange, I was not frightened. It was so natural to see her there, that for the moment I forgot that she was dead.

"Ellen!" I said, "what is it?"

The figure smiled. It came nearer. Oh! do not say it was fancy! I saw it advance; it came glidingly; I remembered afterwards that it did not walk—but it came forward—to the light, and stood not ten paces from me. It looked at me still, in the same sad gentle way, and somehow—I do not know whether with the hand or by the turning of the head—it showed me the throat, where were the distinct marks of two powerful hands. And then it pointed to its heart; and looking, I saw the broad stain of blood above it. And then I heard her voice—I swear I was not mad—I heard it, I say to you distinctly—whisper softly, "Mary!" and then it said, still more audibly, "Murdered!"

And then the figure vanished, and suddenly the whole room was vacant. That one dread word had sounded as if forced out by the pressure of some strong agony,—like a man revealing his life's secret when dying. And when it had been spoken, or rather wailed forth, there was a sudden sweep and chilly rush through the air; and the life, the soul, the presence, fled. I was alone again with Death. The mission had been fulfilled; the warning had been given; and then my sister passed away,—for her work with earth was done.

Brave and calm as the strongest man that ever fought on a battle-field, I stood up beside my sister's body. I unfastened her last dress, and threw it back from her chest and shoulders; I raised her head and took off the bandage from round her face; and then I saw deep black bruises on her throat, the marks of hands that had grappled her from behind, and that had strangled her. And then I looked further, and I saw a small wound below the left breast, about which hung two or three clots of blood, that had oozed up, despite all care and knowledge in her manner of murder. I knew then she had first been suffocated, to prevent her screams, and then stabbed where the wound would bleed inwardly, and show no sign to the mere bystander.

I covered her up carefully again. I laid the pillow smooth and straight, and laid the heavy head gently down. I drew the shroud close above the dreadful mark of murder. And then—still as calm and resolute as I had been ever since the revelation had come to me—I left the room, and passed into my husband's study. It was on me to discover all the truth.

His writing-table was locked. Where my strength came from, I know not; but, with a chisel that was lying on the table, I prized the drawer and broke the lock. I opened it. There was a long and slender dagger lying there, red with blood; a handful of woman's hair rudely severed from the head, lay near it. It was my sister's hair!—that wavy silken uncurled auburn hair that I had always loved and admired so much! And near to these again, were stamps, and dies, and moulds, and plates, and handwritings

with facsimiles beneath, and bankers' cheques, and a heap of leaden coin, and piles of incomplete bank-notes; and all the evidences of a coiner's and a forger's trade,—the suspicion of which had caused those bitter quarrellings between poor Ellen and my husband—the knowledge of which had caused her death.

With these things I saw also a letter addressed to Ellen in my husband's handwriting. It was an unfinished letter, as if it had displeased him, and he had made another copy. It began with these words—no fear that I should forget them; they are burnt into my brain—"I never really loved her, Ellen; she pleased me, only as a doll would please a child; and I married her from pity, not from love. You, Ellen, you alone could fill my heart; you alone are my fit helpmate. Fly with me Ellen——." Here, the letter was left unfinished; but it gave me enough to explain all the meaning of the first weeks of my sister's stay here, and why she had called him villain, and why he had told her that she might tell me, and that I would not believe.

I saw it all now. I turned my head, to see my husband standing a few paces behind me. Good Heaven! I have often thought, was that man the same man I had loved so long and fondly?

The strength of horror, not of courage, upheld me. I knew he meant to kill me, but that did not alarm me; I only dreaded lest his hand should touch me. It was not death, it was he I shrank from. I believe if he had touched me then, I should have fallen dead at his feet. I stretched out my arms in horror, to thrust him back, uttering a piercing shriek; and while he made an effort to seize me, overreaching himself in the madness of his fury, I rushed by him, shrieking still, and so fled away into the darkness, where I lived, oh! for many many months!

When I woke again, I found that my poor baby had died, and that my husband had gone none knew where. But the fear of his return haunted me. I could get no rest day or night for dread of him; and I felt going mad with the one hard thought for ever pitilessly pursuing me—that I should fall again into his hands. I put on widow's weeds—for indeed am I too truly widowed!—and then I began wandering about; wandering in poverty and privation, expecting every moment to meet him face to face; wandering about, so that I may escape the more easily when the moment does come.

THE SEVENTH POOR TRAVELLER.

We were all yet looking at the Widow, after her frightened voice had died away, when the Book-Pedlar, apparently afraid of being forgotten, asked what did we think of his giving us a Legend to wind-up with? We all said (except the Lawyer, who wanted a description of the murderer to send to the Police Hue and Cry, and who was with great difficulty nudged to silence by the united efforts of the company) that we thought we should like it. So, the Book-Pedlar started off at score, thus:

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance,
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
Upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years,
She heeded not the rumours
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
Yet suddenly strange portents,
Of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet, now and then seemed watching,
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
"Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,
"Ere one more day is flown,
"Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
"Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed,
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them,
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,
The bank is high and steep,
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That Tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honour still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

THE ROAD.

THE stories being all finished, and the Wassail too, we broke up as the Cathedral-bell struck Twelve. I did not take leave of my Travellers that night; for, it had come into my head to reappear in conjunction with some hot coffee, at seven in the morning.

As I passed along the High Street, I heard the Waits at a distance, and struck off to find them. They were playing near one of the old

gates of the City, at the corner of a wonderfully quaint row of red-brick tenements, which the clarionet obligingly informed me were inhabited by the Minor-Canons. They had odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits; and I thought I should like to see one of the Minor-Canons come out upon his top step, and favour us with a little Christmas discourse about the poor scholars of Rochester: taking for his text the words of his Master, relative to the devouring of Widows' houses.

The clarionet was so communicative, and my inclinations were (as they generally are), of so vagabond a tendency, that I accompanied the Waits across an open green called the Vines, and assisted—in the French sense—at the performance of two waltzes, two polkas, and three Irish melodies, before I thought of my inn any more. However, I returned to it then, and found a fiddle in the kitchen, and Ben, the wall-eyed young man, and two chambermaids, circling round the great deal table with the utmost animation.

I had a very bad night. It cannot have been owing to the turkey, or the beef—and the Wassail is out of the question—but, in every endeavour that I made to get to sleep, I failed most dismally. Now, I was at Badajos with a fiddle; now, haunted by the widow's murdered sister. Now, I was riding on a little blind girl, to save my native town from sack and ruin. Now, I was expostulating with the dead mother of the unconscious little sailor-boy; now, dealing in diamonds in Sky Fair; now, for life or death, hiding mince-pies under bed-room carpets. For all this, I was never asleep; and, in whatsoever unreasonable direction my mind rambled, the effigy of Master Richard Watts perpetually embarrassed it.

In a word, I only got out of the worshipful Master Richard Watts's way, by getting out of bed in the dark at six o'clock, and tumbling, as my custom is, into all the cold water that could be accumulated for the purpose. The outer air was dull and cold enough in the street, when I came down there; and the one candle in our supper-room at Watts's Charity looked as pale in the burning, as if it had had a bad night too. But, my Travellers had all slept soundly, and they took to the hot coffee, and the piles of bread and butter which Ben had arranged like deals in a timber-yard, as kindly as I could desire.

While it was yet scarcely daylight, we all came out into the street together, and there shook hands. The widow took the little sailor towards Chatham, where he was to find a steamboat for Sheerness; the lawyer, with an extremely knowing look, went his own way, without committing himself by announcing his intentions; two more struck off by the cathedral and old castle for Maidstone; and the book-pedlar accompanied me over the bridge. As for me, I was going to walk, by Cobham Woods, as far upon my way to London as I fancied.

When I came to the stile and footpath by which I was to diverge from the main-road, I bade farewell to my last remaining Poor Traveller, and pursued my way alone. And now, the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner, and the sun to shine; and as I went on through the bracing air, seeing the hoar-frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday.

Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves, enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall, I came to the village, and the churchyard where the dead had been quietly buried, "in the sure and certain hope" which Christmas time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them! No garden that I passed, was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden, and that "she, supposing him to be the gardener," had said, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." In time, the distant river with the ships, came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen mending their nets, who arose and followed him—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore, by reason of the multitude — of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for, did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen him, might fall as they passed along?

Thus, Christmas begirt me, far and near, until I had come to Blackheath, and had walked down the long vista of gnarled old trees in Greenwich Park, and was being steam-rattled, through the mists now closing in once more, towards the lights of London. Brightly they shone, but not so brightly as my own fire and the brighter faces around it, when we came together to celebrate the day. And there I told of worthy Master Richard Watts, and of my supper with the Six Poor Travellers who were neither Rogues nor Proctors, and from that hour to this, I have never seen one of them again.

THE END.

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